

THE SECOND VOLUME

ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Price 5s. 6d., bound in cloth, contains

A TALE OF TWO CITIES, by CHARLES DICKENS. *Concluding Chapters.*
THE WOMAN IN WHITE, by WILKIE COLLINS. Continued from week to week until its completion in July.

The first Six Papers of THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER, by CHARLES DICKENS.

AMUSEMENTS.—Our Eye-witness and certain Story-Tellers. Our Eye-witness and the Performing Bull. Our Eye-witness in Great Company [at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition]. Our Eye-witness in Low Spirits. Our Eye-witness at a Friendly Lead.

ANTIQUITY.—Subterranean Switzerland. "Sanctuary of Arrest from Debt. Letters on Edward the First's Scotch War.

BIOGRAPHY.—Leigh Hunt: a Remembrance.

COMMERCE.—A Morning with some Prudent Men. The British Merchant in Trouble. France and Free Trade. How long will our Coal last? Our Eye-witness at the Docks.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.—The Schoolmaster all Abroad.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Cooks at College. Bits of Garden. Good Water.

BRIEF

ETYMOLOGY.—Twisted Words.

FARMING.—English Mutton. Pork. Our Eye-witness in Baker Street [the Christmas Cattle Show].

FOREIGN LIFE.—Moloch's Chapel of Ease. An Unholy Brotherhood. War Paint and Medicine-Bars. Curley Pounded France. The Demon of Homburg.

INDUSTRY.—House-top Telegraphs. The Happy Fishing Grounds [Oyster Catching]. How to Make Money. Another Whistable Trade [Professional Divers]. Inventors and Inventions. Wise Saws and Modern Instances [Saw Mills at Gloucester]. Committed to Newgate Street [Newgate Market]. Ceres at Dockhead [New Bread Manufacture].

ITALY.—The Real Horrors of War. Paris on Rome. Italian Distrust. The Pope in Account. Phases of Papal Faith.

JOURNALISM.—The Foo Choo Daily News. The Tattlesnail Blender.

LAW.—Economy in Sheep Skin. Very Common Law: 1. Infamy. 2. Courtship and Marriage. 3. Master and Servant. 4. Shopping.

LOCOMOTION.—My Railway Collision. Cab!

MANNERS.—Since this Old Cap was New. My Boys. My Girls. Was it a Dream? Sindbad come True. Concerning Cravats. Woman in France. Whistology.

MENTAL PHENOMENA.—A Physician's Dreams [two articles]. Without a Name.

MEDICAL PRACTICE.—Pulling Through. Good Samaritans [The Samaritan Hospital]. The Breath of Life. Bed-side Experiments [Nursing]. Paying the Doctor.

METEOROLOGY.—Glass Points to Stormy [Historical Storms].

NATURAL HISTORY.—The Elephant at Home. Poisonous Mushrooms. Christmas Boughs. Full of Life. Resuscitating Animals. Nature's Planting. Odd Fish. England Long, Long Ago.

THE NAVY.—Cherbourg: 1. The Way there. 2. In the Town. 3. Among the Sailors. Royal Naval Volunteers.

PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION.—Our Eye-witness at Gloucester.

POETRY.—Our Dead. Book World. Three Phases. Loved and Lost. The Midnight Train. Half the Year Round. The Widow's Wake. The Ruined City. The Golden Year. One Trace Left. Faces in the Fire. Shadows on the Wall. Lonely. Folded Hands. My Maid Marian. The Caged Lark. Written in Dust.

THE PROVINCES.—A Musical Prize-fight. County Gossip. Seventy Years' Fox-Hunting.

QUACKERY.—The End of the World [Prophetic Quacks]. Infallible Physic [Medical Quacks].

REVIVALS.—Hysteria and Devotion. A Revival under Louis the Fifteenth.

THE SERPENTINE.—Our Eye-witness on the Ice. Man in Life in Danger.

SMALL SHOT.

STORIES.—The Postmaster's Daughter. Two Dead Men's Stories. Victoria Accrismatic, in Nine Chapters. Cream of Tartary.

TURKEY.—Twisting the Bowstring. Fair and Foul Circassians. Street Dogs in Constantinople. Street Sights. Lunacy. Eastern Lunacy and Something more. Shops and Shopkeepers. Burial-Grounds. Turkish Treasures. ~~Hotpots~~. The Valley of the Sweet Waters.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.—1. Week of the Royal Christmas. 2. The Poor Law in Wapping. 3. A Journey in the Britannia Theatre. 4. Waiting for Jack in Liverpool. 5. Travels in Search of Refreshment. 6. The German Chariot.

ALSO,

THE HAUNTED HOUSE,

Being the Double Number for Christmas, Containing:

The Mortals in the House. The Ghost in the Clock Room. The Ghost in the Double Room. The Ghost in the Picture Room. The Ghost in the Cupboard Room. The Ghost in Master E's Room. The Ghost in the Garden Room. The Ghost in the Corner Room.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—*Shakespeare.*

THE THIRD VOLUME OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Price 5s. 6d., bound in cloth, contains

THE WOMAN IN WHITE, by **WILKIE COLLINS**. *Concluding Chapters.*

A DAY'S RIDE : A LIFE'S ROMANCE, by **CHARLES LEVER**. To be continued from week to week until completion.

HUNTED DOWN : A Story by **CHARLES DICKENS**. In Two Portions.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER, a Series of Occasional Papers, by **CHARLES DICKENS**.

ADVENTURE.—Beyond Good Hope. Captain Winterfield's Adventures. Down a Crevasse.

ANTIQUITY.—Latin London. Opening a Barrow. Five Hundred Years Ago.

ART.—Buried above Ground [a Flemish Studio] Our Eye-Witness among the Statues; among Buildings; at the National Gallery.

BIOGRAPHY.—The Mule-maker [Samuel Crompton]. Thirty-two Duels [Jean Giron]. A Cornish Giant [Trevelthick] Vidocq, French Detective and Author.

CHINA.—Taking Pirate Junks. Chinese Ways of Warfare. The Paper Walls [Laws of China]. The Coolie Trade. Ashing the Pilot. Chinese Fighting Men.

COMMERCE.—Very Singular Things in the City.

CRIME.—Convict Capitalists. Mynheer Van Trig. Ardison and Co.

EDUCATION.—Which is the Plague [Training Children]. Lectured in Basinghall Street [Gresham Lectures]. Our Eye-Witness at School [London Playgrounds].

GASTRONOMY.—The System Jones.

HEALTH.—An Important Matter [Small Pox]. Of Right Mind.

HISTORY.—A Portrait in the National Gallery. Timour the Tartar. Commons and King.

IMPOSTURE AND CREDULITY.—Modern Magic. Tom in Spirits. Fallacies of Faith.

INDUSTRY.—The Good Caliph of Bagdad [Toy Millinery]. Master and Man. The Leviathan Cheese. Coal Mining and Coal Miners. Needle-woman's Hall. Jack's Castle up the Lane [Uses of Dead Horses]. The Match Question.

ITALY AND ROME.—The Carnesecchi Corner. Vatican Ornithology. Roman Sheepshearing. An Eternal City. The Noble Roman. The Common Roman. A Roman Donna. The Last New Saint. A Roman Burgher. A Roman Sunday [Palm Sunday]. Goyon the Magnificent.

LAW.—Very Common Law; 1. Market Sales. 2. Trade Marks. 3. Leases and Agreements. 4. Railway Insurance. 5. Life Insurance. 6. Wills.

MANNERS.—Slow Coaches. Articles of Unbelief. How the World Smokes. Tribes and Tongues. Local Etymology. The Universal Whip. Our Square. Getting up Early.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Friends on All Fours. Orchard Houses. Our Eye-Witness and a Salamander. Species. Natural Selection. Our Daily Bread [Grain].

NATURAL PHENOMENA.—Earthquakes. Deluges. The Coming Tide. Giants. Wet Weather.

POETRY.—Lake and Waterfall. Classic Ground. Snow. Robert Blake. The Golden Bee. The Norseman. May. Too Late. Venice Unvisited. Nelson. An Unfinished Poem. To Nicca. Birthplace of Garibaldi. Shakespeare's Women. Fairy Lore. Fairies and Flowers. The Legend of the Little Pearl. King Hake. Down the River. Sonnets on Godsend. A Letter in Black. William Gurney.

SHIPWRECKS.—Life Boats and Lives Saved.

SPORTS.—The Great Pugilistic Revival. Cost of a Battue. Slaves of the Ring. Shooting in the Adirondack. After an Ostrich.

STORIES.—Written in my Cell. Black Tern. Village Roves and Thorns. Highly Improbable. A Horrible Reflection.

SYRIA.—Christianity under the Turk. An Unholy Land [Syrian Massacres].

TOPOGRAPHY.—All in the Downs. The Precinct of the Savoy.

THEATRICALS.—Our Eye-Witness Sitting at a Play. Holding up the Mirror.

TURKEY.—Turkish Street Fountains.

UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.—1. Great Tasmania Enquiry. 2. Visit to the City Churches. 3. Shy Neighbourhoods. 4. Tramps. 5. Associations of Childhood. 6. Houselessness. 7. Living in Chambers. 8. Nurses' Stories. 9. London out of Season.

VOLUNTEERING.—Volunteer Cavalry. The Grimgrubber Rifle Corps [Two Articles.]

WAR.—Money and Merit. Strong Guns.

YACHTING.—Mutiny aboard the Minnie Jimps.

Published also in Weekly Numbers, Price 2d., and in Monthly Parts, at 26, Wellington Street, London, W.C.; and by Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

For Contents of Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Volumes see the end of the Last

"The Story of our Lives from Year to Year."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

VOLUME X.

FROM AUGUST 29, 1863, TO FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

Including No. 227 to No. 250.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT N^o. 26, WELLINGTON STREET;

AND BY MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1864.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE | | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|------------------------------|---|------|--|----------|
| A WHITE Hand and a Black Thumb | 433, 457, 481, 505, 529, 553 | Court-Martial, A Maori | 163 | HAND, Study of the | 345 |
| Aboard the Eveleen Brown | 463 | Court-Martial History | 541 | Handful of Humbugs | 65 |
| Achilles Plated Ship, The | 13 | Cranford, The Cage at | 332 | Hastings | 496 |
| Adventures of a Federal Recruit | 512 | Crawley Court-Martial, The | 421 | Hautboys, Music of | 446 |
| African Savages | 408 | Cremorne Gardens | 151 | Herous | 114, 136 |
| Aiger Fiord, The | 546 | Cromwell's Bust | 254 | Herring Fishing | 66 |
| Allegators in Ceylon | 402 | DEPRIVATIONS of English | 179 | Herrings in the Law's Net | 65 |
| Alms Houses, Life in | 205 | Diamond Exchange, The | 402 | Highway Mail-Cart Robbery | 41 |
| America, A Federal Recruit | 512 | Dinner in a Tomb | 81 | Highway Mail Robbery | 164 |
| America, Prince Napoleon in | 69 | Dockyard Prisoners at Toulon | 372 | Highwayman's Career, A | 41 |
| America, The Penal System in | 71 | Dockyard, A Visit to a | 13 | Hired Applauds | 258 |
| American Expressions | 180 | Dr. Donne's Story of a Spectre | 225 | Horror, A Chamber of, in China | 420 |
| American Railways | 70 | Dogs' Home | 530 | Horse, The Mechanical | 132 |
| Among the Mormons | 247 | Don't Kill your Servants | 200 | Howard's, Mr., Tutor | 236 |
| Antiquities in Sussex | 495 | Dover | 494 | Humbugs | 55 |
| Apparitions | 224 | Drawing a Badger | 20 | INDIA, Camp Followers | 351 |
| Army Mismanagement | 349 | Dreams | 426 | India, Changes in | 185 |
| Arundel Castle | 435 | Dressmaker's Life, A | 37 | India, Deaths in the Army | 103 |
| Auction of Pictures in Paris | 44 | EATABLE Ghosts | 181 | India, Military Mismanagement | 349 |
| Australia, English Manners in | 461 | Earthquake at Manila | 111 | India, Mortality in | 103 |
| Author at Rehearsal | 274 | Earthquakes | 321 | India, The Bengal Police | 371 |
| Authors, The Adventures of | 153 | Earth's Centre, The | 321 | India, The Overland Journey to | 184 |
| BALLAD Lore | 428 | Egyptian Tomb | 81 | India, Water and Drainage | 104 |
| Bards in Railway Times | 128 | Ethio-folk Superstitions | 181 | India, Yesterday and To-day | 184 |
| Bear Favourite, A | 403 | Evil-doers and the Water | 461 | Indian Railways | 564 |
| Belzoni Tomb | 83 | Examination for the Civil Service | 203 | Indirect Route, The | 302 |
| Bombay, Admiral | 542 | Execution, French Street Bal- lads of | 299 | Inspiration, Monsieur Casse-crucle's | 561 |
| Bombay Police, The | 493 | Exeter Hall Censorship | 57 | Irish Stew | 256 |
| Bombay, Between Two Fires | 356 | FACES of Musical Men | 444 | Irish Story, The French Spy | 256 |
| Bombay, Latest News of the | 330 | Falling Stars | 498 | Iron Pigs at a Pic-Nic | 214 |
| Bowman, Mr., the Centenarian | 212 | Fashion | 39 | JEWRY, A Trial of | 398 |
| Boyce, The Author | 154 | Fechter's, Mr., New Stage | 229 | Johnson in Poverty | 133 |
| Bram Spectres | 426 | Fetters | 517 | KENBAL Green | 63 |
| Brancher | 508 | Fire Sea | 321 | Kettle-Drums | 445 |
| Breton Legends | 318 | Flouring in the Army | 424 | Kites | 76 |
| British Plants | 534 | For a Labrador, Sir | 379 | Knout, The | 325 |
| Burke's Dagger Scene | 57 | Fowls | 276 | LABRACHE'S Death-Bed | 12 |
| Business of Pleasure | 144 | France on America | 69 | Labrador | 379 |
| Byng, Admiral, Death of | 544 | France, Complainte Historique | 207 | Language, Slang Words | 179 |
| CAGE at Cranford | 332 | French Comedy, The Scholar of Oxford | 438 | Latest News of the Bounty | 330 |
| Camp Followers in India | 351 | French Dockyard Prisoners | 372 | Laughing Gulls | 386 |
| Can you Ride? | 132 | French Flemish Life | 61 | Legends of Breton | 318 |
| Case for the Prisoner | 161 | French Hand on the Piano | 9 | Lewes | 495 |
| Case for the Prosecution | 41 | French Spy | 256 | Lincobn, Mr., of the United States | 72 |
| Cardinal's Walking-Stick | 408 | French Theatre, Hired Ap- plause | 258 | Literary Adventurers | 152 |
| Cemetery, Kensal Green | 93 | Funerals | 108 | Literature in the Eighteenth Century | 163 |
| Centenarians | 210 | GAZETTING Extraordinary | 58 | Littleton, Lord, Spectre Story of | 225 |
| Ceylon, Animals in | 402 | General McClellan | 72 | Longevity, Instances of | 210 |
| Chappell, Mr., on Ballads | 428 | Gentleman, A | 230 | Lycium, New Stage | 229 |
| Chatterton's Death | 153 | Germany, A Pic-Nic in | 214 | MAIL Robbery, Case of the Prisoner | 164 |
| China Herald, The | 419 | Ghost-Raising | 227 | Making Kree with a Chief | 141 |
| China Ornaments | 419 | Ghost Sensation | 406 | Manila, The Earthquake at | 111 |
| Chinese Punishments | 420 | Give me your Hand | 345 | Maori Court-Martial | 162 |
| Chromancy | 345 | Going for a Soldier | 283 | Maoris, The | 609 |
| Chopin's Death-Bed | 12 | Going to Chappell | 428 | Mechanical Horse, The | 132 |
| Civil Service Examination | 203 | Goldsmith in Poverty | 153 | Meteoric Stones | 488 |
| Claqueurs | 258 | Greenwich Tavern, A | 150 | Military Mismanagement | 340 |
| Classic Toilette, A | 308 | Grouse | 78 | Mr. Wall in the Forest of Hyde Park | 438 |
| Coast of Sussex | 495 | Grub Street Writers | 153 | | |
| Cocks and Hens | 276 | Grumbleton Testimonial | 190 | | |
| Colleen Bawn | 256 | Gulls | 396 | | |
| Colley Cibber's Daughter | 154 | | | | |
| Competition Wallahs | 203 | | | | |
| Complainte Historique | 207 | | | | |
| Complete Gentleman | 236 | | | | |
| Country Cottages | 18 | | | | |
| Court-Martial | 421 | | | | |

| | PAGE | | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|------|---|------|--|------|
| Million's Life, A | 37 | Richard the Third's Portrait | 233 | Theatre, a Rehearsal | 274 |
| Hatters and Dressmakers | 36 | Rivers, Names of | 306 | Theatre, Applauders at | 258 |
| Bridge, The | 225 | Roman Toilette, A | 308 | Thebes, Tombs of the Kings of | 81 |
| Mocking Bird in London | 300 | Romances of the Scaffold | 297 | Tipping the Teapot | 190 |
| Model Cottages | 18 | Rooks and Herons | 180 | Titbull's Alms-Houses | 203 |
| Monotonous "Sensation" | 406 | Rottingdean | 495 | Toads and Frogs, The Use of | 201 |
| Monsieur Cassecruche's Inspi- ration | 561 | Russian Prisoners for Siberia | 325 | Tomb, Dinner in a | 81 |
| Mop Alley, New Orleans | 285 | Russian Prisons | 519 | Too Hard upon my Aunt | 371 |
| Mormon Life | 247 | Russian Punishments | 325 | Toulon, Dockyard Prisoners | 372 |
| Mortality in India | 103 | Rye | 495 | Trial of Jewry | 398 |
| Musical Physiognomies | 444 | SACKVILLE, Lord, at Minden | 544 | Trifles from Ceylon | 402 |
| My Pantomime | 272 | Sally in our Alley | 57 | Turning over a New Leaf | 473 |
| Names of English Rivers | 306 | Sand Grouse | 78 | UNCOMMERCIAL Traveller, The: At a Dockyard | 13 |
| National Portraits | 262 | Savages of Africa | 468 | Visit to the Achilles | 13 |
| Near Shave | 201 | Schweitzscheffer | 446 | On French Flemish Life | 61 |
| Needlewomen | 36 | Scholar of Oxford, The | 438 | At Monsieur Salcy's Theatre | 62 |
| New Stage Stride | 229 | Scorpions in Ceylon | 402 | A French Flemish Fair | 63 |
| New Zealand War, The Maoris | 369 | Sea Serpents, A Yarn about the | 20 | Upon Funerals | 109 |
| Nile and its Noble Savages | 468 | Settled Among the Maoris | 309 | At Titbull's Alms-Houses | 205 |
| Nile, Source of the | 468 | Seward, Mr., of the United States | 71 | Union is Strength | 156 |
| Number Sixty-Eight | 117 | Shadowy Misgivings | 524 | VERMICULARITIES | 177 |
| Old Parr | 210 | Shanghai | 419 | VERY HARD CASH; a Story. By Charles Deade, D.C.L. | 1 |
| On the South Coast | 494 | Ship Tavern | 150 | 25, 49, 73, 97, 121, 145, 169, 193, 217, 241, 265, 289, 313, 337, 361, 385, 409 | |
| Overland Indirect Route | 352 | Shop Side of Art | 374 | Vessel Tavern | 150 |
| PAINT and Varnish | 382 | Siberia, Prisoners for | 325 | Viols | 447 |
| Palnistry | 345 | Silent Highway-men | 234 | Visit to a Russian Prison | 519 |
| Pantomime Writing | 272 | Slang | 179 | Vivier, The Horn-Player | 444 |
| Paris Picture Auctions | 44 | Snakes in Ceylon | 402 | WARSAW, When Order Reigned in | 31 |
| Parish Relief | 156 | Soldier, Enlisting | 283 | Watching at the Gate | 372 |
| Parish Union | 150 | Soldiers in India | 108 | Welsh Bards | 128 |
| Parisian Romans | 258 | Something to be done in India | 103 | Welsh Festival, A | 128 |
| Pawnbrokers' Gazette | 58 | Source of the Nile | 468 | When Order Reigned in War- saw | 131 |
| Penal System in America | 71 | South Coast, The | 494 | Whitebut | 151 |
| Pendergrass, General, Spectre Story of | 225 | Spectro of the Hartz Moun- tains | 224 | Winchelsea | 495 |
| Pet Bear | 493 | Spekn, Captain, on the Source of the Nile | 468 | Wolverine, The | 380 |
| Pevconsey | 495 | Spencer in Poverty | 155 | Women, Employment of | 40 |
| Philadelphia | 70 | Stage at the Lyceum | 229 | Wonderful Men | 210 |
| Philippe Herbelot, Centenarian | 210 | Starlings, the Use of | 202 | Workhouse, A | 156 |
| Planists in France | 9 | Starting for Siberia | 325 | Worms | 177 |
| Pic-Nic in Germany | 214 | Stone Nigger, Story of the | 141 | | |
| Picture Sales | 374 | Story, A Near Shave | 261 | | |
| Pincher Astray | 539 | Story, Aboard the Eveleen Brown | 463 | | |
| Plant Signatures | 557 | Story about the Sea Serpent | 20 | | |
| Plants, Names of | 534 | Story, Between Two Fires | 356 | | |
| Poland, When Order Reigned in Warsaw | 31 | Story, Brancher | 568 | | |
| Police Gazette | 60 | Story, Monsieur Cassecruche's Inspiration | 561 | | |
| Polish Deserter | 85 | Story, Mop Alley, New Orleans | 285 | | |
| Poor, Cottages for the | 18 | Story of Italian Brigands | 473 | | |
| Popular Names of British Plants | 534 | Story, Shadowy Misgivings | 524 | | |
| Portrait Gallery | 252 | Story, The Agger Fiord | 546 | | |
| Poultry Shows | 276 | Story, The Cardinal's Walking- Stick | 498 | | |
| Prince Napoleon in America | 69 | Story, Too Hard upon my Aunt Story, Turning Over a New Leaf | 381 | | |
| Prisoners in a French Dock- yard | 372 | Sussex Coast | 478 | | |
| RAILWAYS, Indian | 564 | Swansea, Festival at | 128 | | |
| Raleigh and his Cloak | 56 | TAVERN at Greenwich | 150 | | |
| Ravens | 136 | Thames Traffic | 234 | | |
| Real Murderer | 448 | | | | |
| Recent Earthquake at Manila | 111 | | | | |

The Extra Christmas Number of MRS. LIRRIPIER'S LODGINGS will be found at the end of the Volume, containing

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|------|--|------|
| How Mrs. Lirriper carried on the Business | 1 | How the Second Floor kept a Dog | 31 |
| How the First Floor went to Crowley Castle | 12 | How the Third Floor knew the Potteries | 35 |
| How the Side-Room was attended by a Doctor | 25 | How the Best Attic was under a Cloud | 40 |
| | | How the Parlours added a few words | 46 |

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS

No. 227.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE spirit of dissension in Musgrove Cottage penetrated to the very kitchen. Old Betty sided with Alfred, and combated in her place the creed of the parlour; "Why, according to Miss, the young sparrows are bound never to fly out of the nest; or else have the Bible flung at 'em. She do go on about God's will: seems to me 'tis His will the world should be peopled by body and beast—which they are both his creatures—and, by the same token, if they don't marry they does was. Certainly whilst a young man bides at home, it behoves him to be dutiful; but that ain't to say he *is* to bide at home for ever. Master Alfred's time is come to leave we, and be master in a house of his own, as his father done before him, which he forgets that now; he is grown to man's estate, and got his mother's money, and no more bound to our master than I be." She said too, that "parting blights more quarrels than it breeds;" and she constantly invited Peggy to speak up, and gainsay her. But Peggy was a young woman with white eyelashes, and given to looking down, and not to speaking up; she was always watching Mr. Hardie in company, like a cat cream; and hovering about him when alone. Betty went so far as to accuse her of colloquing with him against Alfred, and of "setting her cap at master," which accusation elicited no direct reply, but stinging innuendoes hours after.

Now, if one looks into the thing, the elements of discord had attacked Albion Villa quite as powerfully as Musgrove Cottage; but had hitherto failed signally: the mutual affection of the Dodds was so complete, and no unprincipled person among them to split the good.

And, now that the wedding drew near, there was but one joyful heart within the walls, though the others were too kind and unselfish to throw cold water. Mrs. Dodd's own wedding had ended in a piteous separation, and now to part with her darling child and launch her on the uncertain waves of matrimony! She heaved many a sigh when alone: but, as there were no bounds to her maternal love, so there were no exceptions to her politeness: over her aching heart she forced on a wedding face, subdued, but hopeful, for her daughter, as she would for any

other young lady about to be married beneath her roof.

It wanted but six days, when one morning after breakfast the bereaved wife, and mother about to be deserted, addressed her son and Viceroy thus: "Edward, we *must* borrow fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds? what for? who wants that?"

"Why *I* want it," said Mrs. Dodd, stoutly.

"Oh, if *you* want it—what to do, please?"

"Why to buy her wedding clothes, dear."

"I thought what her 'I' would come to," said Julia, reproachfully.

Edward shook his head, and said, "He who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing."

"But she is not a he," objected Mrs. Dodd with the subtlety of a schoolman: "and who ever heard of a young lady being married without some things to be married *in*?"

"Well, I've heard Nudity is not the cheese, on public occasions: but why not go dressed like a lady as she always does, only with white gloves; and be married without any bother and nonsense."

"You talk like a boy," said Mrs. Dodd. "I could not bear it. My poor child!" and she cast a look of tenderest pity on the proposed victim. "Well, suppose we make the poor child the judge," suggested Edward. He then put it to Julia whether, under the circumstances, she would wish them to run in debt, buying her finery to wear for a day. "It was not fair to ask *her*," said Mrs. Dodd with a sigh.

Julia blushed and hesitated, and said she would be candid; and then stopped.

"Ugh!" ejaculated Edward. "This is a bad beginning. Girls' candour! now for a masterpiece of duplicity."

Julia inquired how he dared; and Mrs. Dodd said warmly that Julia was not like other people, she could be candid; had actually done it, more than once, within her recollection. "The young lady justified the exception as follows: 'If I was going to be married to myself, or to some gentleman I did not care for, I would not spend a shilling. But I am going to marry *him*; and so—oh, Edward, think of them saying 'what has he married? a dowdy: why she hadn't new things on to go to church with him: no bonnet, no wreath, no new white dress!' To mortify him the very first day of our——' The sentence remained unfinished, but two lovely eyes filled to the very brim without running

over, and completed the sense, and did the Viceroy's business though a brother. "Why you dear little goose," said he: "of course I don't mean that. I have as good as got the things we must buy; and those are a new bonnet——"

"Ah!"

"A wreath of orange blossoms——"

"Oh you good boy!"

"Four pair of gloves: two white—one is safe to break—two dark; very dark: invisible green, or visible black; last the honeymoon. All the rest you must find in the house."

"What, fit her out with a parcel of old things? Can you be so cruel, so unreasonable, dear Edward?"

"Old things! Why, where is all your Gorgeous Attire from Oriental climes? I see the splendidous articles arrive, and then they vanish for ever."

"Now, shawls and Indian muslins! pray what use are they to a bride?"

"Why what looks nicer than a white muslin dress?"

"Married in muslin? The very idea makes me shiver."

"Well, clap her on another petticoat."

"How can you be so childish? Muslin is not the thing."

"No more is running in debt."

He then suggested that a white shawl or two should be cut into a bridal dress. At this both ladies' fair throats opened on him with ridicule: cut fifty-guinea shawls into ten-pound dresses; that was male economy; was it? Total; a wedding was a wedding: new things always *had* had to be bought for a wedding, and always would, in *secula seculorum*.

"New things? Yes," said the pertinacious wretch; "but they need not be new-bought things. You ladies go and confound the world's eyes with your own in the drollest way: if Gorgeous Attire has lain long in your drawers, you fancy the world will detect on its glossy surface how long you had it, and gloated over it, and made it stale to your eye, before you could bring your mind to wear it. That is your delusion, that and the itch for going out shopping; oh, I'm down on you. Mamma dear, you open that gigantic wardrobe of yours; and I'll oil my hair, whitewash my mug (a little moan from Mrs. D.), and do the counterjumping business to the life; hand the things down to you, unroll 'em, grin, charge you 100 per cent over value, note 'em down in a penny memorandum-book, sing out 'caesh! caesh!' &c. &c.: and so we shall get all Julia wants, and go through the ritual of shopping without the substantial disgrace of running in debt."

Mrs. Dodd smiled admiringly, as ladies generally do at the sauciness of a young male; but proposed an amendment. She would open her wardrobe, and look out all the contents for Edward's inspection; and, if the mere sight of them did not convince him they were inappropriate to a bride, why then she would coincide with his views, and resign her own.

"All right!" said he. "That will take a jolly time, I know; so I'll go to my governor first for the bonnet and wreath."

Mrs. Dodd drew in at this last slang word; she had heard young gentlemen apply it to their fathers. Edward, she felt sure, would not so sully that sacred relation: still the word was obnoxious for its past offences; and she froze at it: "I have not the honour to know who the personage is you so describe," said she formally. Edward replied very carelessly that it was an upholsterer at the North end of the town.

"Ah, a tradesman you patronise."

"Humph? Well, yes, that is the word, mamma, haw! haw! I have been making the bloke a lot of oak candlesticks, and human heads with sparkling eyes, for walking-sticks, &c. And now I'll go and draw my—protégé's—blunt." The lady's hands were uplifted towards pitying Heaven with one impulse: the young workman grinned: "Soyons de notre siècle," said he, and departed whistling in the tenor clef. He had the mellowest whistle in England.

After a few minutes well spent in deploring the fall of her Oxonian, and gently denouncing his motto, and his century, its ways, and above all its words, Mrs. Dodd took Julia to her bedroom, and unlocked drawers and doors in her wardrobe; and straightway Sarah, who was hurriedly flogging the chairs with a duster, relaxed, and began to work on a cheval-glass as slowly as if she was drawing Nelson's lions at a thousand pounds the tail. Mrs. Dodd opened a drawer and took out three pieces of worked Indian muslin, a little discoloured by hoarding: "There, that must be bleached and make you some wrappers for the honeymoon, if the weather is at all fine; and petticoats to match;" next an envelope consisting of two foolscap sheets tacked: this, carefully undone upon the bed, revealed a Brussels lace flounce and a veil: "It was my own," said Mrs. Dodd softly. "I saved it for you; see here is your name written on it seventeen years ago. I thought, 'this dear little toddler will have wings some day, and then she will leave me.' But now I am almost afraid to let you wear it; it might bring you misfortune: suppose after years of wedded love you should be bereaved of——" Mrs. Dodd choked, and Julia's arms were round her neck in a moment.

"I'll risk it," cried she impetuously. "If it but makes me as beloved as you are, I'll wear it come what come woo! And then I shall feel it over me at the altar like my guardian angel's wings, my own sweet, darling, mamma. Oh what an idiot, what a wretch I am, to leave you at all."

This unfortunate, unexpected burst, interrupted business sadly. Mrs. Dodd sank down directly on the bed and wept; Julia cried over her, and Sarah plumped herself down in a chair and blubbered. But wedding flowers are generally well watered in the private apartments.

Patient Mrs. Dodd soon recovered herself: "This is childish of me. When I think that

there are mothers who see their children go from the house corpses, not brides, I ought to be ashamed of myself. Come! à l'œuvre. Ah, here is something." And she produced a white China crape shawl. "Oh, how sweet," said Julia: "why have you never worn it?"

"Dear me, child, what use would things be to these I love, if I went and wore them?"

The next article she laid her hand on was a roll of white poplin, and drew an exclamation from Mrs. Dodd herself: "If I had not forgotten this, and it is the very thing. Your dear papa bought me this in London, and I remonstrated with him well for buying me such a delicate thing, only once wear. I kissed it and put it away, and forgot it. They say if you keep a thing seven years. It is just seven years since he gave it me. Really the dear boy is a witch: this is your wedding dress, my precious precious." She unrolled a few yards on the bed to show it; and asked the gloating Sarah with a great appearance of consideration whether they were not detaining her from her occupations?

"Oh no, mum. This glass have got so dull; I'm just polishing of it a bit. I shan't be a minute now, mum."

From silver tissue paper Mrs. Dodd evolved a dress (unmade) of white crape embroidered in true-lovers'-knots of violet silk, and ears of wheat in gold. Then there was a scream at the glass, and Sarah seen in it with ten claws in the air very wide apart: she had slyly turned the mirror and was devouring the reflexion of the finery, and this last Indian fabric overpowered her. Her exclamation was instantly followed by much polishing; but Mrs. Dodd replied to it after the manner of her sex: "Well, it is lovely," said she to Julia: "but where is the one with beetle wings?" Oh here,

"Real beetles' wings, mamma?" inquired Julia.

"Yes, love."

"So they are, and how wicked! and what a lovely green! I will never wear them: they are prismatic: now, if ever I am to be a Christian, I had better begin: everything has a beginning. Oh vanity of women, you stick at nothing. A thousand innocent lives stolen to make one dress!" And she put one hand before her eyes, and with the other ordered the dress back into the wardrobe with genuine agitation.

"My dear, what expressions! And you need not wear it; indeed neither of them is fit for that purpose. But you *must* have a pretty thing or two about you. I have hoarded these a good many years; now it is your turn to have them by you. And let me see: you want a travelling cloak, but the dear boy will not let us; so choose a warm shawl."

A rich but modest one was soon found, and Julia tried it on, arching her supple neck, and looking down over her shoulder to see the effect behind, in which attitude oh for an immortal brush to paint her, or anything half as bright, supple, graceful, and every inch a woman. At this moment Mrs. Dodd threw a lovely blue Indian shawl on the bed, galvanising Sarah so

that up went her hands again, and the door opened softly and a handsome head in a paper cap peeped on the scene, inquiring with mock timidity "May 'The British Workman' come in?" He was invited warmly; Julia whipped his cap off, and tore it in two, reddening, and Mrs. Dodd, intending to compliment his foresight, showed him the bed laden with the treasures they had disinterred from vanity's mahogany tomb.

"Well, mother," said he, "you were right, and I was wrong: they are inappropriate enough, the whole lot."

The ladies looked at one another, and Sarah permitted herself a species of snort.

"Do we want Sarah?" he asked quietly. She retired bridling.

"Inappropriate?" exclaimed Mrs. Dodd. "There is nothing here unfit for a bride's trousseau."

"Good Heavens! Would you trick her out like a Princess?"

"We must. We are too poor to dress her like a lady."

"Cinderella; at your service," observed Julia complacently, and pirouetted before him in her new shawl.

Ideas, rejected peremptorily at the time, often rankle, and bear fruit by-and-by. Mrs. Dodd took up the blue shawl, and said she would make Julia a peignoir of it; and the border, being narrowish, would do for the bottom. "That was a good notion of yours, darling," said she, bestowing a sweet smile on Edward. He granted. Then she took out a bundle of lace: "Oh for pity's sake no more," cried the "British Workman."

"Now, dearest, you have interfered once in feminine affairs, and we submitted. But, if you say another word, I will trim her poplin with Honiton two feet deep."

"Quarter! quarter!" cried Edward. "I'm dumb; grant me but this; have nothing made up for her out of the house: you know there is no dressmaker in Barkington can cut like you: and then that will put some limit to our inconsistency." Mrs. Dodd agreed; but she must have a woman in to sew.

Edward grunted at this, and said: "I wish I could turn you these gowns with my lathe; what a deal of time and bother it would save. However, if you want any stuffing, come to me; I'll lend you lots of shavings; make the silk rustle. Oh here is my governor's contribution." And he produced 7*l.* 10*s.*

"Now, look there," said Julia sorrowfully, "it is money. And I thought you were going to bring me the very bonnet yourself. Then I should have valued it."

"Oh yes," replied the young gentleman ironically; "can I choose a bonnet to satisfy such swells as you and mamma? I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll go with you and look as wise as Solomon, all the time you are choosing it."

"A capital plan," said Julia.

Edward then shook his fist at the finery: and retired to work again for his Governor:

"Flowers," he observed, "are indispensable, at a wedding breakfast; I hear too it is considered the right cheese to add something in the shape of grub." Exit whistling in the tenor clef; and keeping their hearts up, like a man.

So now there were two workshops in Albion Villa; Ned's study, as he called it, and the drawing-room: in the former shavings flew, and settled at their ease, and the whirr of the lathe slept not; the latter was all patterns, tapes, hooks and eyes, whalebone, cuttings of muslin, poplin, and paper, clouds of lining-muslin, snakes of piping, skeins, shreds; and the floor literally sown with pins, escaped from the fingers of the fair, those taper fingers so typical of the minds of their owners; for they have softness, suppleness, nimbleness, adroitness, and "a plentiful lack" of tenacity.

The days passed in hard work, and the evenings in wooing, never sweeter than when it has been so earned: and at last came the wedding-eve. Dr. Sampson, who was to give the bride away, arrived just before dinner-time: the party, including Alfred, sat down to a charming little dinner; they ate beetles' wings, and drank Indian muslin fifteen years in the wood. For the lathe and the chisel proved insufficient, and Julia having really denied herself, as an aspirant to Christianity, that assassin's robe, Mrs. Dodd sold it under the rose to a fat old dowager—for whom nothing was too fine—and so kept up appearances.

Julia and Alfred were profoundly happy at bottom; yet their union was attended with too many drawbacks for boisterous gaiety, and Alfred, up to this time, had shown a seriousness and sobriety of bliss, that won Mrs. Dodd's gratitude. It was the demeanour of a delicate mind; it became his own position, at odds with his own flesh and blood for Julia's sake; it became him as the son-in-law of a poor woman so lately bereaved of her husband, and reduced to poverty by one bearing the name of Hardie.

But now Dr. Sampson introduced a gayer element. He had seen a great deal of life; i.e. of death and trouble. This had not hardened him, but, encountering a sturdy, valiant, self-protecting nature, had made him terribly tough and elastic; it was now his way never to go forward or backward a single step after sorrow. He seldom mentioned a dead friend or relation; and if others forced the dreary topic on him, they could never hold him to it; he was away directly to something pleasant or useful, like a grasshopper skipping off a grave into the green grass. He had felt keenly about David while there was anything to be done: but now his poor friend was in a madhouse, thanks to the lancet; and there was an end of *him*. Thinking about him would do him no good. The present only is irresistible; past and future ill the mind can bar out by a resolute effort. The bride will very likely die of her first child! Well then, forget that just now. Her father's in an asylum! well then, don't remember him at the wrong time: there sit female beauty and ready to wed manly wit and comeliness,

seated opposite; see their sweet stolen glances; a few hours only between them and wedded rapture: and I'm here to give the lovely virgin away: fill the bumper high! *dum vivimus vivamus*. In this glorious spirit he rattled on, and soon drew the young people out, and silvery peals of laughter rang round the genial board.

This jarred on Mrs. Dodd. She bore it in silence some time; but, with the grief it revived and sharpened by contrast, and the polite effort to hide her distress, found herself becoming hysterical: then she made the usual signal to Julia, and beat an early retreat. She left Julia in the drawing-room, and went and locked herself in her own room. "Oh, how can they be so *cruel* as to laugh and giggle in my David's house!" She wept sadly, and for the first time felt herself quite lonely in the world: for what companionship between the gay and the sad-hearted? Poor thing, she lived to reproach herself even with this, the nearest approach she ever made to selfishness.

Ere long she crept into Julia's room and humbly busied herself packing her trunks for the wedding tour. The tears fell fast on her white hands.

She would not have been left alone a minute if Julia's mind had not been occupied just then with an affectionate and seemly anxiety: she earnestly desired to reconcile her Alfred and his sister before the wedding; and she sat in the drawing-room thinking whether it could be done, and how.

At last she sat down blushing and wrote a little note, and rang the bell for Sarah, and sent it courageously in to the dining-room.

Sarah very prudently listened at the keyhole before entering; for she said to herself, "If they are talking free, I shan't go in till it's over."

The persons so generously suspected were discussing a parchment Alfred had produced, and wanted signed: "You are our trustee, my boy," said he to Edward: "so just write your name here, and mine comes here, and the witnesses there: the Doctor and Sarah will do. Send for a pen."

"Let's read it first, please."

"Read it! What for?"

"Catch me signing a paper without reading it, my boy."

"What, can't you trust me?" inquired Alfred, hurt.

"Oh yes. And can't you trust me?"

"There's a question: why I have named you my Trusty in the deed; he, he."

"Well then trust me without my signing, and I'll trust you without reading."

Sampson laughed at this retort, and Alfred reddened; he did not want the Deed read. But, while he hesitated, Sarah came in with Julia's note, asking him to come to her for a minute. This sweet summons made him indifferent to prosaic things. "Well, read away," said he: "one comfort, you will be no wiser."

"What is it in Latin?" asked Edward, with a wry face.

"No such luck. Deeds used to be in Latin; but Latin could not be made obscure enough. So now Dark Deeds are written in an unknown tongue called 'Lawyerish,' where the sense is 'as one grain of wheat in two bushels of chaff;' pick it out if you can."

"Whatever man has done man may do," said Dr. Sampson stoutly. "You have rid it, and yet understood it: so why mayn't we, ye monster o' conceit?"

"Read it?" said Alfred. "I never read it: would not read it for a great deal of money. The moment I saw what a senseless rigmarole it was, I flung it down and insisted on the batological author furnishing me with an English translation. He complied: the crib occupies just twenty lines; the original three folio pages, as you see. That crib, gentlemen," added he severely, "is now in my waistcoat pocket; and you shall never see it—for your impudence. No, seat yourselves by that pool of parchment (sedet eternumque sedebit, &c.) and fish for Lawyer Crawford's ideas, rari nantes in gurgite vasto." And with this he flew up-stairs on the wings of love. Julia met him in the middle of the room all in a flutter: "It is to ask you a favour. I am unhappy—about one thing."

She then leaned one hand softly on his shoulder, and curving her lovely supple neck looked round into his face and watched it as she preferred her petition: "It is about Jane and you. I cannot bear to part you two in this way: only think, six days you have not spoken; and I am the cause."

"Not the only cause, love."

"I don't know, darling. But it is very cruel. I have got my dear mother and Edward; you have nobody—but Me. Alfred," said she with gentle impetuosity, "now is the time; your papa is away."

"Oh, is he?" said Alfred, carelessly.

"Yes. Sarah says Betty says he is gone to Uncle Thomas. So I know you won't refuse me, my own Alfred: it is to go to your sister this minute and make it up."

"What, and leave you?" objected Alfred ruefully.

"No, no; you are with the gentlemen, you know: you are not here, *in reality*, till tea. Make them an excuse: say the truth; say it is Me: and come back to me with good news." He consented on these terms.

Then she armed him with advice: "You go to make peace; it is our last chance; now remember, you must be very generous, very sweet tempered. Guard against your impetuosity. Oh take warning by me; see how impetuous I am. And then, you know, after all she is only a lady, and a great creature like you ought not to be ruffled by anything so small as a lady's tongue: the idea! And, dearest, don't go trusting to your logic, but *do* descend to the arts of persuasion, because they are far more convincing somehow: please try them."

"Yes. Enumerate them."

"Why, kissing, and coaxing, and don't ask me."

"Will you bestow a specimen of those arts on me, if I succeed?"

"Try me," said she: and looked him earnestly in the face; but lowered her long lashes slowly and shyly, as she realised to what her impetuosity was pledging itself.

Alfred got his hat and ran to Musgrove Cottage.

A man stepped out of the shadow of a hedge opposite Albion Villa, and followed him, keeping in shadow as much as possible.

The door of Musgrove Cottage was opened to him by old Betty with a joyful start: "Mr. Alfred, I declare! Come in; there's only me and Miss. Master is in Yorkshire, and that there crocodile, Peggy, she is turned away—for sauce—and a good riddance of bad rubbish; Miss is in the parlour."

She ushered him triumphantly in. Jane was seated reading: she dropped her book, and ran and kissed him with a cry of joy. So warm a reception surprised him agreeably, and simplified his task. He told her he was come to try and make it up with her before the wedding: "We lose your presence, dear Jenny," said he, "and that is a great grief to us, valuing you as we do: don't refuse us your good wishes to-morrow."

"Dearest Alfred," said she, "can you think it? I pray for you day and night. And I have begun to blame myself for being so sure you were in the wrong and poor papa faultless. What you sent me half in jest, I take in earnest. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'"

"Why, Jenny," said Alfred, "how red your eyes are."

At this observation the young saint laid her head on her brother's shoulder and had a good cry like any other girl. When she recovered a little she told him, yes, she had been very unhappy: that he had always been a dear good brother to her, and the only one she had; and that it cut her to the heart not to be at his wedding; it seemed so unkind.

Alfred set her on his knee,—she had more soul than body,—and kissed her and comforted her: and, in this happy revival of natural affection, his heart opened, he was off his guard, and told her all: gave her the several proofs their father had got the 14,000*l*. Jane, arrested by the skill and logical clearness with which he marshalled the proofs, listened in silence; and presently a keen shudder ran through her frame, and reminded him he was setting a daughter against her father.

"There," said he, "I always said I would never tell you, and now I've done it. Well, at least you will see with what consideration, and unheard-of leniency, the Dodds for our sake are treating Mr. Richard Hardie. Just compare their conduct to him with his to them. And which is most to his advantage? that I should marry Julia, and give Mrs. Dodd the life interest in my ten thousand pounds, to balance his dishonesty, or for him to be indicted as a thief? Ned Dodd told us plainly he would have set the

police on him, had any other but his son been the informant."

"Did he say that? Oh Alfred, this is a miserable world."

"I can't see it: it is the jolliest world in the world: everything is bright and lovely, and everybody is happy except a few sick people, and a few peevish ones that run to meet trouble; to-morrow I marry my sweet Julia; Richard Hardie will find we two don't molest him, nor trouble our heads about him; he will get used to us; and one fine day we shall say to him, 'Now, we know all about the 14,000*l.*: just leave it by will to dear Jeuny, and let my friend Dodd marry her, and you can enjoy it unmolested for your lifetime.' He will consent: and you will marry Ned, and then you'll find the world has been wickedly slandered, by dishonest men, and dismal dogs."

In this strain he continued till he made her blush a good deal and smile a little; a sad smile.

But at last she said, "If I was sure all this is true, I think I should go—with a heavy heart—to your wedding. If I don't, the best part of me will be there, my prayers, and my warm, warm wishes for you both. Kiss her for me, and tell her so; and that I hope we shall meet round His throne soon, if we cannot meet at His altar to-morrow."

Brother and sister then kissed one another affectionately; and Alfred ran back like the wind to Albion Cottage. Julia was not in the drawing-room, and some coolish tea was. After waiting half an hour he got impatient, and sent Sarah to say he had a message for her. Sarah went up-stairs to Mrs. Dodd's room, and was instantly absorbed. After waiting again a long time, Alfred persuaded Edward to try his luck. Edward went up to Mrs. Dodd's room, and was absorbed.

The wedding dress was being solemnly tried on. A clean lincin sheet was on the floor, and the bride stood on it, receiving the last touches of the milliner's art. With this and her white poplin and lace veil she seemed framed in white, and her cheeks bloomed so, and her eyes beamed, with excitement and innocent vanity, that altogether she was supernaturally lovely.

Once enter the room enchanted by this snow clad rose, and—*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*

However Edward escaped at last, and told Alfred what was on foot, and drew a picture of the Bride, with white above and white below.

"Oh, let me see her," implored the lover.

Edward must ask mamma about that. He did, and mamma said "Certainly not; the last person in the world that shall see her in her wedding dress." But she should come down to him in half an hour. It seemed a very long half-hour. However, by way of compensation, he was alone when she did come. "Good news?" she asked, eagerly.

"Capital: we are the best of friends. Why she is half inclined to come."

"Then—oh how good you are: oh, how I love you."

And she flung a tender arm round his neck, like a young goddess making love; and her sweet face came so near his he had only to stoop a little, and their lips met in a long blissful kiss.

That kiss was an era in her life. Innocence itself, she had put up her delicious lips to her lover in pure, though earnest, affection; but the male fire with which his met them, made her blush as well as thrill, and she drew back a little, abashed and half scared, and nestled on his shoulder, hiding a face that grew redder and redder.

He bent his graceful head, and murmured down to her, "Are you afraid of me, sweetest?"

"Oh no, no! Yes, a little: I don't know. I was afraid I had made too free with my Treasure; you don't quite belong to me yet, you know."

"Oh yes, I do: and, what is more, you belong to me. Don't you, sweet rebel?"

"Ah, that I do, heart and soul, my own, own, own."

A few more soft delicious murmurs, and then Julia was summoned to more rites of vanity, and the lovers parted with tender reluctance for those few hours.

Alfred went home to his lodgings.

He had not been there above ten minutes, when he came out hastily, and walked quickly to the "White Lion," the principal inn in Barkington. He went into the stable-yard, and said a few words to the ostler: then returned to his lodgings.

The man followed him at a distance, from Albion-terrace; watched him home; dogged him to the "White Lion;" and, by-an-hy, entered the yard and offered the ostler a glass of ale at the tap.

At Albion Villa they were working on Julia's dresses till past midnight: and then Mrs. Dodd insisted on her going to bed. She obeyed; but when the house was all quiet, came stealing out to her mother, and begged to sleep with her: the sad mother strained her in a tearful embrace: and so they passed the night; clinging to one another more as the parting drew near.

Edward arranged the wedding breakfast for after the ceremony; and sent the ladies up a cup of coffee, and a bit of toast, apiece; they could hardly find appetite even for this; or indeed time; there was so much still to do.

At ten o'clock Julia was still in the height of dressing, delayed by contretemps upon contretemps. Sarah and her sister did her hair up too loose, and, being a glorious mass, it threatened all to come down; and, meantime, a hair-pin quietly but persistently bored her cream-white poll.

"Oh, run for mamma!"

Mamma came half dressed, had the hair all down again, and did it up with adroit and loving hand, and put on the orange wreath, kissed her admiringly, and retired to her own toilet, and the girls began to lace the bride's body.

Bump came Edward's foot against the door, making them all shriek.

"Now I don't want to hurry you; but Dr. Sampson is come."

The handmaids, flustered, tried to go faster; and, when the work was done, Julia took her little hand-glass and inspected her back: "Oh," she screamed, "I am crooked. There, go for mamma!"

Mamma soon came, and the poor bride held out imploring hands: "I'm all awry; I'm as crooked as a ram's horn."

"La, miss," said Sarah, "it's only behind; nobody will notice it."

"How can they help it? Mamma! am I deformed?"

Mrs. Dodd smiled superior and bade her be calm: "It is the lacing, dear. No, Sarah, it is no use your *pulling* it; all the pulling in the world will not straighten it. I thought so: you have missed the second top hole."

Julia's little foot began to beat a tattoo on the floor: "There is not a soul in the house but you can do the simplest thing. Eyes and no eyes! Fingers and no fingers! I never did."

"Hush, love, we all do our best."

"Oh, I am sure of that; poor things."

"Nobody can lace you if you fidget about, love," objected Mrs. Dodd.

(Bump!) "Now I don't want to hurry any man's cattle: but the bridesmaids are come."

"Oh dear, I shall never be ready in time," said Julia; and the tattoo recommenced.

"Plenty of time, love," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly lacing: "not half-past ten yet. Sarah, go and see if the bridegroom has arrived."

Sarah returned with the reassuring tidings that the bridegroom had not yet arrived; though the carriages had.

"Oh, thank Heaven *he* is not come," said Julia. "If I keep him waiting to-day, he might say—'Oho!'"

Under dread of a comment so cutting she was ready at last, and said majestically he might come now whenever he liked.

Meantime, down stairs, an uneasiness of the opposite kind was growing. Ten minutes past the appointed time, and the bridegroom not there. So while Julia, now full dressed, and easy in her mind, was directing Sarah's sister to lay out her plain travelling dress, bonnet and gloves, on the bed, Mrs. Dodd was summoned down stairs: she came down with Julia's white gloves in her hand and a needle and thread, the button sewed on by trade's fair hand having flown at the first strain. Edward met her on the stairs: "What had we better do, mother?" said he, sotto voce: "there must be some mistake. Can you remember? Wasn't he to call for me on the way to the church?"

"I really do not know," said Mrs. Dodd.

"Is he at the church, do you think?"

"No, no, either he was to call for me, here, or I for him. I'll go to the church though, it is only a step."

He ran off, and in little more than five minutes came into the drawing-room.

"No, he is not there. I must go to his lodgings. Confound him, he has got reading Aristotle, I suppose."

This passed before the whole party, Julia excepted.

Sampson looked at his watch, and said he could conduct the ladies to the church while Edward went for Alfred. "Division of labour," said he, gallantly, "and mine the delightful half."

Mrs. Dodd demurred to the plan. She was for waiting quietly in one place.

"Well, but," said Edward, "we may overdo that; here it is a quarter-past eleven, and you know they can't be married after twelve. No, I really think you had better all go with the doctor; I dare say we shall be there as soon as you will."

This was agreed on after some discussion: Edward, however, to provide against all contingencies, begged Sampson not to wait for him should Alfred reach the church by some other road: "I'm only groomsman, you know," said he. He ran off at a racing pace. The bride was then summoned, admired, and handed into one carriage with her two bridesmaids, Miss Bosanquet and Miss Darton; Sampson and Mrs. Dodd went in the other; and by half-past eleven they were all safe in the church.

A good many people high and low were about the door, and in the pews, waiting to see the beautiful Miss Dodd married to the son of a personage once so popular as Mr. Hardie: it had even transpired that Mr. Hardie disapproved the match. They had been waiting a long time, and were beginning to wonder what was the matter, when, at last, the bride's party walked up the aisle with a bright April sun shining on them through the broad old windows. The bride's rare beauty, and stag-like carriage of her head, imperial in its loveliness and orange wreath, drew a hum of admiration.

The party stood a minute or two at the east end of the church, and then the clergyman came out and invited them into the vestry.

Their reappearance was eagerly expected; in silence at first, but presently in loud and multitudinous whispers.

At this moment a young lady with almost perfect features, and sylph-like figure, modestly dressed in dove-coloured silk, but with a new chip bonnet and white gloves, entered a pew near the west door, and said a little prayer; then proceeded up the aisle, and exchanged a word with the clerk, then into the vestry:

"Cheep! cheep! cheep! went fifty female tongues, and the arrival of the bridesgroom's sister became public news.

The bride welcomed her in the vestry with a sweet guttural of surprise and delight, and they kissed one another like little tigers.

"Oh my darling Jane, how kind of you! have I got you back to make my happiness complete?"

Now none of her own party had thought it wise to tell Julia there was any hitch: but Miss

Hardie blurted out naturally enough: "But where's Alfred?"

"I don't know, dear," said Julia innocently. "Are not he and Edward in another part of the church? I thought we were waiting till twelve o'clock, perhaps. Mamma dear, you know everything; I suppose this is all right?"

Then, looking round at her friends' faces, she saw in a moment that it was all wrong. Sampson's, in particular, was burning with manly indignation, and even her mother's discomposed, and trying to smile.

When the innocent saw this, she suspected her beloved was treating her cavalierly, and her poor little mouth began to work, and she had much ado not to whimper.

Mrs. Dodd, to encourage her, told her not to be put out: it had been arranged all along that Edward should go for him: "Unfortunately we had an impression it was the other way: but now Edward is gone to his lodgings."

"No, mamma," said Julia; "Alfred was to call for Edward; because our house was on the way."

"Are you sure, my child?" asked Mrs. Dodd, very gravely.

"Oh yes, mamma," said Julia, beginning to tremble: "at a quarter before eleven: I heard them settle it."

The matter was terribly serious now; indeed it began to look hopeless. Weather overclouded; rain-drops falling; and hard upon twelve o'clock.

They all looked at one another in despair.

Suddenly there was a loud, long, buzzing heard outside, and the house of God turned into a gossiping fair. "Talk of money changers," said Satan that day, "give me the exchangers of small talk."

"Thank Heaven they are come," said Mrs. Dodd. But, having thus relieved her mind, she drew herself up and prepared a freezing reception for the defaulter.

A whisper reached their excited ears: "It is young Mr. Dodd!" and next moment Edward came into the vestry—alone: the sight of him was enough; his brow wet with perspiration, his face black and white with bitter wrath.

"Come home, my people," he said, sternly: "there will be no wedding here to-day."

The bridesmaids cackled questions at him; he turned his back on them.

Mrs. Dodd knew her son's face too well to waste inquiries. "Give me my child!" she cried; in such a burst of mother's anguish long restrained, that even the insult to the bride was forgotten for one moment, till she was seen tottering into her mother's arms and cringing and trying to hide bodily in her: "Oh, throw a shawl over me," she moaned: "hide all this."

Well, they all did what they could; Jane hung round her neck and sobbed, and said, "I've a sister now, and no brother." The bridesmaids cried. The young curate ran and got the fly to the vestry-door: "Get into it,"

he said, "and you will at least escape the curious crowd."

"God bless you, Mr. Hurd," said Edward, half choked. He hurried the insulted bride and her mother in; Julia huddled and shrank into a corner under Mrs. Dodd's shawl; Mrs. Dodd had all the blinds down in a moment; and they went home as from a funeral.

Ay, and a funeral it was; for the sweetest girl in England buried her hopes, her laugh, her May of youth, in that church that day.

When she got to Albion Villa, she cast a wild look all around for fear she should be seen in her wedding clothes; and darted moaning into the house.

Sarah met her in the hall, smirking; and saying, "Wish you j——"

The poor bride screamed fearfully at the mocking words, and cut the conventional phrase in two as with a razor, then fled to her own room, and tore off her wreath, her veil, her pearls, and had already strewn the room, when Mrs. Dodd, with a foot quickened by affection, burst in and caught her half fainting, and laid her weary as old age, and cold as a stone, upon her mother's bosom, and rocked her as in the days of happy childhood never to return, and bedewed the pale face with her own tears.

Sampson took the bridesmaids each to her residence, on purpose to leave Edward free. He came home, washed his face, and, sick at heart, but more master of himself, knocked timidly at Julia's door.

"Come in, my son," said a broken voice.

He crept in; and saw a sorry sight. The travelling dress and bonnet were waiting still on the bed; the bridal wreath and veil lay on the floor; and so did half the necklace, and the rest of the pearls all about the floor; and Julia, with all her hair loose and hanging below her waist, lay faintly quivering in her mother's arms.

Edward stood and looked, and groaned.

Mrs. Dodd whispered to him over Julia: "Not a tear! not a tear!"

"Dead, or false?" moaned the girl: "dead, or false? oh, that I could believe he was false: no, no, he is dead: dead."

Mrs. Dodd whispered again over her girl.

"Tell her something: oh, give me tears for her—the world for one tear!"

"What shall I say?" gasped Edward.

"Tell her the truth, and trust to God, whose child she is."

Edward knelt on the floor and took her hand: "My poor little Ju," he said, in a voice broken with pity and emotion, "would you rather have him dead, or false to you?"

"Why false, a thousand times. It's Edward. Bless your sweet face my own, own brother; tell me he is false, and not come to deadly harm."

"You shall judge for yourself," he groaned; "I went to his lodgings. He had left the town. The woman told me a letter came for him last night. A letter in—a female hand. The scoundrel came in from us; got this letter;

packed up his things directly; paid his lodging; and went off in a two-horse fly at eight o'clock in the morning."

A FRENCH HAND ON THE PIANO.

A THICK little volume, *Musique et Musiciens*, has just been given to the world by M. Oscar Commettant, which ably touches upon all the important musical questions of the day, illustrating them from time to time by curious and amusing anecdotes. Not the least interesting chapter is that devoted to the piano; and its authority is all the greater from its author's himself holding a distinguished position among the pianists of the French metropolis.

Pianists at present constitute, in other countries as well as in France, the main battalion of the instrumental army. It will be scarcely credited that Paris alone numbers twenty thousand professors of the piano; but the census proves the truth of the fact. It is true that these twenty thousand professors do not all of them earn their guinea per lesson, not a few being content with the modest remuneration of a cup of coffee-and-milk with a buttered roll.

At the head of the French pianists, public opinion has for some time placed Emile Prudent; and justly so: which makes his loss the more to be regretted. While listening to Prudent's performances, you became immediately aware that a well organised head guided the fingers, which had acquired the intelligence and sensibility of the artist's mind and heart. He would never have been the person to conceive the idea—like a certain great German pianist, who is as clever a puffist as he is an admirable executant—of paying women at the rate of twenty-five francs per concert, to pretend to faint away with pleasure in the middle of a fantasia taken at such a rapid pace that it would have been humanly impossible to finish it. The pianist abruptly left his instrument to rush to the assistance of the poor fainting lady, while everybody in the room believed that, but for that untoward accident, the prodigious pianist would have completed the greatest of miracles. It happened one night that a woman paid to faint, forgot her cue, and fell fast asleep. The pianist was performing Weber's concerto. Reckoning on the fainting of this female to interrupt the finale of the piece, he took it in an impossible time. What could he do in such a perplexing case? Stumble and trip like a vulgar pianist, or pretend to be stopped by defective memory? No; he simply played the part which the *faintress* (excuse the word) ought to have acted, and fainted away himself. People crowded around the pianist, who became doubly phenomenal through his electric execution, and his frail and susceptible organisation. They carried him out into the green-room. The men applauded as if they meant to bring down the ceiling; the women waved their handkerchiefs to manifest their enthusiasm; and the faintress,

on waking, fainted, perhaps really, with despair at not having pretended to faint.

Prudent's happy influence may be considered as one of the causes of the superiority of French pianists in general over foreign ones. For, M. Commettant asserts, this superiority really exists, and cannot be disputed. Formerly, it belonged to Germany; now, it belongs to France. Vienna takes rank, in this respect, not only after Paris, but after London, where good pianists abound.

By the side of Emile Prudent may be ranged a considerable number of pianists, strangers by birth, but naturalised in France by talent, education, and a more or less constant sojourn in the country. The happy influence, on the art of piano playing, of the compositions of Thalberg, Kruger, Ascher, Rosenhain, and many others, is incontestable. These eminent artists are fond of Paris, because Paris is fond of them, and treats them as her spoiled children. In Parisian drawing-rooms, the piano is a throne whose occupant is contemplated, admired, made much of, by an undissembling court, who flatter him with hearty good will, and applaud him conscientiously. Chopin has been heard to say that he could live in no other city but Paris. What would have become of his poetic temperament (M. Commettant demands) if necessarily had constrained him to perform in certain aristocratic London saloons, where the artists—whatever their celebrity, were they Beethoven or Mozart themselves—are penned up, like lepers, on an indicated spot, which they are only permitted to leave at the order of the head of the house, for the purpose of displaying their powers in the midst of a general hum of conversation? Assuredly, he could not have borne it; and the great wonder is that superior artists should be found who will submit to such treatment from persons whose principal, sometimes whose only merit, is, to bear a noble (sometimes an ignoble) name, and to possess a large fortune. In Paris, good society better appreciates the value of artists. It is aware what natural qualities, what persevering efforts, what obstinate labour, and what noble ardour, are indispensable, in order to acquire superiority in any art; and as it really loves the arts, it also loves artists.

Greatly to be pitied are the children of whom their parents determine to make musical phenomena. It pains one to behold the pale thin countenances of these interesting martyrs, of the demisemiquaver. Poor dear creatures! At an age when they ought to ramble through the fields, breathe the open air, laugh and play, they are shut up in a chamber, seated at a piano, with their ears and their minds at full stretch upon music; the inevitable effect of which, on such feeble constitutions, already tried by growth and want of exercise, is to develop, out of all proportion, their nervous system, at the expense of their muscular and sanguine system, or, in other words, to compromise their health for ever. It is to be hoped that the fathers and mothers of these unhappy infants are not aware of the injury

they are doing to their children, who need be born three times as strong as other children, to undergo the discipline.

Herz, a prince in his art, came out in the musical world at a very early age. He has related through what a series of exercises, or rather of torments, he passed, in order to acquire the household talent of which his father was so proud. When he was only three years and a half old, Henri Herz's father (who had settled in his plans that his child should be a prodigy) got made for him a little piano of the height of a chair, and with a compass of about four octaves. Henri sat himself upon a stool; his father did the same; and the two *amused* themselves, several hours daily, trying which should move his fingers the quickest over the narrow keys of the toy instrument. As the child grew bigger, they gave him a larger piano, always in proportion to his stature. At six years, he was promoted to the honour of playing on a piano of *natural dimensions*, and his father made him a present of a pair of boots with yellow tops.

"You see," he said, "I consider you henceforward as a man, and treat you as such. Endeavour to deserve my kindness, by wearing out your boots as little, and your piano as much, as you can." At eight years old, Henri Herz's father gave him a new proof of his consideration, by purchasing him a silver watch, which was hung up over the instrument. The object of the watch was to indicate the hours of labour to the boy, who was condemned, besides the studies of the day, to practise exercises and scales from eight in the evening until eleven.

At eleven, a maid-servant entered, with a singular apparatus invented by Herz's father. It consisted of a pulley fastened to the ceiling, through which pulley ran a long rope, one end of which was tied to a stick about half a yard long. To each end of the stick were fastened two bits of string, at the ends of which dangled a couple of rings. The little prodigy passed the medium and the annular fingers of both his hands through the rings, and the servant set the apparatus in motion by making the rope run through the pulley. This mode of training, according to M. Herz senior, ensured the independent action of those rebellious members, the second and third fingers.

When the silver watch marked midnight, that is, after an hour of these strange gymnastics, the labours of the day concluded, and everybody went to bed. Half dead with exhaustion, the poor child fell asleep almost before he could get into bed. But at six in the morning, his father, who slept in the adjoining chamber, knocked at the wall, shouting, "Come, Henri; it is six o'clock, my boy. Quick, to the piano!" The wretched lad had to get up, and stumbling with sleepiness, dipped his face in cold water, to awaken himself completely, and then returned to row his galley;—that is, to resume his piano practice. If Henri Herz could support this existence, and if his musical education were ad-

vanced by it, it was only because he was gifted with unusual physical and moral strength. Any other child would have died under the task, or become an idiot.

Are women less capable than men, of excelling on the piano? M. Commettant is inclined to think so. In fact, a very small number of women out of the vast multitude who devote themselves to the study of the instrument, have acquired a great reputation. We may cite Mesdames Pleyel, Escudier-Kastner, Massart, Schumann, Wartel, and Mdle. Josephine Martin. The rest, with a few exceptions, are confounded in a mediocrity which is called respectable, one hardly knows why.

For some years past, Madame Pleyel has been settled in Belgium, where she conducts a piano class at the Conservatoire of Brussels. Mdle. Martin's name is celebrated throughout Europe. An indefatigable labourer, she forgets that she is a first-class pianist, to confine herself exclusively to the professor's duties, giving lessons for from twelve to fourteen hours per day. What a task! How can a woman, a young lady, endure the fatigue? But we forget that women, feeble under certain circumstances in which men show themselves strong, become indefatigable under certain other circumstances where men are weak. At the piano, when it is a question of giving lessons; at balls, when it is a question of dancing; one weak woman is as good as two strong men. Thanks to this feminine aptitude, Mdle. Josephine Martin reckons her pupils by hundreds, among whom might be quoted amateurs of rare talent and artists in high repute.

The professor of the piano, who is himself no performer, is a mysterious being, well worthy of exercising the sagacity of observant minds. To teach what one does not know, appears, in fact, at first sight, an inexplicable mystery; and we naturally ask for what strange reason the professor of this class has not himself in some degree profited by the lessons which he gives to others. Of these individuals, some are very wretched. Others are very well off; their pupils are numerous, unfailing, and profitable. No one in the world of art has ever heard their names pronounced; they have never published anything; no journal has ever mentioned them; no one has ever listened to their performance—for the stringent reason that they cannot play; never have they brought forward any of their pupils; and yet, in a certain subterranean world, they pass for phoenixes, they are consulted respecting new operas which they never go to see, and great performers whom they never go to hear, about new music which they do not know, and about the history of music, of which they are completely ignorant. To every question put to them, they reply without hesitation, and pronounce their judgments with the disdainful air which, in default of modesty, sits well on transcendent merit.

Among the pianists for dancing evening parties, there are bad, tolerable, good, and ex-

ceptionally good, such as M. Philippe Stutz, for instance, who with great skill as an executant combines the talent of a composer. M. Stutz is the Musard of the piano; and when the mistress of a house informs you that she has engaged Stutz for her *soirée dansante*, you may be sure that the ball will not flag that evening, and that every leg will be alert and valiant. In fact, many a waltzer who, with such a pianist, will waltz at one breath for five-and-twenty minutes—without experiencing any other inconvenience than a singing in the ears, and a heavy pressure on the top of the skull—will begin to totter with such another pianist at the end of ten minutes. Good fingers in the pianist do really make good legs in the dancer. An erroneous belief is current in the world that every good pianist can play to dancers. But how many grand performers, after exciting the admiration of the room by their execution of some fine and difficult fantasia, have made a complete failure by volunteering to replace, as a sort of joke, the pianist who makes dance-music his special profession!

Among the old beaux who still adore the dance, there are always some who, as a mark of good taste, go and chat with the pianist, indulging in a little musical gossip. On such occasions the *soirée pianist* never fails to make profession of his musical faith. His mania is to appear in the eyes of the guests as an artist out of his proper place, born to play serious and even doleful music, but constrained by circumstances to compose and perform light and frivolous dance-tunes. Religious music, masses for the dead especially, is his real vocation. Polkas! Give him counterpoint, à la Palestrina; fugues with two subjects, in eight parts. For him, melody is little or nothing; harmony is everything. Fancy what must be his sufferings in having to earn his bread by melody!

A great merit with the *soirée pianist* is, to have a numerous stock of all the dances in vogue, so as to satisfy all tastes, and even all political opinions—for politics intrude themselves everywhere in France, even into airs for people to dance to. The Victor Emmanuel quadrille and the Solferino polka may be suitable for certain ball-rooms, while others would prefer the Francis the Second galop, with the Duchess of Parma redowa. Once upon a time, the services of *soirée pianists* were rather liberally compensated; but the profession, like many others, has fallen below mediocrity. And it makes one blush to see certain great ladies, who think nothing too dear which flatters their vanity, driving their bargains with cruel persistence, to screw five francs out of an artist's evening's work.

Good amateur pianists are now-o'-days numerous in France. As for amateurs of moderate talent, their number is incalculable. They shine with more or less brilliancy; but they are as innumerable as the stars of minor magnitude, in the vast firmament of harmony. Generally, out of a hundred musical amateurs, at least

ninety-five play the piano. Why this almost absolute preference over all other musical instruments? For several reasons. First; the piano (together with the expressive organ) is the only instrument played by ladies now that the *flageolet* is dead and buried, the harp gone dumb, and the guitar confined to Almagiva's serenade in the Barber of Seville. Secondly; it requires a much shorter time to become bearable by others, and by one's self, on the piano where the notes are ready made to hand, than on the violin, the violincello, the clarinet, or the horn. Thirdly; the piano having become an indispensable piece of drawing-room furniture, it may be played wherever it happens to be met with, as if the result of accident, without there being in the improvised musical exhibition any marked symptoms of premeditation. This is not the case with violinists, bassists, flutists, cornetists, and so on, who cannot give utterance to a single note without having their instrument lugged about with them. In the department of the Seine alone, there are sixty-three thousand pianos out on hire.

But the piano has also its enemies, who threaten it with persecution and partial suppression, by taxation. To counteract this enormity, it is proposed to establish a factory of imitation pianos. These pianos, constructed of the stoutest pasteboard, will represent ordinary pianos, so as to deceive the most experienced eye. They will be exempted from the tax (when it is imposed); and will have over real pianos the triple advantage of being infinitely cheaper, of making no noise, and of serving as convenient cupboards. When the dog-tax was established in France, many people slew and stuffed their dog, by this means avoiding the impost, and yet not parting with their beloved animal. The poor piano has given rise to other equally intolerable picantries.

"My dear fellow, you have no idea what a delightful creature is Mlle. Clarisse Filandor!"

"Oh, I know her; a charming blonde of eighteen."

"Yes; with blue eyes and black eyelashes."

"Her fortune is two hundred thousand francs."

"Precisely; and she has an ailing uncle, of whom she is the only heiress."

"And, to crown the whole, she doesn't play the piano."

"I was going to mention it. Consequently, she is not a woman like other women; she is a perfect angel."

Or, again: "Madame Tanguin's parties are dull. Nobody goes there."

"How is that? Is she unamiable, or does she do things shabbily?"

"Quite the contrary. Madame Tanguin is extremely amiable. She is liberal with her refreshments: soups go the round after midnight. Only she has a couple of daughters who play duets on the piano."*

* In Sheridan's *Affection*, a lady says, "Send for the man to put the piano out of tune."

In spite of which sarcastic observations, the piano, so brilliant in the concert-room under the hands of a virtuoso, is above all the instrument for meetings of intimate friends. In small towns and in the country, what would become of the long winter evenings, when every one is driven to his own intellectual resources, but for the pastime of home-made music? The piano is the family friend. It is a discreet and charming confidant, who receives the secrets of our heart when agitated and wrung by moral fevers. The bashful girl can make the keys repeat the melody which *he* prefers.

It is harsh to suppose that the love of display is the reason which urges not a few middle-aged persons to betake themselves to practising the piano. One professor has among his pupils a lady aged sixty-four. After losing her husband, her son, and her daughter, she seeks in the study of the piano, not a consolation for her sorrows, but an occupation to divert her melancholy thoughts. She had learned music in her youth, and could once perform, tolerably, Haydn's and Mozart's sonatas. After more than half a century, she had the courage to take up music again, and the instrument which recalled the days of her girlhood. She is an excellent pupil, who receives her lessons with pleasure, who never misses a lesson, and who makes notable progress. Such examples may not be common; but what other instrument could be taken in hand by a woman sixty-four years of age?

The piano, usually expressive of cheerfulness and gentle pleasure, has been, under certain circumstances, the painful interpreter of heart-rending emotions. Chopin, feeling the approach of death, wished to bid a last farewell to the instrument which had given utterance to his poetic inspirations, and had been the means of his great success. A piano was brought to his bedside. With icy hands and clouded vision, he attempted to draw a few sounds from the instrument. A sweet and touching melody, deeply expressive of regret, was whispered forth; but the musician was unable to complete his pathetic improvisation. He fell back on his bed of suffering, and expired a few hours afterwards.

Lablache, the incomparable artist, the worthy man par excellence, who is still regretted by the musical world, attempted to sing upon his death-bed: in order, as he said, to die as he had always lived, devoted to his art. "Go," he said to one of his children, "go to the piano and accompany me." The son, struggling to conceal his emotion, obeyed his father's last request. Lablache then sang the first verse of the English romance:—"Home, Sweet Home." At the second verse, the singer's throat contracted, and not a note could issue from it.

"Ah!" said Lablache, "I can sing no longer. I am a lost man!" He died that very night.

There is a project of establishing in Paris a club for amateur pianists. The original members are required to be able to execute respectably one of Thalberg's grand fantasias, and to read

music well enough to accompany an opera-song at sight. The principal object of the club is the execution of works for the piano. Independent of the grand meetings, at which the principal French and foreign celebrities will perform in succession, every member will be expected to play, every week, some new piece for the piano.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

THERE are some small out-of-the-way landing-places on the Thames and the Medway, where I do much of my summer idling. Running water is favourable to day-dreams, and a strong tidal river is the best of running water for mine. I like to watch the great ships standing out to sea or coming home richly laden, the active little steam-tugs confidently puffing with them to and from the sea-horizon, the fleet of barges that seem to have plucked their brown and russet sails from the ripe trees in the landscape, the heavy old colliers, light in ballast, floundering down before the tide, the light screw barks and schooners imperiously holding a straight course while the others patiently tack and go about, the yachts with their tiny hulls and great white sheets of canvas, the little sailing-boats bobbing to and fro on their errands of pleasure or business, and—as it is the nature of little people to do—making a prodigious fuss about their small affairs. Watching these objects, I still am under no obligation to think about them, or even so much as to see them, unless it perfectly suits my humour. As little am I obliged to hear the plash and flop of the tide, the ripple at my feet, the clinking windlass afar off, or the humming steam-ship paddles further away yet. These, with the creaking little jetty on which I sit, and the gaunt high-water marks and low-water marks in the mud, and the broken causeway, and the broken bank, and the broken stakes and piles leaning forward as if they were vain of their personal appearance and looking for their reflexion in the water, will melt into any train of fancy. Equally adaptable to any purpose or to none, are the pasturing sheep and kine upon the marshes, the gulls that wheel and dip around me, the crows (well out of gunshot) going home from the rich harvest-fields, the heron that has been out a-fishing and looks as melancholy, up there in the sky, as if it hadn't agreed with him. Everything within the range of the senses will, by the aid of the running water, lend itself to everything beyond that range, and work into a drowsy whole, not unlike a kind of tune, but for which there is no exact definition.

One of these landing-places is near an old fort (I can see the Nore Light from it with my pocket-glass), from which fort mysteriously emerges a boy, to whom I am much indebted for additions to my scanty stock of knowledge. He is a young boy, with an intelligent face burnt to a dust colour by the summer sun, and with crisp

hair of the same hue. He is a boy in whom I have perceived nothing incompatible with habits of studious inquiry and meditation, unless an evanescent black eye (I was delicate of inquiring how occasioned) should be so considered. To him am I indebted for ability to identify a Custom-house boat at any distance, and for acquaintance with all the forms and ceremonies observed by a homeward-bound Indiaman coming up the river, when the Custom-house officers go aboard her. But for him, I might never have heard of "the dumb-ague," respecting which malady I am now learned. Had I never sat at his feet, I might have finished my mortal career and never known that when I see a white horse on a barge's sail, that barge is a lime barge. For precious secrets in reference to beer, am I likewise beholden to him, involving warning against the beer of a certain establishment, by reason of its having turned sour through failure in point of demand: though my young sage is not of opinion that similar deterioration has befallen the ale. He has also enlightened me touching the mushrooms of the marshes, and has gently reproved my ignorance in having supposed them to be impregnated with salt. His manner of imparting information, is thoughtful, and appropriate to the scene. As he reclines beside me, he pitches into the river, a little stone or piece of grit, and then delivers himself oracularly, as though he spoke out of the centre of the spreading circle that it makes in the water. He never improves my mind without observing this formula.

With the wise boy—whom I know by no other name than the Spirit of the Fort—I recently consorted on a breezy day when the river leaped about us and was full of life. I had seen the sheaved corn carrying in the golden fields as I came down to the river; and the rosy farmer, watching his labouring-men in the saddle on his cob, had told me how he had reaped his two hundred and sixty acres of long-strawed corn last week, and how a better week's work he had never done in all his days. Peace and abundance were on the country-side in beautiful forms and beautiful colours, and the harvest seemed even to be sailing out to grace the never-reaped sea in the yellow-laden barges that mellowed the distance.

It was on this occasion that the Spirit of the Fort, directing his remarks to a certain floating iron battery lately lying in that reach of the river, enriched my mind with his opinions on naval architecture, and informed me that he would like to be an engineer. I found him up to everything that is done in the contracting line by Messrs. Peto and Brassey—cunning in the article of concrete—mellow in the matter of iron—great on the subject of gunnery. When he spoke of pile-driving and sluice-making, he left me not a leg to stand on, and I can never sufficiently acknowledge his forbearance with me in my disabled state. While he thus discoursed, he several times directed his eyes to one distant quarter of the landscape, and spoke with vague mysterious awe of "the Yard." Pondering his les-

sons after we had parted, I bethought me that the Yard was one of our large public Dockyards, and that it lay hidden among the crops down in the dip behind the windmills, as if it modestly kept itself out of view in peaceful times, and sought to trouble no man. Taken with this modesty on the part of the Yard, I resolved to improve the Yard's acquaintance.

My good opinion of the Yard's retiring character was not dashed by nearer approach. It resounded with the noise of hammers beating upon iron; and the great sheds or slips under which the mighty men-of-war are built, loomed business-like when contemplated from the opposite side of the river. For all that, however, the Yard made no display, but kept itself snug under hill-sides of corn-fields, hop-gardens, and orchards; its great chimneys smoking with a quiet—almost a lazy—air, like giants smoking tobacco; and the great Shears moored off it, looking meekly and inoffensively out of proportion, like the Giraffe of the machinery creation. The store of cannon on the neighbouring gun-wharf, had an innocent toy-like appearance, and the one red-coated sentry on duty over them was a mere toy figure, with a clock-work movement. As the hot sunlight sparkled on him he might have passed for the identical little man who had the little gun, and whose bullets they were made of lead, lead, lead.

Crossing the river and landing at the Stairs, where a drift of chips and weed had been trying to land before me and had not succeeded, but had got into a corner instead, I found the very street posts to be cannon, and the architectural ornaments to be shells. And so I came to the Yard, which was shut up tight and strong with great folded gates, like an enormous patent safe. These gates devouring me, I became digested into the Yard; and it had, at first, a clean-swept holiday air, as if it had given over work until next war-time. Though indeed a quantity of hemp for rope was tumbling out of storehouses, even there, which would hardly be lying like so much hay on the white stones if the Yard were as placid as it pretended.

Ding, Clash, Dong, BANG, Boom, Rattle, Clash, BANG, Clink, BANG, Dong, BANG, Clatter, BANG BANG BANG! What on earth is this! This is, or soon will be, the Achilles, iron armour-plated ship. Twelve hundred men are working at her now; twelve hundred men working on stages over her sides, over her bows, over her stern, under her keel, between her decks, down in her hold, within her and without, crawling and creeping into the finest curves of her lines wherever it is possible for men to twist. Twelve hundred hammerers, measurers, caulkers, armourers, forgers, smiths, shipwrights; twelve hundred dingers, clashers, dongers, rattlers, clinkers, bangers bangers bangers! Yet all this stupendous uproar around the rising Achilles is as nothing to the reverberations with which the perfected Achilles shall resound upon the dreadful day when the full work is in hand for which

this is but note of preparation—the day when the scuppers that are now fitting like great dry thirsty conduit-pipes, shall run red. All these busy figures between decks, dimly seen bending at their work in smoke and fire, are as nothing to the figures that shall do work here of another kind in smoke and fire, that day. These steam-worked engines alongside, helping the ship by travelling to and fro, and wafting tons of iron plates about, as though they were so many leaves of trees, would be rent limb from limb if they stood by her for a minute then. To think that this Achilles, monstrous compound of iron tank and oaken chest, can ever swim or roll! To think that any force of wind and wave could ever break her! To think that wherever I see a glowing red-hot iron point thrust out of her side from within—as I do now, there, and there, and there!—and two watching men on a stage without, with bared arms and sledge-hammers, strike at it fiercely, and repeat their blows until it is black and flat, I see a rivet being driven home, of which there are many in every iron plate, and thousands upon thousands in the ship! To think that the difficulty I experience in appreciating the ship's size when I am on board, arises from her being a series of iron tanks and oaken chests, so that internally she is ever finishing and ever beginning, and half of her might be smashed, and yet the remaining half suffice and be sound. Then, to go over the side again and down among the ooze and wet to the bottom of the dock, in the depths of the subterranean forest of dog-shores and stays that hold her up, and to see the immense mass bulging out against the upper light, and tapering down towards me, is, with great pains and much clambering, to arrive at an impossibility of realising that this is a ship at all, and to become possessed by the fancy that it is an enormous immovable edifice set up in an ancient amphitheatre (say, that at Verona), and almost filling it! Yet what would even these things be, without the tributary workshops and their mechanical powers for piercing the iron plates—four inches and a half thick—for rivets, shaping them under hydraulic pressure to the finest tapering turns of the ship's lines, and paring them away, with knives shaped like the beaks of strong and cruel birds, to the nicest requirements of the design! These machines of tremendous force, so easily directed by one attentive face and presiding hand, seem to me to have in them something of the retiring character of the Yard. "Obedient monster, please to bite this mass of iron through and through, at equal distances, where these regular chalk-marks are, all round." Monster looks at its work, and lifting its ponderous head, replies, "I don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!" The solid metal wriggles out, hot from the monster's crunching tooth, and it is done. "Dutiful monster, observe this other mass of iron. It is required to be pared away, according to this delicately lessening and arbitrary line, which please to look at." Monster (who

has been in a reverie) brings down its blunt head, and, much in the manner of Doctor Johnson, closely looks along the line—very closely, being somewhat near-sighted. "I don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!" Monster takes another near-sighted look, takes aim, and the tortured piece writhes off, and falls, a hot tight-twisted snake, among the ashes. The making of the rivets is merely a pretty round game, played by a man and a boy, who put red hot barley-sugar in a Pope Joan board, and immediately rivets fall out of window; but the tone of the great machines is the tone of the great Yard and the great country: "We don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done—!"

How such a prodigious mass as the Achilles can ever be held by such comparatively little anchors as those intended for her and lying near her here, is a mystery of seamanship which I will refer to the wise boy. For my own part, I should as soon have thought of tethering an elephant to a tent-peg, or the larger hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens to my shirt-pin. Yonder in the river, alongside a hulk, lie two of this ship's hollow iron masts. They are large enough for the eye, I find, and so are all her other appliances. I wonder why only her anchors look small.

I have no present time to think about it, for I am going to see the workshops where they make all the oars used in the British Navy. A pretty large pile of building, I opine, and a pretty long job! As to the building, I am soon disappointed, because the work is all done in one loft. And as to a long job—what is this? Two rather large mangles with a swarm of butterflies hovering over them? What can there be in the mangles that attracts butterflies?

Drawing nearer, I discern that these are not mangles, but intricate machines, set with knives and saws and planes, which cut smooth and straight here, and slantwise there, and now cut such a depth, and now miss cutting altogether, according to the predestined requirements of the pieces of wood that are pushed on below them: each of which pieces is to be an oar, and is roughly adapted to that purpose before it takes its final leave of far-off forests, and sails for England. Likewise I discern that the butterflies are not true butterflies, but wooden shavings, which, being spirted up from the wood by the violence of the machinery, and kept in rapid and not equal movement by the impulse of its rotation on the air, flutter and play, and rise and fall, and conduct themselves as like butterflies as heart could wish. Suddenly the noise and motion cease, and the butterflies drop dead. An oar has been made since I came in, wanting the shaped handle. As quickly as I can follow it with my eye and thought, the same oar is carried to a turning lathe. A whirl, and a Nick! Handle made. Oar finished.

The exquisite beauty and efficiency of this machinery need no illustration, but happen to have a pointed illustration to-day. A pair of oars

of unusual size chance to be wanted for a special purpose, and they have to be made by hand. Side by side with the subtle and facile machine, and side by side with the fast-growing pile of oars on the floor, a man shapes out these special oars with an axe. Attended by no butterflies, and chipping and dinting, by comparison as leisurely as if he were a labouring Pagan getting them ready against his decease at threescore and ten, to take with him as a present to Charon for his boat, the man (aged about thirty) plies his task. The machine would make a regulation oar while the man wipes his forehead. The man might be buried in a mound made of the strips of thin broad wooden ribbon torn from the wood whirled into oars as the minutes fall from the clock, before he had done a forenoon's work with his axe.

Passing from this wonderful sight to the Ships again—for my heart, as to the Yard, is where the ships are—I notice certain unfinished wooden walls left seasoning on the stocks, pending the solution of the merits of the wood and iron question, and having an air of biding their time with surly confidence. The names of these worthies are set up beside them, together with their capacity in guns—a custom highly conducive to ease and satisfaction in social intercourse, if it could be adapted to mankind. By a plank more gracefully pendulous than substantial, I make bold to go aboard a transport ship (iron screw) just sent in from the contractor's yard to be inspected and passed. She is a very gratifying experience, in the simplicity and humanity of her arrangements for troops, in her provision for light and air and cleanliness, and in her care for women and children. It occurs to me, as I explore her, that I would require a handsome sum of money to go aboard her, at midnight by the Dockyard bell, and stay aboard alone till morning; for surely she must be haunted by a crowd of ghosts of obustinate old martinets, mournfully flapping their cherubic epaulettes over the changed times. Though still we may learn from the astounding ways and means in our Yards now, more highly than ever to respect the forefathers who got to sea, and fought the sea, and held the sea, without them. This remembrance putting me in the best of tempers with an old hulk, very green as to her copper, and generally dim and patched, I pull off my hat to her. Which salutation a callow and downy-faced young officer of Engineers, going by at the moment, perceiving, appropriates—and to which he is most heartily welcome, I am sure.

Having been torn to pieces (in imagination) by the steam circular saws, perpendicular saws, horizontal saws, and saws of eccentric action, I come to the sauntering part of my expedition, and consequently to the core of my Uncommercial pursuits.

Everywhere, as I saunter up and down the Yard, I meet with tokens of its quiet and retiring character. There is a gravity upon its red brick offices and houses, a staid pretence of having nothing worth mentioning to do, an avoidance of display, which I never saw out of England. The white stones of the pavement present no

other trace of Achilles and his twelve hundred banging men (not one of whom strikes an attitude) than a few occasional echoes. But for a whisper in the air suggestive of sawdust and shavings, the oar-making and the saws of many movements might be miles away. Down below here, is the great reservoir of water where timber is steeped in various temperatures, as a part of its seasoning process. Above it, on a tramroad supported by pillars, is a Chinese Enchanter's Car, which fishes the logs up, when sufficiently steeped, and rolls smoothly away with them to stack them. When I was a child (the Yard being then familiar to me) I used to think that I should like to play at Chinese Enchanter, and to have that apparatus placed at my disposal for the purpose by a beneficent country. I still think that I should rather like to try the effect of writing a book in it. Its retirement is complete, and to go gliding to and fro among the stacks of timber would be a convenient kind of travelling in foreign countries—among the forests of North America, the sodden Honduras swamps, the dark pine woods, the Norwegian frosts, and the tropical heats, rainy seasons, and thunder-storms. The costly store of timber is stacked and stowed away in sequestered places, with the pervading avoidance of flourish or effect. It makes as little of itself as possible, and calls to no one "Come and look at me!" And yet it is picked out from the trees of the world; picked out for length, picked out for breadth, picked out for straightness, picked out for crookedness, chosen with an eye to every need of ship and boat. Strangely twisted pieces lie about, precious in the sight of shipwrights. Sauntering through these groves, I come upon an open glade where workmen are examining some timber recently delivered. Quite a pastoral scene, with a background of river and windmill! and no more like War than the American States are like an Union.

Sauntering among the ropemaking, I am spun into a state of blissful indolence, wherein my rope of life seems to be so untwisted by the process as that I can see back to very early days indeed, when my bad dreams—they were frightful, though my more mature understanding has never made out why—were of an interminable sort of ropemaking, with long minute filaments for strands, which, when they were spun home together close to my eyes, occasioned screaming. Next, I walk among the quiet lofts of stores—of sails, spars, rigging, ships' boats—determined to believe that somebody in authority wears a girdle and bends beneath the weight of a massive bunch of keys, and that, when such a thing is wanted, he comes telling his keys like Blue Beard, and opens such a door. Impassive as the long lofts look, let the electric battery send down the word, and the shutters and doors shall fly open, and such a fleet of armed ships, under steam and under sail, shall burst forth as will charge the old Medway—where the merry Stuart let the Dutch come, while his not so merry sailors starved in the streets—with something worth looking at to carry to the sea.

Thus I idle round to the Medway again, where it is now flood tide; and I find the river evincing a strong solicitude to force a way into the dry dock where Achilles is waited on by the twelve hundred bangers, with intent to bear the whole away before they are ready.

To the last, the Yard puts a quiet face upon it; for, I make my way to the gates through a little quiet grove of trees, shading the quaintest of Dutch landing-places, where the leaf-speckled shadow of a shipwright just passing away at the further end might be the shadow of Russian Peter himself. So, the doors of the great patent safe at last close upon me, and I take boat again: somehow, thinking as the oars dip, of braggart Pistol and his brood, and of the quiet monsters of the Yard, with their "We don't particularly want to do it; but if it must be done——!" Scrunch.

KITES.

STRUTT, in his *Sports and Pastimes of England*, states that the flying of kites was a very ancient pastime in China. Even at this day, one of the most popular amusements of the Chinese is kite-flying, and they exhibit ingenuity and skill in the construction of their kites. By the use of round orifices in them, supplied with vibrating cords, their kites produce a loud humming noise, resembling that made by the humming-top. The ninth day of the ninth moon is a kite-flying festival; they repair to the high hills in groups, and there indulge in active rivalry as to the ascent and musical tones of their several artistic productions; but, at the close of the day's amusement, the aerial travellers are cut adrift, to fly wherever the breeze may bear them.

The artificial kite is supposed to imitate that graceful but voracious hoverer the falcon kite while aloft. It also, in a measure, illustrates the theory of *aërostation*, a term traced to two Greek words, which signify standing in air; being the science explanatory of the equilibrium of bodies raised above the earth, and floating in the atmosphere: a study now more commonly confined to balloons, a name derived from the French word *ballon*—a small ball.

The surmise of Strutt, that the flying kite was not known in England until about the commencement of the last century, would seem to be correct. It is not mentioned or alluded to by any early English author, and a seriocomic poem, in three cantos, under the title of the *Artificial Kite*, appeared in 1719, as if the subject of it was then a novelty. It was published anonymously; but, many years after, a clergyman of the name of Bacon avowed the authorship, and it was, both in conception and versification, an obvious, and far from an unsuccessful, attempt to imitate Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, then highly popular. This essay in rhyme was principally founded on the conceit that Cupid,

having designs upon Diana, invented the aerial paper attraction to dazzle and captivate the chaste divinity:

At Jove's command the royal eagle flies,
And bears his rolling thunder through the skies;
The gaudy peacock struts in plummy pride,
And stalks majestic by proud Juno's side;
And though mamma prefers her wanton dove,
Cupid shall have a better bird than Jove!

The amorous son of Venus, we are told, employed one of his attendants as his artist:

One, whom long experience blest
With a mechanic head above the rest;
He formed the ruff in good Eliza's days;
And first confined the slender waist in stays;
He first with beauty-spots adorned the maid,
And bid her borrow lustre from their shade;
He knitted the lovers' knot in times of old,
And formed the circle of the bridal gold;
He on the car first hung the sparkling rings,
His was the tucker, his the kissing strings;
He first in canvas hoop enclosed the maid,
Turned the round coil, and raised the stiffened head.

The work being finished, the artificial bird floated gracefully in air:

Where breathed the south, that falls in genial showers,
And gentle Zephyr crown'd with vernal flowers;
Where blew the East, that buttons breasts of beaux,
And over Cloe's neck the tipset throws.

Juno, jealous of the success, then gave her command:

Go! swift through Æther let my Iris glide,
And hang my keenest scissors by her side;
For lo! where yonder glittering ray appears,
The urchin bird its airy journey steers;
There all his joy on one small thread depends,
That cut—at once his hope and empire ends!
She said—then Iris to her charge repairs—
She reached the string, and closed the fatal shears!

The artificial kite in after years became the instrument of one of the most beautiful and important discoveries in the history of science. Benjamin Franklin, with the view of testing his theory of thunder and lightning, and the identity of the electric fluid with lightning, constructed at Philadelphia, in 1752, a large common kite, which he covered with silk instead of paper, as less likely to be affected by rain. To the upper, or perpendicular stick, was affixed an iron point; the string was of usual hemp, except the lower end, where there was an insulating cord of silk; and at the spot where the hempen string terminated, an iron key was fastened. With this very simple apparatus, elevated in the midst of a thunder-storm, during which a shower wetted the hempen string, thereby increasing its conducting capacity, Franklin raised electricity to the dignity of a science. He observed the loose fibres of the string to rise as if erect; applying his knuckle to the key, he received a strong spark; repeated sparks were then drawn from the key, a phial was charged, a shock given, and all the

experiments followed which are usually performed with an electrifying machine. No discovery ever produced a more intense sensation; the striking experiments, diversified in form, were everywhere repeated; in one instance only—that of Professor Richman of St. Petersburg—with a fatal result; and even in that catastrophe the kite was not the instrument employed. If any of our young experimental readers should be ambitious of repeating the feat of Franklin, and bringing the lightning from the clouds through the medium of a kite, it may be effected with comparative safety by using wire instead of a hempen string. The wire ought to be coiled on a strong rod or bar of solid glass, taking special care to hold the glass only in the hand. For security, a key should be suspended by a second wire from that which is coiled round the glass: which second wire may be brought into contact with a large silver coin, or plate of metal, placed on the ground; and if the key be lifted a little from the coin or plate, the electric stream will be seen to issue from the key to the point of attraction. Although no fatality is, we believe, recorded as having attended the experiment with a kite, great caution ought to be observed. If a sensation resembling that of a cobweb spreading over the face be felt, it will be prudent at once to throw down the glass bar and leave the kite to its fate.

Franklin, by the success of this simple expedient, ranks not only among the benefactors to science, but also high among the benefactors to mankind. Fuller, in his History of the Church, published in 1655, informs us "that scarcely a great abbey exists which once at least was not burned down by lightning from heaven;" and even in later days many church spires have suffered from the same cause. The effects of lightning even on British ships of war, particularly in tropical climates, have been disastrous, as we have described in former pages. The experiment of the kite suggested the lightning-conductor to Franklin. Philosophers are more attracted by the flights of the aeronaut, and, deserting the kite, deem it only an amusement for boys. It must be conceded that the invention of that simple plaything has proved of incomparably more value to society than that of the scientific balloon. Darwin, so far back as 1781, prophesied truly the triumph of steam on land and water:

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar,
Drag the slow barge and drive the rapid car;

but his predictions in the succeeding couplets respecting its influence on aerial navigation have signally failed:

Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the streams of air;
Fair crews triumphant leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move;
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.

The kite was also applied by Franklin to a

singular use in bathing. Previous to entering the water, he would allow it to ascend, and then, lying on his back, suffer himself to be drawn across the stream by its flight. Bishop Wilkins, in his Mathematical Magic, proposed a carriage with sails, like a windmill, to be driven by the air. In an essay under the title *Dædalus*, or Mechanical Motions, he described—and the description is illustrated by a drawing—"a sailing chariot that may, without horses, be driven on the land by the wind as ships are on the sea;" and he added, "that such chariots are commonly used in the plains of China, is frequently affirmed by divers credible authors." Attempts of a similar nature would appear to have been early made in Holland, where, since its introduction into Europe, the kite has been applied in aid of rapid transit on the ice of their frozen canals. In the present century, an enterprising and adventurous pedagogue availed himself of the artificial kite as a motive power in England. He started from Bristol with a fair wind, in a light carriage drawn along the high road by kites, and, it was said, actually reached London. The kite has also been used in England as a means of spreading a net over birds.

Seamen have been at all times remarkable for fertility of invention and the ingenuity of their appliances. During one of our expeditions to Egypt, in the early part of the present century, a party of sailors belonging to a British ship of war turned a paper kite to amusing account. Among the wrecks of antiquity which surround Alexandria, no object is so striking amid the desolation around, as that popularly known as Pompey's Pillar. This monument of ancient art, standing in the desert, is acknowledged to be the finest column that Corinthian taste has produced: while the name expresses the popular belief that it was erected by Cæsar either to celebrate his triumph over Pompey, or to commemorate the fame and fate of his rival. It is composed of three pieces of red granite, one of which forms the pedestal, the centre one the shaft (of one entire mass, measuring sixty-three feet in height, with a diameter of eight feet), and the third the capital, presenting, of course, a more extended area. Our countrymen, having in an exploratory excursion through the country admired its elevation—ninety-three feet—determined to reach the summit; and for this purpose they extemporised a paper kite, which they flew over the column. To the kite was attached a string, by means of which they succeeded in drawing a rope over the pillar; and thus the whole boat's crew contrived to haul themselves one after the other, hand over hand, in nautical style, to the top, and to stand secure on the capital of the Alexandrian Column, where they announced their success with cheers. From their lofty height they beheld the then recent scenes of French reverses and British triumphs, while the degenerate descendants of the Ptolemys, and the wandering Arabs of the desert below, gazed with amazement at the exploit. Before their descent, which they effected with

equal adroitness, they sung in jovial chorus, inspired by copious libations of grog, the national anthem, Rule Britannia!

COUNTRY COTTAGES.

PENNSYLVANIA-ROW, Grumbleton, consists of a dozen cottages, built, when work was slack and wages were low, by a plasterer with a little ready money. The site is a narrow strip of land, one rood twenty-three perches in measurement, sold by the lord of the manor for as much as it would bring. The Row faces the turnpike-road, with a north-easterly aspect. It has a neat appearance, two windows and a door alternately below, and an even line of up-stairs windows, with its name and date in the middle, executed in cement of the best description. Behind the Row is barely room for out-buildings, pigsties, and a couple of brick ovens. There is no garden-ground, but a few flower-pots are set along the wall of the enclosure styled the area, which, what with the wind and the cats, have a bad time of it. The cottages are not provided with spring water, but there is a considerable stream at the bottom of the hill, which is but some three hundred feet high, and not very steep in places. The stream is pure, except when it is blackened by refuse and dirt from old rags imported from abroad to our neighbouring paper-mills; occasionally at such times it is a little poisonous; but the folks don't mind this so much as they did. It must not be forgotten that there is also a pump opposite to the Row, and the owner of this pump is ready at any time to unchain it and sell the pure element for the trifling sum of a halfpenny a bucket, or seven buckets for threepence, just one a day for the week. Moreover, it rains abundantly in Grumbleton. If the people are not teetotallers, it is because they like something better than the water.

We are quite in the country. Is any one tempted to take holiday lodgings in this Row? Let him look at any one of the houses, say Number Seven. It is a small bun and cake shop, with ginger-beer bottles and apples in the window. The floor is spongy brick, the partition wall between it and the next cottage on either side is one brick thick. The wall may be whitewashed or coloured. A newly married couple in the first blush of the honeymoon once upon a time tried papering; but paper would not stick. On the ground floor are a couple of rooms, with a scullery or pantry, which serves as a coal-hole and lumber-room as well; and there is a door opening into the "area." Both front and back doors (there being no room for porches on the roadside) are carefully listed, and some other contrivance is also resorted to, to keep out the wind and driving wet.

Up-stairs are three rooms, or, more accurately, compartments, of which the "landing" is one. There are no doors, the rooms being open to the roof. The division between each is a lath and plaster screen, six feet six inches in height. Doors would be an absurd expense on the

builder's part, when a curtain, which the tenants can make up for themselves and fix on rings, does nearly as well.

The ventilation might seem to be very bad indeed, as only one square of glass in each window is made to open; but the joiner's work is contrived to secure constant currents of fresh air. The windows of unseasoned wood well shrunk, do not shut close, and in a stormy night keep up a continual rattle, which it is said lulls the inmates to sleep when they are used to it. They can plug the windows if they do not like the noise, but whether they do that or not, the air comes in freely—very freely indeed.

Number Seven is tolerably full when the day's work is done and everybody is at home. It bears the reputation of being a happy home. The inmates are fond of music, and sing at the chapel. At home they often practise for this purpose. They have also secular music—"Beautiful Star"—in which the chorus comes in lustily; and one of the lodgers can sing "Come into the garden, Maude," with more power of voice than Mr. Sims Reeves, though perhaps with rather less expression. Number Six likes to hear the music; any way, it is better than the squalling chorus of refractory children at Number Five, who won't go to bed till they are whipped; and Number Eight prefers it to the not unfrequent brawl at Number Nine between a drunken husband and a shrewish helpmate. The sick young man at Number Ten is also musical. Being on his club, he spends most of his compulsory idleness (for he would forfeit his allowance, and be fined, if he attempted to work) in learning the tune of a hornpipe, on what is supposed to be a fiddle. The lodgers now in Number Seven, and indeed in nearly all the other houses where room can possibly be made for them, are young men not yet settled in homes of their own. Pennsylvania, however, marries early, and by the broker's help can hire furniture cheaply. The young men pay a weekly sum for board and lodging. They work in stone quarries, in the brick-fields, or on the farms. They must be taken in and done for by somebody, and unless these good cottagers stood their friends they would be homeless and destitute. Many are fine steady fellows; but the worst must not be turned out of doors.

There are nine, ten, or a dozen nightly occupants of each cottage in the Row, and the following arrangements are made for their comfort. The parents and smallest children have one room all to themselves. The girls have another. Brothers and lodgers have the landing. These boys and bachelors are usually first up in the morning and the last to go to bed at night, and the family see but little of them up-stairs, excepting on a Sunday.

Crowded dwellings—in the country at least—are not the prolific cause of immorality commonly supposed. Public opinion among the rural poor is in favour of morality and decency, while even, where they have the choice, they do not hesitate to permit domestic arrangements, which to others appear highly objectionable, but

which in the eyes of good and thoughtful persons among themselves are not open to censure. The truth is, that in families of even less than average respectability a check on immorality is supplied by the nature of the case. There is the restraint of publicity, and by this, in the absence of higher principle, many a one is kept out of mischief. We need not over-estimate the hurts of overcrowded cottages—preventable in most cases—for they are numerous enough. Take this instance of a dozen cottages, so slight and ill put together that a disturbance at one end of the Row is audible at the other. More than a hundred people crowded under such a roof; what common and every-day trials they suffer! The unavoidable contact with disagreeable neighbours, the uproar and cries of children, the occasional domestic difference, not always confined to words; the smoke of Number Eight's fire coming down Number Seven's chimney, and compelling open doors and windows in mid-winter; the pangs that cannot be borne privately; the offences to smell and sight as well as to the ear; for drainage and decency have not yet put to the rout, slovens and their unclean progeny. Well may tenants of such a Row, who sustain under the constant plagues and trials of their homes, the character of being good neighbours, and whose lives are generally blameless, be respected for their unobtrusive worth.

But Grumbleton can boast its "model cottages for the poor," which are, indeed, very pretty to look at. Excursionists in summer-time will drive across the green to admire them, and buy photographs of their outside. Our models consist of a number of cottages, single, double, &c.; some have the bedrooms on the ground floor, but this is exceptional. They are substantial buildings, and in every way a great improvement upon Pennsylvania-row. The roofs run up to a high angle, and have courses of variegated tiles. Each cottage is trellised on the sunny side for flowers, and the front of the house gets the best of the sun. There is also a little space for flower-gardens, and a plot either adjacent or at no inconvenient distance for potatoes and potherbs. The windows are neatly glazed in small diamond panes, which, when broken, can be replaced for twopence each; and the outbuildings are not so near as to be injurious to health. These model cottages look, in truth, excellent. But, as to the ground-floor cottages, however efficiently you drain and lay a concrete substratum, they cannot be recommended. They are not likely to become common in this country, although here and there one may suit the purpose of an elderly couple without family. The ornamental pitch of the roof also supplies the tenant with a standing grievance. It is one of the prejudices of the rural poor that they should possess a four-post bedstead with curtains. But in all our models the dip of the roof obliges them to dispense with the traditional four-poster, and content themselves with French bedsteads. This they dislike very much, for they cannot fancy either sleeping on them

or dying in them, with anything like comfort. By building the walls a couple of feet or so higher, at no great expense, the peasant might retain his choice between French and English for what is to him the most solemn piece of his house furniture.

Down stairs, instead of the old-fashioned fireplace, with boiler to hold a couple of gallons, and oven right and left, there is a cast-iron range—a patent of somebody's. It is difficult to get the fire lighted in it, but when the cooks of Grumbleton are accustomed to the range, they can manage with it tolerably well. Meat cannot be roasted in any of our models, though it may be baked or boiled. Chops and steaks can be cooked well, but the labourer doesn't fancy the look of them as he does the bit of roast meat on a holiday, and so long as roast beef has charms for him, and he can pay for it, why should he be obliged to bake?

The locks on the doors frequently get out of order, and when they do, they are beyond the skill of the village blacksmith to set right, while a common latch seldom requires repair, and can be mended by anybody. There is an elaborate model ventilating apparatus, but that troubles nobody, for nobody has used it since the first half-hour of curiosity was satisfied.

The rent of the models secures to the owner a remunerative outlay, but nothing like that which Pennsylvania-row pays. And Pennsylvania-row is less lucrative property than half a dozen filthy hovels which are the disgrace of the parish, and harbour the scum of the neighbourhood. They are of mud and wood, and are thatched, and are insured nevertheless—more, one would suppose, in the hope, than in the dread, of fire. They consist each of two rooms and a coal-hole, and have as numerous a tenantry as any of those other cottages which have the desirable number of three bedrooms up-stairs. They are damp, dirty, and full of vermin. I have seen slugs crawling up the bedroom wall, while a woman was dying of consumption in one of the three or four miserable beds crowding the apartment. Notwithstanding such wretchedness, if there is a dance in Grumbleton on a winter night, it is in one of these hovels, by the light of a blazing fire and a couple of tallow dips in cracked bottles: the fiddler sitting on the table, and lumbering boys and girls bouncing about to his scraping, while the old crones look on and admire.

Can anything be done, not to lessen the happiness, but to decrease the discomforts, of such people? Indirectly, improvement finds its way into hovels, but nothing short of pulling them down can do them justice. The example set by the better sort of poor in keeping their cottages as nice as their means permit, does more good than is commonly supposed.

A site where spring water can be easily obtained is not always to be had, but its advantage is obvious. Each cottage, whether built singly or in pairs, should have its plot of garden ground. Twenty perches is a convenient size. It can be well cultivated when the day's work is done, without any strong inducement to work

on a Sunday, which men are tempted to do if they have too much land. While mentioning gardens, a word may be said on behalf of cottagers' fruit and flower-shows, which improve the people's care and knowledge about flowers and good sorts of garden stuff.

In double cottages, the partition wall should be of sufficient thickness to ensure quiet under ordinary circumstances, so that neighbours do not disturb each other. Wherever possible, a porch should be built for shelter. One door, unless a row of houses must be built (then a back door is wanted), will be sufficient, and the building will be all the warmer. The boards and all timbers should be of well-seasoned wood which will not shrink. Too much care can hardly be taken to secure this; for which purpose the boards should be sawn and kept in a dry place till wanted; the longer the better. On estates where cottage-building and repairs form a regular annual item, this may easily be done. Cold feet and rheumatism in the legs are, besides mice, beetles, and crickets, common discomforts from shrunk floors. The kitchen floor should be boarded, and a good Yorkshire hearthstone at the foot of a common fireplace, with boiler and oven, will help to make a cheerful house.

If additional up and down stairs space be required, the staircase may be built as an appendage to the cottage. Access to be gained by a door in the wall, above and below. The doors may, if space is still further to be economised, be made to slide in a groove, like the doors of a coach-house. A little ingenuity in the construction of the staircase (which would of course be roofed in) will easily supply an ornamental feature to the building as well as a necessary one. An excellent cupboard under the stairs—and how valuable cupboard room is in the eyes of the poor!—is also available. Up-stairs the rooms may be open to the roof, or only partly ceiled; but such rooms are hot in summer and cold in winter, and a ceiling is therefore desirable. There should be at least one fireplace up-stairs, but let it not be supposed for purposes of ventilation. The first thing the farm labourer does when placed in a model cottage, is to saw in two the family bedposts, which he does with a very melancholy air. The next is to stuff a bag of straw up the bedroom chimney to keep the cold out and prevent young birds from fluttering down. In case of illness, when the fire up-stairs is wanted, the bag is removed, but at no other times, not even in the dog days.

If model houses must be tried, why do we experiment only upon the industrial classes? I don't object to experiments being tried on the base and worthless; and I would offer no opposition to model prisons, or any contrivance to make rogues less happy in their residence. But I think the opinion of the poor as good on the point of domestic comfort in their cottages, as that of their wealthier neighbours in great houses. The village which has no model buildings in it will yet be found to contain the substantial comforts of old-fashioned country life, and the additional ones of the better times we

live in. I may be heretical, but, in common bounds of law, I like to see the poor man doing as he likes till he learns better. And I cannot quit the subject without protesting against the mischievous tendencies of the Small Tenements Act, by which cottagers are excused payment of rates. When the poor-law worked worse than it does now, it was found difficult to collect the rate. The Bumble of other days declared it was impossible, and, waxing warm, out of love to the poor, swore it was cruel to make them pay. Times are changed, and the farm labourer would pay his proportion as readily as the farmer. The immoral effects of this sort of legislation may be traced among the rural poor, who consider themselves mere serfs, to be provided with lodging in a cottage while able to work, and accommodation in the union when past work. The feeling of mutual dependence and fellowship between rich and poor is thus damaged, and each party is the worse for its corruption.

DRAWING A BADGER.

"ORDER to sail at eight for Messina, in the Kertsch, with stores," growled Frank Wilcox, with whom I was dining at the club at Malta. He flung the missive across to me with unmitigated disgust.

"'England exp——,'"

"Bosh!" returned Lieutenant Wilcox. "In my humble opinion, England never knew how much she did expect till Nelson told her. In revenge, she sets no bounds to her anticipations. The Terrible *must* be precious hard up in the matter of holystones, if I'm only allowed two hours' notice. Duty's duty, but, dash my buttons! let us *dine!* Waiter, bring the wine."

The waiter executed this weird office by presenting the hourly weather-card, adding, as he did so,

"Dead calm, sir, since five."

"They'll have to tow us well out. I shouldn't wonder if the admiral escorted us in person," said Frank. "This Kertsch—confound the old tub!—is his peculiar darling. Hang it, George, we must postpone the chess, unless—ch—ha—unless, I say—But no, of course you wouldn't—"

"Wouldn't what?"

"Go with me, you know! Ha—ha—ha!"

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Nonsense, old boy!"

He extended his honest hand. 'I returned the pressure.

My preparations were soon complete, and I was on board the Kertsch, in harbour, at a quarter before eight. She was a schooner, of little more than a hundred tons. She had been built at Valetta for a gunboat during the Crimean war, with a twin-sister, now the admiral's yacht; but, fortunately for our enemies, was not completed in time to take part in the struggle. Perhaps this had preyed upon her spirits, and induced that premature old age which seemed to affect every plank, beam, and

rope about her. She was the most dejected-looking craft I ever saw, and sat so heavily on the water, that it appeared as if nothing short of a tornado would waken her from her stupor, or even set her in motion at all. Although she was already down nearly to the gunwale with stores of a ponderous character, others were still heaving in-board—the miserable Kertsch receiving each new consignment with a low hollow growl, like that of an over-loaded camel.

“Holystones—ah? Well, pitch in another ton or two while you’re at it. Pig-ballast—all right. Stow away, my hearties! Hallo!—what next? An iron church. Heave in—heave in!”

Finally, just as we were about to cast off, a mighty anchor, weighing several tons, was placed upon our tiny deck, making locomotion all but impossible; and now the tug-boat—rightly judging that we must either sink or sail—came puffing down and took us in tow.

As Frank had anticipated, the excellent port-admiral did abandon his claret, and came sweeping out in his barge, to see his favourite depart. The secret of his interest in her was supposed to be a long-standing difference of opinion between himself and the admiral of the station (who, as I have mentioned, used the twin-vessel as his yacht) as to the sea-going qualities of their respective tubs.

Sir Charles greeted Frank kindly, and, having pulled twice completely round us, as if fascinated, bore down, and hung upon our quarter, much as a loving parent might cling to some spoiled darling on the point of quitting home. He was, however, in excellent spirits, and, rubbing his hands as he glanced round the hazy horizon and the motionless sea, declared his opinion that we should have a “snorer” before morning.

“If we do, Sir Charles,” said Frank, laughing as he stooped over the sunken bulwark, with his nose nearly in the water, “you will have to report to my lords the decease of her Majesty’s schooner Kertsch, under circumstances which might have embarrassed a seventy-four!”

“Don’t tell me, Wilcox!” exclaimed the admiral; “a better sea-boat never swam. Now, I just want to see what she *can* do, and that’s why I’ve popped you in her for this little trip—”

“Thank you,” said Frank, sotto voce.

“—Knowing how you boys crack on when once you’ve got out of signal distance. Well, I’ll be off in a minute. Pret-ty lines indeed the thing has! You’ll return, of course, the moment you’ve transhipped these matters, and bring us word what Garibaldi’s doing. Good night, gentlemen. And the veteran’s white locks gleamed in the twilight as he waved us a wistful adieu.

We were now about a mile and a half outside the harbour. The tug had abandoned us to our own devices, but there was still a dead calm, and we swung helplessly round, heading for the port.

“Pipe away the gig,” said Frank, “and get her nose round. We may as well *look* the right course.”

“Very good, sir,” said the quartermaster—a

grizzled old sea-dog named Jacobs—“but ‘tain’t no use. She hasn’t no more *steerage*-way than a house. No more she *won’t* have. I remember, once, in the old Badg—”

“Lower the gig!” said Frank, sharply. And the Kertsch’s head was pulled round. “I warn you against that ancient mariner,” continued Frank. “The old croaker! He has the most appalling catalogue of sea-horrors! Most of them occurred while he was serving in what he calls the ‘old Badger brig.’ Beware the Badger.”

There was, however, something in the old seaman’s face that inclined me to cultivate his acquaintance, and presently, as he stood patiently by his hopeless wheel, Frank having dived below, I laid a snare for the Badger.

“Well, Jacobs, dull work! Have you known these calms last many hours?”

“Hours? Weeks, sir—months! I remember—’twas in th’ old Badger brig—cruising we was a’ter pirates in the Chainey seas, the sun he went down streaky, as ‘twas to-day. Says I to Bill Dummage, says I, ‘Bill, mark me. We’re done,’ I says. ‘Done!’ says Bill, answering. ‘Wheerby?’ ‘Tell ye what, now,’ says I, ‘I’ll swop my ‘lowance o’ grog ‘gin yourn o’ water, day for day, for twenty-seven days, from next Monday.’ ‘Done with you, mate,’ were Bill’s reply. . . . We lays for thirty-three days on half a pint o’ water, washin’ and all, till—”

“Set your gaff-topsail!” shouted Frank, putting up his head. “Breeze coming.”

The gaff-topsail opened its brown bosom, but could not succeed in alluring the infant zephyr, which, after indulging in a few fitful gyrations, flickered out again altogether. The excellent admiral would have been disgusted to find his “snorer” fall so far short of his anticipations. That night afforded us several hours of undisturbed chess. The sea-air must have invigorated my game. I found myself playing with an “*élan*,” which electrified the skipper Frank.

I was on deck at daybreak. We had drifted a little during the night, and there was even—as Jacobs bade me remark—a little “*drain*” of wind, for the harbour was seven or eight miles distant. We were still moving, but, as some potato-skins, flung overboard in the watches of the night, were sailing in company, and even occasionally forging ahead, it may be safely inferred that the pace was not killing. After breakfast affairs improved—light breeze on our quarter—going about four knots for several hours; in fact, until we sighted Cape Passaro, the most southern point of Sicily, when again it fell calm.

“To-morrow, sir,” said old Jacobs, “you’ll have just so much wind as you can’t stagger under.”

Oracles are not to be interpreted literally. I believed in the breeze, for the staggering Westminster Abbey seemed as likely to become the puppet of the winds as the impassive Kertsch.

I asked Jacobs on what he grounded his opinion, the barometer being steady.

Mr. Jacobs suggested that the barometer should be “blowed,” adding:

"Wot's glass? Wot's quicksilver? Give me natur. When you notices them divers a peckin' at each other's game, instead of each fishin' steady for hisself, there's a hiritation in the hair that ses 'squalls a-coming.' Harky here. One day—'twas in the old Badger brig—we was layin' becalmed, as might be now, when whish! there come a whole flock o' these birds, whirring and screeching about the ship. They was hardly gone, when down come such a squall as I never see in my life afore. 'Crack!' went the main-topmast. Away went everything. Captain he was on deck in a moment. 'Why, where's the stick?' he sings out, looking wildly about. 'I heerd the topmast go.' Sir, it *was* gone! There warn't a rag, nor yet a splinter to be seen! Squall had taken it away, as if it worn't no more than one of them invisible bonnets ladies wears, and nobody never sot eyes on that beautiful stick no more."

"The Badger seems to have had her full share of bad luck."

"Well, first and last she mought. She was wrecked twice, but got off. Twice a-fire, scuttled for to save her—all right. Once, keg o' powder took fire, and blew cap'en's cabin out o' windy. Once she went down at her moorings—Lords o' th' Admiralty telegraphed for to know *why*?—carpenters warn't conjurors—couldn't tell. She was weighed again in a jiffy. Men was as sweet as nuts upon the old Badger brig."

"Sweet upon her! The deuce they were! And why?"

"'Twas this way. They thought that, happen what mought, she *couldn't* be cast away. *Was*, though. Went down in a fog in the Baltic—not a hand saved, 'cept a monkey and the cook."

Jacobs's prophecy was destined to be so far fulfilled, that a stillish breeze from the south-east carried us fairly under the shadow of Etna, distant twenty miles, when it once again fell calm, and left us heaving on the glassy swell; the sound of heavy guns from the northward increasing our impatience to learn what was going forward. As it afterwards turned out, it was precisely at this time—eleven o'clock, on the twenty-first July, 'sixty—that Garibaldi fought his desperate action at Milazzo. The distance—from fifty to sixty miles in a direct line—precluded the possibility of the sounds proceeding from thence. True, the cannonade at the second battle of Manassas, in the present American war, was distinctly heard at a distance of *fifty-six* miles; but that was, in weight of metal and rapidity of action, the most tremendous cannon conflict of modern times. The guns we heard were, probably, from the citadel of Messina, still held by a Bourbon garrison.

I was lying half asleep on deck, in the shadow of the sail—Frank improving his mind with a French novel below—when some excited talking among the men forward, followed by a loud laugh, aroused my attention. The conversation appeared to have reference to some object in the water, which had disappeared, before I

looked up, with a plunge, the traces of which were still plainly visible. Old Jacobs came growling aft.

"'Twarn't no good telling o' *them*. I never met with no chap as *'ood* believe it, yet."

"What's the matter, Jacobs?"

"Thought they sis a serpint," replied that gentleman, shortly.

"Serpent? Sea-serpent?"

"Well, 'twarn't a wiper," retorted Mr. Jacobs, still evidently ruffled; "leastways I should *say* not. He 'oodn't hardly strike out so far, afore breakfast. But, now-a-days, a man mustn't trust his own heyes."

"Tell me now, Jacobs, do *you* believe in the sea-serpent?"

"Yes I do, sir, if 'seein's believin'," added Mr. Jacobs, cautiously. "'Tain't always, now-a-days."

"He has been considered a doubtful monster."

"I'm aweer he have, sir. 'Tis drift-weed, wreck, a line o' porpuses, anything but what 'tis, and what we *ses* 'tis. Do you think a sailor don't know a porpus? Blow the sarpint! 'Tain't nothing to hus. Why should we go fur to tell a passel o' lies about it? I knowed the old captain at Nahant as watched him four hours from the beach, with half the parish at his heels, but he's been so chaffed about it since, by them as warn't there, that he cuts up rough, and wouldn't talk of the serpint, even to *me*."

I told Jacobs that, some few years ago, while at the Zoological Gardens, I happened to notice a jolly tar standing before one of the dens—apparently in close conversation with a black tiger-cat. The beast really seemed to know him—stretching out its paw as far as it would go, and rubbing its head sideways against the bars, in the fondling manner of a cat. I observed to the man that the animal appeared to recognise him.

"'He do, sir,' was the reply. "'Tis a mess-mate. We was together for a long spell in the *Dædalus*—just paid off—Captain McQuhae."

"'The *Dædalus*! Then you were perhaps one of those who saw the sea-serpent?"

"'Yes, sir, I was. I was in the watch on deck when he hove in sight. He kep' company with us near upon an hour, and once come within a cable's length of the ship. Captain, he turned out, and saw him too, and logged it all down. There was only one thing wrong in the description that was in the papers. He hadn't no mane. There was some weed washing about his head and neck, as if he'd been a-grubbing at the bottom. 'Twas that, perhaps, made them think 'twas wreck coated with sea-drift. However, wreck don't make seven knots an hour, and that's what we was both running, all the time, sometimes the serpint forging ahead, sometimes us.'"

Mr. Jacobs was reassured by this anecdote, and forthwith weighed anchor with his favourite, in chase. For the sake of clearness, I interpret his singular statement into the landsman's tongue. Sinking his voice to that confidential key which even the truthful use in speaking of

things not likely at once to command belief, thus Mr. Jacobs:

"Thirty year ago, sir—'twas when I served in the old Badger brig—I come across a strange creature of the kind we was speaking of. We was homeward-bound, had had a fair run from the Cape, and was within two days' sail of St. Helena, when it fell calm, with the queerest weather I ever see. As far as our glasses could reach there were thick clumps of yellow fog moving about, separated from each other, as if they was giants dancing a minnywet. Now and again one of these would come drifting and sweeping down upon us, when, for five minutes or so, you couldn't see the man at the wheel; and, after it was passed, leaving a hot p'isonous scent, such as I've had many a whiff of, while out with boats in the rivers in Afrikey, near nightfall. The men used to say 'twas the beasts—snakes, monkeys, tigers, and what not—coming out to feed.

"I was below, getting my breakfast, and all was very drowsy and quiet in the ship, when I heard the voice of Mr. Commersal—Leftenant Commersal—hailing the look-out aloft:

"What do you make of it, Marshall?"

"I could not hear the answer. Mr. Commersal hailed again:

"Take a squint through my glass. Up there with it, boy. Steady now, Marshall; when he rises on the swell."

"There was silence for a good minute, then something from Marshall I couldn't hear, after which the leftenant himself came below and tapped at the captain's door.

"Hallow!"

"It is I, sir—Mr. Commersal. There's a breeze coming—nor'-nor'-west."

"Well, sir, make all sail."

"I beg your pardon, Captain Willis, but—there's a hextrornary appearance on our weather-quarter. Shall we bear up presently and examine it?"

"What is it like, sir?"

"Well, if there were sea-serpents, Captain Willis, I should say there was about the biggest of the breed hove to little more than a mile from us, on the weather-quarter."

"Commersal! do you think I'm going to lose an hour or two beating to windward in chase of an overgrown conger?"

"Very well, sir." Mr. Commersal turned to go on deck, but suddenly stopped, came back, and knocked again.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but would you do me the favour to take one look at this fellow before we run him out of sight?"

"Certainly, Commersal, if you wish it," growled the captain. And turning out, he was on deck in a minute. I gulped down my cocoa, and followed.

"The breeze had died away again, and the watch on deck were clustered on the weather-bow, all with their eyes fixed upon something that was now slowly creeping across our bows, and just entering one of the masses of fog I spoke of. I was only in time to see a bit of

him, but *that*, and the *wake* the beggar left—dash my grandmother's cat's tail!" ejaculated Mr. Jacobs, breaking down suddenly, as if the language of description failed. Presently he resumed:

"Pass the word for Bill Distance,' were the first thing I heard on deck.

"Which Bill had a wonderful eye, and could tell you; almost to a fathom, how far you was from any large object. Bill's way was to stuff his cheek with baccy till it was as tight packed as a middy's first kit, put his hands into his waistband, stick his noddle on one side like a jackdaw squinting into a marrow-bone, and make some sort of calkylation which he couldn't explain, and which nobody couldn't learn. It seemed to have something to do with the bobstay, as that was the only other thing Bill ever looked at while doing the sum. However, it always ended in Bill's slapping his thigh, and singing out such and such a number, as if he'd suddenly guessed a riddle, or found out the meaning of a joke. And, queer as it seems, Bill was always within a few feet of the mark. We consequently called him Bill Distance.

"Being ordered by the captain to put on his considering cap, and report how far ahead the serpint lay, Bill went through his usual tactics (this time with the help of the leftenant's glass, for, as I said, the beast had run into the fog), consulted with his friend the bobstay, and finally declared that 'twas half a mile, less nine fathom, going large.

"Coming about, I think," says the skipper, with his eye at the glass, and looking, as I thought, rather puzzled. "Ilang me if I don't think he'll speak us!"

"Just at that instant the mist closed completely over him, and came lowering down in the direction of the brig, seemingly bringing the serpint with it. Leastwise, if he'd held his course, he must have passed out again into the clear. Which he didn't.

"By this time every soul on board was on deck, and the crew was almost as excited as if they had been going into action. 'Twas no wonder, for Bill had told them something he didn't like to tell the captain—firstly, because he warn't asked to it; in the second place, because he mought have been popped into the black-list for romancing—namely, that the serpint, according to the best calkylations of Bill and the bobstay, was *four hundred and seventy feet long*, and as broad across the lines as Plymouth Breakwater!

"As the fog-bank came drifting down upon us, the captain beckoned to Mr. Commersal, who was on the ratlines trying to get a clearer view. They talked together for a moment, then there was an order to run in and double-shot the two bow guns. Which was done in the twinkling of a bedpost, Mr. Commersal standing by to pint one of them himself. After that, there was a moment of the deadeast silence I ever heard on shipboard. We hadn't beat to quarters, so the men had nothing for to ockipy their attention, but some danger they couldn't understand.

They was quiet enough now. The whole ship's company looked as if they was bewitched, and couldn't move tongue nor hand. Such a rum expression I never see on any men's faces yet, and hope I shan't again. 'Twarn't fear, bless you! you knows the sailor too well for that. 'Twas——Well, p'raps if I'd had a gen'leman's education, I mought have been able to explain better what it was that made us all look as if we was going to be strung up at the yard-arm at a moment's notice, and without one tussle for our lives. I've been in seventeen actions, big and little, sir," continued old Jacobs, "and I can't say as I ever was afraid, but, from that long moment ('twarn't hardly more) aboard th' old Badger brig, I learned what a coward feels, and I've never scoffed at them poor devils since.

"If 'twarn't fear,' ses you, 'what were it?"

"Which are nat'ral words for any gen'leman to utter. 'Tis just what none of us Badgers—from Captain Willis down to the boy—couldn't answer. Harky here. Our hands was listless as so much flax. If the captain his very self had said, 'Stand by, Jacobs, my man, here's Queen Victoria in a glass o' grog,' I couldn't have lifted a finger towards it! Our knees was somewheres in our shoes, our eyes was a smarting and blinking, and our tongues was as parched as if we hadn't had a drink for a fortnight. 'Twas just as though the whole ship's company had been suddenly p'isoned—Captain Willis he said something, a'terwards, about its being whiskers* fluid—however, none of us didn't find any particular difference in them, though Bob Jessamy, who was nursing a kiss curl, thought it hung limperer than what it usually did do.

"O' course it got darker as the bank began to close us, and every second the thing, whatever it mought have been, that made us look like mummies that had died of spotted fever, got worse and worse. 'Twas a sweetish kind of smell, and yet bilge-water was vi'lets alongside of it! Some of the men—old hands, too, they were—turned deadly sick, dropping, all in a lump like, on the deck. There was no mistake now. 'Twas the smell of the monstrous snake that was beering down upon us—p'raps without knowing—for the mist was so thick you mought as well have tried to see through the mainsail.

"The captain he'd got hold of the lanyard of the port gun, and stud there just as steady as a rock, but I caught sight of his face as the fog began to come aboard, and 'twas just as queer and white as any of ourn, while his eyes was as wide open as they would go, glaring into the coming darkness. He was trying to speak, too, without turning his head, but it seemed as if he was half suffocated. I think he was a telling Mr. Commersal:

"'Wh—when he opens—f—f—fire!"

"The words warn't out of his mouth, when there come a sound, from just ahead, as if a clap of thunder had burst through from t' other side of the world! The mist closed in like a curtain, but in the very heart of it, something green and shiny, like a line of low coast, only at one point heaved as high as our cross-trees, was plain to be seen rolling down upon us! 'Bang, bang!' went the two guns, almost like one. Then down went the old brig, head first, downder than I ever knowed as a ship could go that was meant to come up again. What with the noise, the darkness, the rush of water, I almost lost my senses; but I kept a grip of what was nearest, and 'twas well I did, for as the brig righted, a sea broke over us that swept the deck clear of everything loose, and left three feet of water in the hold. For a minute after that, th' old Badger danced and staggered like a tipsy bear. Then it got calm again, the fog lifted, out come the sun. There was nothing hextrordinary to be seen or heerd, except (as some said) another thunder-roar a long ways off. The men were picking themselves up, rubbing their eyes as if they'd had a snooze, and asking each other what had happened.

"The captain he was a standing by his gun, with his face in his hat. Presently he tuk it out, spoke aside to Lieutenant Commersal, and walked aft. Next minute the ship's company was piped to hear a speech. Captain said, 'Harkyhere, my lads, less we talk of this here business ashore, the better. They 'ont believe us, they 'ont; and if so be they did, 'tan't for the credit of the old Badger that she was amost swallowed by a snake! Purfessor Pausitive says there ain't no sea-snakes. Three cheers for the purfessor, and I wish he weer aboard! Steward, double the men's grog till we make St. Helena Clerk, the log.' The clerk took fever on the passage home, and I did his duty. That's how I come to read the captain's account of our adventur, made smooth and reg'lar for the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and 'twas thus. 'September tenth, eighteen 'thirty-five, lat. —, long. —, calm, with fog-banks.—Saw a curious marine animal (having some characteristics of the serpent) of considerable size. On our near approach, the animal sounded. Endeavoured to obtain the specimen; but, not wishing to delay the voyage, proceeded."

So far, Mr. Jacobs. A few hours after this narration, a favourable breeze determined my friend to put into Catania: at which port, not without reluctance, I abandoned the little Kertsch, and took to the land.

On the 1st of September will be published, bound in cloth, price 6s. 6d.,

THE NINTH VOLUME.

* "Viscous." (?)

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 228.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXIII.

At these plain proofs of Alfred's infidelity, Julia's sweet throat began to swell hysterically, and then her bosom to heave and pant: and, after a piteous struggle, came a passion of sobs and tears so wild, so heartbroken, that Edward blamed himself bitterly for telling her.

But Mrs. Dodd sobbed "No, no, I would rather have her so; only leave her with me now: bless you, darling: leave us quickly."

She rocked and nursed her deserted child hours and hours; and so the miserable day crawled to its close.

Down stairs the house looked strange and gloomy: she, who had brightened it all, was darkened herself. The wedding breakfast and flowers remained in bitter mockery. Sarah cleared half the table, and Sampson and Edward dined in moody silence.

Presently Sampson's eye fell upon the Deed: it lay on a small table with a pen beside it, to sign on their return from church.

Sampson got hold of it and buried himself in the verbiage like a pearl-fisher diving. He came up again with a discovery. In spite of its feebleness, verbosity, obscurity, and idiotic way of expressing itself, the Deed managed to convey to David and Mrs. Dodd a life interest in nine thousand five hundred pounds, with reversion to Julia and the children of the projected marriage. Sampson and Edward put their heads over this, and it puzzled them. "Why, man," said Sampson, "if the puppy had signed this last night, he would be a beggar now."

"Ay," said Edward, "but after all he did not sign it."

"Nay, but that was your fault, not his; the lad was keen to sign."

"That is true: and perhaps if we had pinned him to this, last night, he would not have dared insult my sister to-day."

Sampson changed the subject by inquiring suddenly which way he was gone.

"Curse him, I don't know; and don't care. Go where he will I shall meet him again some day; and then——" Edward spoke almost in a whisper, but a certain grinding of his white teeth and flashing of his lion eyes made the incomplete sentence very expressive.

"What ninnies you young men are," said the Doctor; "even you, that I dub 'my fathom o' good sense:' just finish your dinner, and come with me."

"No, Doctor; I'm off my feed for once: if you had been up-stairs and seen my poor little sister! hang the grub; it turns my stomach." And he shoved his plate away, and leaned over the back of his chair.

Sampson made him drink a glass of wine, and then they got up from the half-finished meal and went hurriedly to Alfred's lodgings, the Doctor, though sixty, rushing along with all the fire and buoyancy of early youth.

They found the landlady surrounded by gossips curious as themselves, and longing to chatter, but no materials. The one new fact they elicited was that the vehicle was a White Lion fly, for she knew the young man by the cast in his eye. "Come away," shouted the Doctor, unceremoniously, and in two minutes they were in the yard of the White Lion.

Sampson called the ostler: out came a hard-featured man with a strong squint. Sampson concluded this was his man, and said roughly: "Where did you drive young Hardie this morning?"

He seemed rather taken aback by this abrupt question; but reflected and slapped his thigh: "Why that is the party from Mill-street."

"Yes."

"Druv him to Silvertown station, sir: and wasn't long about it, either; gent was in a hurry."

"What train did he go by?"

"Well, I don't know, sir; I left him at the station."

"Well, then where did he take his ticket for? Where did he tell the porter he was going? Think now, and I'll give y' a sovereign."

The ostler scratched his head, and seemed at first inclined to guess for the sovereign, but at last said: "I should only be robbing you, gents; ye see he paid the fly then and there, and gave me a crown: and I druv away directly."

On this they gave him a shilling, and left him. But on leaving the yard, Edward said: "Doctor, I don't like that fellow's looks: let us try the landlord." They went into the bar and made similar inquiries. The landlord was out, the mistress knew nothing about it, but took a book out of a drawer, and turned over the leaves. She read out an entry to this effect:

"Pair horse fly to Silvertown: take up in Mill-street at eight o'clock. Is that it, sir?" Sampson assented; but Edward told her the ostler said it was Silvertown station.

"No: it is Silvertown in the book, sir. Well, you see it is all one to us; the station is further than the town, but we charge seven miles which-ever 'tis."

Bradshaw, inspected then and there, sought in vain to conceal that four trains reached Silvertown from different points between 8.50 and 9.25, A.M.

The friends retired with this scanty information; Alfred could hardly have gone to London: for there was a train up from Barkington itself at 8.30. But he might have gone to almost any other part of the island, or out of it for that matter. Sampson fell into a brown study.

After a long silence, which Edward was too sad to break, he said thoughtfully: "Bring science to bear on this hotch potch. Facks are never really opposed to facks; they only seem to be: and the true solution is the one which reconciles all the facks: f'r instance the chronothairmal Therey reconciles all th' undisputed facks in midicine. So now sairch for a solution to reconcile the Deed with the puppy levanting."

Edward searched, but could find none; and said so.

"Can't you?" said Sampson; "then I'll give you a couple. Say he is touched in the upper story, for one."

"What do you mean? mad?"

"Oh: there are degrees of Phrinzy. Here is th' inconsistency of conduct that marks a disturbance of the reason: and, to tell the truth, I once knew a young fellow that played this very prank at a wedding, and the next thing we hard, my lorr'd was in Bedlam."

Edward shook his head: "It is the villain's heart, not his brain."

Sampson then offered another solution, in which he owned he had more confidence:

"He has been courting some other wumman first: she declined, or made believe; but, when she found he had the spirit to go and marry an innocent girl, then the jade wrote to him and yielded. It's a married one, likely. I've known women go further for hatred of a wumman than they would for love of a man: and here was a temptation! to snap a lover off th' altar, and insult a rival, all at one blow. He meant to marry; he meant to sign that dot: ay and, at his age, even if he had signed it he would have gone off at passion's call, and betrayed himself. What enrages me is that we didn't let him sign it, and so nail the young rascal's money."

"Curse his money," said Edward, "and him too. Wait till I can lay my hand on him; I'll break every bone in his skin."

"And I'll help you."

In the morning, Mrs. Dodd left Julia for a few minutes expressly to ask Sampson's advice. After Alfred's conduct she was free, and fully determined, to defend herself and family against

spoliation by any means in her power; so she now showed the doctor David's letter about the 14,000*l.*; and the empty pocket-book; and put together the disappointed evidence of Julia, Alfred, and circumstancees, in one neat and luminous statement: Sampson was greatly struck with the revelation: he jumped off his chair and marched about excited; said truth was stranger than fiction, and this was a manifest swindle: then he surprised Mrs. Dodd in her turn by assuming that old Hardie was at the bottom of yesterday's business. Neither Edward nor his mother could see that, and said so: his reply was characteristic: "Of course you can't; you are Anglo-saxins; th' Anglosaxins are good at drawing distinctions; but they can't generalise. I'm a Celt, and generalise—as a duck swims. I discovered th' unity of all disease: it would be odd if I could not trace the manifold iniquities you suffer to their one source."

"But what is the connecting link?" asked Mrs. Dodd, still incredulous.

"Why, Richard Hardie's interest."

"Well, but the letter?" objected Edward.

"There goes th' Anglosaxin again," remonstrated Sampson: "puzzling his head over petty details; and they are perhaps mere blinds thrown out by th' enemy. Put this and that together: Hardie senior always averse to this marriage; Hardie senior wanting to keep 14,000*l.* of yours: if his son, who knows of the fraud, became your mother's son, the swindle would be hourly in danger (no connexion? y' unhappy Anglosaxins; why the two things are interwoven). And so young Hardie is got out of the way: old Hardie's doing, or I'm a Dutchman."

This reasoning still appeared forced and fanciful to Edward; but it began to make some little impression on Mrs. Dodd, and encouraged her to own that her poor daughter suspected foul play.

"Well, that is possible too; whatever tempted man has done, tempted man will do: but more likely he has bribed Jezebel to write and catch the goose by the heart. Gentlemen, I'm a bit of a physiognomist: look at old Hardie's lines; his cordage I might say; and deeper every time I see him; sirs, I've an eye like a hawk. There's an awful weight on that man's mind. Looksee! I'll just send a small trifle of a detective down to watch his game, and pump his people: and, as soon as it is safe, we'll seize the old bird, and, once he is trapped, the young one will reappear like magic: th' old one will disgorge; we'll just compound the felony—been an old friend—and recover the cash."

A fine sketch; but Edward thought it desperately wild, and Mrs. Dodd preferred employing a respectable attorney to try and obtain justice in the regular way. Sampson laughed at her; what was the use of attacking in the regular way an irregular genius like old Hardie? "Attorneys are too humdrum for such a job," said he; "they start with a civil letter putting a rogue on his guard; they proceed t' a writ, and then he digs a hole in another county, and buries the booty; or sails t' Australia with it.

N'tlist me; I'm an old friend, and an insane lover of justice—I say insane, because my passion is not returned, or the jade wouldn't keep out of my way so all these years—you leave all this to me."

"Stop a minute," said Edward; "you must not go compromising us: and we have got no money to pay for luxuries, like detectives."

"I won't compromise any one of you: and my detective shan't cost y' a penny."

"Ah, my dear friend," said Mrs. Dodd, "the fact is, you do not know all the difficulties that beset us. Tell him, Edward. Well then, let me. The poor boy is attached to this gentleman's daughter, whom you propose to treat like a felon: and he is too good a son and too good a friend for me to—what, what, shall I do?"

Edward coloured up to the eyes: "Who told you that, mother?" said he. "Well, yes I do love her, and I'm not ashamed of it. Doctor," said the poor fellow after a while, "I see now I am not quite the person to advise my mother in this matter. I consent to leave it in your hands."

And, in pursuance of this resolution, he retired to his study.

"There's a domnable combination," said Sampson, dryly. "Truth is sairtainly more wonderful than feckshin. Her's my fathom o' good sense in love with a wax doll, and her brother jilting his sister, and her father pillaging his mother. It *beats* hotch potch."

Mrs. Dodd denied the wax doll: but owned Miss Hardie was open to vast objections: "An estimable young lady; but so odd; she is one of these uneasy-minded Christians that have sprung up: a religious egotist, and malade imaginaire, eternally feeling her own spiritual pulse—"

"I know the disorder," cried Sampson, eagerly: "the pushints have a hot fit (and then they are saints): followed in due course by the cold fit (and then they are the worst of sinners): and so on in endless rotation: and, if they could only realise my great discovery, the periodicity of all disease, and time their sin-timents, they would find the hot fit and the cold return chronometrically, at intervals as regular as the tide's ebb and flow; and the soul has nothing to do with either febrile symptom. Why Religion, apart from intermittent Fever of the Brain, is just the calmest, peaceablest, sedatest thing in all the world."

"Ah, you are too deep for me, my good friend. All I know is that she is one of this new school, whom I take the liberty to call 'THE FIDGETY CHRISTIANS.' They cannot let their poor souls alone a minute; and they pester one day and night with the millennium; as if we shall not all be dead long before that: but the worst is they apply the language of earthly passion to the Saviour of mankind, and make one's flesh creep at their blasphemies; so coarse, so familiar, like that rude multitude which thronged and pressed Him when on earth. But, after all, she came to the church, and took my Julia's part; so that shows she has *principles*;

and do pray spare me her feelings in any step you take against that dishonourable person her father: I must go back to his victim, my poor, poor child: I dare not leave her long. Oh, Doctor, such a night! and, if she dozes for a minute, it is to wake with a scream and tell me she sees him dead: sometimes he is drowned; sometimes stained with blood; but always dead."

This evening Mr. Hardie came along in a fly with his luggage on the box, returning to Musgrove Cottage as from Yorkshire: in passing Albion Villa he cast it a look of vindictive triumph. He got home and nodded by the fire in his character of a man wearied by a long journey. Jane made him some tea, and told him how Alfred had disappeared on his wedding-day.

"The young scamp," said he: he added, coolly, "it is no business of mine; I had no hand in making the match, thank Heaven." In the conversation that ensued, he said he had always been averse to the marriage; but not so irreconcilably as to approve this open breach of faith with a respectable young lady: "this will recoil upon our name, you know, at this critical time," said he.

Then Jane mustered courage to confess that she had gone to the wedding herself: "Dear papa," said she, "it was made clear to me that the Dodds are acting in what they consider a most friendly way to you. They think—I cannot tell you what they think. But, if mistaken, they are sincere: and so, after prayer, and you not being here for me to consult, I did go to the church. Forgive me, papa: I have but one brother; and she is my dear friend."

Mr. Hardie's countenance fell at this announcement, and he looked almost diabolical. But on second thoughts he cleared up wonderfully: "I will be frank with you, Jenny: if the wedding had come off, I should have been deeply hurt at your supporting that little monster of ingratitude; he not only marries against his father's will (that is done every day), but slanders and maligns him publicly in his hour of poverty and distress. But, now that he has broken faith and insulted Miss Dodd as well as me, I declare I am glad you were there, Jenny. It will separate us from his abominable conduct. But what does he say for himself? What reason does he give?"

"Oh, it is all mystery as yet."

"Well, but he must have sent some explanation to the Dodds."

"He may have: I don't know. I have not ventured to intrude on my poor insulted friend. Papa, I hear her distress is fearful; they fear for her reason. Oh if harm comes to her, God will assuredly punish him whose heartlessness and treachery has brought her to it. Mark my words," she continued with great emotion, "this cruel act will not go unpunished even in this world."

"There, there, change the subject," said Mr. Hardie peevishly. "What have I to do with his

pranks? he has disowned me for his father, and I disown him for my son."

The next day Peggy Black called, and asked to see master. Old Betty, after the first surprise, looked at her from head to foot, and foot to head, as if measuring her for a suit of Disdain; and told her she might carry her own message; then flounced into the kitchen, and left her to shut the street door, which she did. She went and dropped her curtsy at the parlour door, and in a miminy piminy voice said she was come to make her submission, and would he forgive her, and give her another trial? Her penitence, after one or two convulsive efforts, ended in a very fair flow of tears.

Mr. Hardie shrugged his shoulders, and asked Jane if the girl had ever been saucy to her.

"Oh no, papa: indeed I have no fault to find with poor Peggy."

"Well then go to your work, and try and not offend Betty; remember she is older than you."

Peggy went for her box and bandbox, and reinstated herself quietly, and all old Betty's endeavours to irritate her only elicited a calm cunning smile, with a depression of her downy eyelashes.

Albion Villa.

Next morning Edward Dodd was woke out of a sound sleep, at about four o'clock, by a hand upon his shoulder: he looked up, and rubbed his eyes; it was Julia standing by his bedside dressed, and in her bonnet: "Edward," she said in a hurried whisper, "there is foul play: I cannot sleep, I cannot be idle. He has been decoyed away, and perhaps murdered. Oh, pray get up and go to the police office or somewhere with me."

"Very well; but wait till morning."

"No; now; now; now; now. I shall never go out of doors in the daytime again. Wait? I'm going crazy with wait, wait, wait, wait, waiting."

Her hand was like fire on him, and her eyes supernaturally bright.

"There," said Edward with a groan, "go down stairs, and I will be with you directly."

He came down: they went out together: her little burning hand pinched his tight, and her swift foot seemed scarcely to touch the ground; she kept him at his full stride till they got to the central police station. There, at the very thought of facing men, the fiery innocent suddenly shrank together, and covered her blushing face with her hot hands. She sent him in alone. He found an intelligent superintendent, who entered into the case with all the coolness of an old official hand.

Edward came out to his sister, and, as he hurried her home, told her what had passed: "The superintendent asked to see the letter; I told him he had taken it with him: that was a pity, he said. Then he made me describe Alfred to a nicety: and the description will go up to London this morning, and all over Barkington, and the neighbourhood, and the county."

She stopped to kiss him, then went on again with her head down, and neither spoke till they

were nearly home: then Edward told her "the superintendent felt quite sure that the villain was not dead; nor in danger of it."

"Oh, bless him! bless him! for saying so."

"And that he will turn up in London before very long; not in this neighbourhood; he says he must have known the writer of the letter, and his taking his luggage with him shows he has gone off deliberately. My poor little Ju, now do try and look at it as he does, and everybody else does; try and see it as you would if you were a bystander."

She laid her soft hand on his shoulder as if to support herself floating in her sea of doubt: "I do see I am a poor credulous girl; but how can my Alfred be false to me? Am I to doubt the Bible? am I to doubt the sun? Is nothing true in heaven or earth? Oh, if I could only have died as I was dressing for church—died while he seemed true! He is true; the wicked creature has cast some spell on him: he has gone in a moment of delirium; he will regret what he has done, perhaps regrets it now. I am ungrateful to you, Edward, and to the good policeman, for saying he is not dead. What more do I require? he is dead to me. Edward, let us leave this place. We were going: let us go to-day; this very day; oh, take me and hide me where no one that knows me can ever see me again." A flood of tears came to her relief: and she went along sobbing and kissing her brother's hand every now and then.

But, as they drew near the gate of Albion Villa, twilight began to usher in the dawn. Julia shuddered at even that faint light, and fled like a guilty thing, and hid herself sobbing in her own bedroom.

Musgrove Cottage.

Mr. Richard Hardie slept better, since his return from Yorkshire, than he had done for some time past, and therefore woke more refreshed and in better spirits. He knew an honest family was miserable a few doors off; but he did not care. He got up and shaved with a mind at ease. Only, when he had removed the lather from one half his face, he happened to look out of window, and saw on the wall opposite—a placard: a large placard to this effect:

"ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS REWARD!

Whereas on the 11th instant Mr. Alfred Hardie disappeared mysteriously from his lodgings in 15 Mill-street under circumstances suggesting a suspicion of foul play, know all men that the above reward will be paid to any person or persons who shall first inform the undersigned where the said Alfred Hardie is to be found, and what person or persons, if any, have been concerned in his disappearance.

ALEXANDER SAMPSON

39 Pope-street

Napoleon-square
London."

At sight of this, Mr. Hardie was seized with a tremor, that suspended the razor in mid air:

he opened the window, and glared at the doctor's notice.

At this moment he himself was a picture: not unlike those half-cleaned portraits the picture restorers hang out as specimens of their art.

"Insolent interfering fool," he muttered, and began to walk the room in agitation. After a while he made a strong effort, shaved the other half, and dressed slowly, thinking hard all the time. The result was, he went out before breakfast (which he had not done for years), and visited the "White Lion." One of Sampson's posters had just been stuck up near the inn; he quietly pulled it down and then entered the yard; and had a serious talk with the squinting ostler.

On his return, Jane was waiting breakfast. The first word to him was: "Papa, have you seen?"

"What, the Reward?" said he, indifferently. "Yes, I noticed it at our door as I came home."

Jane said it was a very improper and most indelicate interference in their affairs. And went on to say with heightened colour: "I have just told Peggy to take it down."

"Not for the world!" cried Mr. Hardy, losing all his calmness real or feigned; and he rang the bell hastily. On Peggy's appearing, he said anxiously, "I do not wish that Notice interfered with."

"I shouldn't think of touching it without your orders, sir," said she, quietly, and shot him a feline glance from under her pale lashes.

Jane coloured, and looked a little mortified: but on Peggy's retiring, Mr. Hardie explained that, whether judicious or not, it was a friendly act of Dr. Sampson's; and to pull down his notice would look like siding with the boy against those he had injured: "Besides," said he, "why should you and I burk inquiry? Ill as he has used me, I am his father, and not altogether without anxiety. Suppose those doctors should be right about him, you know?"

Jane had for some time been longing to call at Albion Villa and sympathise with her friend; and now curiosity was superadded; she burned to know whether the Dodds knew of, or approved this placard. She asked her father whether he thought she could go there with propriety. "Why not?" said he, cheerfully, and with assumed carelessness.

In reality it was essential to him that Jane should visit the Dodds. Surrounded by pitfalls, threatened with a new and mysterious assailant in the eccentric, but keen and resolute Sampson, this artful man, who had now become a very Machiavel—constant danger and deceit had so sharpened and deepened his great natural abilities—was preparing amongst other defences a shield; and that shield was a sieve; and that sieve was his daughter. In fact, ever since his return, he had acted and spoken at the Dodds through Jane, but with a masterly appearance of simplicity and mere confidential intercourse. At least I think this is the true clue to all his recent remarks.

Jane, a truthful, unsuspecting girl, was all the fitter instrument of the cunning monster. She went and called at Albion Villa, and was received by Edward, Mrs. Dodd being up-stairs with Julia, and in five minutes she had told him what her father, she owned, had said to her in confidence. "But," said she, "the reason I repeat these things is to make peace, and that you may not fancy there is any one in our house so cruel, so unchristian, as to approve Alfred's perfidy. Oh, and papa said candidly he disliked the match, but then he disliked this way of ending it far more."

Mrs. Dodd came down in due course, and kissed her; but told her Julia could not see even her at present. "I think, dear," said she, "in a day or two she will see *you*; but no one else: and for her sake we shall now hurry our departure from this place, where she was once so happy."

Mrs. Dodd did not like to begin about Alfred; but Jane had no such scruples; she inveighed warmly against his conduct, and, ere she left the house, had quite done away with the faint suspicion Sampson had engendered, and brought both Mrs. Dodd and Edward back to their original opinion, that the elder Hardie had nothing on earth to do with the perfidy of the younger.

Just before dinner a gentleman called on Edward, and proved to be a policeman in plain clothes. He had been sent from the office to sound the ostler at the "White Lion," and, if necessary, to threaten him. The police knew, though nobody else in Barkington did, that this ostler had been in what rogues call trouble, twice, and, as the police can starve a man of the kind by blowing on him, and can reward him by keeping dark, he knows better than withhold information from them.

However, on looking for this ostler, he had left his place that very morning; had decamped with mysterious suddenness.

Here was a puzzle.

Had the man gone without noticing the reward? Had somebody outbid the reward? or was it a strange coincidence, and did he after all know nothing?

The police thought it was no coincidence, and he did know something; so they had telegraphed the London office to mark him down.

Edward thanked his visitor; but, on his retiring, told his mother he could make neither head nor tail of it; and she only said, "We seem surrounded by mystery."

Meantime, unknown to these bewildered ones, Greek was meeting Greek only a few yards off.

Mr. Hardie was being undermined by a man of his own calibre, one too cautious to communicate with the Dodds, or any one else, till his work looked ripe.

The game began thus: a decent mechanic, who lodged hard by, lounging with his pipe near the gate of Musgrove Cottage, offered to converse with old Betty: she gave him a rough answer; but with a touch of ineradicable vanity must ask Peggy if she wanted a sweetheart, be-

cause there was a hungry one at the gate: "Why he wanted to begin on an old woman like me." Peggy inquired what he had said to her.

"Oh, he begun where most of them ends, if they get so far at all: axed me was I comfortable here; if not, he knew a young man wanted a nice tidy body to keep house for him."

Peggy pricked up her ears; and, in less than a quarter of an hour, went for a box of lucifers in a new bonnet and clean collar. She tripped past the able mechanic very accidentally, and he bestowed an admiring smile on her, but said nothing, only smoked. However, on her return, he contrived to detain her, and paid her a good many compliments, which she took laughingly and with no great appearance of believing them. However, there is no going by that: compliments sink: and within forty-eight hours the able mechanic had become a hot wooer of Peggy Black, always on the look-out for her day and night, and telling her all about the lump of money he had saved, and how he could double his income, if he had but a counter, and tidy wife behind it. Peggy gossiped in turn, and let out amongst the rest that she had been turned off once, just for answering a little sharply; and now it was the other way; her master was a trifle too civil at times.

"Who could help it?" said the able mechanic, rapturously; and offered a pressing civility; which Peggy fought off.

"Not so free, young man," said she. "Kissing is the prologue to sin."

"How do you know that?" inquired the able mechanic, with the sly humour of his class.

"It is a saying," replied Peggy, demurely.

At last, one night, Mr. Green the Detective, for he it was, put his arm round his new sweetheart's waist, and approached the subject nearest his heart. He told her he had just found out there was money enough to be made in one day to set them up for life in a nice little shop; and she could help in it.

After this inviting preamble he crept towards the 14,000*l.* by artful questions; and soon elicited that there had been high words between Master and Mr. Alfred about that very sum; she had listened at the door and heard. Taking care to combine close courtship with cunning interrogatories, he was soon enabled to write to Dr. Sampson, and say that a servant of Mr. Hardie's was down on him, and reported that he carried a large pocket-book in his breast-pocket by day; and she had found the dent of it under his pillow at night; a stroke of observation very creditable in an unprofessional female: on this he had made it his business to meet Mr. Hardie in broad day, and sure enough the pocket-book was always there. He added, that the said Hardie's face wore an expression, which he had seen more than once when respectable parties went in for felony: and altogether thought they might now take out a warrant and proceed in the regular way.

Sampson received this news with great satisfaction: but was crippled by the intervenen relations of the parties.

To arrest Mr. Hardie on a warrant would entail a prosecution for felony, and separate Jane and Edward for ever.

He telegraphed Green to meet him at the station; and reached Barkington at eight that very evening. Green and he proceeded to Albion Villa, and there they held a long and earnest consultation with Edward; and at last, on certain conditions, Mr. Green and Edward consented to act on Sampson's plan. Green, by this time, knew all Mr. Hardie's out of door habits; and assured them that at ten o'clock he would walk up and down the road for at least half an hour, the night being dry. It wanted about a quarter to ten, when Mrs. Dodd came down, and proposed supper to the travellers. Sampson declined it for the present; and said they had work to do at eleven. Then, making the others a signal not to disclose anything at present, he drew her aside and asked after Julia.

Mrs. Dodd sighed:—"She goes from one thing to another, but always returns to one idea: that he is a victim, not a traitor."

"Well, tell her in one hour, the money shall be in the house."

"The money! What does she care?"

"Well, say we shall know all about Alfred by eleven o'clock."

"My dear friend, be prudent," said Mrs. Dodd. "I feel alarmed; you were speaking almost in a whisper when I came in."

"Y' are very obsarvant: but dawnt be uneasy; we are three to one. Just go and comfort Miss Julec with my message."

"Ah, that I will," she said.

She was no sooner gone than they all stole out into the night, and a pitch dark night it was; but Green had a powerful dark lantern to use if necessary.

They waited, Green at the gate of Musgrove Cottage, the other two a little way up the road.

Ten o'clock struck. Some minutes passed without the expected signal from Green; and Edward and Sampson began to shiver. For it was very cold and dark, and in the next place they were honest men going to take the law into their own hands, and the law sometimes calls that breaking the law. "Confound him!" muttered Sampson: "if he does not soon come I shall run away. It is bitterly cold."

Presently footsteps were heard approaching; but no signal: it proved to be only a fellow in a smock frock rolling home from the public-house.

Just as his footsteps died away a low hoot like a plaintive owl was heard, and they knew their game was afoot.

Presently, tramp, tramp, came the slow and stately march of him they had hunted down.

He came very slowly, like one lost in meditation: and these amateur policemen's hearts beat louder, and louder, as he drew nearer and nearer.

At last in the blackness of the night a shadowy outline was visible: another tramp or two, it was upon them.

Now the cautious Mr. Green had stipulated

that the pocket-book should first be felt for, and, if not there, the matter should go no farther. So Edward made a stumble and fell against Mr. Hardie and felt his left breast: the pocket-book was there—"Yes," he whispered: and Mr. Hardie, in the act of remonstrating at his clumsiness, was pinned behind, and his arms strapped with wonderful rapidity and dexterity. Then first he seemed to awake to his danger, and uttered a stentorian cry of terror, that rang through the night and made two of his three captors tremble.

"Cut that," said Green sternly, "or you'll get into trouble."

Mr. Hardie lowered his voice directly: "Do not kill me, do not hurt me," he murmured, "I'm but a poor man now. Take my little money; it is in my waistcoat pocket; but spare my life. You see I don't resist."

"Come, stash your gab, my lad," said Green contemptuously, addressing him just as he would any other of the birds he was accustomed to capture: "It's not your stuff that is wanted, but Captain Dodd's."

"Captain Dodd's?" cried the prisoner with a wonderful assumption of innocence.

"Ay, the pocket-book," said Green: "here, this! this!" He tapped on the pocket-book, and instantly the prisoner uttered a cry of agony, and sprang into the road with an agility no one would have thought possible; but Edward and Green soon caught him, and, the Doctor joining, they held him, and Green tore his coat open.

The pocket-book was not there. He tore open his waistcoat; it was not in the waistcoat: but it was sewed tightly to his very shirt on the outside.

Green wrenched it away, and bidding the other two go behind the prisoner and look over his shoulder, unseen themselves, slipped the shade of his lantern.

Mr. Hardie had now ceased to struggle and to exclaim; he stood sullen, mute, desperate; while an agitated face peered eagerly over each of his shoulders at the open pocket-book in Green's hands, on which the lantern now poured a narrow but vivid stream of light.

WHEN ORDER REIGNED IN WARSAW.

IN the month of June, 1830, Europe was still, more or less, in the condition in which it has been placed by the Congress of Vienna. The French Revolution of 1830 had not yet burst forth, and, by its example, laid the train for the subsequent revolutions of Belgium and Poland—the one successful in its issue, the other crushed only after a long and desperate struggle. Poland then slept, or appeared to sleep. If, by secret conspiracy, materials had been already heaped together for the future conflagration, the fact was wholly unsuspected. The eventual outbreak took the Russian authorities completely by surprise, in spite of the extensive and all-comprising system of espionage which seemed to

allow no sigh to be uttered, no breath to be breathed, no thought to be conceived, report of which was not, or might not be, made to the superior powers.

At the moment of my arrival at Warsaw, whither, just at that period—the boyish impulses of a roving disposition had led me, through a singular labyrinth of zig-zag caprices—the Polish Diet, or figment of a Diet—the last which was ever assembled—was being held in that city. The Emperor and Empress of Russia, with a brilliant court, were present. The Grand-Duke Constantine, the brother of the emperor, reigned supreme in the land; and the assemblage of the Diet, under the circumstances, was but a mockery. In fact, the constitution, which had been guaranteed to Poland, as an independent kingdom, and sworn to be observed by the Emperors of Russia, provided that the viceroyalty of the land should be always vested in a Polish nobleman of imperial appointment.

But this fundamental point, like so many other clauses in that disregarded charter, had become a nullity. Upon the decease of the last viceroy, in 1825, no steps were taken for any further choice. The post was left unfilled; and Constantine, who had abdicated the imperial crown in favour of his younger brother Nicholas, although in truth no more than the commander of the forces in Warsaw, had repaid himself for his sacrifice by arrogating—in spite of the constitution, the laws of the country, and the oath of the emperor—the whole of the executive power in Poland. The Emperor Nicholas, who thus owed to his brother an empire, seemed to think it but fair to shut his eyes to the usurpation of a kingdom by the abdicator.

Festivities of the most varied kind, in honour of the visit of the emperor and empress, were succeeding each other, day by day, night by night. Parades or reviews generally occupied the mornings. The most extensive and brilliant of these military spectacles was the review of the whole Polish army by the Emperor Nicholas.

At dawn all Warsaw is astir in eager anticipation. The sun rises clear and glorious on the day. The whole city pours forth in carriages, in droshkas, on horseback, or on foot, to the spot on which the review is to be held—a vast sandy plain to the westward of the city. A long ridge of bald hill, gently sloping to the level of the plain, skirts a lengthy tract of land. On the brow of this slope, facing the spot which is destined to be the centre of the manoeuvres and review, is situated a gorgeous tented pavilion, to be used as a chapel for the performance of the rites of the Greek Church. It was always the policy of the Emperor Nicholas to unfurl the banner of the Greek religion—"the one, the holy, and the true," as the Russians call it—on all state occasions; and its blessing was to be sought on all "deeds of arms," whether in mimic or in real war. To-day, a blessing is to be given to the emperor, to his well-beloved subjects of the kingdom of Poland, and to the army. In a

few short months, that blessing will have curdled into a curse. The emperor will be at war with those he will then call his "rebellious vassals." The kingdom will be deluged in blood. That army will be divided against itself; and fellow-soldier will deal death to fellow. But the blessing is now to be bestowed; and none know, on that glorious day of sunshine and glitter, how soon all will be darkened by the deadly smoke of cannon.

From the draped entry of the chapel, a long flight of carpeted steps leads downwards to the plain. That plain seems filled, as far as the eye can reach, with military masses—artillery, cavalry, and infantry of every arm—rank beyond rank—and still rank beyond rank again. The glittering flags, the pennons of the lancers, the sweeping feathers are flapping in the light breeze. Arms and helmets are glancing brightly in the sunshine. There is an ocean of splendour and varied colour on the plain. The slope of the hill is covered with myriads of human forms. No position can be more propitious for the countless spectators of the sight. Carriages and horses, in thick masses, stretch along the ridge of the hill, upon its summit. All the earth seems to have congregated on that spot. I am made to leave my droshka, and, by the interest of friends, and incessant appeals to the hospitality due to the foreigner, am pushed through crowded throngs, hordes of police officials, ranks of guards, that are terraced along the flight of steps, until I find myself standing in front of a corps of young cadets, and so close to the steps, as almost to be able to touch the persons, shortly to be grouped upon them. From this spot every part of the review, every person engaged, could be distinctly seen. Several successive discharges of cannon now burst forth upon the air. They act like electric shocks upon the masses. A buzz of excitement pervades that enormous crowd. There is but one thought, as every neck is stretched in one direction—"The emperor is coming!" A large body of horsemen gallop towards the foot of the steps. The emperor is at its head. He is easily recognised by the many well-known portraits of him. He dashes forward, his plumes waving in the air. He is followed by a brilliant cortège of princes, generals, aides-de-camp, staff-officers—all that is great, noble, or illustrious in Poland. Shouts of greeting rend the air. The regiments salute as he passes. The bands strike up the customary hymn, and I am startled to hear the inspiring strains of "God Save the King." I learn, with surprise, that the air is constantly used in Russia as the salute to the emperor, as well as in many parts of Germany to other royal personages, and called by its English name. The emperor springs from his horse. Almost immediately afterwards a brilliant train of equipages sweeps up to the foot of the staircase. The carriages contain the empress and her suite. The emperor hands his imperial consort down, and leads her up the steps: the rest of the court follow. Before mounting many steps the empress turns, as if impatient to see the brilliant spec-

tacle upon the plain, and pauses, spite of the pressure of the hand that would hurry her forwards, to look with a smile upon the myriads of military vassals congregated below. When the imperial pair reach the summit, the empress, with her ladies, takes up her position in an outer gallery, running round three sides of the pavilion chapel; as the Greek Church does not allow females to penetrate into the inner sanctuary where the service is performed, and obliges them to worship apart from the male devotees, and in an inferior portion of the church. All kneel: the emperor on the highest step, immediately in front of the tented place of worship; below him, the Grand-Duke Constantine, his brother; then Prince Karl of Prussia, the brother of the empress; still further below, according to their rank, in thickest masses, the generals and officers of the escort, to the last step touching the level ground. Immediately below the imperial and royal personages kneels Marshal Diebitsch, then the lion of the day, with his Turkish laurels fresh upon his brow—laurels hereafter to be withered upon other heads. He is a little stout heavy-looking man. Near him is Paskiewicz, the future pacificator of Poland and Prince of Warsaw, who was shortly to overshadow the renown, and win away the favours of his then illustrious rival. Below, a glittering band of military men, at that time more or less known, in all the sparkling variety of uniforms of a hundred various regiments.

At the head of each regiment is an altar—a priest before it—and, at the instant the emperor kneels, each individual of the countless mass upon the plain prostrates himself. The electrical effect of the thousands, who throng the space before St. Peter's at Rome, when the papal head of the Roman Catholic Church stretches forth his hand to bless the world from the balcony at Easter, is as nothing to that produced by this movement of an army, at the moment that the head of the so-called orthodox Greek Church himself, kneels before the altar of his faith. It has a staggering and bewildering effect. The Greek priests have begun the service in the chapel pavilion. Although every head is bowed in seeming devotion, no one appears more absorbed in the exercise of his religious duties, than the emperor. But, from time to time, he gently turns his head to glance at the lines of guards to the right and the left: and it is easy to see, that there is more of acting than reality in the attitude he assumes.

This is the first time I have seen the Emperor Nicholas. I had several opportunities, during my stay in Warsaw, and in after years, to look upon that face again. I cannot but feel that the portraits I have seen have never done justice to his extraordinary beauty. His form, tall beyond that of common men, seems perfect in its symmetry. He looks a living copy of the Apollo Belvedere. In after years, his legs shrank from their full proportions, as his body swelled. Now he appears faultless in modelling of limb. The face is one of classical beauty. The features are of the purest regularity. I stand long where I

can study his profile. His high forehead bestows a look of power and intellect. No wonder that his personality should have inspired feelings of mingled admiration, reverence, and awe, or that his people should have looked upon him, alternately, as a beneficent or an avenging spirit. The expression of the face—afterwards seen under various aspects—is calm, very calm, far too calm for real beauty: and so it remains, even when the lips smile with so much grace and blandness. But what chiefly mars the expression of the face is that cold, chilly, frosty, blue eye, which others have called “mild.” If it really be as “mild as moonbeams,” it must be those moonbeams which glance sharply and cuttingly upon the ice-blocks of the Neva. The Emperor Nicholas is said to have been a man of strong family affection, and, in moments of festive relaxation, of “infinite jest.” But, surely, that eye must have frozen all warmth of love, and given to the joke the air of chilling irony. His movements, as he shortly rises, are full of admirable dignity, and even of grace, spite of the tight prison of uniform. The prestige he influenced was naturally great. Nature had vied with destiny to place him on a lofty pinnacle. But was that uncommon form to represent the type of an Archangel or a Lucifer?

The service in the chapel-pavilion is concluded. The emperor rises from his kneeling position. At the same moment, the thick groups of officers on the steps, the overwhelming masses of men upon the plain, rise also. This simultaneous movement has an effect upon the nervous system, still more exciting and inspiring than that of the prostration. The emperor now turns, faces the plain, and bows several times, with a wave of the hand, to the army below, to the assembled people around. The cheers are deafening, and roll like thunder over the plain. The mass of uniforms upon the steps divide to form a central avenue. The emperor descends the steps, followed by his brother Constantine, Prince Karl of Prussia, and the others of his military court—according to rank. He mounts his horse again—the others follow his example—the great review commences.

Military manoeuvres and reviews have a great similitude in all countries. On this occasion, the evolutions are gone through with precision and effect. The whole body of the troops is passed in review, first in slow, then in quick time. The movement of these immense masses of men have a dazzling and giddy effect. The whole earth, before the spectators' eyes, seems moving on and on, until his brain whirls, and he fancies he must inevitably be swept onwards in the movements, and fixes his feet more firmly to the earth, which appears to be slipping from him. There seems to be but one thought uppermost in the minds of all. Around the foreigner are murmured the words: “How does the emperor look? Does he smile? Will he be pleased?” How much evidently depends upon the despot's satisfaction or dissatisfaction at the moment. I

catch sight of the unseemly face of the Grand-Duke Constantine. A deep scowl renders it even more hideous than usual. Have things gone awry? I begin to share in the anxious feelings expressed around me. It is so easy to be led away by the sentiments of the congregated mass. But no! The emperor has smiled. He waves his hand graciously. He probably expresses his satisfaction. Cheers burst forth again from the army, and are echoed by the masses of spectators on the hill. The autocrat has smiled, and all appears to be delight! The great business of the day is over. The emperor dismounts, enters a small open carriage with only two horses, accompanied by the Grand-Duke Constantine, and dashes furiously forwards. He bows, however, gracefully on all sides. Constantine still scowls. When and how were they to meet that army again? In a few months a revolution would burst forth in Poland; and the Emperor Nicholas could but confess, that its main cause was the tyranny of the grand-duke.

At no great distance to the west of the city of Warsaw was a considerable open space, which some years previously had been first appropriated to the formation of a large camp, occupied, during the summer season, by the regiments of Polish and Russian infantry that were garrisoned in Warsaw or stationed in the neighbourhood—the officers living in cottages and huts, kept in repair during the whole year—the soldiers using tents pitched each season for the purpose.

This camp covered a great circular tract of land; and the visitor, on whatever side he might arrive, after passing the several scattered outposts, came, first, upon a portion of a broad belt of open space, surrounding the whole camp, and serving as the ground for drills, parades, small manoeuvres, and reviews, and the daily exercises of public worship for each regiment, according to the portion it skirted. The great outer circle of the whole encampment was formed by this open belt; the next circular belt within was covered by the tents of the soldiers, arranged with the nicest regularity, each tent rising only like a light roof above the soil, the height of the interior being obtained by an excavation of the ground about three feet deep, and affording resting and sleeping places for ten or a dozen men. To each, a gentle slope led down at the gable end facing the exterior of the circle, and could only be entered in a crouching position. These myriads of white sail-cloth tenements, which stood three deep, were separated from each other by narrow footpaths. At intervals a broader species of street afforded access to various subdivisions; and a still broader space sundered each tented village from a similar one belonging to another regiment.

Within this thickly-dotted circle, and filling its whole interior, was a large wood of acacias, which, upon the first establishment of the camp, had been planted with great care and pains, under the direction of the officers then garrisoned at

Warsaw—the whole of the earth on which this acacia forest was intended to flourish having been brought from a considerable distance to take the place of the sandy soil of the plain. This grove was intersected by regular streets, each leading, like the spokes of a wheel, to the central point of the great round (where head-quarters were established), and counter-crossed by smaller encircling lanes for the facility of intercommunication. It would probably have afforded to the traveller in a balloon the appearance of a huge cobweb.

Skirting these streets and lanes were the dwellings of the officers. Each of these had more the appearance of a cottage ornée—a park pavilion, the plaything dairy of an English country lady, or the dear old Swiss cottage of the Colosseum—than a military barrack lodging. Each was tricked out, according to the fancy of the owner, with woodwork tracery, creeper-grown trellis-work, and similar rustic decoration, and was generally surrounded by a broad verandah in suburban villa taste. Each was placed in its own garden, decked with the gayest flowers, and cultivated with considerable care; while over all stretched the light, sprayy, dancing branches of the luxuriant acacias. The buildings belonging to superior officers generally contained four rooms. Officers of lower rank contented themselves with only sitting-room and bed-chamber. Some were even obliged to “chum” together in one little villa in fraternal equality. None of these military villas were of large proportions; but, in most cases, they were very luxuriously furnished, and adorned with nicknacks, prettinesses of all kinds, which might have induced the mistake that the visitor had penetrated into “my lady’s boudoir” rather than into a military “crib,” had it not been for the inevitable pipe-stand. Never had the “pomp of war” put on so peaceful, pretty, and Watteau-berger-like an air.

Behind these dwellings of the officers, concealed as much as possible in the thickness of the wood—for the picturesque had evidently been studied in every respect, and the objects less capable of being “effective” put out of sight—stood the magazines, regimental offices, kitchens, &c. &c.; and in the centre—the great spider tenebment of the gigantic cobweb—was the mansion, the only one not made of wood or canvas, which served for head-quarters, and as the temporary residence of the grand-duke whenever he visited the camp. The spider was ugly and bloated, with a very business-like and awe-inspiring air about it, and it told a plain truth, which otherwise might have been forgotten, that the whole scene was real and had a stern purpose, and was not a pretty show got up for the amusing exercise of some despot’s hobby, or as an enormous theatrical decoration.

Circumstances had made me acquainted with several of the officers at that time lodging in the encampment: and to a youth, alone in a foreign land, the days passed upon this spot, amidst the

ever-varying military spectacle, were among the brightest and most pleasant of his life. The scene was one of constant animation and fanciful colour; and, when the duties of the day were over, and officers lounged and laughed in their prettily bedizened rooms, or on garden benches beneath the acacia shade, many a joyous evening was passed, pipe in mouth, around the truly Russian tea-table. At that time all cares seemed to be thrown aside; and the foreigner at least forgot, in the enjoyment of social intercourse, and when hearts were opened to one another in confidential interchange of feeling, that there might be an Iscariot in that merry group, and that the buoyancy and openness of a candid disposition might be laid before the Grand-Duke Constantine as a crime of magnitude. But suspicion and reserve are not ingredients that can easily find place in the mind of light-hearted youth.

The picture of one of these evenings rises up before me again like the mirage of the desert.

I am seated with an officer on a bench beneath one of the spreading acacias of his garden. The regiment lies to the westward of his camp; and spangles of light, shed through the flickering leaves by an evening sun, and dancing on our heads, as we laughingly discuss the last new French novel—not yet forbidden literary food for the Russian officers, as the French Revolution of July has not yet broken out, and rendered all that comes from that naughty country most suspicious contraband. Other officers are leaning over the garden railings, bowered with convolvulus, and joining in the discussion. A burst of music rises on the calm evening air. The band of the regiment to which the officers belong has struck up. It plays every evening for half an hour previously to general prayer. Everybody starts up, and lounges off as usual to the spot, whence come the wild notes of Weber’s exquisite overture of Euryantke, softly upon the light breeze. The party reach the outer wall of the camp, where they meet and greet their brother-officers of the same regiment. The regiment is drawn up in long lines, facing the acacia wood, the band in front. The setting sun behind, flings the lengthened shadows of the men along the sand, and, whilst it throws the masses into strong relief against the glowing sky beyond, glances brightly from their bayonets and their ornamented shakos. At a considerable interval from the line of the regiment, to which I am this evening on a visit, commences that of another regiment similarly drawn up. Its ranks gradually diminish in the perspective of the distance, as far as the eye can reach, until the turn of the circle hides its further continuance from sight. On the other side is a similar display.

The military spectacle, which fills the segment of the circle, visible from that spot, is the same around the whole immense circle, that forms the outer belt of the camp, until the complete circumference is filled. To the overture succeed airs from operas, waltzes, mazourkas, quadrilles. At last the regimental band plays a solemn

hymn. The moment has arrived for evening prayer. A priest advances in front of the long lines, and faces them. The soldiers uncover in the ranks. All heads are bowed. A solemn silence ensues, broken only by the heavy, monotonous voice of the officiating priest. At last the prayer is finished. The soldiers recover their arms with a clang, which seems to roll on into infinity. All is then again silence. The signal is awaited which is to dismiss the soldiers for the night. The last gleaming rim of the sun's disc smiles upon the horizon of the plain. At that moment the deep boom of a cannon comes thundering from the centre of the wood through the trees. The band strikes up a national air. The regiment is marched off the ground up one of the main avenues. The others, to the right and left, are gradually disappearing, like long serpents, into the recesses of the wood. The heavy tramp of the men continues to resound from all sides long after they have been lost to sight. Later the whole air is filled with the usual hum of the camp: and that at last is gradually stilled. The soldiers are gone to their tented holes to rest: the sentinels and outstanding pickets are alone duskiy visible on the belt, or further on the plain, as the darkness gathers around.

I retreat with my friends to another of the picturesque cottages of the military colony. The tea-table is set out under the verandah. The never-failing meerschaum is in the mouth of every member of the party. Bewildered fire-flies now and then strike against the lamp globe. The moon has risen on the other side of the camp, and, by degrees, sheds its still light in patches on the verandah floor. The garden is on the skirts of the wood. The white tents glimmer through the trees; the plain is flooded with moonlight beyond. Wit and sentiment have each their turn in the desultory conversation of the jovial party. Hark! the sounds of a piano from a neighbouring cottage ornée—the notes of an Italian air or French *romance* admirably sung. The young Russian officers, who generally boast of many superficial accomplishments, are frequently excellent musicians. I can almost fancy I have wandered into the land of fairy-romance, or ask myself, with wonder, "Where am I? Is this an enchanted land of peace? Is it an embodied page from a Florian tale of *Bergerie*? Is it a dramatic scene got up for the amusement of the evening? Is it a 'fancy' colony in some civilised back wood?"

This is a dream of days when order reigned in Warsaw, or seemed to reign. In a few months confusion, terror, bloodshed, wrath were raving, where, to the careless eye, and even, it would seem, to the most watchful eyes that served the ever-watchful Russian rule, all bore the outward semblance of splendour, security, and peace. The time was to come, in a few months, when order would reign at Warsaw, according to the proclamation of stern masters, once again—the order of suspicion, dread, and stifled groans. That time of order has lasted long and weary

years. When will the time come when Europe can acknowledge that those bitter words, "Order reigns at Warsaw," are really and indeed a truth?

TWO SEAS.

I.

A MARINER by tempest tost
Lay struggling with the wave;
His one sole hope—all else was lost—
His hoarded gold to save.

Slung from his neck—a weary weight—
His precious charge he bore;
His failing strength, at war with fate,
Could bear no feather more.

But not against his life alone
Uprose the breakers wild;
A woman, on the billows thrown,
Held up her drowning child.

"Save her!" she cried, "in mercy save!"
As through the surf she rolled:
He heard; and cast beneath the wave
His prize of Indian gold.

Fearless he breasts the tropic storm
With limbs by love new strung,
While round his neck, all soft and warm,
Two infant arms are flung.

He hails the land—the blessed land!
He drinks its spicy air;
He strains to reach its coral strand,
He greets it with a prayer.

Vainly the angry tempest raved,
His feet have touched the goal;
And, with his living burthen saved,
He stands—a rescued soul!

II.

The child has lived, bloomed, loved, and died.
Alone the old man lies:
Another sea, of stiller tide,
Steals o'er his closing eyes.

Glow now for him no tropic light,
But, where life's waters freeze,
The glory of the Polar night—
The calm of Arctic seas!

His hard-earned gold beneath the deep
Lies hid;—but where is she,
His God-gift, whom the star-worlds keep,
His daughter of the sea?

Where cloud-waves foam the rippled skies,
Touched by the golden day,
An angel form in angel guise
Floats up the liquid way.

He follows, hushed in rapt delight,
Of dread and death beguiled,
She, swimming slow with pinions bright,
He, clinging like a child.

The dross of earth is cast away;
 She leads him by the hand.
 Through heaven's blue sea her white wings
 play:
 He nears the happy land.

She parts the wave that beats him back;
 He breasts life's surge no more:
 His feet, upon an angel's track,
 Have touched the immortal shore!

THE POINT OF THE NEEDLE.

THERE are some cases which, the more they become tedious by frequent urging, the more it is necessary to insist upon, in season and out of season. One of them is that of the overworked milliner's girl, for whom there is no help but in the feeling and action of those whom it does not bore to be reminded that a great pitched battle is seldom more deadly to men than the gaiety of a London season is to the pale army of girls who live by the most wretched fripperies of fashion, and that fewer, perhaps, die by the bayonet than by the needle. An inquest, during this last season, on the body of a milliner's girl who had not withdrawn the wreck of her life to obscure suffering, but who, to the annoyance and regret of all right-minded employers, died ostentatiously at her work in one of the best-regulated houses in the trade, was a nine days' wonder; and during the nine days it was proper to say things that seemed good and suitable for the occasion. But, when the nine days' wonderment were over, the topic was considered stale, and in the way of talk thenceforward unfit for human food, because the talker, like the diner, must needs have his food fresh.

While the talk lasted, we learnt that, with a few exceptions, all is as it used to be twenty years since, when the evidence taken led to the formation of an "Association for the Aid and Benefit of Dressmakers and Milliners." The association had a committee of ladies of fashion who were also ladies of sense; among them the Duchesses of Sutherland and Argyll, the Countesses of Shaftesbury and Ellesmere, Lady Jocelyn, and Miss Burdett Coutts, who met weekly; and a committee of gentlemen, including Mr. Grainger, Dr. Bissett Hawkins, and Mr. Tidd Pratt. This association had an office in Clifford-street, under the management of Miss Newton, and for twelve years it laboured, insufficiently supported by the public, to induce the principals of dressmaking and millinery establishments to limit the hours of actual work to twelve a day, and to abolish Sunday work (in this latter respect it succeeded); to promote an improved ventilation of the milliners' workrooms and sleeping-rooms; to induce ladies to allow sufficient time between the order and the expected delivery of a new dress; to help with loans of money some deserting girls out of the temptations of distress; to supply on the country club principle, good and cheap medical relief; to establish also, a provident

fund, and a registry. In the year 'fifty-five Lord Shaftesbury introduced a bill for regulating hours of work in milliners' establishments; but, after receiving evidence, the committee of the House of Lords reported against it: not doubting the need of it, but questioning the power of enforcing its provisions, considering the timidity and helplessness of those for whose benefit the measure was designed. The failure of this proposal to restrict them, made employers bolder in exaction, and there was never more need of the work of the association than when, after it had done much good, chiefly for want of public support it ceased to exist. A last effort was made in 'fifty-six, at a great meeting held in Exeter Hall under the auspices of the Early Closing Association, but the men in attendance on that meeting were to women as three to one. The ladies of England never did, and do not yet, as a body, thoroughly perceive how much it rests with them to improve or maintain the unhappy condition of the milliners' workwomen. In London alone, the number of dressmakers and milliners' workwomen exceeds fifteen thousand. They commonly begin to bear the unwholesome strain upon their systems while their bodies are developing for health and sickness in their after lives. They become apprentices between the age of fourteen and sixteen; and at sixteen or seventeen they begin under the full strain of overwork to "complete their education:" working in the busy season of the year continuously for fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen, hours a day.

It was difficult to get any girls, and almost impossible to get the older hands, to give evidence that might seriously damage them with their employers; yet more than enough was told. One witness had worked without going to bed, from four o'clock on Thursday to ten o'clock on Sunday morning. One had seen some of her companions faint two or three times a day. Though the fainting is of a deadly kind, it is so common, and the haste is so great, that girls are often left to recover as they may. One remembered a companion obliged to work till midnight, though she was unwell. "Her illness increased, and when the doctor was called in, he said she ought to have been in bed weeks ago. They did not make her work after the doctor said she could not work; she was obliged to go to bed. She never got up again, but died a week after she had advice."

There are in the season no meal hours; there are meal minutes; and Sir James Clark truly said, that "the mode of life of these poor girls is such as no constitution could long bear. A mode of life more completely calculated to destroy human health could scarcely be contrived." Mr. Dalrymple, of the Ophthalmic Hospital, testified that all forms of eye disease are produced, not seldom actual blindness, by continuous fine work carried on during so many hours by artificial light. Dr. Hodgkin testified, from his experience among many hundreds of out-patients at the London Dispensary and Guy's Hospital, that, as to milliners' girls,

"it is a frequent practice to confine them closely to work during the whole day and for a considerable part of the night; that the intervals for meals are few and short, and that relaxation and exercise are out of the question. It was, therefore, no matter of surprise to him to find this class of persons exhibiting extreme cases of those distressing nervous, hysterical, and dyspeptic afflictions which the worst debilitating causes can induce among young females. Pulmonary consumption was of frequent occurrence." Another medical practitioner, who had for twenty years been in the habit of attending workers in the millinery rooms, said he had "known numbers of young healthy women who in this way had been reduced to a permanent state of debility. Many of them die, especially of consumption. He was convinced that in no trade or manufactory whatever is the labour to be compared to that of the young dressmakers. No men work so long. It would be impossible for any animal to work so continuously with so little rest." Healthy young girls, left, often by orphanhood or domestic calamity, dependent on their own exertion for their bread, toil themselves weary, and withdraw to die, worn out before their time, or to live sickly lives, and become, perhaps, the mothers of a feeble race.

During the activity of the association there was a declaration signed—ten years ago—by the principal millinery houses, to this effect:

"We, the undersigned principals of millinery and dressmaking establishments at the West End of London, having observed in the newspapers statements of excessive labour in our business, feel called upon in self-defence to make the following public statement, especially as we have reason to believe that some of the assertions contained in the letters published in the newspapers are not wholly groundless: 1. During the greater portion of the year we do not require the young people in our establishments to work more than twelve hours, inclusive of an hour and a half for meals. From March to July we require them to work thirteen hours and a half, allowing during that time one hour's rest for dinner and half an hour's rest for tea. 2. It has been our object to provide suitable sleeping accommodation, and to avoid overcrowding. 3. In no case do we require work on Sundays, or all night. 4. The food we supply is of the best quality, and unlimited in quantity."

But, a member of the committee on Lord Shaftesbury's bill says: "We had very sufficient reason for believing that the hours were not kept. One letter I have before me, the writer of which says that he cannot give his name. He is a retired officer in her Majesty's service; he has three daughters employed in this way; he dares not give his name, because he says they would lose their position by it, but he assures me that the degree of oppression and tyranny that is maintained over them has completely injured their health, and that that arrangement itself has been altogether disregarded. It is not merely upon

a single testimony that we have come to that conclusion, but we made inquiries, from which we believe that at least nine of those houses which signed that agreement, have broken the agreement, and that their hours vary from fourteen to seventeen hours a day." Some heads of houses "refused to sign it, because they said the trade would not allow of its being carried out, and that they would not sign what they said they felt they conscientiously could not do."

And so, after all the good promises, backed, we believe, with really good intentions, here is an interior view of milliners' life as described by one who made the plunge into it, and withdrew only half-killed, with a resolve to try no more. The case was published in the season to which it referred, by Mr. Lilwall, the active honorary secretary of the Early Closing Association:

"I was born in London. My father, who was a goldsmith and jeweller, is a Frenchman; my mother was an Englishwoman. I was apprenticed at Madame —, in — Street, London. We never worked after nine o'clock in the evening at this establishment, but our hour of commencing was usually seven o'clock, sometimes as early as six, with just enough time to take our meals—no more. After this I took a situation as governess at a school at Edmonton, where I remained till the establishment was broken up. I then went to stay at —, where I remained about seven weeks, when I took a situation at Madame —, in — Street, London. This was on the 1st of April, 1856. I was to have ten pounds for the 'Season,' with my board and lodging. I was informed the season terminated at the beginning, or possibly the end of August.

"The first week I was there, we began work at eight in the morning, and worked till between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. There was no fixed time for meals; we had to take them as fast as we could, and return to the workroom directly we had finished. The second week there was a drawing-room. We worked on Tuesday till twelve o'clock, and on Wednesday we continued at it till between three and four o'clock on the following morning. We then went to bed, but had to begin work again at eight o'clock, and continued at it till twelve. The following day (Friday) we worked from eight till between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. We always breakfasted before we began work—that is, before eight o'clock. The third week, we worked sometimes till one o'clock in the morning; sometimes only till twelve o'clock at night. The fourth week, it was much the same, till Friday, when we commenced work, as usual, at eight o'clock, and went on till between four and five on the following morning. It was near five when we went to our bedrooms. During the day we had our meals as usual. At midnight we had a cup of coffee brought us. I am sure something improper was put into it to keep us awake, as when we went to bed none of us could sleep, which was invariably the case after having coffee at midnight; whereas the coffee which was given us those nights when we could retire to bed at eleven or twelve o'clock never pro-

duced this effect. The young lady who lay with me said, on the particular morning referred to, 'What shall we do till eight o'clock, as we cannot get to sleep?' We talked about the room till six o'clock, when I went out and called upon my sister at ——. The other young persons (with the exception of one who managed to sleep an hour or so) 'endeavoured to employ themselves, some by writing, others by looking over their boxes, and such-like, till breakfast; after which we continued working till twelve o'clock. This was Saturday night. Five of us occupied one bedroom. The apartment was very small and close—very close—and not clean. The ceiling was so low, that when I stood upright, tiptoe, I could, by a slight additional movement of the body upwards, touch it with my hand. We were so crowded, moreover, that we could not all move about and dress at one time; and what made it still worse, it adjoined another room in which two others slept. These young persons were so cramped for space, that they literally could scarcely move. They were obliged to have the door kept open that led into our room, or they must have been stifled, as there was no other way of their getting air. We were thus, as it were, seven persons sleeping in one apartment. In their little room there was no fireplace; in ours there was, but there was a chest of drawers against it, for which there was no space in any other part of the room.

"As I have before said, on the Saturday of my fourth week's residence in this establishment, we left off work at twelve o'clock at night. I made up my mind that I would not work later that night, come what would. Indeed, I felt that I could not do another stitch. During the afternoon and evening, as it was, I had to leave the workroom several times, to try to get relief by drinking, and by washing my face and forehead with, cold water. We also had a smelling-bottle on the table, or we never could have kept awake. After retiring to my bedroom, I was in such a feverish state as to be obliged to apply wet linen to my head. On the Sunday morning, when I awoke, my tongue was so swollen that I could not speak. My eyes, also, were so bad that I could not see; and I was obliged to be helped out of bed. I afterwards managed, with great difficulty, to get to my uncle's, the distance not being far, or I could not have walked. He desired me to leave my situation at once, and would not allow me to go back to stay. I returned, however, in the afternoon, and told Madame — of my determination to leave her. She said it was disgraceful on my part to do so, as I had engaged for the season. Oh, I should have told you that we had, had I remained, the pleasant, or rather unpleasant, prospect of working all the following Monday night, as the sister of the principal had said on the Saturday evening, 'I hope, young ladies, you will come in early on Sunday night; for we shall have little or no rest till Wednesday morning,' meaning that we should have to work, the fifth week of my stay there, the whole of Monday and Tuesday nights. But fearing, as I have reason to sup-

pose, after what had transpired the previous night, that the state of things in their establishment would be exposed, the principal, her sister and niece, themselves worked the whole of Sunday, by which means the necessity for working all Monday and Tuesday nights being removed, the young ladies, as I afterwards learnt, left off each of those nights at twelve o'clock. . . . I went on the following Wednesday for my boxes, when I was treated very rudely by Monsieur —, who said that I had run away on the Sunday, being afraid of the day's work on the Monday. I replied that, as long as I had remained there, I had done my duty; and as during that period I had worked at night, I had proved that I was not afraid of day work, and that I had left his establishment as honourably as I had entered it. He refused to pay me, and otherwise acted most unkindly. Indeed, he went on in a most scandalous manner. I was so hurt in my feelings, that, but for my sister, I should not have applied again for the money due to me. I have, however, since been paid. . . . I am very sorry I ever entered the dressmaking business. . . . I feel very unwell. My doctor told me that I am naturally of a strong constitution, and have only been made ill through my suffering in business. Another young lady from —, aged eighteen, entered the same establishment about three years ago in good health, and after being there six months she became seriously ill from over-work; and not being allowed to remain in the house, she was taken to the hospital, where she died within three weeks, having only one friend in London, who was not made acquainted with the poor girl's illness till too late to remove her. Numbers of others from — (the place where the principals of the house came from) have also been obliged, through illness, to return home, where, after lingering a short time, they have died the victims of over-work in the same establishment. . . . The young people are always complaining among themselves in the workroom, but have not courage to do so to Madame. The same people have another establishment at —, the arrangements of which are, I hear, much worse than even those of the London one. They employ them there constantly, during the season, till four o'clock in the morning, and often on Sunday as well.

"I believe the case that I have narrated respecting myself is by no means an exceptional one; there are numerous other London establishments quite as bad, and even worse."

There has been no substantial change for the better in the condition of milliners' hands for the last quarter of a century. The narrative we have here quoted in full, is still a true picture of many houses, but not of all; not of the best; not of that against which the death of a workwoman produced recent clamour. In all good milliners' houses, a really good table is kept, there is a kindly fellow-feeling between employers and employed, who eat together, work together, think together. As a general rule, fortunes are not made in the millinery business, and employers are not fattening upon the

lives of the poor girls who work for them; nor are the girls themselves disposed to much active complaint. Like thousands of others in many different vocations, they accept ills incident to their way of life which they believe inevitable parts of it, are sensitive of interference, and even disposed to resent as humiliating any sympathy that holds them up for public pity, or suggests that they are "slaves." A public outcry over their condition is, in fact, more offensive to the majority of the young ladies themselves than even to their employers.

And now let us try to come to the root of the evil. The main fault is not in the employing milliners who, except a few prosperous firms, themselves live but a poor, honest, hand-to-mouth life, struggling as hard to keep out of the Bankruptcy Court as many of their girls struggle for bread. Unable to find capital wherewith to buy on profitable terms, and with their prices kept down by sharp competition, there is a great body of employing milliners who earn most honourably and laboriously a bare subsistence with the help of their "young ladies." The profits of a few court milliners may, on the whole, possibly tend to wealth, but the business, as now constituted, is one which few women would follow by choice, if more ways existed by which an average woman's wit and industry were free to earn her livelihood.

We are not disposed to say hard things of the employing dressmakers. There are some sordid and mean women and men in every calling, and there is everywhere a hard struggle for bread that sometimes makes the generous of heart seem grasping. Nor are we more disposed to say hard things of the dressmakers' customers. We concede them their wish to wear at any time the dress that is in fashion. Every well-constituted woman shrinks reasonably enough from making herself conspicuous by an exceptional costume. At present, nobody knows in April what will be, for occasions of full dress, the costume required of her in May. A lady is forbidden by the sudden freaks of a despotic fashion to order a dress many days before the day when it is wanted. And if she does her best, and gives her dressmaker even a fortnight's notice of the want of a court dress, *La Mode* has established the propriety of dresses so expansive and so flimsy, that the dressmaker thinks it necessary to send them home with the bloom on, at the moment when they are to be worn, as the fruiterer sends in his peaches at the moment when they are to be eaten. Much as they are squeezed and tumbled at the drawing-room, they must not even be folded before it. Wardrobes are not yet constructed to contain unfolded dresses of the modern style. If the wardrobes were built to the dresses, the houses would have to be built to the wardrobe. This the dressmaker knows, and is unwilling to trust a lady with the custody of her own drawing-room or ball-dress, until almost the hour when she must put it on.

That is one difficulty. The other is that the gay season of London lasts only for about four

months. Upon the money she then makes, a respectable dressmaker now tries to keep her bees together all the year. The house in which this season's scandal arose, and every good house of its class, keeps all its in-door workwomen in receipt of wages for more regular and reasonable hours of work during the whole slack time. As the trade is now constituted, such houses are only enabled to do this by submitting to a fearful press of overwork during the season.

There are two classes of milliners' hands, the in-door and the out-of-door workwomen. The out-of-door workers are taken on or dismissed as may be necessary; their greater independence and freedom makes them a healthier class, but their position is very precarious, and they are, in their days of want, largely exposed to an often irresistible temptation. Their morality, therefore, is usually lower than that of the in-door workers. Many of the in-door milliners' girls, young ladies of middle rank by birth, give up, in terrible overwork for a third part of their year, almost their lives for a safe though bitterly poor independence and the maintenance of honour; and they perfectly well understand the nature of their bargain, nor do they see how customers or employers—in the better class of houses—could materially better its conditions.

And we ourselves fairly confess that we see no remedy but Revolution. The true blot was hit by a dress-making witness, before one of the committees, who said that if it were possible to spread the work over the year, the trade would be very good and comfortable; but this could not be done, because it was impossible to foretell changes of mode. But why in the name of taste and common sense should we submit to that preposterous impossibility? Who is this tyrant, Mode? The men of England have had their own sensible revolutions; now let us have a revolt of Englishwomen against French domination, and let them set up and pay worthy homage to, a Court of Fashion of their own. It is no question about trifles of fashion; it is a question of life and happiness to thousands whether we shall submit to all the sudden freaks of very bad French taste, or whether we shall some time set up an honest and reasonable standard of our own. England was never happier than she now is in her sovereign. We have also the feminine care over the expected gaieties of a court, now entrusted to a young princess, frank, lively, sensible, and very popular, to whom there would be gladly conceded leadership in all matters of female fashion. But even the princess could not, single-handed and by mere influence of example, overcome the tyranny of an old usage, still less could she supply for us the need there is of a few months' notice in anticipation of each change of fashion. Let a few women of rank and fashion, with a right sense of true elegance—who might accept honourable service in the matter upon nomination of her Majesty—form, with the princess at their head, a little Committee of Taste, empowered to revise the fashions of court dress, and able by their influence and example in society to make their decrees more

valid than those of the wretched and unknown designers of monstrosity. Englishwomen would all gladly follow a good lead. Many a good woman in middle life would be saved from ruining her husband by mockery of the extravagance and folly of the female court of France—which has a great deal in it not desirable to be imitated anywhere.

As for the general chances of bread-winning by girls or young women in London, they scarcely promise the half-loaf that is better than no bread. While the daughters of a respectable mechanic are yet young they may add to the family income; but when it comes, later in life, to self-support by bugling, or bead-work, embroidery, feather-trimming, chenille and hair or silk net-making, blonde-joining, cap-making, dressmaking, it is all dreary and almost hopeless struggle. Changes of fashion sometimes throw the girls out of employ. Buglers who used to advertise for hundreds of hands are now themselves bankrupt. We have met with one woman whose sole occupation was to make the cockades or rosettes with which the carriage horses of the polite world are adorned on the days of the Queen's drawing-rooms, and other important state occasions. She was a person of unsteady habits, but, when she chose to work, could earn with ease three or four pounds a week in the season. No one could be found by the harness-makers so well able to give style and fashion to those ornaments.

In an ill-ventilated room in a dark alley in the east of London, we have seen a woman and seven children, boys and girls, engaged in making birdcages. The woman's husband, who had been in this trade, was dead, and, after his death, she went on with the labour. One child cut the thin wood into proper shapes, the woman with singular rapidity fixed the slips together, others prepared the wires and put them into their right position, others were engaged in polishing and finishing the work. But, notwithstanding all these efforts, their income was miserably small. The woman had no capital. At times the dealers became overstocked with cages; then, such was the need of the family, that it was necessary to sell them for any sum that might be offered.

In several neighbourhoods many women and young girls make a scanty income by the French-polishing of furniture, barometer-cases, and the like. Print and map-colouring is also a kind of work, on which, notwithstanding the large quantity of colour-printing now done by machinery, many females are employed. In this way, often in miserable rooms, father, mother, and all the children who are able, work at a large table. The most skilful tint the faces, hands, and other delicate parts of figures; others colour the blue, red, green, and other portions of the drapery, backgrounds, &c., so that when a print has been passed round the board, the colouring is finished. There are various forms of this work; that which requires artistic ability is the best paid for; but in the homes of most print-colourers, even when well employed, there is evidently

great distress. The work, too, is, for the most part, uncertain. Towards Valentine's-day and Christmas there is generally a rush of business; at other periods, the families dependent on such work are often brought to the brink of starvation. Yet the persons thus engaged do not think of combining this with other work, or putting their children, either boys or girls, to trades by which they might obtain a better income. The artificial flower-workers are not much better circumstanced, and among the tailors, especially those who are engaged in slop work and in making clothes for the use of the army, such is the competition (particularly since the introduction of the sewing-machine), that by the produce of his own labour a man cannot exist; he is obliged, therefore, to use the assistance of his wife and daughters. Even very little children toil early and late; and, when all this work is done, the week's wages are often not so much as twenty shillings.

In a small unwholesome room, in a house crowded with people, we have found a widow, well educated and once in good circumstances, with three daughters between fourteen and twenty years of age, who struggled to live by the making of boys' caps. Their whole income, one week with the other, was under twelve shillings. The rent of their room was half-a-crown a week. In the eastern districts of the metropolis, in the neighbourhood of the docks, and by the river-side, there are many females engaged in making coal, corn, and other sacks. This is a rough, hard, and ill-paid work.

Women and girls also sort bristles, and make them into packets for the brush-makers. Any one quick at this, could earn from nine shillings to eleven shillings a week. In some dismal places we have seen women making flowers into bouquets. In apartments, the condition of which it is sad to think of, without furniture, the walls mouldy and rotten, women and children are to be seen chopping firewood. Sometimes they have no wood to chop; then there is distress indeed. A little while ago, the binding of boots and shoes used to be a fair means of employment for women; this is now chiefly done by machinery, and it is to be noticed that in various ways the employment of women is being removed from their own homes into workrooms and manufactories, where they are decently paid.

Many young girls are engaged in folding envelopes; but for this work, steam-machinery has also been brought into use. Many young females assist in the bookbinding business, in the packing-rooms of pickling warehouses, and in several kinds of manufactories. In connexion with the great fruit and vegetable markets of the metropolis, women and girls are employed in larger or smaller numbers according to the season; but this is a very uncertain means of livelihood. Female compositors in printing-offices, female copying-clerks, and, if possible, female hairdressers, are to be tried and talked of. Clearly, however, it will be long before there will be for a self-dependent orphan girl any safe and good

refuge from the necessity of living by instruction of the young, domestic service, or the needle.

CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

I WAS staying out of town by the sea, where I always do my own marketing; and, as the butlerman made a little funnel of paper in which to enclose my two new laid eggs, I saw a roll of yellow manuscript in faded ink lying in the drawer. "What's that?" I asked. "Waste," he replied. "May I look at it?" "Welcome," and he brought it out. A large roll of extra-size law-paper, marked outside, "Old Bailey, July Session, 1782, Middlesex. The King against George Weston and Joseph Weston, for felony. Brief for the prosecutor."

"Where did you get this?" I asked. "Come with the rest," he said; "pounds of it down stairs; nigh enough to fill my back cellar!" It was very tempting. I had no books save the half-dozen I had brought with me, and which I knew by heart; the evenings were dull and showery; I was getting horribly bored for want of something to read. "Will you sell me this roll of paper?" said I. "No; I'll gie 'em to ye," was his spirited response.

I carried the roll of paper home, and saw my landlady glance at it with undisguised horror as she observed it under my arm. Then, after I had dined, and the evening, as usual, had turned out showery, and nobody was left on the esplanade save the preventive man, wrapped in his oilskin coat, wearing his sou'-wester hat, and always looking through his telescope for something which never arrived, I lighted my reading candles, feathery with the corpses of self-immolated moths, and proceeded to look over my newly-found treasure. Very old, very yellow, very flyblown. Here is the heading of the first side: "Old Bailey. July Session, 1782. For Felony. Brief for the prosecution" (each item underscored), in the left hand corner. In the right hand, and kept together by a pen and ink coupling figure, "The King—" (so grand that they could not put anybody else in the same line, and are obliged to fill it up with a long stroke) "against George Weston, o'rwise Samuel Watson, and Joseph Weston, o'rwise Joseph Williams Weston, o'rwise William Johnson." Then follow six-and-twenty counts of indictment, and then comes the "case" whence I cull the facts of the story I am about to tell.

Between two and three o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 29th of January, 1781, the mail-cart bringing what was called the Bristol mail, with which it had been laden at Maidenhead, and which it should eventually have deposited at the London General Post-office, then in Lombard-street, was jogging easily along towards Cranford Bridge, between the eleventh and twelfth milestone, when the postboy, a sleepy-

headed and sickly young fellow (he died very shortly after the robbery), was awakened by the sudden stopping of his horses. Opening his eyes, he found himself confronted by a single highwayman, who presented a pistol at his head, and bade him get down from the cart. Half asleep, and considerably more than half terrified, the boy obeyed, slipped down, and glared vacantly about him. The robber, seeing some indecision in his young friend's face, kindly recalled him to himself by touching his forehead with the cold barrel of the pistol, then ordered him to return back towards Cranford Bridge, and not to look round if he valued his life. Such a store did the poor boy place upon this commodity, which even then was daily slipping from him, that he implicitly obeyed the robber's directions, and never turned his head until he reached the post-office at Hounslow, where he made up for lost time by giving a lusty alarm.

Hounslow Heath being at that time a very favoured spot for highway robberies, it was by no means uncommon for the denizens of Hounslow town to be roused out of their beds with stories of attack. On this occasion, finding that the robbers had had the impudence to lay their sacrilegious hands on his Majesty's mail, the Hounslowians turned out with a will, and were speedily scouring the country in different directions. Those who went towards the place where the boy had been stopped, hit upon the right scent. They tracked the wheels of the cart on the road leading from the great high road to Heston, and thence to the Uxbridge road, a short distance along that road towards London, and then along a branch road to the left leading to Ealing Common, about a mile from which, in a field at a distance of eight or ten miles from where the boy was robbed, lay the mail cart, thrown on its side and gutted of its contents. The bags from Bath and Bristol for London had been rifled, many of the letters had been broken open, the contents taken away, and the outside covers were blowing about the field. About twenty-eight letter-bags had been carried off bodily; some distance down the field was found the Reading letter-bag, rifled of its contents. Expresses were at once sent off to head-quarters, consternation in the City was very great, and advertisements, giving an account of the robbery and offering a reward, were immediately printed and distributed throughout the kingdom.

About nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 30th of January (before any account of the robbery could have arrived at Nottingham), a post-chaise rattled into the yard of the Black Moor's Head in that town, and a gentleman in a naval uniform alighted and requested to be shown to a room. In this room he had scarcely settled himself, before he rang the bell, and despatched the waiter to the bank of Messrs. Smith to obtain cash for several Bristol bills which he handed to him. Messrs. Smith declining these bills without some further statement, the gentleman in the naval uniform started

forth himself, and called at the counting-house of Messrs. Wright, old-established bankers in Nottingham, where he requested cash for a bank post bill, No. 11,063, dated 10th January, 1781, payable to Matthew Humphrys, Esq., and duly endorsed by Matthew Humphrys, but by no one else. Mr. Wright, the senior partner, peered over his gold spectacles at the gentleman in the naval uniform, and wished to know if he were Mr. Humphrys? As the naval gentleman replied in the negative, Mr. Wright requested him to endorse the bill, which the naval gentleman did, writing "James Jackson" in a rather feeble and illiterate scrawl, but receiving cash for his bill. Immediately on his return to the hotel, the naval gentleman ordered a post-chaise and left Nottingham on an agreeable trip to Mansfield, Chesterfield, Sheffield, Leeds, Wakefield, Tadcaster, York, Northallerton, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, and Carlisle; at each and every one of which places—such were his needs—the naval gentleman had to go to the bankers, and obtain cash for bills which he presented. Leaving Carlisle he departed by the direct road for London, and was not heard of for some days.

But so soon as the government advertisement arrived in Nottingham, the ingenious Mr. Wright was suddenly struck with an idea, and concluded (by a remarkable exercise of his intellectual forces) that the naval gentleman and the robber of the mail-cart were one and the same person. So he caused handbills descriptive of the naval gentleman's appearance to be printed and circulated, and he sent out several persons in pursuit of the purloiner of his hundred pounds. Amongst other places, a number of handbills were sent to Newark by stage-coach on Thursday, the 1st of February, addressed to Mr. Clarke, the postmaster, who also kept the Suracen's Head Inn. Unfortunately, this parcel was not opened until about noon on Friday, the 2nd of February; but the moment Mr. Clarke read one of the notices, he recollected that a gentleman in naval uniform had, about four hours before, arrived from Tuxford at his house in a chaise and four, had got change from him for a bank-note of 25*l.*, and had immediately started in another chaise and four for Grant-ham.

Now, was a chance to catch the naval gentleman before he reached London, and an instant pursuit was commenced, but the devil stood his friend so far, for he reached town about three hours before his pursuers. His last change was at Enfield-highway, whence a chaise and four carried him to town, and set him down in Bishopsgate-street between ten and eleven on Friday night. The postboys saw him get into a hackney-coach, taking his pistols and portmanteau with him; but they could not tell the number of the coach, nor where he directed the coachman to drive.

Having thus traced the highwayman to London, of course no one could then dream of taking any further steps towards his apprehension without consulting "the public office, Bow-

street," in the matter; and, at the public office, Bow-street, the affair was placed in the hands of one Mr. John Clark, who enjoyed great reputation as a clever "runner." Mr. John Clark's first act was to issue a reward for the appearance of the hackney-coachman—an act which was so effectual that, on Monday morning, there presented himself at Bow-street, an individual named James Perry, who said that he was the coachman in question, and deposed that the person whom he had conveyed in his coach the Friday night preceding was one George Weston, whom he well knew, having been a fellow-lodger of his at the sign of the Coventry Arms, in Potter's-fields, Tooley-street, about four months ago. He also said that Weston ordered him to drive to the first court on the left hand in Newgate-street, where he set him down, Weston walking through the court with his portmanteau and pistols under his arm. Further information than this, James Perry could not give. On Tuesday, the 6th of February, a coat and waistcoat, similar to those worn by the naval gentleman implicated in these transactions, were found in "Pimlico river, near Chelsea Waterworks," by one John Sharp; and, finally, Mr. Clark, of the public office, Bow-street, in despair at his want of success, advertised George Weston by name. But, although a large number of notes and bills were "put off" or passed between that time and the month of November, not the least trace could be had of him. Mr. Clark, of the public office, Bow-street, owned himself done at last, and so, in the pleasant round of highway robberies, foot-paderies, burglaries, and murders, the affair was almost forgotten.

In the middle of the month of October, a gentleman, dressed (of course) in the height of the mode, entered the shop of Messrs. Elliott and Davis, upholsterers, in New Bond-street, accompanied by an intimate friend, whom he addressed as Mr. Samuel Watson. The gentleman's own name was William Johnson; he had, as he informed the upholsterers, recently taken a house and some land near Winchelsea, and he wished them to undertake the furnishing of his house. The upholsterers, like cautious tradesmen, requested "a reference," which Mr. Johnson at once gave them in Mr. Hanson, a tradesman, residing also in New Bond-street. Mr. Hanson, on being applied to, said that Mr. Johnson had bought goods of him to the amount of 70*l.*, and had paid ready money. Messrs. Elliott and Davis were perfectly satisfied, and professed their readiness to execute Mr. Johnson's orders. Mr. Johnson's orders to the upholsterers were to "let him have everything suitable for a man of 500*l.* a year, an amount which he possessed in estates in Yorkshire, independent of the allowance made to him by his father, who had been an eminent attorney in Birmingham, but had retired upon a fortune of 2000*l.* a year." Elliott and Davis took Mr. Johnson at his word, and completed the order in style; then, about the middle of January, the junior partner started for Winchelsea, and took

the bill with him. Like a prudent man he put up at the inn, and made inquiries about his debtor. Nothing could be more satisfactory. Mr. Johnson lived with the best people of the county; Mr. Johnson went everywhere, and was a most affable, liberal, pleasant gentleman. So when Mr. Davis saw Mr. Johnson, and that affable gentleman begged him, as a personal favour, to defer the presentation of his little account until March, he at once concurred, and returned to London, to give Elliott a glowing account of his reception, and to inspire him with a certain amount of jealousy that he—Elliott—had not taken the account himself. March came, but Johnson's money came not: instead thereof a letter from Johnson, stating that his rents would be due on the 25th of that month, that he did not like to hurry his tenants, but that he would be in town the first or second week in April, and discharge the bill. Reading this epistle, Elliott looked stern, and was secretly glad he had not been to Winchelsea; while Davis, glancing over it, was secretly sorry he had said so much.

While the partners were in this state, in the second week in April, no money having in the mean time been forthcoming, enter to them a neighbour, Mr. Timothy Lucas, jeweller, who gives them good day, and then wants to know their opinion of one Mr. Johnson, of Winchelsea. "Why?" asked the terrified upholsterers. Simply because he had given their firm as reference, to the jeweller, who had already sold him, on credit, goods to the amount of 130*l.*, and had just executed an order for 800*l.* worth of jewellery, which was then packed and ready to be sent to Winchelsea. Now, consternation reigned in New Bond-street. Johnson's debts to Elliott and Davis were above 370*l.*; to Lucas above 130*l.*; immediate steps must be adopted; so writs were at once taken out, and the London tradesmen, accompanied by a sheriff's officer, set out to Winchelsea to meet their defrauder.

Early on Monday morning, the 15th of April, as they passed through Rye, on their way, they observed Mr. Johnson and his intimate friend, Mr. Samuel Watson, coming towards them on horseback, escorting a chariot within which were two ladies, and behind which was a groom on horseback. Davis the trusting, conscious of having temporarily nourished a snake in his upholstering bosom, pointed out Johnson to the sheriff's officer, who immediately rode up to arrest him, and was as immediately knocked down by Johnson with the butt-end of his riding-whip. The tradesmen rushed to their officer's assistance, but Johnson and Watson beat them off; and Watson, drawing a pistol, swore he would blow their brains out. This so checked the upholstering ardour, that Johnson and Watson managed to escape, returned in great haste, to Winchelsea, where they packed their plate and valuables, and made off at full speed across country, leaving directions for the ladies to follow them to London in the chariot.

Clearly the London tradesmen were non-plused; clearly the thing for them to do, was, to consult with the mayor and principal tradesmen of the town; clearly the place for the consultation was the coffee-room of the Nag's Head. In a corner of this coffee-room lay a ne'er-do-weel, a pothouse loiterer, a taproom frequenter, a man with the reputation of having once had brains which he had muddled away with incessant brandy-and-water. "Jack" he was called, and, if he had one peculiarity besides brandy-and-water, which was scarcely a peculiarity in Rye, it was his intense interest in all criminal matters. So, the tradesmen talked, and Jack listened, until they had given a description of the person of Mr. William Johnson, when Jack went away to the den which he called home, and, returning, requested to hear Mr. Johnson's appearance again described. Mr. Davis, the junior partner, looking upon Jack as a harmless lunatic, complied with the request. Jack gave a yell of delight, and, producing from under his ragged coat, the handbill issued from the public office, Bow-street, speedily showed that Mr. Johnson, of Winchelsea, and George Weston, the mail-robber, were one and the same person.

No sooner proved, than action taken. Off goes an express to the post-office. Mr. John Clark is torn from the bosom of his family and summoned to the public office, whence he despatches trusty satellites, with the result that Mr. Johnson, with his intimate friend Mr. Watson, are traced from various places to an hotel in Noel-street, near Wardour-street, Soho, where they slept on Tuesday night. Early on Wednesday morning, indefatigable Mr. John Clark, duly apprised, is at the door of the Noel-street hotel, relates to the landlord his errand, and requests the landlord's assistance: which the landlord refuses. Clark sends a bystander off to Bow-street for assistance, and the landlord proceeds to caution his guests, who immediately take alarm, and come slouching down stairs with their hands in their pockets. Clark, who is standing at the door, does not like their attitude, thinks it safest to let them pass, but as soon as they are fairly in the street, gives the alarm, "Stop thief! Stop mail robbers!" Out rushes a crowd in hot pursuit—pursuit which is temporarily checked by Messrs. Johnson and Watson each producing a brace of pistols, and firing three shots at their followers; but at last they are both captured.

So far my yellow-leaved, flyblown, faded brief-sheets, which tell me, moreover, that George Weston and Joseph Weston are the Johnson and Watson of the Winchelsea drama; that they will be proved to be brothers; that George Weston will be proved to be the highwayman and Joseph the receiver; and that there is a perfect cloud of witnesses ready to prove every indictment. I suppose they did prove it, for, turning back to the first outside folio, I find, in a different handwriting and a later ink, "Guilty"—to be hanged at Tyburn—May 3; and later still I see an ink cross, which, from

official experience, I know to be a record that the last memorandum had been carried out, and that the papers might be put by.

PARIS PICTURE AUCTIONS.

THE number of pictures sold at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris, in the course of a season, is about ten thousand. I have the printed catalogues of eight thousand two hundred and seventy-five, put up two years ago. But these are not all the catalogues of that year, and not all the canvases, panels and mill-boards, by any means are catalogued; so that the round estimate just given is, probably, some hundreds under rather than a single daub over the mark. Last year there went as many, this year as many or more are going. The demand since 1856 has been on the increase, and the supply keeps pace with it as regularly as though products of the soil or loom, and not of the brush, were in question. This working of an economic law in the department of the fine arts is the more noteworthy, in that it applies to the manufactures of dead as well as of living geniuses. Not that all this merchandise in oils and colours can be charged to the account of genius. Of the whole stock many indeed are admirable, many are abominable, and more are neither very praiseworthy nor blameworthy. There are specimens of all times, styles and schools, from high historic to low Dutch, from primary and ante-pre-Raphaelitic to 1863—not to say later. For there are youths, like Post-gamboe, who paint, as Herr Wagner composes music, for the future—mostly in high distemper. Their cutting contempt of the present and their prospective pretensions, remind one of the charlatan's razors, warranted to shave two days under the skin.

What is best, as well as most abundantly represented, however, at the Hotel, is contemporary French art. It is not extravagant to say that from the exhibitions there, of any one late past or of the passing season, a selection could be made, not only more extensive and more completely illustrative of French living artists, but on the whole more beautiful than the very fine but imperfect gallery of the Luxembourg. At a great interval, measured by numbers, but worthily next on the modern side, come the Belgians. The Germans—except the frequent ones who have studied in Paris, or still live and work here more or less in the French manner—are not greatly called for. Scarcely ten in the ten thousand are English—I mean, brought direct from across the Channel. The explanation of this would seem to lie rather in the high ruling prices of islanders' oil works at home, than in French dislike for English art; since English engravings, both modern and elderly, whether after British or foreign originals, are much sought for by cismarine collectors. Twice, in the bundle of catalogues above mentioned, I find the hard-pressed editorial expert attributing an atrocious daub to "Hogart." How the great satirist had smiled

at reading, and at seeing, the letter-press, and its correspondent botch on canvas! French of the last century and early part of this, occupy large spaces on the Drouotian walls. The old Italian and Spanish—mainly Italian—masters, with their endless train of pupils, imitators and copyists, mostly of the undoubtedly original varieties, are plenty as beggars in Rome, or ragamuffarons in Naples. Likenesses of Venetian signors and canals, landscapes unlike anything in nature, sacred subjects treated profanely, improper females mythologically and martyrologically labelled, masculine saints ugly as sinners—over all a general dispensation of dirt, liquorice-juice, and varnish of different schools; but every here and there true gold amid the rusty mass of base metal, veritable pearls among the oyster-shells. Along with these in quantity, surpassing them, in their kind and on the whole, by quality, come the Hollanders and Flemings. These last, whether they worked in landscape, marines, figures or still-life, are in great and growing vogue.

Monsieur Laneuville, one of the best approved professional experts of old paintings in Paris, whose father too was a Gamaliel expert, a quite elderly gentleman now, who has lived through almost as many revolutions of dillitaneism as of political régimes—between which, by the way, as intimate as curious relations are discoverable, having again their common relations in and with notable phenomena in the literature of France of the last past fifty years—Monsieur Laneuville, I say, tells me that the favour of the day is much less inclined than formerly to the large and classic Italian styles of art. The prevalent modern tendency is to realism, which though it is apt to degenerate to love of excessive detail on one side, and to mere vulgarity of subject and execution on the other, is mainly good. There is an accompanying tendency to exclusive specialities that are in a sort mechanical or of detail. Thus, the mere colour-seeker flouts drawing and expression. Another pays twelve thousand francs for a Meissonier, not because it is perfectly drawn and harmoniously coloured, or because it does or does not convey a thought or sentiment, but because of its microscopic size. Were its square inches multiplied into feet, I really believe that it might bring (with such a man) but the square root of its price. The changes of fashion in respect of art are as marked, and apparently as capricious, as in the matter of women's bonnets or men's coats. They might be made the theme of an instructive and even entertaining essay, for the study of which the Hotel offers a mine of documentary matter.

The sums paid for the ten thousand vary extremely and meanly, all the way from two or three or less francs for as many or more pieces put up in a lot, to hundreds of thousands of francs for one chef-d'œuvre. The last figure and style are much rarer than the first.

The highest figures recorded in the annals of our Institution, which was then situate on the Place de la Bourse, and known as the Hotel

Bouillon, were reached on the 19th of May, 1852, by the Conception, attributed to Murillo. It now hangs in the Square Saloon at the Louvre, where it is popularly stood before and admired for its beauty—and its price, five hundred and eighty-six thousand francs.

That was a great day, the day of its going. Veterans of the Hotel feel it an honour to have been present, and garrulously report its incidents, as who should say, *Magna pars fui*. The room was crowded and deoxygenated to the last degree of breathable unfragrance. How the emotion of the House rose with the titanic gradation of bids to the topmost holding-place of exaltation, if you have been an auction follower, you may imagine; if not you can't; and don't try, as I will not to describe. And how depict the finely-frenzied commissaire, his eye rolling up the sun at a thousand francs a glance! When his fateful hammer struck, the assembly expressed their relief from tension by one of those great sub-diaphragmatic "ahs!" such as impassioned orators and actors count among the most grateful signs of triumph; and loud applause issued from the public chest when the Director of the National Museum was announced as the purchaser. His serious rivals were an English nobleman and a Russian prince. Had the Marquis of Hertford and Prince Demidoff abstained from the contest, the French government would doubtless have won the prize at something like half the cost. In the same gallery there is the same subject differently treated by the same artist, which was acquired by Louis the Eighteenth in 1817 for six thousand francs. The very picture, along with two others by the same artist, was bought in 1835 for Louis Philippe at half a million francs. The bargain was broken a month afterwards, and it returned to the possession of Marshal Soult. Last February there was a sale of a collection of one of the Princes Demidoff, which brought in all eight hundred thousand francs. In it was the *Siratonice*, by Ingres, formerly owned by the Duke of Orleans, for which the agent of its present princely owner bid ninety-two thousand francs. It was said at the time that yet another prince of another French house was here, as he had been in a famous pamphlet-duel two years ago, the antagonist of the Duc d'Aumale, who else had got it cheaper. Had both princely customers stayed away, an undistinguished third party might have had it yet cheaper; had the vendor not been a prince, yet yet cheaper.

To return for a little to the Murillo. There are two malicious legends about it. One is, that the old monks gave the artist his bed and board, and some quite small daily wages for the time he worked, but the balance of his bill in notes of indulgences drawn beyond time. The other is, that Marshal Soult, while campaigning in Spain, conveyed it to his possession still less expensively, by indulging the modern monks in immunity from plunder by any one else. There are also two morose criticisms on it. One is, that it has been so repainted and repaired, as not to leave a clear hand breath of Murillo's original touch.

The other is, that Murillo never touched it, but that it is the work of his pupil and imitator, Ozorio Meneses. A good name in pictures is as immediate a jewel as in man and woman. It may be nothing to young ladies in love, and to the fame of roses, but to amateurs in the fine arts, and to the merits of pictures, there are bank-notes in a name. A Virgin and Child, called from the catalogue a Murillo, was sold at the Hotel five years ago for forty-five thousand francs; it had been bought a few years before, in an unchristened condition, for seven hundred and fifty.

The cabinet of M. Pierard was one of the finest broken up by the auctioneer's hammer, in 1859. It was remarkably rich in old Dutch and Flemish beauties. Those who do not chance even to have heard of the deceased M. Pierard of Valenciennes, should be advertised that he was not only an ardent lover and learned judge, but, as is apt to be the case with such, a very shrewd commercial connoisseur of art. Well, there was a Ruysdael that he had obtained long ago, when picture gathering was less the mode with carelessly wealthy collectors than it is now, for five thousand francs, and hugged himself over the bargain. But doubts afterwards arose, not as to the intrinsic worth of the same, but as to the authenticity of the signature. Monsieur X. took the benefit of the doubt and the picture for fifteen hundred francs. Somebody will hold himself lucky before many years to acquire it for an additional right-hand cipher. A beautiful marine went for seven hundred instead of seven thousand francs, because, unluckily for the heirs, it was signed doubtfully Solomon instead of assuredly Jacob Ruysdael; a Wouverman—with a white horse, of course—for over twenty-five thousand, that M. Pierard had paid three thousand francs. On the French side there was a concert attributed to Watteau, that stopped at sixteen hundred and fifty; could it have been certified it would have easily risen an octave of thousands higher. Watteaus, very rare now-a-days, if real, and very high priced, were to be had fifty years ago for the present cost of good engravings of them before the letter. Fifty years earlier again, his satin robed shepherdesses, his harlequins, and pierrots, his smiling landscapes and charming colour, were in yet unexhausted vogue. Boucher, his grosser successor, "le peintre des graces mignards et des amours bouffis," whose excessive fertility of production prevents rarity even to-day, and Fragonard, who fell with the Bourbons and Dubarry, before the Revolution and the hard Romanistic severity of David and his school, enjoy a similar though lesser, and less deserved, recovery of estimation, in the prevalent revival of a taste rather catholic than nice, at best eclectic rather than select.

At the Lord Seymour sale three seasons back, the Marquis of Hertford added to his immense magazine a Bonington, for fifty thousand francs, for which his brother had paid but four thousand five hundred. Bonington, apart from his intrinsic merit, which is great, has fashion in his favour; I mean that fashion is in

favour of those who have his works to sell. He was an Englishman, born in 1801, a pupil of Gros, deceased in 1828. Had his life been spared a decade longer, he needed to have been a busy man to brush over all the canvases now sold as his. Anything authentically his brings prices that would have been an astonishing comfort to the young artist. But critics had not then discovered, and amateurs had not been taught, that his worst sketches are better worth than he was recompensed for his finished efforts. You will have heard the story of Wiertz, the eccentric Belgian genius? It is said to be true; it is at least characteristic. His Death of Patroclus was refused admission to a certain exhibition one year, he not having then conquered reputation. To the next annual exhibition he sent in his own name a Rubens, which, by singular accident, was little known, and which the keen-eyed jury of examiners sternly sat on with the expected verdict of, Get thee behind me and not into our salon. One is constantly reminded of that refusal, by the wise heads of Leipzig University in 1661, of his doctoral degree to a young candidate, whose thesis read on that occasion now holds honoured place in all complete editions of the works of Leibnitz. Another Belgian, Gallait, was high content to receive for his first exhibited picture, in 1835, the sum of eighteen hundred francs. It has passed through various hands since, growing in estimation as it went, till it fell a few years ago into those of a Demidoff, who was also high content with his acquisition at twenty thousand francs. I think, without being sure, that the same is one of the seventeen choice pictures of the second of the Demidoff sales this year. It was carried off from other active competitors by the Marquis of Hertford for one hundred and fifty-five thousand francs. At the Houdelet sale, in 1857, was a little Chardin, bought by the Duke (then Count) de Morny—who, by the way, is a finely instinctive, as well as cultivated, virtuoso, besides being an ingenious playwright, a clever statesman, and a most successful man of business—bought, I say, the little Chardin for four thousand five hundred francs. M. Michel, who was present, whispered my by-sitting friend L., that he had once sold the identical Chardin for five hundred francs. Now everybody at the Hotel who knows the pere Michel—and every frequent body there does know him—knows that it is not in his nature or line ever to sell without handsome profit. At the Hope sale, in 1858, the gem was a Hobbema, which went under the hammer at forty-three thousand francs. It was not so large, perhaps not so complete, a specimen of that unrivalled landscapist, though more pleasing than the one of the famous Patureau sale of a preceding season, which was bought by a Berlin banker for a hundred thousand francs—his most profitable investment, if a constant income of refined pleasure, the endless joy that emanates from a thing of such beauty, can balance money dividends. They were both cheap, and neither could be had to-day, if freshly offered in the

Rue Drouot, for the same sums with accrued interest.

And here is fame for you. It is only in quite latter days that we have come to know that Meindert Hobbema was a contemporary of Ruysdael, to whom his works, despite notable distinctive qualities, were used to be attributed by connoisseurs in their vanity of possession, and "assigned" by unscrupulous traders in their greed for gain. In the two hundred and twenty catalogues of sales that occurred in Holland from 1684 to 1738, edited by Hoet, his name does not once appear. The teacher other than Nature herself, the nationality, the poor skeleton dates even of birth and death of this magic master of earth and air and heaven's boundless light, we are mainly in the dark about. It would seem probable, from the small number left us of his works, and from the few traces of his life, that he died young, "before his shadow lay long on the earth in the setting sun." As did Paul Potter and Bonnington at twenty-eight, Brauwer at thirty-two, Gericault at thirty-three, Giorgione at thirty-four, Ruysdael, Parmesan, and Watteau at thirty-seven, Corregio and Caravaggio at forty, Van Dyke and Del Sarto at forty-two, Cuyt at forty-three. Not, my dear young Green Lake, unappreciated modest hope of the new school, that your discoloured fancy should draw from this necrology of the early-called fatidic horoscope for self and further claims on the exhausted interest of friends. For Titian the Great lived to ninety-nine, and brave old Michael Angelo to ninety, Tintoretto and Claude Gelee to eighty-two, Pomataccio and Chardin to eighty, Greuze to seventy-nine, David to seventy-seven, Poussin to seventy-one, Paul Gerritzen, the miller's son, whom we are agreed to call Rembrandt van Ryn, to sixty-eight, Da Vinci, who was only not one of the famously great in science because he was greater in art, to sixty-four, Proudhon and Rubens, graceful purity and exuberant force, to sixty-three.

I was saying that Hobbemas used sometimes to be signed Ruysdael. It is far more usual now-a-days to put Hobbema, or some other name in good credit on the art exchange, to Ezyze's canvas. There are adepts in this peculiar department of what may be literally styled the literature of art. They are as erudite as skilful. The majority of amateurs—especially the fashionable sort, who are the majority—though they may have or come to have a more or less sincere love of art for art's sake, are most superficial, extrinsic connoisseurs. Their first ordinary question is before venturing to bid, "Is it signed?" The vendor is able to answer this question affirmatively oftener than he otherwise could, thanks to the professional monogrammatist. This counterfeiter has made a special study of signatures, not only materially of their i dottings and t crossings, but historically of their variations at different epochs. Thus he knows, and practises in accordance with his knowledge, that Hobbema signed his large pieces with christian and family name in full;

others simply M. Hobbema, others still Hobbema; that the letters should be small, irregular, greyish in colour, not too well formed nor too prominent, generally in the middle foreground on the ground, and not in the right or left-hand corners, rather indistinct, and without date. Rembrandt should be in the left not the right corner, in bitumen, with a long-tailed R: if in full, Rembrandt van Ryn, then the date should be affixed. A Proudhon, done before he went to Italy, should be signed in capitals P. P. P.; after that epoch, and according to circumstances, Prud'hon, or Pierre Paul Prud'hon, the letters traced as if with a tremulous hand. This matter of signatures is curiously insisted on by virtuos, even in cases that admit no question of authenticity. I know a Diaz, most marked with his marked manner of ten years ago—so far superior to his present degeneration—but by some accident not signed, sold in 1859 for four hundred francs, cheerfully signed next day by the master, and resold next year for six hundred francs to the same man whose bid was arrested a twelvemonth before at three hundred and forty.

The next best proof of worth after high birth is good social connexion. Next to signatures come seals. "You observe, gentlemen," remarks the expert, as he hands the dubious Correggio to the commissaire, "that the seal on the back of the frame shows this to have come from the gallery of Cardinal Fesch." And although it is as plain as any possible combination of pike-staves or hand-spikes that his eminence's gallery never could have warehoused all the works attributed to that magazine, it is as true as history and the laws of trade that any one work with such sealing-waxed proof of respectable local habitation and associate name sells five, ten, twenty per cent higher than though it lacked the cardinal's hat in red wax. A doubtful Scaraboechio, which, if a body only dare trust to his own eyes, is a sad waste of oils and pigments, has gained a certain value by sojourning in the cabinet of the Marquis of Bricabrac; if it can be shown that he had it from the dispersion of the celebrated gallery of the Duke d'Anganno, its Hotel price is often doubled. Again, as a man sometimes of low origin and poor character, and unaccustomed to good company, obtains credit by having the reputation of being regardless of expense, so a worthless picture may come to have money worth by running up an extravagant bill at the Hotel. The owner sends it there, gives some one an order to bid up to, say, nine hundred and fifty, and, acting as his rival, carries off himself at one thousand francs his own property that is dear at one hundred francs. When now he offers it for a real sale to an innocent amateur, as a charming bit, for a mere honest trifle of profit on its cost at auction, he has the commissaire's bill to show in proof. There are too numerous other tricks practised at the Hotel. Unhappily they are not peculiar to that institution, and need not be insisted on. The world is full of baits and hooks and gudgeons and hard lines, but abounds in pleasant places too, of

which, despite anything yet said, the Hotel is one. The dealings there are generally honest. If people will buy poor pictures sometimes for good ones, and pay dearly for them, the fault is oftenest their own. And since they oftenest derive pleasure from them that harms no one else, where is the fault? Suppose your Pittoraccio is not an original after all. What then, if you are persuaded that it is? But perhaps, you never bought a Pittoraccio, and do not know what "a plentiful supply of inward comforts and contentments it hath." I have and do. It was last year, from the "collection of M. D., sold on account of his leaving Paris—a cause de départ." There are M. D.s repeating in this way every winter by the Rue Drouot. The wayfarer may read on the dead walls large posters announcing the going of themselves, and effects. What undiscovered bournes they tend to, why their family initial is always D., whether they come back the next year with more galleries—these are among the mysteries of Paris. The D. cabinet was not stocked altogether with masterpieces. I seemed to recollect having seen parts of it at former similar sales, and recognised some of my passing acquaintance from the shops of the Rue Jacob and the Quais. The auction was advertised to commence at one o'clock "very precisely," which is French time for about two. I went early and took a front seat. At a quarter-past two the somewhat dingy object of my hopes was put upon the table. This was encouraging to the hopes, for prices rule considerably lower during the first half-hour or so than afterwards, when, to speak the language of the place, "la vente soit chauffée." This warming of the sale depends partly on the commissaire prisonier and crier and expert, whose respective reputations and consequent profits depend in turn largely upon their skill in this sort of calorification. They generally begin by throwing in the really or supposedly less important articles, without reference to their catalogue order, by way of kindling wood as it were. But besides their stoking and blowing, the house grows spontaneously more combustible with time. The magnetic emanations or what not of each individual are developed by attrition with his right and left-hand neighbours; the rising sympathies cumulate and fuse and re-act again with multiplied force on each individual, and, the official operators rubbing all the while, a sweeping electric current is established, running across the table with ever-increasing force and rapidity; and bids and cries and cries and bids leap back and forth like battle-dore and shuttlecock or live lightning.

The expert took it from the shelf, ran a sponge over it, gave it a last penetrating look away beneath the varnish, handed it to the commissaire, turned to the catalogue, and heralded: *Sainte Zitelia*, by Pittoraccio, No. 47. "Pittoraccio, No. 47 of the catalogue, *mesieurs!*" cried the commissaire. "*Sainte Zitelia*," shouted the crier, "at—how much?"—aside to the expert—"five hundred francs."

Five hundred francs, four hundred and ninety, eighty, and so down to three, two, one hundred, and still the house gave no sign. Which was rather a bad sign for me. The expert's first-announced figure is generally somewhere near what he, from his large experience, judges the picture will really bring. When no one interrupts such a gradation of tentatory falls as this, the probability is that half a dozen persons are watching and waiting each that the rest show their hands first. This constantly-recurring phenomenon is one of the many queerities of the Hotel. "Come now! Anything you will; dealer's price, *prix de marchand*, voyons! Ninety? Eighty? But, gentlemen!—a ravishing *morceau*—given for nothing—comes from the gallery of Cardinal Fiasco, as you may see from the seal with the cardinal hat on the back of frame—*voyons!*" So cry, and exhort, and announce, and oburgate the officials, till the crier has rattled down to seventy-five. Echo from the house answers, "Seventy-five." This is what may be called the seed price, which swells slowly by ones and twos to a hundred, where its growth is arrested. Then the commissaire, who has faith in its vitality, digs about it with his hammer, and pours out round about it his eloquence; and the expert takes a new look at the picture, and has the air of discovering new beauties and of confirming his original estimate of its originality; and *père Michel* then asks to see it, though he knows by heart its every line and speck of dirt, and scans it with intense keenness, veiled by thin indifference of manner, and grafts a fresh five on the hundred. Say now the present possessor of that *chef-d'œuvre* enters into the strife, holding it safe to go along with such a shrewd shop-dealer, whom he drives off the track at one hundred and seventy-five, and so hopes to have it. But some one two rows of chairs behind, or a standing member in the back of the house, or some other quidam quite invisible to him, has established communication with the wrong side of the tables, and rises another ten. I am hurt and warming, so I spring ten over him, angrily, perhaps fifteen: hichet a hatchet, up he goes, and up I, to two hundred and fifty, seventy, eighty, and so on. But I beat him in the end.

Here is the first enjoyment, which is of triumph. Then I got it cheap, which is enjoyment the second, of economy mixed with subtler ingredients. The pleasure of fishing or of gold-hunting is not in the money-value of the fish or of the nugget only; it is in the luck, in finding a firm foothold to the strained tiptoe of hope, instead of falling down, as was possible, on one's heels again, or further, lower back. To state the case arithmetically: You have bought to-day a Spaventole or a Van Abscheusen for ten pounds, which, rather than not have had, you would have paid forty pounds; on your way

home from the scene of your triumph, your pocket is picked of thirty pounds in money, or of a watch of that value: this night you lie down to rest an ever so much happier man than though you had paid forty pounds for your prize and had not had your pocket picked. The third enjoyment is in the carrying home of the picture—an enjoyment of which wealthy amateurs and impersonal national galleries and the like, who employ agents and porters, never taste. You hold the precious object fast, and warm, and proudly in your arms, like an Erling's daughter or the first-born heir of your house. The very aching of your muscles, so closely associated with the reward of the effort, spices the pleasure. You slip along through side-streets to get on the sooner to where you can gloat in freedom over your treasure. You feel for passengers you meet, who have no Pittoraccios under their arms, the gratefully-mingled sentiment of gratitude for your favoured lot, and of cheap compassion creditable to your humanity for their deprivations. You hurriedly snatch the key from the concierge, mount the stairs two at a time to your own door, tremulously miss the keyhole for two minutes, and are now at home. You set Pittoraccio on a chair by the window, then on another chair by another window; you try him, bis in idem, by all the lights from sunrise to sundown, and by lamp and candle; you hang him by the book-case, and cut him down to re-hang him by the door, new merits of execution coming out at every turn. Next you show him to your friends, and consult them for opinions, which, if they are persons of taste, are affirmative and congratulatory.

That having lasted for a few days, then come further enjoyments, the most exquisite of all, to wit, the cleaning process, the removal of the varnish, the almost discovery of a signature, the complete discovery of the master's touch and quality, and the crowning glory of re-varnishing. But here words fail—like merchants in a financial crisis, at the very moment when need is sorest—and I shut up shop.

Although further consideration and comparison have led me to the conviction that the so-called *Sainte Zitella* of Pittoraccio is a burgomaster's wife by Van Schmieren, the real value of that *chef-d'œuvre* is rather increased than diminished by the change of attribution.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,

A New Series of Occasional Papers

By CHARLES DICKENS,

WILL BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Now ready, bound in cloth, price 6s. 6d.,

THE NINTH VOLUME.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 229.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THERE was not a moment to lose, so Green emptied the pocket-book into his hat, and sifted the contents in a turn of the hand, announcing each discovery in a whisper to his excited, and peering, associates:—

"A lot of receipts."

"Of no use to any one but me," said the prisoner earnestly.

"Two miniatures; gold rims, pinchbeck backs."

"They are portraits of my children when young: Heaven forgive me, I could not give them up to my creditors: surely, surely, you will not rob me of them."

"Stash your gab," said Mr. Green roughly. "Here's a guinea, Queen Anne's reign."

"It belonged to my great-grandfather: take it, but you will let me redeem it; I will give 5*l*. for it, poor as I am: you can leave it on my doorstep, and I'll leave the 5*l*."

"Stow your gab. Letters; papers covered with figures. Stay, what is this? a lot of memoranda."

"They are of the most private and delicate character. Pray do not expose my family misfortunes." And Mr. Hardie, who of late had been gathering composure, showed some signs of agitation; the two figures glaring over his shoulder shared it, and his remonstrance only made Green examine the papers keenly: they might contain some clue to the missing money. It proved a miscellaneous record: the price of Stocks at various days; notes of the official assignee's remarks in going over the books, &c. At last, however, Green's quick eye fell upon a fainter entry in pencil; figures: 1, 4; yes, actually 14,000*l*. "All right," he said: and took the paper close to the lantern, and began to spell it out:

"'This day Alfred told me to my face I had 14,000*l*. of Captain Dodd's. We had an angry discussion. What can he mean?' Drs. Wycherley and Osmond, this same day, afflicted me with hints that he is deranged, or partly. I saw no signs of it before. Wrote to my brother entreating him to give me 200*l*. to replace the sum which I really

have wronged this respectable and now most afflicted family of. I had better withdraw——'" Here Mr. Hardie interrupted him with sorrowful dignity: "These are mere family matters; if you are a man, respect them."

Green went reading on like Fate: "'Better withdraw my opposition to the marriage, or else it seems my own flesh and blood will go about the place blackening my reputation.'"

Mr. Hardie stamped on the ground. "I tell you on my honour as a gentleman there's no money there but my grandfather's guinea. My money is all in my waistcoat-pocket, where you *will not* look."

A flutter of uneasiness seemed to come over the detective: he darkened his lantern, and replaced the pocket-book hurriedly in the prisoner's breast, felt him all over in a minute, and, to keep up the farce, robbed him.

"Only eight yellow boys," said he contemptuously to his mates. He then slipped the money back into Hardie's coat-pocket, and conducted him to his own gate, tied him to it by the waist, and ordered him not to give the alarm for ten minutes on pain of death.

"I consent," said Mr. Hardie, "and thank you for abstaining from violence."

"All right, my tulip," said Mr. Green cheerfully; and drew his companions quietly away. But the next moment he began to run, and, making a sudden turn, dived into a street, then into a passage, and so winded and doubled till he got to a small public-house: he used some flash word, and they were shown a private room. "Wait here an hour for me," he whispered; "I must see who liberates him, and whether he is really as innocent as he reads, or we have been countermined by the Devil's own tutor."

The unexpected turn the evidence had taken, evidence of their own choosing too, cleared Mr. Hardie with the unprofessionals. Edward embraced this conclusion as a matter of course, and urged the character of that gentleman's solitary traducer; Alfred was a traitor, and therefore why not a slanderer?

Even Sampson, on the whole, inclined to a similar conclusion.

At this crisis of the discussion a red-haired pedlar, with very large whiskers and the remains of a black eye, put his head in, and asked whether Tom Green was there. "No," said the Doctor

stoutly, not desiring company of this stamp. "Don't know the lad."

The pedlar laughed: "There is not many that do know him at all hours; however, he *is* here, sir." And he whipped off the red hair, and wiped off the black eye, and lo Green ipse. He received their compliments on his Protean powers, and told them he had been just a minute too late; Mr. Hardie was gone, and so he had lost the chance of seeing who came to help him, and of hearing the first words that passed between the two: this, he said, was a very great pity; for it would have shown him in one moment whether certain suspicions of his were correct. Pressed as to what these suspicions were, he begged to be excused saying any more for the present. The Doctor however would not let him off so, but insisted on his candid opinion.

"Well, sir," said Green, "I never was more puzzled in my life, owing to not being near hand when he was untied. It looks all square however. There's only one little thing that don't fit somehow."

They both asked in a breath what that was.

"The sovs. were all marked."

They asked how he knew; and had he got them in his pocket to show?

Green uttered a low chuckling laugh: "What me fake the beans, now I live on this side the hedge? never knew a cove mix his liquors that way but it hurt his health soon or late. No, I took them out of one pocket, and felt of them as I slipped them into the other. Ye see, gents, to do any good on my lay, a man must train his senses as well as his mind: he must have a hare's ear, and a hawk's eye, a bloodhound's nose, and a lady's hand with steel fingers and a silk skin. Now look at that bunch of fives," continued the master; and laid a hand white and soft as a duchess's on the table: "it can put the bracelets on a giant, or find a sharper's nail-mark on the back of the knave of clubs. The beans were marked. Which it is a small thing, but it don't fit the rest. Here's an unsuspecting gent took by surprise, in moonlight meditation fancy free, and all his little private family matters found in his innocent bosom quite promiscuous; but his beans marked: that don't dovetail nohow. Gents, did ever you hear of the man that went to the bottom of the bottomless pit to ease his mind? Well, he was the head of my family: I must go to the bottom whether there's one or not. And just now I see but one way."

"And what is that?" inquired both his companions in some alarm.

"Oh, I musn't threaten it," said Green, "or I shall never have the stomach to do it. But dear me, this boozing ken is a very unfit place for you, you are champagne-gents not dog's nose ones. Now you part and make tracks for home, one on foot, and one in a fly. You won't see me, nor hear of me again, till I've something fresh."

And so the confederates parted, and Sampson

and Edward met at Albion Villa; and Edward told his mother what they had done, and his conviction that Mr. Hardie was innocent, and Alfred a slanderer as well as a traitor: "And indeed," said he, "if we had but stopped to reflect, we should have seen how unlikely the money was not to be lost in the Agra. Why the 'Tiser says she went to pieces almost directly she struck. What we ought to have done was, not to listen to Alfred Hardie like fools, but write to Lloyd's like people in their senses. I'll do it this minute, and find out the surviving officers of the ship: they will be able to give us information on that head." Mrs. Dodd approved; and said she would write to her kind correspondent Mrs. Beresford: and she did sit down to her desk at once. As for Sampson he returned to town next morning, not quite convinced, but thoroughly staggered; and determined for once to resign his own judgment, and abide the result of Mrs. Dodd's correspondence and Mr. Green's sagacity. All he insisted on was, that his placard about Alfred should be continued: he left money for this, and Edward against the grain consented to see it done. But placards are no monopoly: in the afternoon only a section of Sampson's was visible in most parts of the town by reason of a poster to this effect pasted half over it:

"FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD.

"Whereas yesterday evening at 10 o'clock Richard Hardie Esq. of Musgrove Cottage, Barkington, was assaulted at his own door by three ruffians, who rifled his pockets, and read his private memoranda, and committed other acts of violence, the shock of which has laid him on a bed of sickness, the above reward shall be paid to any person, or persons, who will give such information as shall lead to the detection of all or any one of the miscreants concerned in this outrage.

The above reward will be paid by Mr. Thomas Hardie of Clare Court Yorkshire."

On this the impartial police came to Mr. Hardie's and made inquiries. He received them in bed, and told them particulars: and they gathered from Peggy that she had heard a cry of distress, and opened the kitchen door; and that Betty and she had ventured out together, and found poor master tied to the gate with an old cord; this she produced, and the police inspected and took it away with them.

At sight of the Notice, Edward felt cold and then hot, and realised the false and perilous position into which he had been betrayed: "So much for being wiser than the law," he said: "what are we now but three footpads?" This, and the insult his sister had received, made the place poison to him; and hastened their departure by a day or two: the very next day (Thursday) an affiche on the walls of Albion Villa announced that Mr. Chippenham, auctioneer, would sell next Wednesday on the premises the greater part of the furniture, plate, china,

glass, Oriental inlaid boxes and screens, with several superb India shawls, scarfs, and dresses; also a twenty-one years' lease of the villa; seventeen to run.

Edward took unfurnished apartments in London, near Russell-square: a locality in which, as he learned from the 'Tiser, the rooms were large and cheap; he packed just so much furniture as was essential; no knick-knacks. It was to go by rail on Monday; Mrs. Dodd and Julia were to follow on Tuesday: Edward to stay at Barkington and look after the sale.

Meantime their secret ally, Mr. Green, was preparing his threatened coup. The more he reflected the more he suspected that he had been outwitted by Peggy Black; she had led him on, and the pocket-book had been planted for him. If so, why Peggy was a genius, and in his own line; and he would marry her, and so kill two birds with one stone: make a Detective of her (there was a sad lack of female Detectives); and, once his wife, she would split on her master, and he should defeat that old soldier at last, and get a handsome slice of the 14,000.

He manœuvred thus; first, he went back to London for a day or two to do other jobs, and to let this matter cool: then he returned, and wrote from a town near Barkington to Peggy Black, telling her he had been sent away suddenly on a job, but his heart had remained behind with his Peggy: would she meet him at the gate at nine that evening? He had something very particular to say to her. As to the nature of the business the enclosed would give her a hint. She might name her own day, and the sooner the better.

The enclosed was a wedding ring.

At nine this extraordinary pair of lovers met at the gate; but Peggy seemed hardly at her ease; said her master would be coming out and catching her; perhaps they had better walk up the road a bit. "With all my heart," said Green; but he could not help a little sneer: "Your master?" said he: "why he is your servant, as I am. What, is he jealous?"

"I don't know what you mean, young man," said Peggy.

"I'll tell you when we are married."

"La, that is a long time to wait for my answer: why, we ain't asked in church yet."

"There's no need of that; I can afford a special license."

"Lawk a daisy: why you be a gentleman then."

"No, but I can keep my wife like a lady."

"You sounds very tempting," murmured Peggy, throwing her skirt over her head—for a drizzle was beginning—and walking slower and slower.

Then he made hot love to her, and pressed her hard to name the day.

She coquetted with the question till they came near the mouth of a dark lane, called Lovers' Walk; then, as he insisted on an answer, she

hung her head bashfully, and coughed a little cough. At which preconcocted signal a huge policeman sprang out of the lane and collared Mr. Green.

On this Peggy, who was all Lie from head to heel, uttered a little scream of dismay and surprise.

Mr. Green laughed.

"Well, you *are* a downy one," said he. "I'll marry you all the more for this."

The Detective put his hands suddenly inside the policeman's, caught him by the bosom with his right hand by way of fulcrum; and with his left by the chin, which he forced violently back, and gave him a slight Cornish trip at the same moment; down went the policeman on the back of his head a fearful crack: Green then caught the astonished Peggy round the neck, kissed her lips violently, and fled like the wind; removed all traces of his personal identity, and up to London by the train in the character of a young swell, with a self-fitting eye-glass and a long moustache the colour of his tender mistress's eyebrow: tow.

From town he wrote to her, made her a formal offer of marriage; and gave her an address to write to "should she at any time think more kindly of him and of his sincere affection."

I suppose he specified sincere because it was no longer sincere: he hurled the offer into Musgrove Cottage by way of an apple of discord; at least so I infer from the memorandum, with which he retired at present from the cash-hunt.

"Mr. Hardie has the stiff, I think: but, if so, it is planted somewhere; doesn't carry it about him; my Peggy is his mistress: nothing to be done till they split."

Victorious so far, Mr. Hardie had still one pressing anxiety; Dr. Sampson's placard: this had been renewed, and stared him everywhere in the face. Every copy of it he encountered made him shiver: if he had been a man of impulse, he would have torn it down wherever he saw it: but he knew that would not do. However, learning from Jane, who had it from old Betty, who had it from Sarah, that Mrs. and Miss Dodd would leave for London the day before the sale, and Edward the day after it, he thought he might venture in the busy intermediate time to take some liberties with it. This he did with excellent tact and judgment; Peggy and a bill-sticker were seen in conference, and, soon after, the huge bills of a travelling circus were pasted right over both the rival advertisements in which the name of Hardie figured. The consequence was, Edward raised no objection; he was full of the sale for one thing; but I suspect he was content to see his own false move pasted over on such easy terms.

On the Monday morning Peggy brought in the letters, and Jane saw one in Alfred's handwriting. She snatched it up, and cried "Papa, from

Alfred!" And she left off making the tea, while her father opened it with comparative composure.

This coolness, however, did not outlast the perusal: "The young ruffian!" said he: "would you believe it, Jenny, he accuses me of being the cause of his last business."

"Let me see, papa."

He held her out the letter; but hesitated and drew it back: "My dear, it would give you pain to see your poor father treated so. Here's a specimen: 'What could they expect but that the son of a sharper would prove a traitor? You stole her money; I her affections, of which I am unworthy.' Now what do you think of that?"

"Unhappy Alfred!" said Jane. "No, papa, I would not read it, if you are insulted in it. But where is he?"

"The letter is dated Paris. See!" And he showed her the date: "but he says here, he is coming back to London directly; and he orders me in the most peremptory way to be ready with my accounts, and pay him over his fortune. Well, he is alive at all events: really my good, kind, interfering, pragmatical, friend Sampson with his placards made me feel uneasy, more uneasy than I would own to you, Jenny."

"Unhappy Alfred!" cried Jane, with the tears in her eyes; "and poor papa!"

"Oh never mind me," said Mr. Hardie; "now that I know no harm has come to him, I really don't care a straw: I have got one child that loves me, and that I love."

"Ah yes, dear, dear papa, and that will always love you, and never, never, disobey you in small things or great." She rose from the table and sealed this with a pious kiss; and, when she sat down with a pink flush on her delicate cheek, his hard eye melted and dwelt on her with beaming tenderness. His heart yearned over her, and a pang went through it: to think that he must deceive even her, the one sweet soul that loved him!

It was a passing remorse, the successful plotter soon predominated, and it was with unmixed satisfaction he saw her put on her bonnet directly after breakfast, and hurry off to Albion Villa to play the part of his unconscious sieve.

He himself strolled in the opposite direction, not to seem to be watching her.

He was in good spirits; felt like a general, who, after repulsing many desperate attacks successfully, orders an advance, and sees the tide of battle roll away from his bayonets. His very body seemed elastic, indomitable; he walked lustily out into the country, sniffed the perfumed hedges, and relished life. To be sure he could not walk away from all traces of his misdeeds; he fell in with objects, that to an ordinary sinner might have spoiled the walk, and even marred the spring-time; he found his creditor Maxley with grizzled beard, and bloodshot eyes, belabouring a milestone; and two small boys quizzing him, and pelting him with mud: and soon

after, he met his creditor, old Dr. Phillips, in a cart, coming back to Barkington to end his days there, at the almshouse. But to our triumphant Bankrupt and Machiavel these things were literally nothing; he paced complacently on, and cared no more for either of those his wrecks, than the smiling sea itself seems to care for the dead ships and men it washed ashore a week ago.

He came home before luncheon for his gossip with Jane; but she had not returned. All the better; her budget would be the larger.

To while the time he got his file of the Times, and amused himself noting down the fluctuations in Peruvian bonds.

While thus employed he heard a loud knock at his door, and soon after Peggy's voice and a man's in swift collision. Hasty feet came along the passage, the parlour door opened, and a young man rushed in pale as ashes, and stared at him; he was breathless, and his lips moved, but no sound came.

It was Edward Dodd.

Mr. Hardie rose like a tower and manned himself to repulse this fresh assault.

The strange visitor gasped out, "You are wanted at our house."

CHAPTER XXXV.

JANE HARDIE found Albion Villa in the miserable state that precedes an auction; the house raw, its contents higgledy-piggledy. The stair carpets, and drawing-room carpets, were up, and in rolls in the dining-room; the bulk of the furniture was there too; the auction was to be in that room. The hall was clogged with great packages, and littered with small, all awaiting the railway carts; and Edward, dusty and deliquescent, was cording, strapping, and nailing them at the gallop, in his shirt sleeves.

Jane's heart sank at the visible signs of his departure. She sighed; and then, partly to divert his attention, told him hastily there was a letter from Alfred. On this he ran upstairs and told Mrs. Dodd; and she came down stairs, and took Jane up softly to her friend's room.

They opened the door gently, and Jane saw the grief she was come to console; or to embitter.

Such a change! instead of the bright, elastic, impetuous, young beauty, there sat a pale languid girl, with "weary of the world" written on every part of her eloquent body; her right hand dangled by her side, and on the ground beneath it lay a piece of work she had been attempting; but it had escaped from those listless fingers: her left arm was stretched at full length on the table with an unspeakable abandon, and her brow laid wearily on it above the elbow. So lies the wounded bird, so droops the broken lily.

She did not move for Jane's light foot. She often sat thus, a drooping statue, and let people come and go unheeded.

Jane's heart yearned for her. She came softly

and laid a little hand lightly on her shoulder, and, true to her creed that we must look upward for consolation, said in her ear, and in solemn, silvery tones, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Julia turned at this and flung her arms round Jane's neck, and panted heavily.

Jane kissed her, and, with the tears in her eyes, proceeded to pour out, from a memory richly stored with Scripture, those blessed words it is full of, words that in our hours of ease or biblical criticism pass over the mind like some drowsy chime; but in the bitter day of anguish and bereavement, when the body is racked, the soul darkened, shine out like stars to the mariner; seem then first to swell to their real size and meaning, and come to writhing mortals like pitying seraphim, divinity on their faces and healing on their wings.

Julia sighed heavily: "Ah," she said, "these are sweet words. But I am not ripe for them. You show me the true path of happiness: but I don't *want* to be happy; it's *him* I want to be happy. If the angels came for me and took me to heaven this moment, I should be miserable there, if I thought *he* was in eternal torment; ay, I should be as miserable there as I am here. Oh Jane, when God means to comfort me, He will show me *he* is alive; till then words are wasted on me, even Bible words."

"Tell her your news, my dear," said Mrs. Dodd quietly. She was one of those, who take human nature as it is, and make the best of it.

"Julia dear," said Jane, "your fears are extravagant; indeed: Alfred is alive, we know."

Julia trembled, but said nothing.

"He has written to-day."

"Ah! To you?"

"No, to papa."

"I don't believe it. Why to him?"

"But I saw the letter, dear; I had it in my hand."

"Did you read it?" asked Julia, trembling now like an aspen, and fluttering like a bird.

"No, but I read the address, and the date inside, and I saw the handwriting; and I was offered the letter, but papa told me it was full of abuse of him, so I declined* to read it; however, I will get it for *you*."

Mrs. Dodd thanked her warmly; but asked her if she could not in the mean time give some idea of the contents.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Dodd: papa read me out a great deal of it. He was in Paris, but just starting for London: and he demanded his money and his accounts. You know papa is one of his trustees."

"Well, but," said Mrs. Dodd, "was there nothing—nothing about—?"

"Oh, yes, there was," said Jane, "only I—well then, for dear Julia's sake—the letter said, 'What

wonder the son of a sharper should prove a traitor? *You* have stolen her money, and *I* her affections, and—oh, I can't, I can't.'" And Jane Hardie began to cry.

Mrs. Dodd embraced her like a mother, and entered into her filial feelings: Mrs. Dodd had never seen her so weak, and, therefore, never thought her so amiable. Thus occupied they did not at first observe how these tidings were changing Julia.

But presently looking up they saw her standing at her full height, on fire with wrath and insulted pride.

"Ah, you have brought me comfort," she cried. "Mamma, I shall hate and scorn this man some day, as much as I hate and scorn myself now for every tear I have shed for him."

They tried to calm her, but in vain; a new gust of passion possessed the ardent young creature, and would have vent. She reddened from bosom to brow, and the scalding tears ran down her flaming cheeks, and she repeated between her clenched teeth, "My veins are not filled with skim-milk, I can tell you: you have seen how I can love, you shall see how I can hate." And with this she went haughtily out of the room, not to expose the passion which overpowered her.

Mrs. Dodd took advantage of her absence to thank Jane for her kindness, and told her she had also received some letters by this morning's post, and thought it would be neither kind on her part nor just to conceal their purport from her. She then read her a letter from Mrs. Beresford, and another from Mr. Grey, in answer to queries about the 14,000*l*.

Sharpe, I may as well observe, was at sea; Bayliss drowned.

Mrs. Beresford knew nothing about the matter.

Mr. Grey was positive Captain Dodd, when in command, had several thousand pounds in his cabin: Mrs. Beresford's Indian servant had been detected trying to steal it, and put in irons: believed the lady had not been told the cause—out of delicacy: and Captain Roberts had liberated him. As to whether the money had escaped the wreck—if on Captain Dodd's person, it might have been saved; but if not, it was certainly lost: for Captain Dodd to his knowledge had run on deck from the passengers' cabin the moment the ship struck, and had remained there till she went to pieces; and everything was washed out of her.

"Our own opinion," said Mrs. Dodd, "I mean Edward's and mine, is now, that the money was lost in the ship; and you can tell your papa so, if you like."

Jane thanked her, and said she thought so too; and what a sad thing it was.

Soon after this Julia returned, pale and calm as a statue, and sat down humbly beside Jane: "O, pray with me," she said: "pray that I may not hate, for to hate is to be wicked; and pray that I may not love, for to love is to be miserable."

* This was one of those involuntary inaccuracies which creep into mortal statements.

Mrs. Dodd retired, with her usual tact and self-denial.

Then Jane Hardie, being alone with her friend, and full of sorrow, sympathy, and faith, found words of eloquence almost divine to raise her.

With these pious consolations Julia's pride and self-respect now co-operated; relieved of her great terror, she felt her insult to her fingers' ends: "I'll never degrade myself so far as to pine for another lady's lover," she said. "I'll resume my duties in another sphere, and try to face the world by degrees. I am not quite alone in it: I have my mother still—and my Redeemer."

Some tears forced their way at these brave, gentle words. Jane gave her time.

Then she said: "Begin by putting on your bonnet, and visiting with me. Come with one who is herself thwarted in the carnal affections; come with her and see how sick some are, and we two in health; how racked with pain some are, and we two at ease; how hungry some, and we have abundance; and, above all, in what spiritual deserts some lie, while we walk in the gospel light."

"Oh that I had the strength," said Julia; "I'll try."

She put on her bonnet, and went down with her friend: but at the street door the strange feeling of shame overpowered her: she blushed, and trembled, and begged to substitute the garden for the road. Jane consented, and said everything must have a beginning.

The fresh air, the bursting buds, and all the face of nature, did Julia good; and she felt it: "You little angel," said she, with something of her old impetuosity, "you have saved me. I was making myself worse by shutting myself up in that one miserable room."

They walked hand in hand for a good half hour, and then Jane said she must go: papa would miss her. Julia was sorry to part with her, and almost without thinking accompanied her through the house to the front gate; and that was another point gained. "I never was so sorry to part with you, love," said she. "When will you come again? We leave to-morrow. I am selfish to detain you; but it seems as if my guardian angel was leaving me."

Jane smiled. "I must go," said she, "but I'll leave better angels than I am behind me. I leave you this: 'Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God!' When it seems most harsh, then it is most loving. Pray for faith to say with me, 'Lead us by a way that we know not.'"

They kissed one another, and Julia stood at the gate and looked lovingly after her, with the tears standing thick in her own violet eyes.

Now Maxley was coming down the road, all grizzily and bloodshot, baited by the boys, who had gradually swelled in number as he drew nearer the town.

Jane was shocked at their heathenish cruelty, and went off the path to remonstrate with them.

On this, Maxley fell upon her, and began beating her about the head and shoulders with his heavy stick.

The miserable boys uttered yells of dismay, but did nothing.

Julia uttered a violent scream, but flew to her friend's aid, and crying, "Oh you wretch! you wretch!" actually caught the man by the throat and shook him violently: he took his hand off Jane Hardie, who instantly sank moaning on the ground, and he cowered like a cur at the voice and the purple gleaming eyes of the excited girl.

The air filled with cries, and Edward ran out of the house to see what was the matter; but on the spot nobody was game enough to come between the furious man and the fiery girl. The consequence was her impetuous courage began to flag, and her eye to waver; the demented man found this out by some half animal instinct, and instantly caught her by the shoulder and whirled her down on her knees: then raised his staff high to destroy her.

She screamed, and was just putting up her hands, woman-like, not to see her death as well as feel it, when something dark came past her like a rushing wind, a blow, that sounded exactly like that of a paving ram, caught Maxley on the jaw; and there was Edward Dodd blowing like a grampus with rage, and Maxley on his back in the road; but men under cerebral excitement are not easily stunned, and know no pain: he bounded off the ground, and came at Edward like a Spanish bull. Edward slipped aside, and caught him another ponderous blow that sent him staggering, and his bludgeon flew out of his hand, and Edward caught it; lo! the maniac flew at him again more fiercely than ever: but the young Hercules had seen Jane bleeding on the ground: he dealt her assailant in full career such a murderous stroke with the bludgeon, that the people, who were running from all quarters, shrieked with dismay, not for Jane, but for Maxley; and well they might: that awful stroke laid him senseless, motionless, and mute, in a pool of his own blood.

"Don't kill him, sir; don't kill the man," was the cry.

"Why not?" said Edward sternly. He then knelt over his sweetheart and lifted her in his arms like a child. Her bonnet was all broken, her eyes were turned upwards and set, and a little blood trickled down her cheek; and that cheek seemed streaked white and red.

He was terrified, agonised; yet he gasped out, "You are safe, dear, don't be frightened."

She knew the voice.

"Oh, Edward!" she said, piteously and tenderly: and then moaned a little on his broad bosom. He carried her into the house out of the crowd.

The poor old doctor, coming in to end his days in the almshouse, had seen it all: he got out of his cart and hobbled up. He had been

in the army, and had both experience and skill. He got her bonnet off, and at sight of her head looked very grave.

In a minute a bed was laid in the drawing-room, and all the windows and doors open; and Edward, trembling now in every limb, ran to Musgrove Cottage, while Mrs. Dodd and Julia loosened the poor girl's dress, and bathed her wounds with tepid water (the doctor would not allow cold), and put wine carefully to her lips with a teaspoon.

"Wanted at your house, pray what for?" said Mr. Hardie superciliously.

"Oh, sir," said Edward, "such a calamity. Pray come directly. A ruffian has struck her, has hurt her terribly, terribly."

"Her! Who?" asked Mr. Hardie, beginning to be uneasy.

"Who! why Jane, your daughter, man; and there you sit chattering, instead of coming at once."

Mr. Hardie rose hurriedly and put on his hat, and accompanied him, half confused.

Soon Edward's mute agitation communicated itself to him, and he went striding and trembling by his side.

The crowd had gone with insensible Maxley to the hospital; but the traces of the terrible combat were there. Where Maxley fell the last time, a bullock seemed to have been slaughtered at the least.

The miserable father came on this, and gave a great scream like a woman, and staggered back white as a sheet.

Edward laid his hand on him, for he seemed scarce able to stand.

"No, no, no," he cried, comprehending the mistake at last; "that is not hers—Heaven forbid! That is the madman's who did it; I knocked him down with his own cudgel."

"God bless you! you've killed him, I hope."

"Oh, sir, be more merciful, and then perhaps He will be merciful to us, and not take this angel from us."

"No! no! you are right: good young man. I little thought I had such a friend in your house."

"Don't deceive yourself, sir," said Edward; "it's not you I care for:" then, with a great cry of anguish, "I love her."

At this blunt declaration, so new and so offensive to him, Mr. Hardie winced, and stopped bewildered.

But they were at the gate, and Edward hurried him on. At the house door he drew back once more; for he felt a shiver of repugnance at entering this hateful house, of whose happiness he was the destroyer.

But enter it he must; it was his fate.

The wife of the poor Captain he had driven mad met him in the passage, her motherly eyes full of tears for him, and both hands held out to him like a pitying angel.

"Oh, Mr. Hardie," she said in a broken voice,

and took him, and led him, wonderstruck, stupefied, shivering with dark fears, to the room where his crushed daughter lay.

A HANDFUL OF HUMBUGS.

WHAT is a Humbug? A Humbug is one who, standing at the Great Tribunal of Public Opinion, endeavours to wrest from those before whom he appears, a verdict more favourable than his rightful claims justify. Humbug is an absurd offence, however, rather than a crime: which is indicated by the fact that this peculiar kind of misdeed has got to be called by a name, which has in it something comic. Such words as Hypocrite, Deceiver, Perjurer, are applied to the more serious offenders in this way. We change our tone when we talk of a Humbug. We do not suppose him to be covering base designs with a specious exterior carriage; he has no such aims in view, as lie in the black heart of an Iago or a Tartuffe. He is only an ambitious sinner; a man who feels his deficiencies, and tries by any means to hide them. He is to a certain extent, no doubt, a cheat, but he does not want to cheat you out of your money or your property, but only out of a little—or a great deal if he can get it—of your admiration and respect.

Humbug, then, being an offence against the social, and not the civil or criminal code, is only punishable socially. The penalty commonly enforced against it, is of a negative rather than a positive sort, and consists in the WITHDRAWAL OF CONFIDENCE. Of course, this particular punishment is administered in a greater or a less degree, according to the nature of the offence—nay, in many cases it is omitted altogether. Perhaps Cordial Humbug is the most heavily visited in this way, though I am not at all sure that it is the worst form in which this vice shows itself. Be that as it may, Cordial Humbug is a thing that people will not stand.

When Mr. Hearty, meeting you on your return from Boulogne, grasps your hand and almost wrings it off, exclaiming at the same moment, "Dear old boy—how glad I am to see you back again—now come, let's hear all about your travels"—when this happens, you will, if you know the world, return Hearty's greeting civilly, and, asking after Mrs. Hearty, will soon bring the interview to a close. But if, on the other hand, you are really ignorant of the nature of Hearty and his tribe, you will probably launch out into some account of how you have passed the last fortnight, when it is not unlikely that Mr. H. will interrupt you by remarking that "you cannot tell him about it there, but that you must come and see him, and then you can have a long comfortable talk about it—now, when will you come and have a chop?" Hearty concludes by asking, "Well," you reply, "let me see, this is Monday. On Tuesday I've got to make some arrangements about sending my boy to school, and Wednesday there's—" "Ah," cries Hearty, who has been getting

immensely fidgety, "I see you are a good deal occupied at first coming home. It's natural enough that you should be. Dear me, there's Sir John Cashbox! Will you excuse me for one moment? I shall see you in a day or two, and then we'll appoint a meeting when you're not so busy. Good-by, good-by, I'm so delighted to have seen you." And then he runs off after the eminent banker, and you see no more of him for a good six months. And so it is with his offers of service. "If I had seen you two days ago—only two days—I could have got the thing as easily as possible, but now I am afraid it's just too late. However, I'll see what can be done; you know there's no one in the world I am under greater obligations to than yourself, my dear boy; and no one, I may safely say, whom I should be so anxious to serve." Of course, after a few of these little displays of friendly feeling, you are perfectly ready to give a vote of "want of confidence" in Mr. Hearty, and you say with the rest of the world, "he's a Humbug."

Intimately allied with Cordial Humbug is what we may call Polite Humbug. Cordial Humbug is on the decline, and I am not sure but the same may be affirmed of Polite Humbug too. It was a very harmless development of the vice, and for the most part leniently regarded by mankind.

What an interesting thing it would be to go back into the annals of the past, with a view of making researches into the History of Humbug. To do this thoroughly, it would be needful to dig out the burial records of all historical characters, apply to each of them in turn the Great Humbug Test, and see how he stood it. When Diogenes took up his residence in that tub of his—which I fear was not often used for ablutionary purposes, and in which I have no doubt he made himself excessively comfortable—he knew that Alexander would come and see him, that the interview would be reported faithfully in the Court Circular of the period, and, in short, that the circumstance would make a great sensation, and bring the philosopher into notice—or, as we say now, before the public. And then that lantern business! Did it or did it not show a considerable amount of cool self-confidence that he was to constitute himself the only judge of honesty—implying, of course, how very honest he was—and going peering about to look for others who should be good enough to keep him company? And a lantern too! What possible use was there for that lantern? Do people not show their honesty by broad daylight? Does it require lamp-light to develop it? It is a blessed thing to think how in these days Diogenes would be harassed by the British policeman, and how he would be directed to "move on," and to take "them things," meaning the tub and the lantern, and the rest of his theatrical properties, along with him.

I suppose it is not the *most* wonderful thing in the world, but it certainly is one of the *most* wonderful things, that this tremendous old impostor should have made the sensation he did,

and left the mark he has left on the history of the world. He was a Humbug—a highly successful Humbug of the Rough School. As the first and the greatest of the Rough Humbugs we own his greatness; otherwise it would certainly be high time for some historical Quixote to have a drive at him full tilt, causing that eternal tub to collapse once for all, shivering the lantern into an everlasting smash, and scattering the fragments to the four winds.

As to the acknowledged Humbugs of history, such as Richard the Third, or Henry the Eighth, or Louis the Eleventh of France, they stand confessed as arant Humbugs. They would form good landmarks in the history of this vice, supposing any one should undertake to write it, and the Historian might make a great deal of the remarkable power of humbugging the ladies of his acquaintance possessed by the hump-back, and the singular capability shown by the more recent Humbug for humbugging himself.

Sir Walter Raleigh, and that business of the cloak and the puddle. What are we to say about that affair? May we claim Sir Walter for a Humbug? Surely he knew what he was about, when he made that celebrated artful move of his. He knew that it would pay—pay for a new cloak, pay for the refurbishing of the old one. I shouldn't be the least surprised if the cloak *was* an old one. Or perhaps it was a garment to which the owner had taken a dislike. Such things happen. I have myself a coat which never did, and never will, behave well about the collar: which I would cheerfully cast into a puddle if I could get a reasonable opportunity. Then one would like to know about the exact nature of that historical puddle. If it was not a very wet puddle, it would not do so very much damage. But even supposing it did, could not Sir Walter wear it after all, saying that that stain was the garment's proudest decoration, and should never be effaced?

It is lamentable to think what vile suspicions will sometimes creep into the human mind, and how hard, when once lodged there, they are to get rid of. Do what I will, and fight against it as I may, I cannot shake off a sort of dim impression, by which I am perpetually haunted:—to wit, that dear old Izaak Walton was a little wee bit touched with the disease whose characteristics we are considering. This is a horrible confession. The man's memory is worshipped by a large circle of adorers, and to say a disparaging word concerning him is to be guilty of an act next door to church-burglary; yet somehow there is a slight impression of Humbug left on the mind by the perusal of the celebrated work which has made "old Izaak's" reputation. There is an intense consciousness of superior virtue in the tone of the writer—as it comes out in the talk of the character who plays first fiddle in the dialogue—which is aggravating. Then there is a little too much combining of religion and angling: "Indeed, my friend," says Piscator, "you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of

other blessings, attending upon it." In another place, the same speaker defends the pastime of angling by the example of the apostles, who, be it remembered, were fishermen by trade, and fished, not for pleasure, but to get a living. Here is some wondrous special pleading: "Concerning which last—namely, the Prophet Amos—I shall make but this observation, that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the Prophet Isaiah, may easily believe Amos to be, not only a shepherd, but a good-natured, plain fisherman. Which I do rather believe by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble Epistles of St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, whom we know were all fishers, with the glorious language and high metaphors of St. Paul, who we may believe was not. And for the lawfulness of fishing it may very well be maintained by our Saviour's bidding St. Peter cast his hook into the water and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to Cæsar." Here, again, is a verse from the angler's song, in which the writer represents himself to be a follower of the apostles—in angling: a pursuit, by-the-by, in which they probably did not engage.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon here
Blest fishers were, and fish the last
Food was, that he on earth did taste.
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom he to follow him hath chose.

A man may as well say that, because Sir Humphry Davy was fond of fishing as a relaxation from scientific pursuits, he (the reasoner) was a follower of Sir Humphry Davy, because he was an angler. Here is a cruel bit of Humbug from the same song:

And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing sometimes I find
Will captivate a greedy mind.

The trout is not "greedy," but hungry, be it observed, and this is a cruel and wicked perversion of terms. A trout, angling for old Izaak, about breakfast time, with a bit of that "powdered beef" of which he was so fond, might have applied the same term to this "gentle angler" when he gobbled up the morsel, and, indeed, might have spouted the whole of the verse.

In an amiable little passage, again, directing the harmless fisherman how to bait his hook with a live frog, there occurs an expression which the reader will view with abhorrence: "Put your hook through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then, with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming-wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and, in so doing, *use him as though you loved him*, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer." There is a sanguinary treacherousness about this, "as

if you loved him," which almost makes one's flesh creep.

But, as if to complete the evidence against himself, and to prove that we have not misjudged our old friend Izaak, we find him further on in his celebrated treatise allying himself with one whom we have just denounced as an especial and Arch-Humbug: "Let me tell you, scholar," says our author, "that Diogenes walked, one day, with a friend to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles and hobby-horses, and many other gimeracks; and having observed them, and all the other finimbrums that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, 'Lord! how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need.'" Walton was a Humbug of the Simple and Amiable sort.

Is not his portrait against him? No doubt it was the fashion of the age in which he lived to wear the hair long, and in curls; but this does not excuse Izaak's style of coiffure, much less a certain combination of intense amiability with cunning and stingingness, which seems to me to pervade his countenance: the latter qualities being especially developed about the corners of the mouth and among the crow's-feet which lie near the eyes. As a general rule, I have observed that men stricken in years, who wear grey hair very long, put behind their ears, and curling on the shoulders, are invariably Humbugs, and are not uncommonly tremendous Bores into the bargain.

When Burke in the middle of one of his most splendid orations, suddenly plucked a dagger from his bosom, and flinging it upon the floor of the House of Commons, exclaimed, "This is what you will gain by an alliance with France"—when our illustrious statesman was guilty of this performance, he perpetrated one of the most complete and finished acts of Humbug on record. Consider the preparation that must have been made to carry this affair into effect. Consider how the performer must have gone to the drawer of his cabinet of curiosities to search for that dagger, how he must have made sure of its fitting easily in the sheath—for his effect would have been ruined if it had stuck at the last moment, or come out of his waistcoat sheath and all—how he must have rehearsed in his study the best way of flinging it down, how he must have secreted it inside his waistcoat, perhaps dined with it there, felt that it was all right from time to time while chatting freely with friends in the lobbies of the House, given it a last loosening touch just before it was wanted, and then—flourished it out with a gleam and a twinkle before that august assembly!

Humbug is losing its hold upon the people of the newer generation. It still has its votaries, however, who cling to it—its votaries, its priesthood, and its Temple—a certain mighty Hall not a hundred miles from the Strand. I have heard that in that same Hall the song of Sally in our Alley may not be sung, because Sally's lover asserts that of all the days in the week he "dearly loves but one day,

And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday.

For then oh ! drest all in my best,
I walk abroad with Sally :
She's the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley."

The Hall is of opinion that, although it is not here openly avowed, that the lovers do *not* go to church, there is yet a certain vagueness about this "walking abroad," which renders the song unfit to be sung within that Temple of Hum—ility. It is also on record that the national song of "Rule Britannia" is forbidden within its walls: not because it is a somewhat stupid and boastful piece of poetry, but because in the chorus to the song are to be found the words "Britannia rules the waves." Now it is not Britannia, says Exeter Hall, that rules the waves.

After this, we may drop the subject of Humbug, dreading anti-climax.

GAZETTING EXTRAORDINARY.

QUEEN SABE? Who knows? is an exclamation constantly in the mouth of every Spaniard, from the hidalgo to the water-carrier. Que seais-je? What do I know? perpetually asks Michael de Montaigne in his Essays. When they prated of the universal knowledge of some one, to Archdeacon Paley, the old theologian bade them ask their friend if he knew how oval frames were turned. We are told that the cobbler should stick to his last, and that, provided he is acquainted with all the appliances of his trade, the mysteries of under and double-soleing, wetting, pressing, fronting, clumping, taking up, screw-pegging, and bevelling the edges, he need not bother himself about flints in the drift, or waste his midnight oil in endeavouring to find an antidote to disinfecting fluid. But suppose he does not know all about his own trade—suppose the cobbler has not got the length of his last properly in his mind—suppose there are combinations of cobbling of which he is ignorant—a style of boot-making of which he has never heard—what then? This is just where the shoe pinches the writer who has now the honour to address you. The desk is his lapstone, the pen his awl, the ink his thread, the paper his material. He calls himself a skilled workman, and as such he ought to know all the branches of journalism, the trade to which he is affiliated. He thought he did know them all, in knowing the ordinary daily papers, the weekly press, the "organs" of various classes, the "sporting organ," with its singular phraseology and recondite lore; the illustrated papers, wherein are always to be found exactly the same crowds of blob-headed faceless people staring with the same interest at royal processions, railway accidents, volunteer reviews, or the laying of foundation-stones, and wherein, week after week, with singular pertinacity, are presented engravings of trowels used in the last-named operation, engravings of ink-

stands presented to mayors, and engravings of other deeply-interesting trophies. He knew that architects and builders, booksellers and publishers, had periodicals specially devoted to their interests, and well conducted; and he once saw The Grocer, and learnt from its pages that there were groceries called manna-croup and melado, and cheeses known as Gouda, Kauter, and Edam, new milk. But it is only within the last few days that he has become acquainted with the existence of two publications of very peculiar qualities—organs steeped from the title to the imprint in matter relating to poverty and crime. They are both worth glancing through.

The first is owned by, edited by, and bought by, our—your—everybody's—uncle. Here it is (London edition), price threepence, or ten shillings per annum, eight large quarto pages, The Pawnbroker's Gazette. Not "News," or "Journal," or "Herald," but "Gazette," as if to pleasantly remind its readers, of bankruptcies, and unredeemed pledges, and forced sales consequent thereupon. Printed and published in the highly legal and erst Insolvent Court locality of Serle's-place, Lincoln's Inn, this valuable organ has pursued the pawning tenor of its way for the last twenty-five years, gladdening the hearts of its subscribers by appearing with unfailing regularity once in every week. It bloomed into existence, therefore, concurrently with chartism and other national benefits; perhaps dilated on the eternal fitness of pawnbrokers, on the occasion of the Queen's marriage, the Duke of Wellington's funeral, and other great celebrations wherein portable property changed hands, and is now ably deprecating "the restrictions upon trade which are contained in the twenty-first section of the Pawnbrokers Act." We learn from the number before us that "recent events naturally attract attention" to these restrictions, and ignorantly wonder what these "recent events" can possibly be. Carefully perusing this leading article, we come upon what seems the self-evident proposition, that "pawnbroking is a delicate operation," and are at once plunged into a reverie on the delicacy of pawning. We, in our utter ignorance, read "pawnbroking" from the outside point of view. Irresolute pacings in front of the shop, mock interest in the articles for sale, affectedly careless swaggerings through the front or purchaser's door, and furtive dartings into the private entrance round the corner, are the only images the phrase "delicate operation" conjures up. What can you expect of a man who never heard of the baleful twenty-first section, and who had no notion of pawnbrokers save as stern appreciative beings, mysteriously blessed with an unlimited supply of ready money, and entertaining, to a man, cynical doubts as to the value of jewellery, and an unpleasant distrustfulness as to the quality of gold. But this "delicate operation" refers, not to the tendering, but to the acceptance of pledges, which, says the Gazette, "calls for great experience and knowledge of the world in those engaged in it."

We believe this so implicitly, that we find our-

self sneering with the writer at "no person under the age of sixteen being permitted to receive pledges," and saying with him that it savours of "the burlesque conditions of the oath which our fathers were presumed to take at Highgate." By this time, we have lost all sympathy with pawnbrokers, and are so imbued with the spirit of the paper as to feel every inch a Pawnee. Adopting, as is our habit, the tone and opinions of the journal we are reading, we assert boldly that "the poor and ignorant are many of them most improvident in their habits;" we regret "it is impossible to repress this kind of improvidence by Act of Parliament;" we laugh with scorn at the absurdity of the supposition that "the pawnbroker has a natural bias towards the receipt of stolen goods;" and we say that it is annoying to the regular licensed trader "to see the well-intentioned efforts of the legislature only play into the hands of the dolly-shop keeper." We read the peroration of the article with a complacent feeling that it "settles" all profane people who would cast a doubt upon the divine right of pawnbroking, and so come triumphantly to the answers to correspondents. We are gratified to learn from the first of these that "in the event of any article pledged being found on redemption to have become damaged by rats and mice," we (regarded as a pawnbroker) are not liable to make good such damage, provided (and this is all important) we "keep up such an efficient staff of cats as a prudent man would be bound to do under such circumstances." Before we have decided on the exact minimum number of those domestic animals consonant with prudence, we are plunged into another "answer," wherefrom we find that under certain circumstances (not named) "the magistrates have the power to order the delivery of the property;" and that we "can do nothing but submit until the pledger returns to England;" when, if he has sworn falsely, he may "be prosecuted for perjury." Turning in due course to the police intelligence, we find it has been carefully selected, with an eye to the interests of the trade. Impudent robbery of coats from a pawnbroker's; a daring fellow who has broken a pawnbroker's window; a pawnbroker charged with dealing in plate without a license; and a pawnbroker as witness against a prisoner; are the principal cases reported; they curiously serve to show the various phases of life permeated by the golden balls.

The report of the monthly meeting of the committee of "The Metropolitan Pawnbrokers' Protection Society" is also very agreeable reading, though we regret to find that "the effort to have an annual dinner this year was unsuccessful," and that "out of one hundred and seventy-three invitations issued, each requesting the courtesy of a reply, only twenty-one had met with any response." This regret is soon dissipated, however, in the vast interest inspired by the subjects brought before the committee. That the world is in a conspiracy against pawnbrokers, and that the most cautious conduct and the most complete organisation, are necessary, is obvious from this record.

A member of the society applies for assistance and advice, under the trying circumstance of an owner demanding property stolen from him, and pledged. Advice promptly given, assistance refused. Solicitor to society unfeeling remarks there can be no doubt that the pawnbroker must give up the property, if it is identified; committee concur in his opinion. Committee return a similar answer to an application from a member for the means of defence (already refused by "the district committee") in connexion with some stolen and pledged silk; and justify their refusal by the remark that "no successful resistance can possibly be made." Discussion on a felonious and absconding pawnbroker's assistant; on a pawnbroker who stopped goods, offered under suspicious circumstances; on a case wherein property had been pledged by a wife, and redeemed by a husband (on a legal declaration that the ticket was lost): whereupon husband and wife adjourn to the Divorce Court, and wife's solicitor produces ticket, and claims the pledged property on her behalf; upon "duffing" jewellery made specially to swindle the trade; and other kindred topics; prove that the sweet little cherubs who sit in committee at Radley's Hotel keep watch over the life and interests of every poor Jack whose profession is pawnbroking, and who falls among thieves, or otherwise knows trouble. These cherubs must not be confounded with the "Assistant Pawnbrokers' Benevolent Society," which is much agitated on "Mr. Floodgate's case," and a report of whose meeting is on the next page.

Not without difficulty, for the particulars are given in former numbers of the Gazette, which we have not seen, do we make out that Mr. Floodgate is a pawnbroker's shopman, who is being prosecuted for an alleged breach of the law relating to the purchase of precious metals. The Assistants' Society has met to discuss the propriety of furnishing him with the means of defence, and though some of its members express a strong opinion that it is the duty of "a master to defend his young man," still a committee is appointed to collect subscriptions on Mr. Floodgate's behalf. The solicitor informs us that "a defence may be conducted for twenty pounds, twenty-five pounds, thirty pounds, or, in fact, for *any amount*, according to the talent which might be retained," and hints that, "to defend this case in a style commensurate with the prosecution, we may be put to an expense of eighty or even one hundred pounds."

We feel this to be a good round sum, but preferring it to the vague "any amount" previously mentioned, we separate, determined that our fellow-assistant shall be properly represented on the day of trial. That day of trial is now past; let us hope, therefore, that our efforts were not unavailing, and that Mr. Floodgate is (if wrongfully charged) at this moment making out duplicates, and rejoicing in the friendly protection afforded him by the society. Passing by the literature of the Gazette, we come to the advertising pages. Here we have more proof of the usefulness of the paper, by finding every

conceivable pawnbroking want appealed to. We can have, for one shilling, post free, "A table of the rates of profits allowed to be taken by pawnbrokers on intermediate sums;" for five shillings, "A statistical account of the operations in the Monte de Piété of France, Belgium, and Ireland, and of pawnbroking in England, with suggestions for its improvement."

If we be of an antiquarian turn, a barrister-at-law has prepared for us "The Law of Pawns:" which is not a work on chess, but a collection of adjudged cases, together with some historical account of the system of lending money on pawns, as practised by tradesmen, companies, and governments. Again, if we be a buyer, as well as a mortgagee, of miscellaneous property, three firms of auctioneers announce sales of unredeemed pledges, on every day in the ensuing week. Pawnbroking businesses to be disposed of; pawnbroking tickets for the "sale trade;" "boldly written, at from ninepence the gross;" pawnbroking duplicate tickets, of "a firmness and substance hitherto unsurpassed," numbered consecutively from one to ten thousand, no two tickets in the same month to bear a similar number, and no two tickets to be alike for two years; pawnbrokers' assistants who want places; and pawnbrokers who want assistants; are all headings to the advertisements. Youths, sharp active youths, young men, respectable young men, men of experience, men of from six to seventeen years' experience in the taking of pledges, countermen, salesmen innumerable, are open to engagements. The respectable young men mostly aspire to "a situation as third," whatever that may be; the youths are able to write tickets as well as serve at the counter; while the salesmen and men of experience can, as a rule, "mark for the window," and take the management in the absence of the principal.

Of the other journal we had indirectly heard. For in the Newgate Calendar are there not constant references to the Bow-street Runners' organ, the Hue and Cry? The Bow-street Runners are gone, it is years since we read the Newgate Calendar, and now we find that the Hue and Cry has given up that thrilling title, and calls itself the Police Gazette.

It is published by authority, and is of similar size and shape to the journal just described. It is, however, very different in style and tone, presenting neither leading article, answers to correspondents, reports of public meetings, or advertisements proper. We say advertisements proper, because the whole paper is filled with advertisements of a kind, but they are inserted free of charge, and were never liable to duty. The "wants," which occupy its columns, are wants of criminals still at large. The paper before us is thus subdivided. Four pages are taken up with "Informations," and four with the names of deserters from her Majesty's service. The "Informations" are subdivided into "Murder and Maliciously Wounding;" "Robbery and Larceny from the Person;" "Burglary and Housebreaking;" "Horse and Cattle Steal-

ing;" "Larceny and Embezzlement;" "Frauds and Aggravated Misdemeanors;" "Miscellaneous;" "Property Stolen;" and "Property Found by Police Officers" (on the persons of prisoners and elsewhere). The style of this journal is of the closest, for it merely gives, as it professes, "the substance of all informations received in cases of felony, and of misdemeanors of an aggravated nature, and against receivers of stolen goods, reputed thieves and offenders escaped from custody, with the time, the place, and the circumstance of the offence. The names of persons charged with offences, who are known, but not in custody, and a description of those who are not known, their appearance, dress, and other marks of identity. The names of accomplices and accessories, with every particular which may lead to their apprehension. A description, as accurate as possible, of property that has been stolen, and a minute description of stolen horses, for the purpose of tracing and recovering them." The facility of mental metempsychosis which made us a pawnbroker just now, converts us into a police constable while reading this statement of the scope and bearing of the Police Gazette. We open it at our provincial station-house, and, coming over the descriptions to see whether any of them apply to the two suspicious-looking tramps we saw lurking about the manor-house yesterday when we were on duty, fail in this, but in one of the advertisements we recognise the plausible talkative man we met at the cross-roads on Sunday, who seemed for all his talkativeness to shun our eye, and whom we heard of afterwards as inquiring the way to the next town. We report our discovery, a message is sent to the police superintendent of that town, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that the Blucher boots with a small hole in one toe, will shortly carry their owner into Stamford jail. The extreme particularity of these descriptive "informations," is carried down to scars on the thumb, to peculiar modes of pressing the lips when speaking, to the accent of the voice, and to the expression of the eye. The dress in which "wanted" persons were last seen, down to the patches on their trousers, the cut and material of their coats, the amount of wear had out of their hats and boots, the size of the plaits in their shirts, and the colour of their stockings, is faithfully reproduced; and we rise from the perusal of this portion of the news from Bow-street, convinced that we shall soon hear of a large proportion of the one hundred and ten "informations" it contains, resulting in the apprehension of the persons described. Subsequently we turn to the list of deserters, the reward for whose apprehension has, since 1857, been twenty shillings instead of ten. We carefully note the tabulated columns, headed respectively, name, number of regiment, corps, where born, trade, age, size, hair, eyes, face, coat, trousers, date of desertion, marks, and remarks. Upwards of a thousand deserters from the militia and line are here described; the sea-service, including the marines, does not furnish a fourth of that number.

Instructed and edified, we put aside our newly-discovered periodicals, with an inaudibly expressed hope that our distinguished name may never figure in the columns of either.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

"It is neither a bold nor a diversified country," said I to myself, "this country which is three-quarters Flemish, and a quarter French; yet it has its attractions too. Though great lines of railway traverse it, the trains leave it behind, and go puffing off to Paris and the South, to Belgium and Germany, to the Northern Sea-Coast of France, and to England, and merely smoke it a little in passing. Then I don't know it, and that is a good reason for being here; and I can't pronounce half the long queer names I see inscribed over the shops, and that is another good reason for being here, since I surely ought to learn how." In short, I was "here," and I wanted an excuse for not going away from here, and I made it to my satisfaction, and stayed here.

What part in my decision was borne by Monsieur P. Saley, is of no moment, though I owe to encountering that gentleman's name on a red bill on the wall, before I made up my mind. Monsieur P. Saley, "par permission de M. le Maire," had established his theatre in the white-washed Hôtel de Ville, on the steps of which illustrious edifice I stood. And Monsieur P. Saley, privileged director of such theatre, situate in "the first theatrical arrondissement of the department of the North," invited French-Flemish mankind to come and partake of the intellectual banquet provided by his family of dramatic artists, fifteen subjects in number. "La Famille P. SALEY, composée d'artistes dramatiques, au nombre de 15 sujets."

Neither a bold nor a diversified country, I say again, and withal an untidy country, but pleasant enough to ride in, when the paved roads over the flats and through the hollows, are not too deep in black mud. A country so sparsely inhabited, that I wonder where the peasants who till and sow and reap the ground, can possibly dwell, and also by what invisible balloons they are conveyed from their distant homes into the fields at sunrise and back again at sunset. The occasional few poor cottages and farms in this region, surely cannot afford shelter to the numbers necessary to the cultivation, albeit the work is done so very deliberately, that on one long harvest day I have seen, in twelve miles, about twice as many men and women (all told) reaping and binding. Yet have I seen more cattle, more sheep, more pigs, and all in better case, than where there is purer French spoken, and also better ricks—round swelling peg-top ricks, well thatched: not a shapeless brown heap, like the toast out of a Giant's toast-and-water, pinned to the earth with one of the skewers out of his kitchen. A good custom they have about here, likewise, of prolonging the sloping tiled roof of farm or cottage, so that it overhangs three

or four feet, carrying off the wet, and making a good drying place wherein to hang up herbs, or implements, or what not. A better custom than the popular one of keeping the refuse-heap and puddle close before the house door: which, although I paint my dwelling never so brightly blue (and it cannot be too blue for me, hereabouts), will bring fever inside my door. Wonderful poultry of the French-Flemish country, why take the trouble to be poultry? Why not stop short at eggs in the rising generation, and die out and have done with it? Parents of chickens have I seen this day, followed by their wretched young families, scratching nothing out of the mud with an air—tottering about on legs so scraggy and weak, that the valiant word drumsticks becomes a mockery when applied to them, and the crow of the lord and master has been a mere dejected case of croup. Carts have I seen, and other agricultural instruments, unwieldy, dislocated, monstrous. Poplar-trees by the thousand fringe the fields and fringe the end of the flat landscape, so that I feel, looking straight on before me, as if, when I pass the extremest fringe on the low horizon, I shall tumble over into space. Little whitewashed black holes of chapels, with barred doors and Flemish inscriptions, abound at roadside corners, and often they are garnished with a sheaf of wooden crosses, like children's swords: or, in their default, some hollow old tree with a saint roosting in it, is similarly decorated, or a pole with a very diminutive saint cushioned aloft in a sort of sacred pigeon-house. Not that we are deficient in such decoration in the town here, for, over at the church yonder, outside the building, is a scenic representation of the Crucifixion, built up with old bricks and stones, and made out with painted canvas and wooden figures: the whole surmounting the dusty skull of some holy personage (perhaps), shut up behind a little ashy iron grate, as if it were originally put there to be cooked, and the fire had long gone out. A windmilly country this, though the windmills are so damp and rickety, that they nearly knock themselves off their legs at every turn of their sails, and creak in loud complaint. A weaving country, too, for in the wayside cottages the loom goes wearily—rattle and click, rattle and click—and, looking in, I see the poor weaving peasant, man or woman, bending at the work, while the child, working too, turns a little hand-wheel put upon the ground to suit its height. An unconscionable monster, the loom in a small dwelling, asserting himself ungenerously as the bread-winner, straddling over the children's straw beds, cramping the family in space and air, and making himself generally objectionable and tyrannical. He is tributary, too, to ugly mills and factories and bleaching-grounds, rising out of the sluiced fields in an abrupt bare way, disdaining, like himself, to be ornamental or accommodating. Surrounded by these things, here I stood on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, persuaded to remain by the P. Saley family, fifteen dramatic subjects strong.

There was a Fair besides. The double persuasion being irresistible, and my sponge being left behind at the last Hotel, I made the tour of the little town to buy another. In the small sunny shops—mercers, opticians, and druggist-grocers, with here and there an emporium of religious images—the gravest of old spectacled Flemish husbands and wives sat contemplating one another across bare counters, while the wasps, who seemed to have taken military possession of the town, and to have placed it under wasp-martial law, executed warlike manœuvres in the windows. Other shops the wasps had entirely to themselves, and nobody cared and nobody came when I beat with a five-franc piece upon the board of custom. What I sought, was no more to be found than if I had sought a nugget of Californian gold: so I went, spongeless, to pass the evening with the Family P. Saley.

The members of the Family P. Saley were so fat and so like one another—fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, uncles, and aunts—that I think the local audience were much confused about the plot of the piece under representation, and to the last expected that everybody must turn out to be the long-lost relative of everybody else. The Theatre was established on the top story of the Hôtel de Ville, and was approached by a long bare staircase, whereon, in an airy situation, one of the P. Saley Family—a stout gentleman imperfectly repressed by a belt—took the money. This occasioned the greatest excitement of the evening; for, no sooner did the curtain rise on the introductory Vaudeville, and reveal in the person of the young lover (singing a very short song with his eyebrows) apparently the very same identical stout gentleman imperfectly repressed by a belt, than everybody rushed out to the paying-place, to ascertain whether he could possibly have put on that dress-coat, that clear complexion, and those arched black vocal eyebrows, in so short a space of time. It then became manifest that this was another stout gentleman imperfectly repressed by a belt: to whom, before the spectators had recovered their presence of mind, entered a third stout gentleman imperfectly repressed by a belt, exactly like him. These two “subjects,” making with the money-taker three of the announced fifteen, fell into conversation touching a charming young widow: who, presently appearing, proved to be a stout lady altogether irrepressible by any means—quite a parallel case to the American Negro—fourth of the fifteen subjects, and sister of the fifth who presided over the check-department. In good time the whole of the fifteen subjects were dramatically presented, and we had the inevitable *Ma Mère, Ma Mère!* and also the inevitable *malediction d’un père*, and likewise the inevitable Marquis, and also the inevitable provincial young man, weak-minded but faithful, who followed Julie to Paris, and cried and laughed and choked all at once. The story was wrought out with the help of a virtuous spinning-wheel in the beginning, a vicious set of diamonds in the middle, and a rheumatic blessing (which arrived

by post) from *Ma Mère* towards the end; the whole resulting in a small sword in the body of one of the stout gentlemen imperfectly repressed by a belt, fifty thousand francs per annum and a decoration to the other stout gentleman imperfectly repressed by a belt, and an assurance from everybody to the provincial young man that if he were not supremely happy—which he seemed to have no reason whatever for being—he ought to be. This afforded him a final opportunity of crying and laughing and choking all at once, and sent the audience home sentimentally delighted. Audience more attentive or better behaved there could, not possibly be, though the places of second rank in the Theatre of the Family P. Saley were sixpence each in English money, and the places of first rank a shilling. How the fifteen subjects ever got so fat upon it, the kind Heavens know.

What gorgeous china figures of knights and ladies, gilded till they gleamed again, I might have bought at the Fair for the garniture of my home, if I had been a French-Flemish peasant, and had had the money! What shining coffee-cups and saucers, I might have won at the turntables, if I had had the luck! Ravishing perfumery also, and sweetmeats, I might have speculated in, or I might have fired for prizes at a multitude of little dolls in niches, and might have hit the doll of dolls, and won francs and fame. Or, being a French-Flemish youth, I might have been drawn in a hand-cart by my compeers, to tilt for municipal rewards at the water-quintain: which, unless I sent my lance clean through the ring, emptied a full bucket over me; to fend off which, the competitors wore grotesque old scarecrow hats. Or, being French-Flemish man or woman, boy or girl, I might have circled all night on my hobby-horse, in a stately cavalcade of hobby-horses four abreast, interspersed with triumphal cars, going round and round and round and round, we the goodly company singing a ceaseless chorus to the music of the barrel-organ, drum, and cymbals. On the whole, not more monotonous than the Ring in Hyde Park, London, and much merrier; for when do the circling company sing chorus, *there*, to the barrel-organ, when do the ladies embrace their horses round the neck with both arms, when do the gentlemen fan the ladies with the tails of their gallant steeds? On all these revolving delights, and on their own especial lamps and Chinese lanterns revolving with them, the thoughtful weaver-face brightens, and the Hôtel de Ville sheds an illuminated line of gaslight: while above it, the Eagle of France, gas-outlined and apparently afflicted with the prevailing infirmities that have lighted on the poultry, is in a very undecided state of policy, and as a bird moulting. Flags flutter all around. Such is the prevailing gaiety that the keeper of the prison sits on the stone steps outside the prison-door, to have a look at the world that is not locked up; while that agreeable retreat, the wine-shop opposite to the prison in the prison-alley (its sign *La Tranquillité*, because of its charming situation), resounds with the voices of

the shepherds and shepherdesses who resort there this festive night. And it reminds me that only this afternoon, I saw a shepherd in trouble, tending this way, over the jagged stones of a neighbouring street. A magnificent sight it was, to behold him in his blouse, a feeble little jog-trot rustic, swept along by the wind of two immense gendarmes, in cocked-hats for which the street was hardly wide enough, each carrying a bundle of stolen property that would not have held his shoulder-knot, and clanking a sabre that dwarfed the prisoner.

"Messieurs et Mesdames, I present to you at this Fair, as a mark of my confidence in the people of this so-renowned town, and as an act of homage to their good sense and fine taste, the Ventriloquist, the Ventriloquist! Further, Messieurs et Mesdames, I present to you the Face-Maker, the Physiognomist, the great Changer of countenances, who transforms the features that Heaven has bestowed upon him into an endless succession of surprising and extraordinary visages, comprehending, Messieurs et Mesdames, all the contortions, energetic and expressive, of which the human face is capable, and all the passions of the human heart, as Love, Jealousy, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Despair! Hi hi, Ho ho, Lu lu, Come in!" To this effect, with an occasional smite upon a sonorous kind of tambourine—bestowed with a will, as if it represented the people who won't come in—holds forth a man of lofty and severe demeanour; a man in stately uniform, gloomy with the knowledge he possesses of the inner secrets of the booth. "Come in, come in! Your opportunity presents itself to-night; to-morrow it will be gone for ever. To-morrow morning by the Express Train the railroad will reclaim the Ventriloquist and the Face-Maker! Algeria will reclaim the Ventriloquist and the Face-Maker! Yes! For the honour of their country they have accepted propositions of a magnitude incredible, to appear in Algeria. See them for the last time before their departure! We go to commence on the instant. Hi hi! Ho ho! Lu lu! Come in! Take the money that now ascends, Madame; but after that, no more, for we commence! Come in!"

Nevertheless, the eyes both of the gloomy speaker and of Madame receiving sous in a muslin bower, survey the crowd pretty sharply after the ascending money has ascended, to detect any lingering sous at the turning-point. "Come in, come in! Is there any more money, Madame, on the point of ascending? If so, we wait for it. If not, we commence!" The orator looks back over his shoulder to say it, lashing the spectators with the conviction that he beholds through the folds of the drapery into which he is about to plunge, the Ventriloquist and the Face-Maker. Several sous burst out of pockets, and ascend. "Come up, then, Messieurs!" exclaims Madame in a shrill voice, and beckoning with a bejewelled finger. "Come up! This presses. Monsieur has commanded that they commence!" Monsieur dives into his Interior, and the last half-dozen of us follow. His Interior is comparatively severe; his Exterior also. A true Temple of

Art needs nothing but seats, drapery, a small table with two moderator lamps hanging over it, and an ornamental looking-glass let into the wall. Monseieur in uniform gets behind the table and surveys us with disdain, his forehead becoming diabolically intellectual under the moderators. "Messieurs et Mesdames, I present to you the Ventriloquist. He will commence with the celebrated Experience of the bee in the window. The bee, apparently the veritable bee of Nature, will hover in the window, and about the room. He will be with difficulty caught in the hand of Monsieur the Ventriloquist—he will escape—he will again hover—at length he will be recaptured by Monsieur the Ventriloquist, and will be with difficulty put into a bottle. Achieve then, Monsieur!" Here the proprietor is replaced behind the table by the Ventriloquist, who is thin and sallow, and of a weakly aspect. While the bee is in progress, Monsieur the Proprietor sits apart on a stool, immersed in dark and remote thought. The moment the bee is bottled, he stalks forward, eyes us gloomily as we applaud, and then announces, sternly waving his hand: "The magnificent Experience of the child with the whooping-cough!" The child disposed of, he starts up as before. "The superb and extraordinary Experience of the dialogue between Monsieur Tatambour in his dining-room, and his domestic, Jerome, in the cellar; concluding with the songsters of the grove, and the Concert of domestic Farm-yard animals." All this done, and well done, Monsieur the Ventriloquist withdraws, and Monsieur the Face-Maker bursts in, as if his retiring-room were a mile long instead of a yard. A corpulent little man in a large white waistcoat, with a comic countenance, and with a wig in his hand. Irreverent disposition to laugh, instantly checked by the tremendous gravity of the Face-Maker, who intimates in his bow that if we expect that sort of thing we are mistaken. A very little shaving-glass with a leg behind it is handed in, and placed on the table before the Face-Maker. "Messieurs et Mesdames, with no other assistance than this mirror and this wig, I shall have the honour of showing you a thousand characters." As a preparation, the Face-Maker with both hands gouges himself, and turns his mouth inside out. He then becomes frightfully grave again, and says to the Proprietor, "I am ready!" Proprietor stalks forth from baleful reverie, and announces "The Young Conscript!" Face-Maker claps his wig on, hind side before, looks in the glass, and appears above it as a conscript so very imbecile, and squinting so extremely hard, that I should think the State would never get any good of him. Thunders of applause. Face-Maker dips behind the looking-glass, brings his own hair forward, is himself again, is awfully grave. "A distinguished inhabitant of the Faubourg St. Germain." Face-Maker dips, rises, is supposed to be aged, bearded, toothless, slightly palsied, supernaturally polite, evidently of noble birth. "The oldest member of the Corps of Invalides on the fête-day of his

master." Face-Maker dips, rises, wears the wig on one side, has become the feeblest military bore in existence, and (it is clear) would lie frightfully about his past achievements, if he were not confined to pantomime. "The Miser!" Face-Maker dips, rises, clutches a bag, and every hair of the wig is on end to express that he lives in continual dread of thieves. "The Genius of France!" Face-Maker dips, rises, wig pushed back and smoothed flat, little cocked-hat (artfully concealed till now) put a-top of it, Face-Maker's white waistcoat much advanced, Face-Maker's left hand in bosom of white waistcoat, Face-Maker's right hand behind his back. Thunders. This is the first of three positions of the Genius of France. In the second position, the Face-Maker takes snuff; in the third, rolls up his right hand, and surveys illimitable armies through that pocket-glass. The Face-Maker then, by putting out his tongue, and wearing the wig nohow in particular, becomes the Village Idiot. The most remarkable feature in the whole of his ingenious performance, is, that whatever he does to disguise himself, has the effect of rendering him rather more like himself than he was at first.

There were peep-shows in this Fair, and I had the pleasure of recognising several fields of glory with which I became well acquainted a year or two ago as Crimean battles, now doing duty as Mexican victories. The change was neatly effected by some extra smoking of the Russians, and by permitting the camp followers free range in the foreground to despoil the enemy of their uniforms. As no British troops had ever happened to be within sight when the artist took his original sketches, it followed fortunately that none were in the way now.

The Fair wound up with a ball. Respecting the particular night of the week on which the ball took place, I decline to commit myself; merely mentioning that it was held in a stable-yard so very close to the railway, that it is a mercy the locomotive did not set fire to it. (In Scotland, I suppose it would have done so.) There, in a tent prettily decorated with looking-glasses and a myriad of toy flags, the people danced all night. It was not an expensive recreation, the price of a double ticket for a cavalier and lady being one and threepence in English money, and even of that small sum fivepence was reclaimable for "consummation:" which word I venture to translate into refreshments of no greater strength, at the strongest, than ordinary wine made hot, with sugar and lemon in it. It was a ball of great good humour and of great enjoyment, though very many of the dancers must have been as poor as the fifteen subjects of the P. Saley Family.

In short, not having taken my own pet national pint pot with me to this Fair, I was very well satisfied with the measure of simple enjoyment that it poured into the dull French-Flemish country life. How dull that is, I had an opportunity of considering when the Fair was over—when the tri-colored flags were withdrawn from the windows of the houses on the Place

where the Fair was held—when the windows were close shut, apparently until next Fair-time—when the Hôtel de Ville had cut off its gas and put away its eagle—when the two pavours, whom I take to form the entire paying population of the town, were ramming down the stones which had been pulled up for the erection of decorative poles—when the jailer had slammed his gate, and sulkily locked himself in with his charges. But then, as I paced the ring which marked the track of the departed hobby-horses on the market-place, pondering in my mind how long some hobby-horses do leave their tracks in public ways, and how difficult they are to erase, my eyes were greeted with a goodly sight. I beheld four male personages thoughtfully pacing the Place together, in the sunlight, evidently not belonging to the town, and having upon them a certain loose cosmopolitan air of not belonging to any town. One was clad in a suit of white canvas, another in a cap and blouse, the third in an old military frock, the fourth in a shapeless dress that looked as if it had been made out of old umbrellas. All wore dust-coloured shoes. My heart beat high; for, in those four male personages, although complexionless and eyebrowless, I beheld four subjects of the Family P. Saley. Blue-bearded though they were, and bereft of the youthful smoothness of cheek which is imparted by what is termed in Albion a "Whitechapel shave" (and which is, in fact, whitening, judiciously applied to the jaws with the palm of the hand), I recognised them. As I stood admiring, there emerged from the yard of a lowly Cabaret, the excellent Ma Mère, Ma Mère, with the words, "The soup is served;" words which so clated the subject in the canvas suit, that when they all ran in to partake, he went last, dancing with his hands stuck angularly into the pockets of his canvas trousers, after the Pierrot manner. Glancing down the Yard, the last I saw of him was, that he looked in through a window (at the soup, no doubt) on one leg.

Full of this pleasure, I shortly afterwards departed from the town, little dreaming of an addition to my good fortune. But more was in reserve. I went by a train which was heavy with third-class carriages, full of young fellows (well guarded) who had drawn unlucky numbers in the last conscription, and were on their way to a famous French garrison town where much of the raw military material is worked up into soldiery. At the station they had been sitting about, in their threadbare homespun blue garments, with their poor little bundles under their arms, covered with dust and clay, and the various soils of France; sad enough at heart, most of them, but putting a good face upon it, and slapping their breasts and singing choruses on the smallest provocation; the gayer spirits shouldering half loaves of black bread speared upon their walking-sticks. As we went along, they were audible at every station, chorusing wildly out of tune, and feigning the highest hilarity. After a while, however, they began to leave off singing, and to laugh naturally, while at intervals there mingled with their laughter the barking of a

dog. Now, I had to alight short of their destination, and, as that stoppage of the train was attended with a quantity of horn blowing, bell ringing, and proclamation of what Messieurs les Voyageurs were to do, and were not to do, in order to reach their respective destinations, I had ample leisure to go forward on the platform to take a parting look at my recruits, whose heads were all out at window, and who were laughing like delighted children. Then, I perceived that a large poodle with a pink nose, who had been their travelling companion and the cause of their mirth, stood on his hind-legs presenting arms on the extreme verge of the platform, ready to salute them as the train went off. This poodle wore a military shako (it is unnecessary to add, very much on one side over one eye), a little military coat, and the regulation white gaiters. He was armed with a little musket and a little sword-bayonet, and he stood presenting arms in perfect attitude, with his unobscured eye on his master or superior officer, who stood by him. So admirable was his discipline, that, when the train moved, and he was greeted with the parting cheers of the recruits, and also with a shower of centimes, several of which struck his shako, and had a tendency to discompose him, he remained staunch on his post until the train was gone. He then resigned his arms to his officer, took off his shako by rubbing his paw over it, dropped on four legs, bringing his uniform-coat into the absurd relations with the overarching skies, and ran about the platform in his white gaiters, wagging his tail to an exceeding great extent. It struck me that there was more waggery than this in the poodle, and that he knew that the recruits would neither get through their exercises, nor get rid of their uniforms, as easily as he; revolving which in my thoughts, and seeking in my pockets some small money to bestow upon him, I casually directed my eyes to the face of his superior officer, and in him beheld the Face-Maker! Though it was not the way to Algeria, but quite the reverse, the military poodle's Colonel was the Face-Maker in a dark blouse, with a small bundle dangling over his shoulder at the end of an umbrella, and taking a pipe from his breast to smoke as he and the poodle went their mysterious way.

HERRINGS IN THE LAW'S NET.

THE ancients placed among their gods many a worse creature than a red herring. Often to the poor Lancashire meal of bread and tea, from which the luxuries of butter, and of milk and sugar, have perforce been banished, the penny herring, as good relishable victual as any tit-bit that the Bank of England could be paid away for, has given a brisk, wholesome savour. Throughout whole counties of England are (unless the world has mended with them of late years) bronzed labouring men and women to whom, and to their children, herring and bacon are, in the way of meat, almost the sole companions of the

daily bread or potatoes. Our herrings are the very life of thousands of fishermen. On the poorer Scotch coasts, since the failure of the potato crop, it is Jupiter Herring who makes fast the house for those ashore. But among British legislators Herring worship has degenerated into hurtful superstition. What that superstition is, and what harm comes of it, know all men by these presents.

Until of late years the herring fishery had been carried on solely by intercepting the shoals of the fish in their course, with drift-nets. An Act of Parliament, as old as the year eighteen hundred and nine, ordained that the meshes of such nets should be not less than an inch square. That has remained ever since, the usual and legal size of mesh. It lets the small fry pass, it does not admit the largest fish, but it catches those which are just of the size to stick fast in the act of passing through a mesh. They remain fixed in the position of swimming,—whereby, it is said, their capture does not attract the attention of the shoal,—and when hauled up in the morning they require no sorting, but are all fish of the same size, ready for the curer.

Now, it has come to pass that within the last dozen years a profitable innovation, hitherto confined among us to some parts of the coast of Scotland, but long customary in Norway, Labrador, &c., has found favour with some fishers. But it has been denounced so loudly by the previously existing interest, that it has been fought against with Acts of Parliament, and fought against (as we are now told by the report of a commission appointed to inquire into the subject) to the detriment alike of the fish, the fishermen, and the fish-eating public. Laws passed in error are still unrepealed. The manner of fishing that has been, and still is, unjustly interdicted, will have many prejudices to encounter, and many enmities to overcome, even after the legislative ban shall have been lifted from it. It is well, therefore, that all should know what new light has been thrown of late upon the subject of this one very particular friend of the poor.

The light shines from a Parliamentary report issued by Dr. Playfair, Professor Huxley, and Colonel Maxwell, after an official cruise in search of evidence. In Loch Fyne, the head-quarters of the disputed question, the commissioners spent nearly a month taking evidence from experts and persons variously interested in the fisheries; they visited also the other fishing stations on the coast of Scotland.

Orthodoxy in catching herrings consists, as we have said, in the use of drift-nets with an inch square mesh. The Scotch fisherman's boat, which has sails as well as oars, and costs, according to its size, from twenty to a hundred pounds, carries from three to six men, and from six to sixteen barrels of net. The net is measured by the barrel: a barrel holding about a hundred yards, which, mounted and buoyed, will be worth four or five pounds. The nets of the several barrels are joined together by a rope, so that the net wall, when spread, varies from six hundred to

two thousand yards in length. Its height or depth is from twenty to twenty-four feet, but it may be sunk to different levels in the water by arrangement of the buoy-ropes. The nets, spread at night from buoys, drift with the tide, and the fish are caught as before described.

Heresy in catching herrings is the use of the trawl, which is, in truth, simply a seine-net without a distinct pocket. For herring fishery, it has found acceptance among us only in the west of Scotland, and at one or two places on the eastern coast. It first appeared as an exceptional notion five-and-twenty years ago, but it is only during the last seventeen years that it has been anywhere defended or adopted as a system. The Scotch trawlers for herring generally use rowing boats, worth fourteen or fifteen pounds apiece, which work in pairs. The trawl net when mounted is worth from fifteen to twenty pounds; it should have meshes of the orthodox size, but some trawlers, for a reason hereafter to be given, have had as many as forty or forty-five instead of thirty-six squares to the yard. In fishing, the trawl-net, buoyed by corks, has drag ropes attached to it. One end is held firm either on shore or in a stationary boat, or attached to a buoy, while the other, on board the row boat, is carried out, and then, by rowing round in a circle, brought back to the stationary point; whatever fish the trawl can sweep and hold being thus brought together in a net that, before it is lifted, has been turned round on itself into the shape of a bag. The fish bagged in this way are of all kinds, but chiefly herring: the ground being trawled where herring is known to be abundant.

This manner of fishing for herring was, twelve years ago, made illegal. Herrings might only be caught by the drift net. But the act to this effect was not constructed to secure its end. It hardly repressed trawling, even the Fishery Board does not seem to have respected it, and the bolder fishermen trawled on, till an outcry from the drift-net interests and the great curers produced an act of eighteen 'sixty, giving greater restrictive powers, and confiscating all the nets of trawl fishers. It did not confiscate the fish or boats, and the nets were not difficult to hide under the sea. Still, therefore, the purpose of the act was missed; but the wisdom of Parliament contrived, as often happens, to achieve something that it did not intend. It forbade nets that might be used illegally for catching herrings, to be used at all during the herring season. This ruined the sprat fishers. Fishing for sprats is a source of livelihood to many, in the Firth of Forth, during the winter months. It is a fishery that requires the use of a trawl with small meshes; and as the herring fishery, when all trawls were liable to seizure, was appointed to continue from the end of May to the last day of December, great misery was produced among those who depended on sprat fishing for their bread.

Therefore, in the following year, 'sixty-one, the wisdom of Parliament produced a new act

to legalise fishing for sprats; and at the same time ordained seizure of boats and fish, as well as of nets, from persons who were caught trawling for herrings. This did almost put an end to the trawling, and thereby caused hunger in many families on Loch Fyne and elsewhere. But, at the same time, bewildered by conflicting statements, the wisdom of Parliament appointed three efficient men to go and see what was the truth of the whole matter. They went, they saw, and they have just reported that the whole course of meddling with the trawlers has been an injurious mistake.

The argument of drift-net orthodoxy against admitting within the pale of the law, heretics who trawl, is fairly reduced to the following seven heads: "(1.) Because immature herring may be caught by trawling. (2.) Because, as they consider, the seine-nets disturb and disperse the shoals of fish in entering the estuaries from the sea, and in consequence the fish desert the waters which they would otherwise have frequented. They term this 'breaking the eye of the fish,' and assert that when the shoal is thus scattered, it does not again unite. (3.) They state that the seine fishers sweep across the beds where the fish are depositing their spawn, and not only take the spawning herring, but destroy the spawn which has been deposited. (4.) They consider that the herring caught by the seine are not fit for curing, on account of the injury received by them in their capture. (5.) They accuse the trawlers or seiners of being a turbulent set of men, who wanton in mischief, and love to cut away drift-nets, or stab the buoys which float them, and thus produce much damage to property. (6.) They deny that the two systems can be carried on together in narrow waters, as the trawlers get foul of the drift-nets, and drive away the fish which would have meshed themselves. (7.) They state that the extravagant gains of the trawlers, monopolised by a few, alter the market prices by sudden fluctuations, to the great detriment of the drift-net fishermen, who prosecute their labour in a more steady and less gambling manner."

To each count of this indictment the reply of the trawlers, brought into an equally small compass, is as follows: "(1.) They admit that, when the mesh of the net is less than the legal standard, they catch immature fish; but they deny that it is their interest as a class to do so, and state that larger and finer herrings were caught by the trawl than can be got by the drift-net. (2.) They deny that the enclosure of herring in a circle by a net drawn gently round them in a retired locality on the coast, can disturb the general shoal of fish so much as their meeting numerous walls of netting, often miles in length, let down into the sea to obstruct their progress. (3.) They deny interference with the spawning-beds, asserting that there is only a small market for full fish on the west coast, and that it is not their interest to catch fish in that condition. They state that the destruction of the spawning-beds was not produced by them, but by the drift-net fishermen on the coast of Ayrshire, who sunk

their drift-nets as trammels to catch the fish in the act of spawning. (4.) They assert that the fish caught by trawling is, by the admission of all, good for the fresh market, and that it is this market which they desire to supply. They deny, however, that the fish so caught are unfit for curing, and give, as the reason for an occasional inferiority in this respect, the rapid and careless handling to which the fish are subjected in the prosecution of an illegal fishing, which may at any time be interrupted. (5.) They wholly deny, as a class, that they injure the nets of the drift-net fishermen: they point to the records of collisions between the drift-net fishermen themselves before trawling was introduced, and say that the alleged instances of mischief on the part of the trawlers have never been substantiated when submitted to an official investigation. (6.) They see no difficulty in carrying on the two systems of fishing together, as the trawlers chiefly fish close to the shore in shallows, where the drift-nets are rarely placed. They further assert that, instead of frightening the fish away so that they will not mesh in the drift-nets, they drive the shoals out of the shallow into deeper water, where the drift-nets are enabled to capture them. (7.) They assert that the large hauls got by the trawler are of great benefit to the consumer of fish, by enabling him to get herring at a much cheaper rate than he could by the old method of drift-net fishing; and that the poor especially benefit by the abundance of fresh fish thus thrown into the market."

Now, how has the case stood at Loch Fyne, that long estuary between the Cantyre peninsula and the mainland which bites into the country for some miles above Inverary? About a thousand herrings go to a barrel. The average yearly take of herrings in Loch Fyne was twenty-five thousand barrels in the four years preceding December, 1853, but forty-two thousand barrels in the four years following. All along the coast of Loch Fyne are fishing villages and stations. Tarbert is the head-quarters of the trawlers; Inverary of the drift-net men. The suppression of trawling in Loch Fyne has been fitfully carried into effect. In 'fifty-two it was effective, and the hungry Tarbert men took only three hundred instead of six thousand barrels of fish. In 'fifty-three, an accident to the government vessel in the Loch left the trawlers little impeded; in the following year the Russian war carried her Majesty's vessels into other waters. Trawling revived. In 'fifty-seven, a Treasury Commission recommended "the repeal of a statute which has no other result than to keep a considerable population in the habitual and successful violation of the law." The Fishery Board believed that this good advice would be taken, and the trawlers were left unmolested, till in 'fifty-eight and 'fifty-nine the drift-net men in Upper Loch Fyne, being encroached upon, threatened to take the law into their own hands, and in prospect of a serious breach of the peace (for the fishermen brought guns into their boats), the acts of 'sixty and 'sixty-one were passed. Meanwhile, in spite of the asserted

interference of the trawlers with the shoals, the take of herrings has been steadily and considerably increasing in Loch Fyne, from an average of fifteen thousand barrels a year in the five years before eighteen 'forty-eight, to nineteen thousand a year in the next five years, twenty-five thousand in the next, and forty-five in the last. But during the last period of five years, there was in one year—'sixty-one—a deficient take, resembling similar occasional deficiencies before the trawling system had been introduced. The fish in that year were plentiful, but unusually small, so that many slipped through the drift-nets that would have been caught in the trawl. The drift-net party ascribed the failure to the previous trawling, and ascribed to the previous year's cessation of trawling, the good herring harvest of the next year, 'sixty-two. At all events, it is clear that trawling has not ruined the fishery, and, if the benefit of repression be so great in two years, what should not have been the hurt done during the fifteen years' continuance of the practice? Yet it is a fact that the last year of trawling yielded the best take of the whole fifteen. But the truth is, that, not in Loch Fyne only, but along the whole west coast of Scotland, there has been, apart from annual fluctuation, a marked increase in the annual average of herrings taken during successive periods of five years. Some part of the increase is due to the increasing use of trawl-boats between the years 'forty and 'sixty; some part to the better make of the drift-nets, which are now obtained from a manufactory instead of being made by the fishermen at their own homes. The history of each occasional bad year at Loch Fyne, shows that it always produced a panic among the fishermen, and strong representations that something or somebody, supposed for the time being to be the cause of the failure, ought to be put down by law.

It is evident that trawling does not drive the fish away. Does it damage the fish, rub off the scale, bruise the flesh, and make them unfit for curing? It appears that the largest curers had agents at Tarbert to buy trawled herring, but the fact that trawling was illegal, say the trawlers, did cause them to lift fish hurriedly and roughly, handle them rudely in their haste, and tumble them into the boat: all hands being at the oars to escape capture by the fishery officers. They say that if the trawled herrings be leisurely handled, and the boat kept dry by use of the pump, the trawled herring are quite as good as the drift-net herring. The commissioners put this question to the best test by making experiments of their own with the trawl-net. Once, the haul was so great that the net broke, but in each case the fish were delivered in excellent condition, the scales not rubbed off, the flesh not discoloured, and no fish under six inches mixed with them. It was found, on seeking reports from places where trawling was not illegal, that in Ireland the trawled herrings were found less damaged than those which had struggled in the meshes of the drag-net: while the

herrings of Norway, and the large herrings imported from Newfoundland and Labrador, chiefly or altogether caught by drag-nets, are admitted to be perfectly well cured. The Scotch trawlers, however, opposed generally by the curers, say that they don't care to supply the curers, that they can find a sale for their abundance of cheap fresh fish, and that it was the cheapness of their fresh fish that first brought down on them the wrath of the curing interests. There were found, however, thoughtful and disinterested witnesses among the curers also. Thus, one gentleman who had been a curer for forty years, and a drift-net fisherman for twenty years, says that of course his interest is against trawling, which deranges the market, and brings in gluts of fresh fish: "I have found, for instance, when I came from the north with a good supply of cured herrings, that the fresh market was so glutted by the herrings taken by the trawlers of Loch Fyne, that my sale was much injured. But," he adds, "it is the interest of the consumer rather than that of the curer which should be consulted. I think trawling is an improved method of fishing, because it is less noisy, and not so likely to frighten the fish as hundreds of drift-boats all at one place with their vast quantity of netting. Why do you not allow fishing to be practised in a way which is both cheaper and better than the old plan? If land can be ploughed, have you a right to compel a man to delve it with a spade? If you can catch herrings for sixpence a hundred, by the trawl, what right have you to make the consumer pay two shillings and sixpence a hundred for herrings taken by the drift?"

In support of the accusation of the damage done to drift-nets by the turbulent and heretical trawlers, no evidence was offered, nor could any be found in the fishery books and records of the police. Long before trawling was thought of, in eighteen 'seventeen, the fishery officer wrote in despair: "A considerable number of fishermen are making complaints against each other for stealing, and robbing, and committing depredations. They are the most unruly set of fishermen in Loch Fyne that are this day in existence." And only last December, when there were no trawlers to grumble at, the fishery officer reported that, "Owing to the large number of boats from different places, a large amount of loss, by wilful and intentional cutting, was done to netting." Between drift-net fishing and trawling there might well be jealousy, when the trawlers were the outlaws working a system that demands of each fisherman a seventh of the capital, and yields him double the gains of a law-fearing drift-net man. And then the occasional great hauls of the trawlers, cheapening fish, spoil the market, and seriously reduced the profits of the drift-net fishers, and of the large curers too.

To the occasional capture of herring fry, under the system of legal repression, the trawlers themselves plead guilty. No fisherman desires to spoil his fishing ground, and they believe that it is injurious to it to catch fry. But when

there was constant fear of capture by cruisers, the inch-mesh to which trawlers, if their mode of fishing be made legal, desire to be restricted, was often unlawfully reduced in size, in order that there might be less time lost in clearing the meshes of entangled fish. But the scientific men of the commission add, for their own parts, "We do not attach the same importance to the capture of young herrings as the local fishermen do. On the whole of the east coast it is the habitual practice to catch herrings ready to spawn, each of which contains fifty or sixty thousands of eggs, so that the capture of young herring on the west coast sinks into insignificance as compared with this general practice. Besides, when we observe such an instance as the continual capture, in the narrow waters of the Thames, of white bait, the fry of a fish for which there is a greatly increasing demand, without apparent decrease in their propagation by mature fish, we think that the objections raised to the capture of these young herring have been overrated."

As to the injury done by trawling in the catching of white fish, that is nearly all gain to the herring harvest: since cod, ling, coalfish, hake, conger, and dogfish all feed upon herring, and like it so much that herring is the only good bait for the long line white-fishing, upon which many fisher-folk, in Skye and elsewhere, depend as much for winter food as they do on the herring fishery for money. But the close time, from the first of January till about the end of March, deprives the fishermen of the west coast of Scotland, of their bait, at the very time when they require it most. To some places, fresh herring can be brought from the east coast, where there is no law of close time. But the poor fishermen of west Scotland, who need most to draw their daily food out of the sea, and who are, in the close months, liable to a fine of five pounds, and the confiscation of their boats and nets—that is to say, liable to utter ruin—for the offence of having a fresh herring in their possession for which they cannot lawfully account, simply are left to hunger, while the herrings that they must not catch are being eaten under water by the cod and ling. The poor people of Skye complain that the restrictions of law have been made to suit the views of the large fish curers, who alone know how to make their representations heard, and who, not choosing to keep up their establishments on the west coast during the winter and spring months, when the fishing is not worth *their* while, are unwilling that others should be allowed to fish while they are off the station. The law has caused the ruin of some families caught in the act of procuring herring for bait. The poor fishermen say that they themselves signed a petition for close time, on the representation of the curers that it would be for their benefit, but they had no idea they were not to get herring for bait. They all believe in a close time, but some desire it at one season, some at another, and the motive is usually found to be a wish for protection against whoever or what-

ever may interfere with local profits. The curers like it because it "clears their market." During the close time they have no fresh fish to compete with, except that of the east coast, and they sell their stock out, at good prices.

Now, the commission of inquiry tells us that, whatever it may be to the curer, close time is no protection to the herring, for whose good alone it is professedly established. It allows the natural enemies of the herring to multiply, and over fishes of the sea it is clear that man's destructive power is very slight indeed, compared with all the natural destructive agencies at work. The cod and ling caught annually on the coast of Scotland, would, if left in the sea, have destroyed more herring than could have been caught by all the fishermen. A codfish is frequently found with six or seven undigested herrings in his stomach. The take of codfish on the Scotch coast in the single year 'sixty-one was, at a fair average of weight to each, twenty-four hundred thousand: who would have eaten, had they lived, as much herring as could have been caught by forty-eight thousand fishermen, which is eight thousand more than all Scotland contains. The conger and dogfish are as destructive; the gulls and gannets slay their millions; the porpoises and grampuses destroy uncounted multitudes; sea trout and innumerable other fish prey on the herring fry; flat fish of all kinds resort to the herring spawning-ground to feed on the fresh ova. The influence, therefore, of man, whether for conservation or destruction of the herring, becomes almost or absolutely inappreciable. Over the spawning-banks of Ballantrae, which are only about three miles long, upwards of a hundred boats fished during the twenty years preceding the year 'fifty-four in an especially destructive manner. Beyond the common annual variation there never was any diminution in the yield, until the herrings suddenly quitted the banks. This they did, by one of those unaccountable movements for which the fishermen always find some people ashore to blame, but which have nothing whatever to do with land politics. Thus, for example, before the middle of the last century, Loch Roag in Lewis was a famous herring ground. Suddenly the herrings left it, and remained away for forty years; then they came back, and paid regular visits for nine years; then they disappeared for thirty-two years, after which they again returned in force.

Again, nobody likes to catch herring fry, and yet government encourages the capture of herring in spawn, and gives the "full crown brand" to one hundred and eighty thousand crans of cured full herrings in a year, besides which are to be reckoned the cured herrings sold without brand and the fresh herrings. Now, each full herring contains fifty thousand ova, and if only a tenth part of them are vivified, then all the herring fry caught in a year in the most reckless and unprotected time would only represent as much loss as is represented by two crans out of the one hundred and eighty thousand. Such being the facts, we cannot wonder that her Majesty's commissioners recommend that the

west of Scotland herring fishery should no longer be trammelled with repressive acts "calculated only to protect class interests, and to disturb in an unknown and possibly injurious manner the balance existing between the conservative and destructive agencies at work upon the herring. If legislation could regulate the appetites of cod, conger, and porpoise, it might be useful to pass laws regarding them; but to prevent fishermen from catching their poor one or two per cent of herring in any way they please, when the other ninety-eight per cent, subject to destructive agencies, are poached in all sorts of unrecognised piscine methods, seems a wasteful employment of the force of law."

And so they conclude by expressing their strong conviction "that the recent legislation on the subject of the herring fishery has unnecessarily restricted the operations of fishermen—has repressed invention, by prohibiting new and more productive forms of labour—is calculated to be destructive, rather than conservative, in relation to the future supply of herring—and although it may be beneficial to certain class interests, is unjust to the consumer of fish, and to the public generally."

FRANCE ON AMERICA.

THE journals tell us that Prince Napoleon has started in his yacht for Egypt and Palestine—news which recalls to our recollection his recent trip to America, and from which trip we have already culled a few striking passages.* But the American drama is still so far from approaching its catastrophe, and Western Europe is growing so uneasy about the character of the denouement, that we recur once more to Colonel Pisani's narrative as a faithful picture of Transatlantic ways and doings.

On that occasion the prince did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. On the 26th of July, 1861, he arrived in the United States; he left them on the 26th of September following. During those two months, his imperial highness visited the greater part of the Northern and Western States; went South as far as the Seccessional Army; traversed Lakes Erie, Ontario, Michigan, and Superior; and finally devoted a week to Canada. The sum total of the distances performed may be estimated, as the crow flies, at four thousand five hundred miles, which gives an average of seventy miles per day, including Sundays.

The prince is a great traveller, as everybody knows, and maintains, for marine excursions, a permanent establishment which is always available at the shortest notice. The emperor has placed at his cousin's service the steam yacht *Jerome-Napoleon*, with a crew of one hundred and twenty men, and an engine of seven hundred and fifty horse power. This vessel, besides her naval merits, is a model of nautical comfort and taste. On her deck she carries a building which

* See volume viii., page 174.

contains the common drawing-room as well as the prince's private apartments. Beneath the deck is an independent and separate suite of rooms for the princess and her ladies, besides six handsome guest-chambers opening into a dining-room for eighteen persons; there is also the kitchen and the servants' offices. The fore-part of the vessel is occupied exclusively by the staff and the crew.

The yacht is always ready to put to sea. The prince, his aides-de-camp, the crew, and the servants, are all so accustomed to these flying voyages, that it is much easier and simpler for his yachting household to undertake a four months' jaunt than to go and spend a week in a suburban château. Every individual has his own room, his bed, his bureau, his library, with every other requisite for his usual pursuits and his daily habits. Under such circumstances, a yacht is more than a mere means of locomotion; it is a floating mansion. Consequently, the prince, while travelling, makes but very brief settlements on terra firma. After a rapid trip into the interior, the yacht is his home, his country. French private life and luxury are thus transported into the most inhospitable regions. After a walk in absolute solitude on the coast of Greenland, amongst chaotic blocks of granite, snows, and avalanches, where plants cannot grow nor animals live, the travellers could return on board to enjoy a blazing fire, take up the favourite book, and conclude the half-finished letter or drawing. The table, served exactly as in Paris, glittered with brilliant lamps and crystal. French wines were sipped to the strains of a band which called forth echoes from the rocky wilderness where no human sound had been heard before.

It had been arranged to leave the Princess Clotilde in Europe; but at the last moment she declared simply and firmly that she would accompany her husband to America. But as her highness could not bear the long land journeys of the interior, she was installed—with horses, carriages, and ladies of honour—at the New York Hotel, in Broadway. The males of the party went their way, leaving under the protection of American hospitality the only princess who appears to have set foot on the soil of the republic.

Their first acquaintance with American railways conveyed no favourable opinion; nor did further experience modify the impression. Every carriage or "car" is some sixteen yards long, without divisions or compartments. Two rows of benches range from one end to the other, leaving between them a narrow passage by means of which the carriages communicate; so that the public is incessantly promenading along the whole length of the train. There is neither first, second, nor third class. All places are alike, and the same in price.

Whenever the prince entered a station, even without being expected, one of the carriages was immediately reserved for him and his suite, shut up, and locked. The key was then taken to one of the party with discreet and cautious

eagerness. They were then obliged to find up the director, to present their thanks; for he never put himself in the way of receiving them. Often, payment for their places was refused to be taken at the office, and more than once it was brought back after having been received.

In spite of the care thus taken to withdraw them from contact with a very mixed public and the crowding of the multitude, they were still very sensible of the defects of the American railway cars. Whether on account of their length, or whether in consequence of the bad condition of the road and the rails—which latter are, in the majority of cases, crushed, warped, and dislocated—the vibration is insupportable. Moreover, the dimensions of the windows are so small that you experience an approach to suffocation.

It has been rumoured that, on the American railways, every train has its refreshment-room—a fable. Not only is there nothing to eat and nothing to drink (except iced water, which national and tonic beverage is supplied at discretion), but there is not the least bit of bar room at the stations. For strangers, this absence of all refreshment is a serious annoyance. As to the Americans, they will pass a whole day without taking sustenance.

Philadelphia, the capital of Pennsylvania (once the metropolis of Quakers, and now the manufacturing town of the New World), long disputed the pre-eminence with New York. At present, the struggle is no longer possible, the balance having inclined in favour of the latter. Philadelphia, born only yesterday, refuses to be comforted for having only five hundred thousand inhabitants. The Philadelphians boast that their city is the best built in all the world. Red brick figures side by side with fine white marble. Calcareous rocks of all colours abound in the neighbourhood.

Nevertheless, the town is poorly lighted, horribly filthy, and very ill kept, especially in what concerns the highway department. Every means seem to be taken to frighten the citizens from stirring, except in omnibuses. The streets, neither macadamised nor paved, but simply strewn with bits of stone, offer a succession of mountains and valleys capably adapted to sprain the ankles of foot passengers, and to break the springs of vehicles. Besides, there is not one which is not furrowed by one or more railways, which are neither more nor less than the confiscation of a portion of the public way for the benefit of a private speculation. In Philadelphia, the streets are completely overrun with iron rails. You must either stop at home or submit to the omnibus, which takes you where *it* goes, not where *you* want to go. Every hired carriage which has not its own proper railway, offers, as soon as it attempts to stir, the emblem of the lot which awaits small industries when they venture to compete with great ones.

The great lion of Philadelphia is the Cherry Hill Penitentiary, which is situated at the city gates, upon a naked elevation of cold and melancholy aspect. The exterior presents a square of

about two hundred yards each way. The walls, garnished with towers, are thirty feet high. It is impossible to imagine an edifice whose external architectural arrangements give a more exact idea of its peculiar purpose, or which could better prepare the mind for the impressions it is to receive within.

The plan of the interior is this: A central circular building, called the Observatory, has eight openings, each of which corresponds with a gallery. One of these corridors or galleries leads to the offices belonging to the establishment, the officers' lodgings, the kitchens, store-rooms, &c. The other seven correspond to so many oblong wings, in each of which the prisoners' cells are placed right and left along a central passage, which is itself only a continuation of the corridor. The ground plan would be exactly represented by a windmill furnished with eight sails. From the centre of the Observatory, the governor, by making a complete revolution on his own axis, can embrace at a glance all that is passing. The penitentiary contains in all five hundred and sixty cells. Those on the ground floor open into walled-in gardens of eight or ten yards square. Such are the material arrangements.

The penal system is based upon seclusion by night and by day, with compulsory labour; a quarter of an hour per day being allowed each prisoner for conversation with his keeper, with the governor, or with charitable men who come to the prison, out of pure philanthropy, to perform the functions of chaplain and schoolmaster. Note that this quarter of an hour's conversation is the essential and capital point; suppress it, and the prisoner goes mad or dies. At Pittsburgh, they tried a cellular system *without* the quarter of an hour's grace, and were obliged to give it up.

The man who holds no communication with his fellows, manifests symptoms, little by little, of a decided tendency to insanity, which is almost certain when the seclusion is absolute; and is developed, in all cases, in proportion to the obstacles placed between the imprisoned mind and the outer world. The philosophers and economists of Europe and America lost no time in discussing the question. In Pennsylvania, it is hard to say why, it was debated both more profoundly and more passionately than elsewhere, and made the subject of more frequent experiment. Two grand systems—those of Auburn and Cherry Hill—still remain standing face to face. At Auburn, the prisoners are secluded only by night. By day, they labour together in common workshops, but on condition of absolute silence. Now, it is found that nothing short of the whip will prevent the prisoners from communicating with each other by signs or a stolen interchange of words. The keeper therefore walks about the room armed with the repressive instrument, punishing the culprit instantly a fault is committed, exactly as a huntsman keeps his pack in order by liberal infliction of the lash. Where this form of discipline is employed, the prisoners preserve their reason;

the sight of their fellow-creatures, even without verbal intercourse, suffices to maintain their intellectual faculties in equilibrium. Moreover, their health is good, and they perform useful and profitable labour. On the other hand, their morals improve but slightly, or not at all. The reason is plain. The basis of human morality is the sentiment of personal dignity; how can it be acquired, or regained after being lost, under the incessant and degrading action of the whip?

In the state of Pennsylvania, a criminal cannot be condemned to more than twelve years of cellular imprisonment. But the governor of the prison informed the prince that five years was the very most that a prisoner could bear. In fact, madness is always hovering over those sad retreats of silence and solitude, stooping sometimes on one and sometimes on another, and frightening even those who are not yet struck, by the shadow of its murky wing.

The tourists swept over the distance which separates Philadelphia from Washington at the rate of thirty miles an hour. They crossed arms of the sea with fearful rapidity on a couple of rails which looked like mere wires suspended over the abyss; they glided at full steam—they, their locomotive, and their carriages—upon the roof of an immense edifice, whose lower stories were occupied by an unknown and unseen population. Then, they felt the edifice move, and discovered that they were on the top of a steamer, on board which the train was taken, as a bale of cotton might be on an ordinary vessel.

The day after his arrival, the prince went to White House, to visit the president of the republic. The official residence of the first magistrate of the United States is a handsome palace situated in the most retired quarter of Washington, and surrounded by a beautiful garden. When the prince and Baron Mercier got out of their carriage, at the foot of a magnificent flight of marble steps, there was nobody, neither servant nor porter, to receive them or even to open the door. Some chance passing messenger fulfilled the task.

The saloon into which the prince was shown is a magnificent room, covered with gilding; the furniture is rich, but of questionable taste. The party were kept waiting a quarter of an hour, and there were symptoms that the prince's impatience would cause him to make a sudden retreat, when there appeared a little man, in a straw hat, a grey frock coat, and no cravat, or a cravat so small as not to be worth mentioning. With a gay and active step he approached Baron Mercier, who, after a friendly shake of the hand, presented Mr. Seward, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the United States.

Mr. Seward may be forty-eight or fifty; his hair, a little in disorder, is light mingled with grey; his eyes, deep sunk beneath his eyebrows, are small, but very sharp; his aquiline nose presents a very decided curve; his whole countenance reveals cleverness and intellect. He is an excellent companion, very merry, very lively, and familiar from the first shake of the hand. His manners are so free and easy, that they

almost excite suspicion at the outset. One is apt to believe that craft cannot help lying hid behind so frank an exterior. But such is not at all the case. Mr. Seward is a capital fellow, very open, and a bit of a joker. Everybody knows, too, that although Mr. Lincoln is at the head of the government, the real man of importance, the veritable chief of the republican party, is Mr. Seward. Rich, independent, gifted to a high degree with the impassioned, aggressive, boastful, facetious eloquence which pleases Anglo-Saxon meetings, he early acquired great popularity. When the republican party had to choose a candidate for the presidency, Mr. Seward's supporters were sufficiently numerous to cause alarm. By a clever decision he avoided the risk of a check. He offered his support to Mr. Lincoln. The move succeeded, and he took for himself the next post after the presidency—the secretaryship of foreign affairs. He speaks no language besides English, and knows little about Europe; although he has the habit of saying with an emphasis which is somewhat comic, that he spent several years at the principal European Courts to acquire the art of governing men.

A few minutes after Mr. Seward's entrance, Mr. Lincoln made his appearance. His stature is so much above the average that he might be styled a giant, were not the word—the expression of strength and power in the biblical and mythological senses—now confined to the vocabulary of tumblers and showmen. His countenance bears no marked character, but approaches to the Celtic type of Auvergne, with a long head and a sharp nose. His hair is very black, as is also his beard, coming to a point after the American fashion. If his physiognomy expresses benevolence and frankness, his attitude and manners are those of a modest, nay, a timid person. Perhaps his embarrassed address—which communicates itself to those with whom he converses—is nothing more than the difficulty experienced by men of his height in concealing it a little and maintaining their equilibrium.

In the evening, the prince dined with the president. General McClellan, whom he met there, was about forty years of age, short in stature, with black hair and moustaches, an open, intelligent, and very agreeable countenance, and remarkably simple and modest manners. Each of the great European armies offers a well-characterised type of officer, beneath which type individual peculiarities of style, manner, language, and even constitution, in some sort disappear. An English officer does not resemble an Austrian officer; a French officer differs from a Russian officer. McClellan reminds you of the type of the French Artillery officers.

The reason is, that he was educated at West Point school, which is a mixture of the French Military and Polytechnic schools. The student of West Point speaks foreign languages, principally French. In respect to literature, science, and military art, he has been nursed in the wor-

ship of the great European models. Consequently, he is a stranger to that narrow patriotism, that national exclusiveness, which concentrates all the ideas, studies, and admiration of the Americans upon America. The study of pure science and mathematics has inspired him with a taste for theoretical speculations which is shared by few of his countrymen. He is polite, discreet, reserved. He has acquired the art of appearing modest, and of obtaining respect by unpretending manners. He is able to conform to the habits and customs of the strangers with whom he comes in contact, and he practises every rule of the most scrupulous urbanity with a certain dash of republican pride which is wanting neither in charm nor in dignity. This class of men, so different from the Yankees, does not seem to have hitherto obtained, in the direction of public affairs, a share proportionate to the merit, the knowledge, and the conscientious integrity which distinguish the majority of its members.

Subsequently, at Detroit, the prince visited General Cass in his peaceful and opulent retreat on the northern frontier of America, and found him in deep disappointment. He despaired of his country, and foresaw nothing but misfortune, ruin, and humiliation. In his idea, the work of Washington, in which Washington himself never had perfect faith, was on the point of falling to pieces. He spoke as if his cherished hopes were blighted, without remedy.

The prince found the interior of the general's house very simple, like those of most private individuals in the Northern States. A fortune there is not enjoyed in the sense which we attach to it in Europe. No luxurious table, furniture, or equipages; no taste for collections, books, or pictures. The upper classes have no idea of dividing their existence between town and country; and, therefore, no idea of a country-seat or of the hospitable habits which are the delight of the English aristocracy.

It is not very easy to guess what employment rich Americans *could* make of their money. It may be suspected that, the more they have, the more they rush into business speculations, which for them take the place of other amusements. As to the very small number of men who, having made large fortunes, retire from business—they were probably the persons whom, before the civil war, we used to see appearing from time to time in Europe, where they seemed to come solely to discover the means of spending their wealth. They were very inexperienced in that kind of existence. Their tastes were more showy than delicate, their enjoyments more conventional than real; and they frequently appeared strangers to the fundamental principle of finance which distinguishes capital from revenue. We beheld them, brilliant comets, dazzling the Old World for a while, and then suddenly disappearing into complete obscurity.

Now ready, bound in cloth, price 5s. 6d.,

THE NINTH VOLUME.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 230.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE note Alfred Hardie received on the 10th of April, was from Peggy Black. The letters were well formed, for she had been educated at the national school; but the style was not upon a par.

"Mr. Alfred, Sir,—Margaret Black sends her respects, and if you want to know the truth about the money, I can tell you all, and where it is at this present time. Sir, I am now in situation at Silverton Grove House about a furlong from the station; and, if you will be so good to call there and ask for Margaret, I will tell you where it is, which I mean the 14,000*l.*; for it is a sin the young lady should be beguiled of her own. Only you must please come this evening, or else to-morrow before ten o'clock, by reason my mistress and me we are going up to London that day early, and she talk of taking me abroad along with her.

"I remain, Sir,

"Yours respectfully to command,

"MARGARET BLACK.

"If you please, sir, not to show this letter on no account."

Alfred read this twice over, and felt a contemptuous repugnance towards the writer, a cashiered servant, who offered to tell the truth out of spite, having easily resisted every worthy motive. Indeed, I think he would have perhaps dismissed the subject into the fire, but for a strange circumstance that had occurred to him this very afternoon; but I had no opportunity to relate it till now. Well, just as he was going to dress for dinner, he received a visit from Dr. Wycherley, a gentleman he scarcely knew by name. Dr. Wycherley inquired after his cephalgia; Alfred stared and told him it was much the same; troubled him occasionally.

"And your insomnia."

"I don't know the word: have you any authority for it?"

Dr. Wycherley smiled with a sort of benevolent superiority, that galled his patient, and proceeded to inquire after his nightly visions and voices. But at this Alfred looked grave as well as surprised and vexed. He was on his guard now,

and asked himself seriously what was the meaning of all this, and could his father have been so mad as to talk over his own shame with this stranger: he made no reply whatever.

Dr. Wycherley's curiosity was not of a very ardent kind: for he was one of those who first form an opinion, and then collect the materials of one: and a very little fact goes a long way with such minds. So, when he got no answer about the nocturnal visions and voices, he glided calmly on to another matter. "By-the-by, that 14,000*l.*!"

Alfred started; and then eyed him keenly: "What 14,000*l.*?"

"The fabulous sum you labour under the impression of your father having been guilty of clandestinely appropriating."

This was too much for Alfred's patience: "I don't know who you are, sir," said he; "I never exchanged but three words in my life with you, and do you suppose I will talk to a stranger on family matters of so delicate a kind as this? I begin to think you have intruded yourself on me simply to gratify an impertinent curiosity."

"The hypothesis is at variance with my established character," replied the oleaginous onc.

"Do me the justice to believe in the necessity of this investigation, and that it is one of a most friendly character."

"Then I decline the double nuisance: your curiosity and your friendship! take them both out of my room, sir, or I shall turn them both out by one pair of shoulders."

"You shall smart for this," said the doctor, driven to plain English by anger, that great solvent of circumlocution with which Nature has mercifully supplied us; he made to the door, opened it, and said in considerable excitement to some one outside, "Excited!—Very!"

Now Dr. Pleonast had no sooner been converted to the vernacular, and disappeared, than another stranger entered the room: he had evidently been lurking in the passage: it was a man of smallish stature, singularly gaunt, angular, and haggard, but dressed in a spruce suit of black, tight, new, and glossy. In short, he looked like Romeo's apothecary gone to Stultz with the money. He fluttered in with pale cheek and apprehensive body, saying hurriedly, "Now, my dear sir, be calm: pray be calm: I have come down all the way from London to see

you, and I am *sure* you won't make me lose my journey; will you now?"

"And pray who asked you to come all the way from London, sir?"

"A person to whom your health is very dear."

"Oh indeed; so I have secret friends, have I? Well, you may tell my secret, underhand, *friends*, I never was better in my life."

"I am truly glad to hear it," said the little man: "let me introduce myself; as Dr. Wycherley forgot to do it." And he handed Alfred a card, on which his name and profession were written.

"Well, Mr. Speers," said Alfred, "I have only a moment to give you, for I must dress for dinner. What do you want?"

"I come, sir, in hopes of convincing your friends you are not so very ill; not incurable. Why your eye is steady, your complexion good; a little high with the excitement of this conversation; but, if we can only get over this little delusion, all will be well."

"What little delusion?"

"About the 14,000*l.* you know."

"What 14,000*l.*? I have not mentioned 14,000*l.* to you, have I?"

"No, sir: you seem to shun it like poison; that is the worst of it; you talk about it to others fast enough; but to Dr. Wycherley and myself, who could cure you of it, you would hide all about it, if you could."

At this Alfred rose and put his hands in his pockets and looked down grimly on his inquisitor.

"Mr. Speers," said he, "you had better go. There is no credit to be gained by throwing so small an apothecary, as you, out of that window; and you won't find it pleasant either; for, if you provoke me to it, I shall not stand upon ceremony; I shan't open the window first, as I should for Dr. What's his confounded name."

At these suggestive words, spoken with suppressed ire and flashing eyes, Speers scuttled to the door crabwise, holding the young lion in check, conventionally; to wit with an eye as valiant as a sheep's; and a joyful apothecary was he when he found himself safe outside the house and beside Dr. Wycherley, who was waiting for him.

Alfred soon cooled, and began to laugh at his own anger and the unbounded impudence of his visitors: but, on the other hand, it struck him as a grave circumstance that so able a man as his father should stir muddy water; should go and talk to these strangers about the money he had misappropriated. He puzzled himself all the time he was dressing: and, not to trouble the reader with all the conjectures that passed through his mind, he concluded at last, that Mr. Hardie must feel very strong, very sure there was no evidence against him but his son's, or he would not take the eighth commandment by the horns like this.

"Injustice carries it with a high hand," thought Alfred, with a sigh. He was not the

youth to imitate his father's shamlessness: so he locked this last incident in his own breast; did not even mention it to Julia.

But now, on reading Peggy's note, his warlike instincts awoke, and, though he despised his correspondent and her motives, he could not let such a chance pass of defeating brazen injustice. It was unfortunate and awkward to have to go to Silvertown on his wedding morning; but, after all, there was plenty of time. He packed up his things at once for the wedding tour, and in the morning took them with him in the fly to Silvertown: his plan was to come back direct to Albion Villa: so he went to Silvertown Grove full dressed, all ready for the wedding.

As it happened he overtook his friend Peterson just outside the town, called to him gaily, and invited him to church and breakfast.

To his surprise the young gentleman replied sullenly that he should certainly not come.

"Not come, old fellow?" said Alfred, hurt.

"You have a good check to ask me," retorted the other.

This led to an explanation. Peterson's complaint was that he had told Alfred he was in love with Julia, and Alfred had gone directly and fallen in love with her, just to cut him out.

"What are you talking about?" said Alfred: "so this is the reason you have kept away from me of late: why, I was engaged to her at the very time; only my father was keeping us apart."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Because my love is not of the prattling sort."

"Oh, nonsense! I don't believe a word of it."

"You don't believe my word! Did you ever know me tell a lie? At that rate think what you please, sir: drive on, Strabo."

And so ended that little friendship.

On the road our ardent youth arranged in his head a noble scheme. He would bring Peggy Black home with him, compensating her liberally for the place she would thereby lose: would confront her privately with his father, and convince him it was his interest to restore the Dodds their money with a good grace, take the 5000*l.* he had already offered, and countenance the wedding by letting Jane be present at it. It was hard to do all this in the time, but well worth trying for, and not impossible; a two-horse fly is not a slow conveyance, and he offered the man a guinea to drive fast; so that it was not nine o'clock when they reached Silvertown Grove House, a place Alfred had never heard of; this, however, I may observe, was no wonder: for it had not borne that name a twelvemonth.

It was a large square mansion of red brick, with stone facings and corners, and with balustrades that hid the garret windows. It stood in its own grounds, and the entrance was through handsome iron gates, one of which was wide open to admit people on foot or horseback.

The flyman got down and tried to open the other, but could not manage it. "There, don't waste time," said Alfred impatiently, "let me cut."

He found a notice under the bell, "Ring and enter." He rang accordingly, and at the clang the hall-door opened, as if he had pulled a porter along with the bell; and a grey-haired servant out of livery stood on the steps to receive him. Alfred hurried across the plat, which was trimmed as neatly as a college green, and asked the servant if he could see Margaret Black.

"Margaret Black?" said the man doubtfully: "I'll inquire, sir. Please to follow me."

They entered a handsome hall, with antlers and armour: from this a double staircase led up to a landing with folding doors in the centre of it; one of these doors was wide open like the iron gate outside. The servant showed Alfred up the left-hand staircase, through the open door, into a spacious drawing-room, handsomely though not gaily furnished and decorated; but a little darkened by Venetian blinds.

The old servant walked gravely on, and on, till Alfred began to think he would butt the wall; but he put his hand out and opened a door, that might very well escape a stranger's notice; for it was covered with looking-glass, and matched another narrow mirror in shape and size: this door led into a very long room, as plain and even sordid as the drawing-room was inviting; the unpapared walls were a cold drab, and wanted washing; there was a thick cobweb up in one corner, and from the ceiling hung the tail of another, which the housemaid's broom had scotched not killed: that side of the room they entered by was all books. The servant said, "Stay here a moment, sir, and I'll send her to you." With this he retired into the drawing-room, closing the door softly after him: once closed it became invisible; it fitted like wax, and left nothing to be seen but books; not even a knob. It shut to with that gentle but clean click which a spring bolt, however polished and oiled and gently closed, will emit. Altogether it was enough to give some people a turn. But Alfred's nerves were not to be affected by trifles; he put his hands in his pockets and walked up and down the room, quietly enough at first, but by-and-by uneasily. "Confound her for wasting my time," thought he; "why doesn't she come?"

Then, as he had learned to pick up the fragments of time, and hated dawdling, he went to take a book from the shelves.

He found it was a piece of iron, admirably painted: it chilled his hand with its unexpected coldness: and all the books on and about the door were iron and chilly.

"Well," thought he, "this is the first dummy ever took me in. What a fool the man must be! Why, he could have bought books with ideas in them for the price of these impostors."

Still Peggy did not come. So he went to a door opposite, and at right angles to the farthest

window; meaning to open it and inquire after her: lo and behold he found this was a knob without a door. There had been a door but it was blocked up. The only available door on that side had a keyhole, but no latch, nor handle.

Alfred was a prisoner.

He no sooner found this out than he began to hammer on the door with his fists, and call out.

This had a good effect, for he heard a woman's dress come rustling: a key was inserted, and the door opened. But, instead of Peggy, it was a tall well-formed woman of thirty, with dark grey eyes, and straightish eyebrows massive and black as jet. She was dressed quietly but like a lady. Mrs. Archbold, for that was her name, cast on Alfred one of those swift, all-devouring glances, with which her sex contrive to take in the features, character, and dress of a person from head to foot; and smiled most graciously on him, revealing a fine white set of teeth. She begged him to take a seat; and sat down herself. She had left the door ajar.

"I came to see Margaret Black," said Alfred.

"Margaret Black? There is no such person here," was the quiet reply.

"What, has she gone away so early as this?"

Mrs. Archbold smiled, and said soothingly, "Are you sure she ever existed; except in your imagination?"

Alfred laughed at this, and showed her Peggy's letter. She ran her eye over it, and returned it him with a smile of a different kind, half pitying, half cynical. But presently resuming her former manner, "I remember now," said she in dulcet tones: "the anxiety you are labouring under is about a large sum of money, is it not?"

"What, can you give me any information about it?" said he, surprised.

"I think we can render you great service in the matter, infinite service, Mr. Hardie," was the reply, in a voice of very honey.

Alfred was amazed at this. "You say you don't know Peggy! And yet you seem to know me. I never saw you in my life before, Madam; what on earth is the meaning of all this?"

"Calm yourself," said Mrs. Archbold, laying a white and finely moulded hand upon his arm, "there is no wonder nor mystery in the matter: you were expected."

The colour rushed into Alfred's face, and he started to his feet: some vague instinct told him to be gone from this place.

The lady fixed her eyes on him, put her hand to a gold chain that was round her neck, and drew out of her white bosom, not a locket, nor a key, but an ivory whistle; keeping her eye steadily fixed on Alfred, she breathed softly into the whistle. Then two men stepped quietly in at the door; one was a short, stout, snob, with great red whiskers, the other a wiry gentleman with iron-grey hair. The latter spoke to Alfred, and began to coax him. If Mrs. Archbold was honey, this personage was treacle. "Be calm,

my dear young gentleman; don't agitate yourself. You have been sent here for your good; and that you may be cured, and so restored to society, and to your anxious and affectionate friends."

"What are you talking about? what do you mean?" cried Alfred; "are you mad?"

"No, *we* are not," said the short snob, with a coarse laugh.

"Have done with this fooling, then," said Alfred, sharply; "the person I came to see is not here; good morning."

The short man instantly stepped to the door, and put his back to it. The other said, calmly, "No, Mr. Hardie, you cannot leave the house at present."

"Can't I? Why not, pray?" said Alfred, drawing his breath hard: and his eyes began to glitter dangerously.

"We are responsible for your safety; we have force at hand if necessary; pray do not compel us to summon it."

"Why where, in God's name, am I?" said Alfred, panting now; "is this a prison?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Archbold, soothingly; "it is a place where you will be cured of your headaches and your delusions, and subjected to no unnecessary pain nor restraint."

"Oh, bother," said the short snob, brutally. "Why make two bites of a cherry? You are in *my* asylum, young gentleman, and a devilish lucky thing for you."

At this fatal word, "asylum," Alfred uttered a cry of horror and despair, and his eyes roved wildly round the room in search of escape. But the windows of the room, though outside the house they seemed to come as low as those of the drawing-room, were partly bricked up within, and made just too high to be reached without a chair. And his captors read that wild glance directly, and the doctor whipped one chair away, while Mrs. Archbold, with more tact, sat quietly down on the other. They all three blew their whistles shrilly.

Alfred uttered an oath and rushed at the door: but heard heavy feet running on stone passages towards the whistles, and felt he had no chance out that way: his dilating eye fell upon the handle of the old defunct door: he made a high leap, came down with his left foot on its knob of brass, and, though of course he could not stand on it, contrived to spring from it slap at the window—Mrs. Archbold screamed—he broke the glass with his shoulder, and tore and kicked the woodwork, and squeezed through on to a stone ledge outside, and stood there bleeding and panting, just as half a dozen keepers burst into the room at his back. He was more than twenty feet from the ground: to leap down was death or mutilation; he saw the flyman driving away. He yelled to him, "Hy! hy! stop! stop!" The flyman stopped and looked round. But soon as he saw who it was, he just grinned: Alfred could see his hideous grin; and there was the rattle of chairs, being brought to the window,

and men were mounting softly to secure him; a coarse hand stole towards his ankle; he took a swift step and sprang desperately on to the next ledge:—it was an old manor-house, and these ledges were nearly a foot broad:—from this one he bounded to the next, and then to a third, the last but one on this side the building; the corner ledge was but half the size, and offered no safe footing: but close to it he saw the outside leaves of a tree. That tree then must grow close to the corner; could he but get round to it he might yet reach the ground whole. Urged by that terror of a madhouse, which is natural to a sane man, and in England is fed by occasional disclosures, and the general suspicion they excite, he leaped on to a piece of stone no bigger than one's hat, and then whirled himself round into the tree, all eyes to see and claws to grasp.

It was a weeping ash: he could get hold of nothing but soft yielding slivers, that went through his fingers, and so down with him like a bulrush, and so on he went with his hands full of green leaves over head and ears into the water of an enormous iron tank, that fed the baths.

The heavy plunge, the sudden cold water, the instant darkness, were appalling: yet, like the fox among the hounds, the gallant young gentleman did not lose heart nor give tongue. He came up gurgling and gasping, and swimming for his life in manly silence: he swam round and round the edge of the huge tank trying in vain to get a hold upon its cold rusty walls. He heard whistles and voices about; they came faint to him where he was, but he knew they could not be very far off.

Life is sweet. It flashed across him how, a few years before, an university man of great promise had perished miserably in a tank on some Swiss mountain, a tank placed for the comfort of travellers. He lifted his eyes to Heaven in despair, and gave one great sob.

Then he turned upon his back and floated: but he was obliged to paddle with his hands a little to keep up.

A window opened a few feet above him, and a face peered out between the bars.

Then he gave all up for lost, and looked to hear a voice denounce him: but no, the livid face and staring eyes at the window took no notice of him; it was a maniac, whose eyes, bereft of reason, conveyed no images to the sentient brain: only by some half vegetable instinct this darkened man was turning towards the morning sun, and staring it full in the face; Alfred saw the rays strike and sparkle on those glassy orbs, and fire them; yet they never so much as winked. He was appalled yet fascinated by this weird sight; could not take his eyes off it, and shuddered at it in the very water. With such creatures as that he must be confined, or die miserably like a mouse in a basin of water.

He hesitated between two horrors.

Presently his foot struck something, and he

found it was a large pipe that entered the tank to the distance of about a foot. This pipe was not more than three feet under water, and Alfred soon contrived to get upon it, and rest his fingers upon the iron edge of the tank. The position was painful: yet so he determined to remain till night; and then, if possible, steal away. Every faculty of mind and body was strung up to defend himself against the wretches who had entrapped him.

He had not been long in this position, when voices approached, and next the shadow of a ladder moved across the wall towards him. The keepers were going to search his pitiable hiding-place. They knew, what he did not, that there was no outlet from the premises: so now, having hunted every other corner and cranny, they came by what is called the exhaustive process of reasoning to this tank; and, when they got near it, something in the appearance of the tree caught the gardener's quick eye. Alfred quaking heard him say, "Look here! He is not far from this."

Another voice said, "Then the Lord have mercy on him; why there's seven foot of water; I measured it last night."

At this Alfred was conscious of a movement and a murmur, that proved humanity was not extinct; and the ladder was fixed close to the tank, and feet came hastily up it.

Alfred despaired.

But, as usual with spirits so quickwitted and resolute, it was but for a moment. "One man in his time plays many animals;" he caught at the words he had heard, and played the game the jackal desperate plays in India, the fox in England, the elephant in Ceylon: he feigned death; filled his mouth with water, floated on his back paddling imperceptibly, and half closed his eyes.

He was rewarded by a loud shout of dismay just above his head, and very soon another ladder was placed on the other side, and with ropes and hands he was drawn out and carried down the ladder: he took this opportunity to discharge the water from his mouth; on which a coarse voice said, "Look there! His troubles are at an end."

However they laid him on the grass, and sent for the doctor; then took off his coat, and one of them began to feel his heart to see whether there was any pulsation left; he found it thumping. "Look out," he cried in some alarm; "he's shamming Abraham."

But, before the words were well uttered, Alfred, who was a practised gymnast, bounded off the ground without touching it with his hands, and fled like a deer towards the front of the house; for he remembered the open iron gate: the attendants followed shouting, and whistle answered whistle all over the grounds. Alfred got safe to the iron gate: alas! it had been closed at the first whistle twenty minutes ago. He turned in rage and desperation, and the head keeper, a powerful man, was rushing incau-

tiously upon him. Alfred instantly steadied himself, and with his long arm caught the man in full career a left-handed blow like the kick of a pony, that laid his cheek open and knocked him stupid and staggering; he followed it up like lightning with his right, and, throwing his whole weight into this second blow, sent the staggering man to grass; slipped past another, and skirting the south side of the house got to the tank again well in advance of his pursuers, seized the ladder, carried it to the garden wall, and was actually half way up it, and saw the open country and liberty, when the ladder was dragged away and he fell heavily to the ground, and a keeper threw himself bodily on him. Alfred half expected this, and drawing up his foot in time, dashed it furiously in the coming face, actually knocking the man backwards; another kneeled on his chest; Alfred caught him by the throat so felly that he lost all power, and they rolled over and over together, and Alfred got clear and ran for it again, and got on the middle of the lawn, and hallooed to the house:—"Hy! hy! Are there any more sane men imprisoned there? come out, and fight for your lives!" Instantly the open windows were filled with white faces, some grinning, some exulting, all greatly excited; and a hideous uproar shook the whole place—for the poor souls were all sane in their own opinion—and the whole force of attendants, two of them bleeding profusely from his blows, made a cordon and approached him; but he was too cunning to wait to be fairly surrounded; he made his rush at an under-keeper, felled at his head, caught him a heavy blow in the pit of the stomach, doubled him up in a moment, and off again, leaving the man on his knees vomiting and groaning. Several mild maniacs ran out in vast agitation and, to curry favour, offered to help catch him. Vast was their zeal. But, when it came to the point, they only danced wildly about and cried "Stop him! for God's sake stop him! he's ill, dreadfully ill; poor wretch! knock out his brains!" And, whenever he came near them, away they ran whining like kicked curs.

Mrs. Archbold, looking out at a window, advised them all to let him alone, and she would come out and persuade him. But they would not be advised; they chased him about the lawn; but so swift of foot was he, and so long in the reach, that no one of them could stop him, nor indeed come near him, without getting a facer that came like a flash of lightning.

At last, however, they got so well round him, he saw his chance was gone: he took off his hat to Mrs. Archbold at the window, and said quietly, "I surrender to you, madam."

At these words they rushed on him rashly; on this he planted two blows right and left, swift as a cat attacked by dogs; administered two fearful black eyes, and instantly folded his arms, saying haughtily, "It was to the lady I yielded, not to you fellows."

They seized him, shook their fists in his face, cursed him, and pinned him; he was quite passive: they handcuffed him, and drove him before them, shoving him every now and then roughly by the shoulders. He made no resistance, spoke no word. They took him to the strong-room, and manacled his ankles together with an iron hobble, and then strapped them to the bed-posts, and fastened his body down by broad bands of ticking with leathern straps at the ends; and so left him more helpless than a swaddled infant. The hurry and excitement of defence were over, and a cold stupor of misery came down and sat like lead on him. He lay mute as death in his gloomy cell, a tomb within a living tomb. And, as he lay, deeper horror grew and grew in his dilating eyes; gusts of rage swept over him, shook him, and passed; then gusts of despairing tenderness; all came and went, but his bonds. What would his Julia think? If he could only let her know! At this thought he called, he shouted, he begged for a messenger: there was no reply. The cry of a dangerous lunatic from the strong-room was less heeded here than a bark from any dog-kennel in Christendom. "This is my father's doing," he said. "Curse him! Curse him! Curse him!" and his brain seemed on fire, his temples throbbled: he vowed to God to be revenged on his father.

Then he writhed at his own meanness in coming to visit a servant, and his folly in being caught by so shallow an artifice. He groaned aloud. The clock in the hall struck ten. There was just time to get back if they would lend him a conveyance. He shouted, he screamed, he prayed. He offered terms humbly, piteously; he would forgive his father, forgive them all, he would say no more about the money, would do anything, consent to anything, if they would only let him keep faith with his Julia: they had better consent, and not provoke his vengeance. "Have mercy on me!" he cried. "Don't make me insult her I love. They will all be waiting for me. It is my wedding-day: you can't have known it is my wedding-day; fiends, monsters, I tell you it is my wedding-day. Oh pray send the lady to me; she can't be all stone, and my misery might melt a stone." He listened for an answer, he prayed for an answer. There was none. Once in a madhouse, the sanest man is mad, however interested and barefaced the motive of the relative who has brought two of the most venal class upon the earth to sign away his wits behind his back; and, once hobbled and strapped, he is a *dangerous* maniac, for just so many days, weeks, or years, as the hobbles handcuffs and jacket happen to be left upon him by inhumanity, economy, or simple carelessness. Poor Alfred's cries and prayers were heard; but no more noticed than the night howl of a wolf on some distant mountain. All was sullen silence, but the grating tongue of the clock, which told the victim of a legislature's shallowness and a father's avarice that Time, deaf to his woe, as

were the walls the men the women and the cutting bands, was stealing away with iron finger his last chance of meeting his beloved at the altar.

He closed his eyes, and saw her lovelier than ever, dressed all in white, waiting for him with sweet concern in that peerless face. "Julia! Julia!" he cried, with a loud heart-broken cry. The half-hour struck. At that he struggled, he writhed, he bounded: he made the very room shake, and lacerated his flesh; but that was all. No answer. No motion. No help. No hope.

The perspiration rolled down his streaming body. The tears burst from his young eyes and ran down his cheeks. He sobbed, and sobbing almost choked, so tight were his linen bands upon his bursting bosom.

He lay still exhausted.

The clock ticked harshly on: the rest was silence. With this miserable exception; ever and anon the victim's jammed body shuddered so terribly it shook and rattled the iron bedstead, and told of the storm within, the agony of the racked and all foreboding soul.

For then rolled over that young head hours of mortal anguish that no tongue of man can utter, nor pen can shadow. Chained same amongst the mad; on his wedding-day; expecting with tied hands the sinister acts of the soul-murderers who had the power to make their lie a truth! We can paint the body writhing vainly against its unjust bonds; but who can paint the loathing, agonised, soul in a mental situation so ghastly? For my part I feel it in my heart of hearts; but am impotent to convey it to others; impotent, impotent.

Pray think of it for yourselves, men and women, if you have not *sworn* never to think over a novel. Think of it for your own sakes; Alfred's turn to-day, it may be yours to-morrow.

SAND GROUSE.

I've seen a sand grouse!

Grouse, I have somewhere read, is a Persian word signifying moorfowl. The word grouse, like nearly all foreign words, is unable to do its own work of conveying a picture to the mind, and therefore an English word is called in to do its work. Fowls, as everybody knows, are scraping birds, and therefore grouse are scraping birds of the moors. Most people in the British islands have heard of red grouse, grey grouse, black grouse, white grouse, and even cream grouse, but only the students of foreign birds know anything of sand grouse; and yet sand grouse will lucenorth figure in every book which may be published to give a complete account of British birds.

More than a hundred and twenty of these fowl of the plains of Arabia and steppes of Tartary, have been shot and preserved, and more than one hundred and eighty have been seen and counted in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

during the summer of 1863. The ornithologists, who say they never came here before, that their apparition is strange, mysterious, and unprecedented, can scarcely be accused of exaggeration. But during our last warm summer, in 1859, two specimens of these birds were killed and recorded. These specimens have been preserved in the museums of Lynn and Derby. Early in July, 1859, a beautiful male, in perfect plumage, was shot in the county of Norfolk, about two miles from the Wash, and in the parish of Walpole St. Peter's. This bird is preserved in the Lynn museum, and appears to have been the first specimen of its kind obtained in England. Gould, Temminck, Schlegel, and Degland, indeed omit the sand grouse from their lists of European species, but Prince Bonaparte includes it in his Geographical and Comparative Lists of the Birds of Europe and North America. On the 9th of July, 1859, a farm labourer was at work "scuffling" turnips in a field near Tremadoc, in Wales, when he saw three strange birds, and being provided with a gun to shoot crows, killed one of them. This specimen is preserved in the Derby Museum. And now, instead of three, as in '59, three hundred sand grouse must have been seen in '63 in the British islands alone, and the bird is simultaneously established both as European and as British. An occurrence like this has seldom happened in the circles of the bird-wise. Yellow grouse are just now among bird-shooters and bird-lovers, bird-namers, and bird-stuffers, a startling novelty, an unheard-of marvel, a nine days' wonder. In one word, the sand grouse is the Pepper ghost or optical spectre of ornithology.

These birds of the sunny south were first seen in the north. They were first noticed and shot in Scotland and the Isle of Walney, in Lancashire. By the end of May they were pretty widely spread. A sand grouse reached Derby from Perth in a poulterer's hamper, undistinguished from vulgar birds, on the 1st of June, and another was shot as far north as Wick, in Caithness, on the 8th of June. One was shot on the 13th of May in the county of Durham. Hampshire and Sussex are generally believed to be the counties first favoured with the visits of feathered strangers from the Continent; but coveys of sand grouse were seen in Durham thirteen days before they were seen in Hampshire, and sixteen days before one was picked up dead in Sussex from knocking its breast against a wire of the International Telegraph. They were everywhere in June. All have been found on the sea-shore, or in grass fields near the coast.

The sand grouse which I have examined, was killed by dashing its breast against the telegraph wires at Boxhill, in Sussex, on the 29th of May. Here are its dimensions: From the point of the beak to the end of the pin-tail its length is fifteen inches; the pinnated first quills, or primaries tapering from the shoulders to the end of the wing, are ten inches long; the pin-tail feathers were three and three-quarter inches longer than the central tail feathers. The beak

was but five-eighths of an inch long, and strong enough for nothing but picking up grains. This bird was a hen, and less bulky than a partridge or golden plover. The sand grouse are dove-like about the head and neck, grouse-like about the legs and feet, partridge-like about the beak and breast, shearwater-like in their wings, hedgehog or rat-like in their feet. Flying, they are mistaken for golden plovers, and when running they are more like rats than birds. Their footprint is like that of a rat. My measurements agree with those of M. Delanoue, and not with those of Temminck, the bird being not nine but eleven inches long. Macgillivray deemed it very doubtful if the species of sand grouse called *Serrhaptus* or *Tetrao paradoxus* was a grouse at all, or even one of the scrapers (*rasores*), as it seemed to him to be much more nearly allied to the coopers (*gemitores*).

Light and slender, with pin-tails and pin-wings, the sand grouse are built for long and swift flight over vast plains. Their inward structure tells the same tale as their outward locomotive machinery, for the depth of the breast-bone or sternum is more than an inch and an eighth; and their wings are worked by very strong muscles.

The tail of the cock is about an inch and a half longer than that of the hen. Yet the cock is said to be smaller and lighter than the hen: the cock weighing eight ounces and the hen ten. The colour of the plumage of the sand grouse, both male and female, is sand yellow with dark and black bands, pencillings, and horseshoe markings; they both have a blaze of bright orange on both sides of their heads; while their long tapering first wing quills and their long tapering central tail quills are dark brown. But I have not seen any detailed descriptions of the differences between the cocks and hens; and there are, indeed, some puzzling discrepancies in the accounts of the specimens caught. The descriptions generally apply to Pallas sand grouse, the species made known by Pallas (*Serrhaptus paradoxus*), but some of the birds have been taken for other species, *Pterocles alchata*, and *Pterocles arenarius*, or the band sand grouse of Temminck. Instead of hastily and conceitedly concluding that gentlemen fond of ornithology have mistaken the genus, species, or names of birds they have seen, studied, and described, it will be wiser to wait for more information, lest it should turn out that there have been more than one kind in the flocks of hundreds visiting these islands this summer. Among the birds called sand grouse there are in the lists two species of those with united toes—*Serrhaptus*; and more than ten times as many species of pin-wings or *Pterocles*.

Of *Pterocles setarius* of Temminck, Sir William Jardine says: "Another interesting species is the pin-tailed sand grouse of Temminck, a native of Europe as well as of Africa, and the only one which can be called really European. It is remarkable in the lengthened form of the tail feathers, and particularly so in a strong bill (forming a marked contrast with the others,

which are all comparatively weak), and approaches almost to the strength of that of the grouse, while the nostrils still remain uncovered. It is found in the north of Africa, in Spain, and some of the southern provinces of France, frequenting, perhaps, more the Landes, where there is a greater proportion of herbage. The nest is made among loose stones or scanty herbage, and the eggs are only four or five in number."

Most, if not all, the pretty strangers who have visited us during the past summer have been Asian and African species: and one of the most curious of all birds, for *Serrhaptes paradoxus* has not feet like any bird. The savans have, indeed, called it paradoxical, as if they wished thereby to let the peculiar little bird know that it holds some quite new and unorthodox tenets on the subject of feet. Such, however, is the present loose condition of ornithological opinion, that this heretical tendency will, I fear, be deemed rather a recommendation than an objection. As if the bird had some ridiculous Chinese notions in its head, the feet are very small. There is no hind spur. The legs and feet are covered with feathers and thick down to the very nails of the claws. There is no division between the claws, which are not separated, but joined close together. They are certainly more like the feet of a mammal than those of a bird; some describers compare them to the feet of a hedgehog, and others to the feet of a rat. The footprint, as I have already said, is like that of a rat. The skins of the soles of the feet are rough, hard, horny, and serrated, like scaly armour, or like the surface of a rasp. Such feet are well adapted for running on the burning hot sands of Africa and Asia, the united claws letting no sand get between them, and the horny soles, like the blacksmith's hand, resisting heat.

Little or nothing appears to be known of their nests. Some species are said to lay only a few eggs, and their young, it is reported, remain long in the nest after being hatched. The banded sand grouse (*Pterocles arenarius*) is said to make her nest among stunted brush, laying only four or five eggs.

The seeds of milk vetch (*astragalus*) are said to be in the season the principal food of this species. The food found in the crops of the species which have visited us this summer consisted of red clover, grass, tares, and common plainain seeds. When found in the gizzard, the seeds were of course found half ground (the fine word is comminuted), by the grinding of half-transparent gravel stones scarcely bigger than the seeds themselves.

Dr. Andrew Smith, in his *Illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa*, gives us some glimpses of these birds in their African homes. He found the remains of grass seeds, bulbs, and ants, in their gizzards. The different species have different times and ways of visiting their feeding-grounds and drinking-places. The variegated pin-wings (*Pterocles variegatus*) fly very high and early in the morning, descending suddenly, and

sometimes spirally, to reach the spot they seek. The two-banded pin-wings (*Pterocles bicinctus*) fly in the dusk of the evening to their watering-places. The guttural pin-wings (*Pterocles gutturalis*) fly regularly to the watering-places at fixed hours—ten in the morning and three in the afternoon. "In such an arrangement," says Dr. Andrew Smith, "we must admit design, as were all the various species to experience thirst at or about the same time, both delay and difficulty would be experienced in quenching it, since, owing to the general scarcity of water in the districts they inhabit, even as it is, at present hundreds of the same species are often to be seen fringing the brink of a pool for hours together, waiting, and occasionally disputing, for the first sip."

How far these grouse agree with other grouse, or differ from them, in their habits, no one can tell. The probability is that they are as peculiar in their habits and instincts as they are peculiar in their structure and appearance. Odd looks, odd ways. How do they manage their love affairs? Does the cock sing a love-song, like the capercaillie, calling "peller, peller, peller," until the hens of his harem come croaking "gock, gock, gock?" Like the black grouse, does he crow for his wives and win them by a melody which has been compared to the whetting of a scythe? Are there fierce cock-fights on these occasions, and does the victory decide the question of who is to be followed by the hens? For all nature is of the opinion of the poet in the Ode to Alexander:

None but the brave,
None but the brave
Deserve the fair.

There is, indeed, a species, of grouse, the ruffed American grouse, who calls his favourite to him by swelling his body and beating himself with his wings until he produces a sound like drumming:

And there is ne'er a hen, be she ever so glum,
But will spruce up her feathers and follow the drum.

The habits, the nests, the eggs, and the peculiarities, of the sand grouse, are matters the discovery of which challenges the zeal and courage of observers. Meanwhile, the question has been raised what ought to be done with the coveys of these extraordinary birds which visit the British islands. When numbers of male and numbers of female birds fly separately, they are called packs (male and female packs), and when both sexes fly together in small numbers they are called coveys, and in large numbers flocks; some birds occasionally fly in armies. The sand grouse of this summer have all been coveys. What, then, ought to be done with these coveys? Ought they to be killed for the table? They possess "gastronomic virtues," according to the phrase of a gentleman who has eaten them, and who liked their flesh, and praised them as virtuous birds accordingly. Now, it may be all very well to eat them in countries where armies of such birds are seen

so crowded together that boys can, it is said, knock them down with sticks. But their flesh is said to resemble that of the pigeon in appearance and flavour; and as curiosities, their value in this country exceeds that of many pies full of pigeons. They are, therefore, foolishly extravagant eating. As for their becoming naturalised in this country, our cold winters, our shooting mania, and their swift wings, render that highly improbable. As everybody knows, what is now done with them is, they are shot, stuffed, and sold for preservation in museums. But surely snaring them and keeping them alive as long as possible in aviaries would be the wisest use to make of them, for this would give us opportunities of studying them, and learning something of their habits. When they died, it would be time enough to stuff and preserve them as specimens. They would be far more beautiful, curious, and interesting, in the aviary than in the museum. It is, moreover, probable, that they could be easily tamed. Mr. William Sinclair, of Drugoobe, Donegal, made one captive, and has found it to be very easily tamed by kindness. When he was walking in a rabbit warren by the sea-side, he came suddenly upon a covey of thirteen or fourteen birds. After flying up and making a circle of three or four hundred yards, they flew almost over his head, and then dropped on the sands close under the bent hills; whence after suffering him to come within thirty yards of them, they flew inland. He was subsequently on the outlook for them, and shot a cock and wounded and caught a hen. The captive was curiously familiar from the first, and seems quite contented, freely eating grits, canary-seed, and groundsel, and being fond of washing and splashing in a pan of water.

DINNER IN A TOMB.

I AND Badger and my dragonian, and our three donkeys and their attendants, and a mounted guide with a long *rebout* or quarter-staff club over his brown-robed shoulder, are on our way through a dismal valley of rocks to the Babel Molook, or Gates of the Kings, through which, hundreds of years ago, before Homer grew blind, or Herodotus listened to Egyptian lies and legends, the kings of Thebes were borne to their subterranean tombs, with hieroglyphic standards, lotus banners, and wafts of frankincense and myrrh from golden vessels, rising to scare the hyæna and the jackal, who stand at the mouths of their dens sniffing for news, and astonishing the vulture, who hangs motionless above in the fervid air.

An hour ago, we left some mud walls and short turf worn to the scanty paddedness of an old hearthrug; an hour ago, we heard the last half-wild Arab dog bark, the last puny over-hatched chicken crow sleepily; an hour ago, we saw the latest case of ophthalmia and naked child, and were offered the last scarabæi. And we were now alone, where nothing lived, grew, sang, or

spoke, but ourselves. It was the Valley of the Shadow of Death, heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated.

Here Badger drew out his revolver and menaced an imaginary wolf. The guide, looking round indolently and seeing a pistol-barrel close to his back, entreated Badger to take care it did not go off. Badger smiled at the possibility.

Yesterday, I was scrambling over millions of tons of the rubbish of old Thebes, or stumbling over the black skulls or brown shrunken hands and shreds of the tawny grave-clothes of learned Thebans, burnt (the rest of them) in peasants' fires, or the gathering dust in European museums. To-day, I am in a rocky valley where man cannot dwell; beneath is desert dust; above, and on all sides, are cliffs, brown calcined rocks, on which no grass, no lichen even, not the smallest white or orange scale of moss, can cling or find root.

A brown dusty rock, of a dull orange colour whitened by sunshine, is the grave rock, compared with whose barrenness the barrenness of a crayon sky or an alpine needle of granite is animation; for the one is often wet, glistening with mist and rain, and the other is itself beautiful from its contrast with the snow through which it pierces. But the desolation of red-hot rock, with desert sand below, is complete indeed, and a fitting avenue to the tombs of dead pride and cruelty.

We circled the rocks in single file, stopping now and then to look at self-made columns formed here and there in the rock by the dissolution of softer strata, and to wonder what the scene would be like when the sudden rains pour down these dead ravines, and the devastating water comes leaping down the dead men's valley, and through the Gates of the Kings, who were ruthless and tremendous beings, and lords of Upper and Lower Egypt, when England was inhabited only by oysters, snipes, and wolves.

The glare from the rocks is as when you look closely at a red-hot shovel. You cannot look up; you butt on, hoping to get somewhere that will be cooler and less eye-withering. Now we reach a winding and ascending path, leading higher into the gorge, where we have to dismount. I and Badger dismount; our stirrups being held by the boys, who always select such an Oriental ceremony as a fit time to remind you of future "backsheesh," and to utter lying plaudits of their donkeys.

"Very good donkey, sare; go like steamer; fast as horse; just same as horse, your donkey, sare."

Our saddle-bags with the dinner are thrown over Homar Alee's (the guide's) shoulder, and we set out for tomb "No. 17, Belzoni tomb," as our guide somewhat pedantically names the first object of our search.

But here our guide, betraying some temper respecting our wish to keep our wax candles and German matches in our own care, so that we may neither be left in the dark half a mile under-

ground through his carelessness, or be hurried homeward to our boat through his stealing them. Badger, one of the best-natured souls in the world, who always wants to do things in a cozy straightforward way, and who has had very little converseance with any people but his own countrymen, takes the guide by the shoulders and addresses him with honeyed words:

"Look here, my dear fellow, all we want is to see the thing thoroughly, *le too*." (Here Badger, who, like others of my compatriots, believes that every one understands French, wanders off into the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe.) "Do you understand? Let us go on quietly, amicably, and——"

"Sayib" (good), says the Arab sulkily, understanding not two words of all Badger's harangue.

"Very well—descendez! Commencez vite! Look alive—vous comprenez—you understand?"

"Belzoni tomb, No. 17," says Homar Alce oracularly.

The donkeys, were picketed in the shade of a rock—that is, one front leg of each was tied up in the tranquillising Arab manner pirated by Rarey. We got the short spermaceti candles out of the saddle-bags and approached the entrance of No. 17, which that extraordinary runaway Pavian monk and street acrobat, the gigantic Belzoni, ingenious discoverer of Egyptian antiquities, ransacked with great success.

At the foot of a brown bare cliff in this valley of death is the square doorway of the tomb, marked in red paint on the lintel by Champollion, Bruce, and some other Egyptian traveller.

We are going to penetrate four hundred and seventy feet horizontally into the deserted palace of death, and one hundred and eighty feet deeper than the head of the broken staircase where I now stand, down to the chamber where once rested that wonderful semi-transparent alabaster sarcophagus which is now to be seen in the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's Inn-fields, London, England.

We descend the broken staircase, covered with flakes and broken ledges of stone, that leads to the real entrance to the tomb. Badger, in the midst of the slippery and uncertain descent, calls for Murray to find the date of the Italian's discovery: which he cannot.

Another door and another passage of eighteen feet long by nine wide, its roof blackened by the torch-smoke of predecessors, the walls lined with coloured hieroglyphics, bring us to another shelving and fractured staircase, which descends on an horizontal slant another twenty-five feet.

We move with glimmering starry light over the detritus and broken refuse of the false wall that Belzoni's battering palm-tree destroyed in laying open the true site of the monarch's sarcophagus. There are chips of stone enough to fill half a dozen masons' yards. Persian, Greek, Turk, and Frenchman, have all lent their hands

to plunder, spoil, and demolish, the tomb of the old Egyptian king. The guide shows you the ruthless hollows at the base of the second staircase where Champollion removed some specially curious and beautiful groups. Other antiquarians have imitated him with lamentable success; others with lamentable failures—all have helped to mar and mutilate this palace of King Death.

Every wall is like the gigantic illuminated leaf of a child's spelling-book, the colours still perfect, the forms of the strange mystic menagerie still entire. The water-plant, the rat, the ibis, the wild goose, the jackal, the hare, the hawk, the ape, the vulture, the asp with swollen hood, the crocodile, the sycamore—all the plants and creatures I have been for weeks in contact with—cut into the stucco with strong, clear, intelligent touch.

The colours—the greenish blues, the heavy reds, the coarse yellows—though barbarous in effect, untarnished by age. To many living, these figures could now be read off as a newspaper can be read. I know that this lute meant "pleasure," and this cross and ring "pure life," and this blue figure a god, and this red figure a man, and this triple scourge "royal power," and this asp sovereignty. But beyond this all is darkness, except where readings in Egyptian mythology enable me to see that here the Genii of the Dead, headed by Horus, led the dead king to Osiris and Atheros; and that here the king, in his descent to Amenti, to be tried for his life's deeds, is ferried over the river of Death, or makes offerings to Osiris, Isis, and Anubis. The whole tomb is a great epic, the subject death; yet it resembles a child's picture-book, painted in crude and conventional colours, barbarous and curious, but beautiful only to the over-heated imagination. What a strange freak of pride to provide this subterranean picture-book world to spend the ages in, and to await the inevitable spoiler! Had these Pharaohs pined for eternity of peace, why did they not go and have their graves dug deep in the moving desert, and where none could have discovered them? Many a peasant they spurned with their feet, as he covered amid the ashes of their brick-kilns, has slept for three thousand years in his forgotten grave, while the lord of the two Egypts has been torn piecemeal by antiquarians to spice library drawers, or has been dismembered by popular lecturers searching for papyri.

Happy in my ignorance, as I dream over the impotence of pride and the vanity of transitory power, I grow so careless of the flattery and emptiness of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, that I would scarce read them now, if I could. It might have been Sethi, or Osirei, father of Sesostris, who, thirteen hundred and twenty-two years before Christ, sire, I mean, of the Eighteenth Dynasty of Theban Diospolites, who drove out the stranger shepherd kings who slumbered here in an alabaster chest; all I care for is that it is the tomb of a bygone Egyptian king, and that here am I, to whom Egyptian history has been dear ever since I could read,

utterly indifferent to whose tomb I am in. And here is Badger inquiring about lunch, and teasing our Arab guide in bad French.

"I say, guide, nous voulons manger—lunch, you know. Now, I do hope you brought the corkscrew. Aimez-vous bottled porter, or did the Prophet forbid it?—la Prophète n'aimait pas le port and sherry, c'est vrai?"

"Sayib" (good), tells out the Arab guide.

"Quite Egyptian!" says the critical Badger, as he looks about him with an air of delight and astonishment, the hot wax dripping on his hand, and occasioning him moments of extreme pain and excitement. The guide bears these transient sufferings with that Christian patience with which we generally contrive to bear the misfortunes of others.

"But it hurts, you know," was Badger's remonstrance, which he instantly stopped to pat and encourage the guide, and entreat him "not to hurry, my dear fellow. Let's do everything deliberately and comfortably."

To which the guide, thinking Badger was asking him the name of the tomb, always replied, with the air of an authority,

"Number seventeen—Belzoni tomb."

The two staircases, the three doorways, and a third passage of twenty-nine feet, brought us to a small oblong chamber, where the pit is, that once baffled all further progress. The pit, a kind of moat hollowed out to guard death from life; a pit whose inner wall, strong apparently as a fortress, and shaped of blocks of hewn stone cemented close as cabinet work, barred all further hope of discovery. The cunning of the builder, dead now some three thousand years, had well guarded the secret. The stone on the walls was covered with columns of hieroglyphics in due sequence. There was no flaw for curiosity or suspicion to work in its crowbar. Yet at the first grasp of Belzoni the whole magic of the dead Pharaoh fell to pieces. The hollow sound of the wall of the pit had caught his quick ear, a small aperture no bigger than a scorpion could wriggle through had caught his quick eye; the battering-ram was launched, and the great painted halls and the alabaster sarcophagus met his delighted glance.

But it was the Arab hunters for treasures and the goppers in the mummy-pit who had given him the first inkling. They had been struck, after the rains, by seeing at one particular spot in the Bab-el-Molook the earth always sink and shrink. Belzoni, whose whole mind was bent on discovery, accepted the omen, and began to dig, instantly discovering the first staircase and doorway.

It is quite a tour through this subterranean palace of the dead; for one has no sooner penetrated the first passages and hall, twenty-six feet square, supported by four rock pillars, than we come to a second hall, two more passages, and a grand hall, supported by six pillars, at the upper end of which is the vaulted chamber where the sarcophagus was found. Nor is this all: for two more rooms, supported by pillars, lead out of the grand hall, and in some of

them are niches and recesses, intended for we know not what incense-burning or mummy-storing; and round the south-west room is a broad bench of rock, four feet high, hewn out for who shall say what mourner or visitor to the royal tomb. Some think that the royal attendants were laid here after death, ready to serve with dish and goblet, sword and javelin, harp and lute, on the monarch if he should call them.

But the pit and the masking wall were not the only means the wily Egyptians took to conceal their dead monarch. No jealous banker during a siege ever so built up his treasure. The wall near which the sarcophagus stood was again only a veil; it had an inclined plane forming the central rib of a palatial staircase that led down into outer darkness, more than fifteen hundred and fifty feet. Whither it led and what was the object of its concealment we cannot at this period of time even guess. Did these pyramid builders really believe that all this scooping and tunnelling would in time lead them a secret and covered way to Hades?

In some of the rooms, the hieroglyphics are still unfinished; the figures are red-lined and corrected in black either by the artist himself or his superior, and still remain waiting for the relievo-cutter's chisel. The king must have died and wanted his tomb before it could be got ready for him, so the red living men were turned out, and death came in and took possession. I own, though no sentimentalist or inventor of causes for grief, that I could not help pitying the proud man who, after all, never got his death-chamber finished, but was walled up, hugger-mugger, anyhow, some great contractor of those days smiling at the false priest as he hid the slovenly job from the truth-telling daylight. A thousand years or so later, and the trick was discovered; but the rascals had fled, and had lain down, let us hope in turn, in their own unfinished tomb, and shuffled off the responsibility.

I sometimes found myself moralising, too, over the evidently greater carelessness and haste with which (true to human nature) the inner chambers were adorned. The outer passages begin all line and level, red feet, green water plants, blue ploughs, and so on; further in, the workmen, tired, restless, or careless, launch out into coarser figures; rooms full of red men in white tunics holding tow-ropes, and dragging in the mystic boat that bears the mummy-case; blue gods crowned with symbolical feathers; enormous snakes thirty yards long; genii with monster heads, all dashed in with a very free and indifferent hand. It looks very much as if the artists of the time had, like modern upholsterers, tried to get their contract work done as soon as possible, and with no very vigilant or conscientious eye to watch them.

"Would to Amun!"—the Lord of the Sun—no doubt they said in those days, like any other tired mechanics—"and by Tharah"—the god of

Memphis who fashioned the world upon his forming-wheel—"would that this accursed king's tomb were finished, and we were once more up, safe, all day basking in the sunshine! Why should a dead king bury us with his forgotten mummy? Accursed then be these Nile geese, and doubly accursed these big snakes and these funeral boats!"

There is one thing very repulsive in Egyptian tombs and temples generally. There is such a sickening recurrence of exulting cruelty, such lopping and binding, such flocks of haltered prisoners tied to chariots; there are such tons of human ears and hands; such slicing of heads, such brandishing of swords like crumb-brushes, and of falchions like fish-slices. Pride and cruelty reign triumphant over these places. These kings surely forgot that they were mere paid upper servants of the nation, bound for certain wages—trinkets, guards, and gilt houses—under heavy penalties to discharge certain duties, and originally chosen by the voice of the great majority. By-and-by they usurped God's place, fancied themselves divinely gifted with incompetence, claimed priestly power so as to at once enslave mind as well as body, and built such vain tombs as these wherein to hide themselves from decay. And now it comes to this, that the place is a dry river-bed of loose stone, and the jackal feeds her young in its recesses.

Here my reveries were disturbed by a tremendous crackling blaze suddenly springing up from a fire of dry palm-boughs, set alight by the guide, and contradicting all I had said. The bright yellow flame, chasing the darkness, flashed up to the roof. On all sides, coloured figures moved and marched; men towing with snake-ropes, genii, jackal, and ape-headed judges of the dead; especially the funeral boats passing over novitiatory and metaphorical cataraets, were visible. The ceiling, too, was alive with huge figures of goddesses, whose heads were on this side of the room, and their legs, thirty feet long, were on the opposite side of the wall, so that, bracket-like, they embraced all between and beneath them. For endless centuries that divine bracket had straddled over the alabaster sarcophagus of King Sethi.

For a moment the faces of Badger and the guide shone out white and dark like good and evil genii. In an instant the flames had died into red sparks, and all was again darkness. The vultures, the lutes, the papyri, the ploughs, the bread-cakes, the geese, had disappeared; the great negro hand of night had come and sponged out the great coloured picture-book.

With this tomb I will couple Bruce's tomb—or the Harper's tomb, as it is called—because it is more domestic and sociable, and less mysterious, awful, and hieratic. The rooms are mere small furnished sitting-rooms, and their subjects refer more to ordinary life and every-day events. It is a reign or two later than that of Belzoni. It was defaced during the reign of the Ptolemys, for these tombs were even then show-places, and the granite sarcophagus was removed some years

since. The giant's coffin is no longer here to excite the imagination, or to dream of in future Nilotic nightmares.

The chief features of this tomb of Ramesis the Third (date 1219 B.C.) are the little side bins, or chambers, which line either side of the entrance passage. Each of these contains a mummy pit, in which once rested the body of some chief servant of the dead Pharaoh. His chief cook, his head butler, his head baker, his steward, harper, priest, armour-bearer, boat-superintendent, farmer, ready at his call. They lie right and left of the passage, each in his separate stall, surrounded by picture emblems of their different professions and trades rudely painted on the wall. We see from these, how the head Pharaoh ate, drank, and dressed. It seems childish to lie down in the grave surrounded by such shadows. That we brought nothing into this world and can carry nothing out of it seems to have been forgotten by these worshippers of Amoun-Rehmd; yet it was, perhaps, some comfort to weak man to feel that he would even in death be surrounded by semblances of his life's delights.

Be it as it may, the boatman's vault has its square-chequered sails and little paddles, its cabins and banks of oars; the armourer his brackets of bows, swords, arrows, and javelins, his coats of mail, his embossed or gilded helmets, his arms of gilt and steel. The cooks slay oxen and dismember them, boil joints in caldrons, mince meat, knead bread with their feet and hands, draw off liquids with syphons, carry unleavened cakes to the oven. The husbandman carries geese, drives oxen, watches the Nile rise, reaps the *Doora* for the lotus-flowers for the festival. Another room is stored with the semblance of furniture and wearables, of wine-coolers resembling sarcophagi, sofas, chairs, vases, striped linens, and leopard-skins. Another room is piled with the still more fallacious semblance of geese, quails, eggs, pomegranates, grapes, nuts, &c.; and in the last room I entered were two blind minstrels, playing before some deity—Moni or Hercules, I believe the antiquarians say—on harps, whose bases are shaped into female heads.

There they play on, those harpers, nor does wire or string fail after these three thousand years of harping to deaf ears. There, like treasure transformed by magic—that pictured wealth of the dead—Pharaoh remains: no human hand can lift down those javelins; no sword wrench up those sarcophagi; no human fingers draw those swords. Slowly, slowly, time with gentle crasure fades them away, and restores the blanched rock to its old barbarity.

Badger, who has done nothing but utter "Oh," "Ah!" and such interjections, and declare everything is quite Egyptian, as it indeed well may be—for what else could it be?—here gets so mutinous on the subject of lunch, that I proposed an adjournment to the mouth of the tomb, there to discuss supplies. Badger thereupon proposes that the guide, meantime, be

presented with a chicken and a pipe, "to make it all straightforward and comfortable, you know, and to have no grumbling with these sort of cads."

We seat ourselves on sacrificial stones within the black shade of the tomb doorway, where so long ago the perfumed mummy passed in, to the clash of the sistra and the clang of cymbals. A stone lying between us serves for a table. We plunder the saddle-bags, we unswathe rolls of varnished chicken, we draw forth salt and steel, we gurgle out brown frothing stout, we lie down in our plaids like Arab sheikhs, we devour with thankfulness.

The guide, with true Moslem courtesy, hides himself in a retired place, with his chicken and pipe.

We drink the memory of all the Pharaohs in solemn silence.

I am in a tranquil half-doze, lulled by the intense outer heat, when suddenly Badger leaps to his feet as if he had seen a ghost. I at first really thought he had seen the dead Rameses sliding through the sunshine.

It was only a jackal. These creatures infest rocky valleys and rock tombs. I caught one glimpse of his quick, light run.

"Oh!" sighed Badger, "that I had brought my breech-loader."

I had again drawn back into my doze, when a remark of Badger's again aroused me, and I looked up. There were three old Arabs seated cross-legged before us. It needed but a glance to show that they were itinerant marine store-sellers (or curiosity sellers), who had dodged us hither, and marked us down as victims.

Before one, lay the two black hands of a mummy; before another, some blue porcelain vultures' wings, once worn as neck ornaments; before the third, a toy-dog of painted wood, and a triangular tartlet of petrified bread.

"Antique! Good antique!" said the three Arabs.

"Moosh onx" (I do not want), I said to the first.

To the second: "Ma in fash" (No use).

And to the third, the exorcising word, "Thegleban" (Humbag).

Instantly they shrank away as the jackal had slunk from us. Crimson and gold sunset clothed the Memnon when we rode past, but the imbecile old monarch had heard how I had treated his people, and would not deign me one syllable.

MY NEIGHBOUR.

"Love thou thy Neighbour," we are told,
"Even as Thyself." That creed I hold;
But love her more, a thousand-fold!

My lovely Neighbour; oft we meet
In lonely lane, or crowded street;
I know the music of her feet.

She little thinks how, on a day,
She must have missed her usual way,
And walked into my heart for aye.

Or how the rustle of her dress
Thrills thro' me like a soft caress,
With trembles of deliciousness.

Wee woman, with her smiling mien,
And soul celestially serene,
She passes me, unconscious Queen!

Her face most innocently good,
When through there peeps the sweet red blood.
A very nest of Womanhood!

Like Raleigh—for her dainty tread,
When ways are miry—I could spread
My cloak, but, there's my heart instead.

Ah, Neighbour, you will never know
Why 'tis my step is quickened so;
Nor what it is I murmur low.

I see you 'mid your flowers at morn,
Fresh as the rosebud newly born;
I marvel, can you have a thorn?

If so, 'twere sweet to lean one's breast
Against it, and, the more it prest,
Sing like the Bird that sorrow hath blessed.

I hear you sing! And thro' me Spring
Doth musically ripple and ring;
Little you think I'm listening!

You know not, dear, how dear you be;
All dearer for the secrecy:
Nothing, and yet a world to me.

So near, too! you could hear me sigh,
Or see my case with half an eye;
But must not. There are reasons why.

THE POLISH DESERTER.

A STEALTHY step in the corridor, the faint rustle of a woman's garments, and then there was a low tap at the door, and a voice said softly in the French language,

"Doctor, monsieur, are you awake? Come and speak to me, but hist! be careful, for the love of Heaven!"

The summons rather startled me, as I sat in my lonely room, late on the third night after my arrival at the castle, writing a long letter to Alice in England. It was for her sake—Alice Wilson's—that I was in Poland, and at Miklitz, the mansion of Count Emmanuel Oginski, whose household surgeon I was. The count was one of the chief nobles of the kingdom; his forefathers had been Palatines in the days of Polish independence; his domains were great, and his revenues, in spite of neglect, considerable. The possessor of all these advantages was, however, anything but happy. He had wretched health, his naturally good parts were rusted by sloth, and his kindly disposition was fast growing irritable and morbidly sad. I had been given to understand, by the friend who had procured me the well-paid situation I now filled, that Count Oginski had fallen under the displeasure of the Russian government. This was not from any

act of his own, for my employer had been scrupulous in his avoidance of politics. His son, however, Emile Oginski, had been convicted of some share in a conspiracy to throw off the Muscovite yoke, and had been punished by being forced into the ranks of the army, and sent to serve as a private in the Caucasus, with the regiment of Astrakhan.

Two years had elapsed since this harsh sentence had been carried into effect, and the young heir to a proud name and fair estate, a mere boy in years, easily tempted into the rash plot whose detection had brought the Czar's vengeance on his head, had never since been suffered to communicate with his parents. Count Oginski had in vain invoked all the influence of his powerful relatives; and the mother of the poor boy, a high-spirited woman, who had never been willing to appear at the imperial court, had conquered her Polish prejudices so far as to travel to St. Petersburg and kneel at the Emperor's feet to solicit the pardon of her son. But Nicholas considered mercy as mere weakness, and the suppliant was coldly dismissed. At the same time an order was transmitted from the Chancellerie of St. Petersburg that the count, who had long resided in Italy during most part of the year, should not quit the Russian dominions without a special authorisation from the Czar. And it was thought indulgent by the bureaucrats of the capital to give "the father of a traitor" the choice between St. Petersburg and his own Polish estates in the government of Kalisch. Thus it came about that the count, suffering from gout, rheumatism, and a lack of educated companions, wrote to a friend in London to express his desire for an English medical attendant, while the high salary tempted me, a poor young surgeon who had just taken his doctor's degree, and who had been for years engaged to a clergyman's daughter who was good and pretty, but poor as himself.

And now, when my long letter descriptive of the strange place and strange people—a letter that might have wearied others, but which I knew Alice would read over and over again with fond interest in every detail—when this letter was half finished, there came the midnight summons I have spoken of. Opening the door, I found myself confronted by the countess. She was very pale, and she trembled, and I fancied there were marks of tears hastily dried upon her face, but her eyes were unusually bright, and had the restless craving look often seen in those of some hunted creature. As she stood in the silent corridor, hung with moth-eaten tapestry, her dark hair—streaked with early grey that was due to sorrow more than years—falling in disorder over her white wrapper, and a small silver lamp flickering in her unsteady hand, she looked more like a spirit than a living woman.

"Madame," I said, "I am at your orders, but I hope there is no cause for alarm. The count—"

She interrupted me by a hasty gesture: "The

count is sleeping. He is not ill; it is not on his account that—ah! M. le Docteur! can I trust you? Will you help me, and be careful and silent?"

I stammered out some common-place assurance of my willingness to do all in my power to render service to the family, but I dare say I was awkward in my speech, being not only unpractised in French conversation, but sorely puzzled by the visit. Hitherto, I had only known the mistress of the house as a somewhat proud and stately lady, with a grave gentleness of bearing, equally remote from cordiality or haughtiness. And now this marble figure, so cold and impassive, agitated, fearful, and with glittering eyes and loosened hair, a prey to some inexplicable terror and excitement! Was the countess mad! No doubt she read the doubts that were passing through my mind, for she conquered her own emotion and addressed me in a calm voice, and in a low and wary tone. She wanted my aid, she said, for a sick person who had just arrived at Miklitz, and whose arrival, for weighty reasons, must be kept a secret from the household. The sufferer was—would I promise, as an English gentleman and a man of honour, not to reveal a word she told me, till I had permission from herself?—the sufferer was a poor lad, the son of a former steward, and who had left the Russian regiment to which he belonged, without leave.

"He is a deserter, then, madame?"

The countess slowly bent her head, and for a moment or two tried to speak, but her voice failed her. Then, to my surprise and dismay, she sprang forward, dropped on her knees, and caught my hand in both of hers, passionately crying aloud:

"Forgive me, monsieur, if I tried to deceive you. I will trust you; I know I may do so safely. He is my son, my only son, my dear, dear boy, come back from the Caucasus, wounded, famished, to die at the threshold of his father's house, which he must not enter!"

Here the mother's voice broke into stifling sobs, and it was with great difficulty, and only by representing the risk of alarming the household, that I succeeded in raising her from the ground and soothing her to a more reasonable frame of mind. At last she was able to tell me the rest.

"I could not sleep," she said, eagerly, "and I looked out of the window into the great garden, where the fountains were playing, and all was bright moonlight up to the verge of the belt of dark oaks. It was then I saw him, Emile, but so wan and haggard, so ill and emaciated, in a tattered caftan and cap, like those of a Russian peasant, that none but a mother's eyes could have recognised him. His eyes were dim, and his left arm was bandaged with a bloody cloth; but it was Emile, my dear boy, that I have seen in my dreams every night since the cruel day of his sentence. He was so ghastly, standing out in the wan moonlight, that I feared he was dead, far off, and that his shadow was come to warn me that we should

meet no more. But he looked up and saw me. And I lighted my lamp, and went down, and undid the door, and went out. And it was my Emile, alive, but dying, doctor."

With all my heart, I offered every assistance in my power. The most cruel part of the matter was, that we dared not bring the sufferer—for the poor lad was smarting under the effects of a gunshot wound, aggravated by privation and neglect—into the house, nor even reveal his presence to any one, his father not excepted. The count—as his wife reluctantly owned—could never in his life keep a secret, and his nervous temperament would infallibly lead to a betrayal of the fugitive's position, should he learn the truth suddenly. Most of the servants were faithful and trusty, but there were some on whose discretion no reliance could be placed: while one in especial, the major-domo, a Courlander by birth, and who had been recommended by the governor of Kalisch, was suspected of being a spy. To harbour a deserter, particularly one whose service in the ranks was the chastisement of rebellion, was to commit an offence which Nicholas never pardoned. If it were known that Emile Oginski were sheltered beneath the roof under which he was born, the ruin of the family was certain to result, while the youth himself would be sentenced to the knout.

There was an outhouse, a sort of grange, over which were two rude chambers, intended to accommodate husbandmen at the season of harvest, but which had for some time been unoccupied. This building, old and ruinous, would prove a safer shelter than the castle, and there would be no prying eyes there. Food and clothing could be conveyed there, and, under my care, Emile might perhaps recover his health and take some opportunity of crossing the Prussian frontier, which was at no great distance. Though, even on Prussian soil, as a deserter, young Oginski was liable to extradition on the demand of the Russian government. There was no safety for the hunted wretch, short of the civilised kingdoms of Western Europe. All this was sufficiently clear and coherent, and I could not but admire the prudence and forethought with which maternal affection had inspired the speaker. In as few words as possible, I pledged myself to secrecy, and snatching up my little medicine chest and a pocket-flask of brandy, I signified to the countess that I was ready to follow her. Under her guidance, and treading with extreme caution, I contrived to reach the door that opened on the garden without arousing any one, though it was necessary to pass several doors, standing half open, according to the careless custom of Polish domestics, and from which issued the sound of the heavy breathing of sleepers. We were soon out upon the smoothly-mown lawn, speckled by the dead leaves that had fallen during that autumn evening, and the sickly gleam of the moon fell on the fountains, on the statues, on the withering flowers, and the softly swaying boughs of the dark trees. But no human form could be seen,

and the idea occurred to me that the whole must be a delusion, a mocking vision seen by the eye of overstrained imagination.

"I bade him wait. I said I would soon return. Emile, Emile!" whispered the poor mother, gradually raising her voice. But there was no reply. The countess trembled so much that, but for my support, she would have sunk to the ground. Suddenly she bent forward, uttered a low cry, "There! he is there!" and darted across the lawn to where, at the foot of a spreading chesnut-tree, lay something hardly to be seen by my duller eyes. I found that the unfortunate young man was really lying there, motionless, in the deep shadow. He was dressed in the tattered and travel-stained garb of a Russian peasant, his shoes were worn away by rough travel, and his feet were cruelly scarred and bleeding. There was a gory rag wrapped round his left arm, and his matted hair hung wildly about a haggard young face that must have been handsome once. His lips were white; his eyes closed.

"He is dead," said the countess, breaking out into a low wail, as she knelt on the wet turf and gazed with despairing eyes upon the prostrate form beside her.

"No, madame, he has only fainted. There is a pulse, though a very feeble one, and the heart beats; if I can get him to swallow a few drops of this brandy, he will revive." I lifted the passive head, and forced a small quantity of the cordial between the pale lips. By chafing the cold hands, and by repeating small doses of the spirit, we managed with some trouble to restore the sufferer's senses; but his strength was quite gone. He had been so spent by loss of blood and almost unheard-of hardships, hunted like a wolf through the forests, that all the strength of his youthful constitution had been exhausted. Like some wounded animal, he had made a desperate exertion to reach his native scenes and die at home, but the effort had been too severe, and the last of his forces had been expended in the struggle. He was conscious of his mother's presence and caresses, but he could not speak or stand, and it was necessary to carry him to the old grange, as if he had been a sick child.

More than an hour was now spent in providing, as well as circumstances allowed, for the poor fugitive. There was nothing in the deserted building but some trusses of straw, and two or three wooden bedsteads like those commonly found in a military guard-room. Food, water, warm clothes, bedding, must all be brought, though at the imminent risk of detection. The countess went untiringly on this errand, again and again, gliding through the house, and returning with linen, wine, blankets, and so forth, while I remained with the patient, doing whatever my experience could suggest to keep alight the flickering lamp of life. We did not leave him until, sparingly fed (for he was suffering from actual famine, and a free supply of nourishment would have proved fatal) and warmly wrapped

up, he had sunk into the deep and dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

From that night forth, an atmosphere of mystery, concealment, and apprehension, seemed to extend itself over all things. There was a patient to be cared for, a secret to be kept, a human being to be secluded from the observation of even friendly eyes. It was necessary to disguise the fact of Emile's proximity from his own father: a deception by no means to my taste, and galling to the frank and noble nature of the countess, in whom her invalid husband reposed the fullest confidence. But the more I reflected, the more perilous did it seem to afford Count Emmanuel any information on the subject of his son's refuge. He was unsuspecting by instinct and by habit, spoke freely of his affairs before his domestics, and felt the most perfect assurance of the devotion and attachment, not only of his Polish servants, but of Glittstein, the major-domo, who was, as I have said, a Courlander.

Of this man the countess entertained suspicions which I was inclined to treat as the results of national prejudice. Personally, I was rather disposed to like the Russo-German, who was a fine portly fellow, with a shining bald head fringed with yellow hair, bright blue eyes, and a pleasant smile. He was an excellent servant, and his punctual neatness contrasted favourably with the thoughtlessness of the Poles. I might have shared the lady's antipathy, had Glittstein been a velvet-footed, sly-faced sycophant, gliding cat-like through the house, but there was something bluff and downright in the major-domo's speech and bearing that pleased me.

On the very morning that succeeded the night of the young man's arrival, a startling incident occurred. It was a cold moist morning, and the lazy white fog clung like a ragged veil of half-transparent gauze to meadow and forest, while the mist hovered in thicker masses over the many pools and morasses of the low-lying landscape. The count was unwell and restless, and ate his breakfast in a desultory fashion: now listlessly trifling with a morsel of toast, now rising languidly to gaze out of the window on the melancholy prospect, and now, as he drew his elbow-chair nearer to the great stove, desiring a servant to bring him an exact report of the last reading of a new barometer from Paris or London. The master of Miklitz was very curious in all weather-predicting instruments, and the hall was full of aneroids and wheel-glasses, whose French-polished mahogany and burnished brass seemed out of place among the grim wolf-heads and spreading antlers, the spears, nets, and antique weapons.

"A miserable morning, Dr. Burton!" said Count Emmanuel, pushing away his cup; "the forerunner of a winter such as you cannot realise till you have felt it; a winter that nips and pinches you, chills you and wets you, all at once. Even St. Petersburg is pleasanter, as being dryer. Bah! What cruelty of the government to compel a crippled martyr like

myself, M. le Docteur, to leave dear beautiful Italy, with a sun that really shines—Eh? Adeline, what is amiss?"

The countess had started from her chair, and stood listening eagerly to some faint sound which no ear, unsharpened by strong emotion, could have detected. My senses are tolerably quick, but I could hear nothing. A minute passed, and I thought I heard something like a dull far-off beat of horses' feet.

"Soldiers! They have come to seek him! He is lost!" murmured the poor mother, but in so low a tone that the rash words were heard by none but myself—unless, indeed, Glittstein, who was handing some cordial to his master, had caught them.

In a few moments all doubts were set at rest by the arrival of a commissary of police, accompanied by several agents and a party of dragoons, to search the castle for the apprehension of Emile Oginski, political offender, and deserter from the regiment of Astrakhan. Very particular orders to secure the person of this young man had arrived by telegraph from St. Petersburg, and no retreat appeared so likely to shelter him as his father's house.

Two hours, two long and painful hours, were consumed in a minute search of the extensive mansion, which was rummaged from the garret and turret-chambers to the cellars. The servants were rigorously cross-examined, and the official in command entered into an artfully managed conversation with the count, whose easy disposition was well known, inasmuch that the authorities felt assured of being able to worm out the truth from him. But the count knew nothing, and the astonishment with which he heard of his unfortunate son's flight was too genuine to be mistaken by so practised an observer as the commissary. The servants also, being wholly ignorant of their young lord's return, could not possibly betray him, either by awkward zeal or venal perfidy; and the police were at last fain to believe that no person of the household had the slightest idea that the fugitive had even committed the offence of desertion. Fortunately the countess was asked no questions, nor was it thought worth while to examine myself, a foreigner newly arrived. The out-buildings underwent no scrutiny, for the agents were convinced, long before the mansion was explored, that no one had seen the runaway, and that without having been seen he could not be here.

"He never got out of the forest of Pylcoviez, where he was last seen by a charcoal-burner," said the commissary in a testy manner, as he took his leave. "I told our lord the governor that mortal limbs could not have borne such a journey as that from the wood hither. And now, perhaps, some booby of a village headman will get the reward after all."

The police and troops went off in a crestfallen style, like foxes baffled in an inroad on a poultry-yard, and the servants, male and female, watched them as they rode down the avenue, and followed

their retiring forms with suppressed curses and jeering laughter.

The conduct of Glittstein during this domiciliary visit had been very satisfactory. He was present when the commissary announced his errand, and when Emile's escape was proclaimed; and the look of surprise with which he received the news was evidently genuine. When the police were searching the house, his broad face wore an expression of concern and disgust; he did not scowl or mutter maledictions, as the Poles did, but held himself aloof; and I thought I could read in his intelligent countenance not only sympathy for the distress of the family, but an honest man's natural repugnance to tyranny.

"What would they say to this in England, Herr Burton?" he asked, in a cautious tone, as I passed him.

"What indeed, Glittstein!"

The troubles of the Oginski family were by no means at an end. Two days after the withdrawal of the baffled gendarmes, there arrived an imperative mandate, sent by telegraph to the governor of the province, and transmitted as rapidly as man and horse could bear it to the castle. Count Emmanuel was required immediately to present himself before the authorities at St. Petersburg, there to remain until he had satisfied the Czar of his innocence of any complicity in his son's desertion.

A painful dilemma now arose. Disobedience was not to be dreamed of, and the count at once prepared to depart, but would have preferred to be accompanied on his dismal northern journey by his wife and his medical attendant. Under ordinary circumstances, the countess would have gone with her invalid husband without hesitation, but now—when her son lay, worn out and wounded, perhaps dying, on a mean bed in a neglected outhouse, it was impossible. It was equally out of the question that I, whose professional care was necessary to the sufferer's recovery, should absent myself from Miklitz.

The count went alone. How it was managed in detail I do not bear in mind, but the countess feigned severe indisposition, and this afforded a plea for retaining the English doctor at Miklitz. The count was, as I have said before, the most trustful of men. He would not hear of my leaving the countess, and was considerate enough to leave Glittstein, his right hand man, whom he accounted a treasure of sense and fidelity, to help us, taking with him only his Polish valet.

The object of so much hostility, tenderness, and pity, lay passive and prostrate, in a condition between life and death. We could only visit him by stealth, and it was with much difficulty that we could convey to his comfortless lair the supplies of which he stood in need. He was very, very ill. The gunshot wound in his arm gave me a good deal of anxiety, for the bone was badly shattered and exfoliated, and the wonder was that gangrene had not already ensued. But my chief fear was that

the terrible exertions of that long journey through forests and over bleak steppes, with its attendant hunger and hardships, would prove too much for even a sound and youthful constitution.

It was long before the patient could find strength for anything like a continuous narrative of his escape and the causes of his desertion. It was a tale not merely of privation and toil, and barbarous warfare on a rugged frontier, but of studied insults, unjust punishments, and a deliberate purpose to break the spirit and crush the heart of every one of these unfortunate exiles. He had fought and marched, had endured the hardest details of a hard life, with an unflinching and uncomplaining courage that was due to his Polish pride, but he had been at last compelled to become "dushtek," or servant, to a Russian major.

"He was a cruel coward, the most hated of all our tyrants," said the young man, feebly; "he taunted me, he spoke to me as if I were his dog; he mocked my country and my creed; he made my tasks, and the bread I ate, as bitter and as odious as a petty despot could. One day he struck me across the face with his cane. Next moment he lay at my feet, calling for help, and I fled."

How he had formed the bold resolve to regain his home in West Poland, penniless and on foot; how he had journeyed, hiding in the woods by day, and travelling by night; how the peasants had sometimes given him food and shelter, and at other times had turned out to hunt him down in hopes of reward; all this he told in simple and modest words. Also, how he had changed clothes with a Malorossian serf, who had given him an old caftan and cap in exchange for his uniform coat; and how, soon afterwards, the tidings of his escape having preceded him, he had been pursued by a troop of Cossacks, and had received his wound from one of their musket-balls, while in the act of scrambling up the steep bank of a river which he had swum, and which had baffled the horsemen. Finally, how, famished, cramped in every joint and sinew, he had dragged himself with bleeding and crippled feet to the door of his father's house, at which he had not dared to knock, and was watching the windows when his mother saw him.

A gallant lad he was, slender and graceful of figure, rather active than strong, and with a handsome face enough, when once it began to lose the gaunt famine-stricken look which it wore at first. When the crisis of his illness was past, and his recovery became only a question of time, we contrived to remove him to a lodge in the forest, a mile or more from the castle, which was tenanted by a woodsman, whose wife had been his nurse. These good people were wholly trustworthy, and would have borne torture or death, I believe, sooner than betray their young lord. They cared for him with the utmost affection; and Michael, the woodsman, actually relinquished his Sunday visit to the brandy-shop which a Jew kept in the

village, lest he should in his cups let slip any unwary allusion.

The winter had now set in with much severity, but Count Emmanuel did not return from St. Petersburg. His letters were few, and cautiously worded, as if the writer knew that they would have to pass the ordeal of the Secret Scrutiny Bureau in the Russian post-office; but he spoke of occasional interviews with the ministers and the emperor, and of his hope that he might soon be able to quit the metropolis. Of his son he said little, and that little was cold and artificially expressed; not that the count was without paternal affection, but because of the strict supervision under which he, as the father of a "delinquent," was placed.

Emile could walk now, though not very vigorously, nor was it deemed wise for him to stir abroad. A proclamation had been largely circulated in the province, offering a reward of eight thousand roubles—four times the amount first proposed—for the capture of the deserter Oginski. So high a price would never have been set on him, of course, but that he was a man of rank, and heir to a fine estate, which could not legally be confiscated, unless he had been tried and convicted of desertion and mutiny. Emile, knouted and imprisoned in Siberia, would lose his civil rights, and the state might inherit at Count Emmanuel's decease; but Emile at liberty and across the borders, could not be so summarily disposed of. In such a case, the Czar could only condemn him as "contumacious," and the property would hereafter be sequestrated, instead of permanently confiscated.

The proclamation was affixed to trees, posted up in markets, and made widely known, but all in vain. Many of the greedier peasants and of the Jewish inhabitants were rumoured to have expressed a longing hope that such a prize might fall in their way; but the labourers on the Oginski estate tore down every one of the detested placards within their reach, and the fierce Slachsiz, or peasant nobles of the province, made no secret of their intention to put to death any traitor who might betray young Oginski into Muscovite hands. Some such threat, ill written and ill spelt, but penned in stern earnest, was to be seen scrawled at the foot of every copy of the manifesto that yet adhered to a wall or tree.

Yet I could not but agree with the countess, that the earliest opportunity of getting the young man safe over the frontier ought to be embraced. How to effect this escape was not so clear. Prussia was not far off, but the frontier guards were on the alert, and so were prowling detachments of Cossacks. Money, horses, and a disguise, had to be provided; and we dared not remove any horse from the castle lest the grooms should suspect the reason.

Three months after Emile's arrival, on a crisp frosty morning when the ice sparkled like flawed crystals on every pool and runlet of water, and the snow upon the dark pine-boughs gleamed doubly white and pure in the sunlight, I set off to walk to the lodge. No one in Poland

ever dreams of walking for mere pleasure. To account for my being often afoot, I always carried a gun, and occasionally shot a few squirrels or hares. There was a good deal of snow on the ground, and my footsteps made so little noise, that two men, in close conversation beside an enormous pile of rudely hewn logs, did not observe my approach.

"Six out of the eight thousand roubles are mine! Remember that! If I trap the bird, I do not choose to be cheated of my fair share of the roast, Isaac. The place is too good a one to lose gratis; besides, I shall have made Kalisch too hot to hold me."

It was Glittstein's voice. I bent forward, and, cautiously peering round the corner of the wood pile, beheld the worthy major-domo in company with a red-bearded man in a Jewish dress, but whose flat Tartar countenance matched ill with his Hebrew robe. The latter drew out a folded paper, cast a quick glance to left and right, and handed the paper to Glittstein, saying, in a coaxing tone, in German:

"There, there, excellent brother Glittstein—be pacified, I pray you. Here is a promise under the governor's own hand and seal. Six thousand roubles, and promotion in the Warsaw police office. You are to be a commissary, and in the secret department, on the day when Emile Oginski is brought before the court-martial. Come, good friend, we mean fairly by you. Do you, on your part, be ready to point out the hiding-place of the young count. In an hour, our men will be here."

I think the wretch said more, but I had heard enough. I withdrew as silently as I had approached, and hurried back to the house. In five minutes, the countess knew all. Glittstein's treachery was clear, and it was also evident that by some means, perhaps by dogging his mistress, or myself, or both, in our frequent visits to the hut where the young man lay concealed, the false major-domo had discovered the lurking-place. There was little leisure for thought. In one short hour the soldiery would arrive, and the wood would be surrounded by armed men. The countess bore the cruel tidings bravely, nerving herself, for her son's sake, to be calm and resolute.

"We might resist," she said, with a bright but steady eye, glancing over the snow-encumbered plains. "There are nine true Poles among the servants, and Michael, and the four mowers, and Karel the smith, and the tall sawyer and his son, with Demetrius at the farm, and all the quarrymen. Twenty-five good muskets, and a breastwork of trees such as the axe would pile up in half an hour, and Polish hearts behind it—ah, no! my good, kind husband. Flight is the only hope! Yet Emile is weak and ill yet—and to fly alone——"

"Not alone. I will go with him," I exclaimed; "he is not strong enough to endure alone, but with my help I think he may make shift. By striking through the woods, in four hours' time we may touch Prussian ground. The horses——"

Here the countess interrupted in turn, hastily informing me that the men-servants were all gone to a wedding in the village, and that I could remove two strong horses from the stable without being observed. Even as she spoke, she unlocked a cabinet, and drew out a heavy purse of gold, which she had provided to aid Emile's escape, and which she put into my hands, with a thousand thanks and blessings, and fond messages to her son, mingled with entreaties that I would not lose an instant. I rushed down stairs, catching up a whip as I passed the hall, ran to the stable, and hastily saddled two horses; the black which I usually rode, and a fiery chesnut of great fleetness and power. My fingers trembled so much that I could hardly adjust the bridles. As I buckled the last strap, the open door was filled by a dark figure—Glittstein! I had just turned the chesnut in his stall, and the eyes of the major-domo met mine, and each of us read in the other's glance that his secret was known.

An evil look came over Glittstein's face, and he strode forward and snatched the bridle rudely from my hand, saying:

"Nein, nein, Herr Engländer; your pretty little pleasure-trip is spoiled."

I have never clearly remembered how I did it; but in a moment the spy lay grovelling on the floor, with my foot on his breast. Glittstein was a cowardly creature, and begged for mercy in abject language. He offered no resistance when I bound his hands tightly with an old girth, tied him to one of the wooden pillars, and bade him stir or speak at his peril. I then led out the horses, closed the door, and mounted. As I did so, my horse laid back his ears, snorted, and pawed the earth, and the fiery chesnut neighed long and shrill. To my dismay, the neigh was answered by other horses afar off, and then came a long wailing note of the Cossack trumpet. The Czar's bloodhounds were before the hour named for the rendezvous. I darted into the wood, the led horse rearing and plunging, and giving me some trouble. Looking back, I saw a flash of steel between the trees of the avenue, and I heard Glittstein, who had probably caught the sound of the trumpet-call, bawling in the stable, and roaring in German and Russian for help.

Emile, when I arrived at the lodge, was not much surprised by the sudden summons to fly. He came to the door, accompanied by Michael and his wife, both uttering exclamations of alarm, while the children set up a wail of terror.

"I have been expecting this for many a day and night, doctor," said he, smiling. "I hope to escape, if only for my poor mother's sake, but in no case shall they take me alive. Give me the pistols, Michael; I loaded them yesterday. Farewell, Nurse Katrina! farewell, Michael! and you, good doctor—you go with me, you say? My mother ought not to have asked so dangerous a service from you, Burton. Those Cossacks are wolves when they scent blood and plunder."

I assured him that my mind was made up. I had promised, and even had I not promised, I would not have abandoned him in his weak state. He wrung my hand, and mounted without further parley. Away we went along the ride, the frozen snow cranching beneath our feet, and the dry branches cracking. Quick as we were, we had scarcely emerged from the forest into a region of morass and scrubby brushwood, beyond which gleamed, iron grey, the frozen lake of Vartha, when a long-drawn whoop rang through the frosty air, and was followed by two or three twanging notes of the trumpet, quick imperious calls for stragglers to close up. Then, looking back, we saw the whole troop of wild riders, some sixty strong, come dashing over the heath towards us, their lance-heads and gun-barrels glittering in the rays of the wintry sun. We doubled our speed.

"Steady, Burton, steady!" exclaimed young Oginski. "A stumble may cost us our lives. Beware of that green bit of ground where the snow has thawed away; it is a bog that would swallow a squadron, horse and man; keep to the right. We must push for the causeway that spans the morass, or we shall get to a creek of the Vartha that cannot be crossed. The ice would bear us, but the banks are rotten and unsafe. A tight rein, and a keen eye for deep drifts, and we shall sleep in Prussia yet."

Emile had ridden with his greyhounds or his gun over most of the country around, and his knowledge of its localities did us infinite service. At times he seemed at fault, but his memory would soon revive, and he would recollect every knoll and dyke of that difficult district. But fast as we went, we could not shake off the pursuers. It was impossible to help noticing, with a sort of unwilling admiration, how warily and well those wild horsemen made their way through the broken ground, scenting danger with an instinct that never erred. Their long habit of ranging savage plains made them fully a match for Emile's experience.

At Emile himself I looked with some anxiety. I knew that he was weak, much weaker than he would allow, that his left arm was stiff and painful, and that he had lately shown symptoms like those of incipient consumption. He was pale, with a hectic spot on each cheek, and his breath came short and with effort; but his eye was bright and fearless, and he sat the fiery chesnut like one bred to the saddle.

On we went, over rough and smooth, now floundering through a snow-bank, now dashing through such a collection of peat-bogs, moss-grown stones, and the tough, gnarled roots of furze and broom, as I should have been sorry to have traversed in cold blood; and every instant a stumble, which no care could avoid, all but brought the horses to their knees. We reached the causeway; a straight road, cam-banked with rough stones, and built of pine-logs and birchen fagots, with earth and pebbles rammed into the interstices—a work

that dated from the reign of John Casimir. It was old and out of repair, rotten in many parts, and full of dangerous holes partly concealed by the snow, but it was a welcome exchange for the broken surface of the moor, and we sped on.

"You see that hill, doctor, due west, and beyond the pine-wood, with a white cottage on it, and some trees, and a flagstaff? That is Prussian ground!"

I did see the low swell of sandy earth, rather a mound than a hill, and yet visible for many miles over the monotonous flat landscape. But, between us and it was a dark stretch of forest, beyond which gleamed something bright—water! There was a river to ford, then, and a wood to struggle through, but the distance was not great. Emile spoke again, after a glance to the rear.

"How those Cossack fellows are closing up! How their ponies go! Steady! they have got the range."

A shot came whizzing past us as Oginski spoke, and I started as I heard the peculiar hiss of the ball, blending with the loud and threatening hurrah of the pursuers. I looked round. They had gained on us, and were fearfully near. Two more muskets were fired, and then we plunged into the pine-wood, and galloped up a narrow path that seemed to lead towards the river. There was not room for us to advance abreast, so we hurried on in single file, stooping our heads to avoid the branches that stretched across as if to bar our way, and half blinded by the snow that we shook down upon ourselves from bough and sapling. Behind us were the Cossacks, yelling like hounds closing on the prey, and firing random shots, in hopes, no doubt, of crippling our horses. We pulled up, panting and torn by bramble and branch, on the bank of the river. It was not frozen. It rolled on, deep and dark, but behind us were the howls of the Russian troopers, and we could not hesitate to plunge in.

"Head him for the spit of land yonder, doctor; the bank is too steep to—Ah! the game is up!"

A bullet from the bank mortally wounded his gallant horse. The poor creature reared and floundered, made an effort to swim on, and then rolled over and sank, snorting, beneath the cold water, which was crimsoned with his blood. The soldiers set up a shout of exultation. By great good fortune I had contrived to catch Emile by the collar as he sank, and to drag him free of the dying horse. It was an awful moment, for the current was strong, my horse was spent and frightened, and made feeble way against it, and I, encumbered as I was, could hardly keep my seat. The Cossacks set up another shout, and, while some plunged into the stream, others renewed their fire.

"Save yourself, Burton; never mind me," gasped the young Pole, still up to his neck in water; "save yourself, for they will give no quarter!"

But I retained my grasp, and in an instant more, to my great joy, the exhausted horse touched the ground, and I urged him by voice and heel up the slope, half dragging, half supporting, my young patient, whose strength was gone. The Prussian custom-house guard came hurrying out of their huts, and their German phlegm was surprised into something like excitement, for they gave us a faint cheer as we reached the striped flagstaff, and were safe from our enemies.

"Your passports, Mein Herren? Then you are prisoners in the name of his Majesty of Prussia," said the sergeant who commanded the post, swelling with official pomposity. For a minute or two I began to fear that our dearly bought liberty was about to be rudely cut short. Emile, however, knew better than I did with whom he had to deal, and, by a judicious investment of part of the gold with which the countess had supplied me, succeeded in enlisting in our behalf the sympathies of the Prussian guard, who, after all, had little love for their Russian neighbours. Accordingly, when, an hour later, the Cossacks crossed the river, and an officer of Russian police came up to demand, in the Czar's name, the extradition of the deserter, Emile Oginski, the sergeant demurred and diplomatised, asked for impossible proof, talked of writing for instructions to head-quarters, and finally refused to give up the fugitives until his "high-and-well-born Herr Captain Inspector" should decide the point.

Two hours later, we were suffered to hire a peasant's cart, and to depart for Posen under the nominal custody of a douanier, who left us in the nearest village, wishing us a good journey in return for a brace of golden Fredericks which were slipped into his hand. With some little difficulty, which tact and bribery smoothed away, we managed to traverse Prussia, and at Hamburg we embarked for England. I have not much more to tell, except that my young companion's state of health became such as to induce his physician to order him to the south of Europe, and that at Lisbon he was joined by the Count and Countess Oginski, as soon as the emperor would give permission to the former to reside out of Russia. This was at length obtained, partly, I believe, in consequence of an unvarnished account of the circumstances of Emile's desertion coming to the Czar's ears. At any rate, after a year's time, it was intimated that Count Emmanuel might please himself as to his residence.

The parents of Emile were only too deeply grateful to the English doctor for the service he had rendered to their son. As I declined a considerable annuity which the count pressed on my acceptance, the countess proposed that I should reside at Miklitz, as manager of the estate and all its wealth of salt mines, with full powers and a liberal salary. This offer I gladly closed with, and I am happy to say that the value of the property has steadily augmented under my care: while Alice, whom this sudden acces-

sion of competence enabled me to claim as my wife, has long been reconciled to her home in Poland.

KENSAL GREEN.

IN a novel by M. Paul de Kock, it is stated that the principal promenades of the English people take place in cemeteries, which are congenial places of resort to a nation suffering from the spleen. So far as I, an unit in the nation, am concerned, the French author's assertion is to some extent correct. I do not exactly know what the spleen is, and consequently I may be suffering from it unconsciously; but, whatever may be the motive power, I have a taste for wandering in churchyards, and looking at those houses which the gravemaker builds, and which "last till doomsday." Both in Germany and in England, there is a certain due sense of solemnity about the churchyard; walking in them, one feels with the man of Uz, that "there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master." They are essentially places for meditation and reflection, and as an antidote against an overweening sense of worldliness, I would back an afternoon spent in one of certain churchyards which I know—say, haphazard, Hendon, Stoke-Pogis, Stratford-on-Avon—against most of the trenchant homilies I have listened to. As old Thoresby the antiquarian says, "One serious walk over a churchyard might make a man mortified to the world to consider how many he treads upon who once lived in fashion and repute, but are now quite forgot. Imagine you saw your bones tumbled out of your graves as they are like shortly to be, and men handling your skulls, and inquiring, 'Whose is this?' Tell me of what account will the world be then?"

Of the English Cemetery, however, I knew nothing, until, on a blazing July afternoon, I set out for Kensal Green.

Just as a town has its suburbs, an army its pioneers, and a village its outskirts, so the great cemetery of Kensal Green (dedicated appropriately enough to All Souls) makes its vicinity felt some time before it is actually in sight. Once past the turnpike on the road, though yet a good half-mile from the nearest entrance, you are struck with certain signs and tokens which speak significantly of the region. The building to the right, just by the turn in the road, is an establishment for the sale of tombstones, and that monotonous grinding sound, which so grates on the ear, is occasioned by the polishing or the smoothing of the surface of a huge slab destined to be sacred to the memory of some person unknown, who is not impossibly at this moment alive and well. As you trudge along, and before you have done speculating how often the muddy canal to your left has been compared to the Styx, and whether a certain yard or field, also on the left,

has been made a receptacle for carts and wagons which have departed this life, solely because of its locality, and, if not, why so many broken-up vehicles are there congregated, you come to more 'tombstone establishments. Statuary and mason are inscribed after the dealers' names on the façade, but this is a mere euphuistic fencing with the subject. The only statuary sold is for the graveyard; the only masonry dealt in, is for the crypt or mausoleum. Past the snug-looking Plough Inn, at the old-fashioned entrance to which stands an empty hearse, and at the windows whereof several professional gentlemen, arrayed in solemn black, are indulging in bibulous refreshment; past an elaborate monument on which mortuary emblems are crowded in great profusion—an hour-glass surmounting two dead lions, and a couple of weeping females supporting an affecting tablet, whereon a trade advertisement is inscribed; past several shops where even the pictorial literature assumes a mournful character, the nearest approach to humour being a "ladder of matrimony," which commences with "hope," and ends in "despair," such end being typified by the cheerful emblem of a foundering ship; past the shop window full of white and yellow immortelles, which look like so many wedding-rings from the fingers of departed Brobdingnagians; and, duly armed with a courteous letter from the secretary of the company, I present myself through the arched entrance to the cemetery.

Having conferred with the pleasant-looking rubicund gatekeeper, an evidently cheerful philosopher, who supplies me with an Illustrated Guide to Kensal Green Cemetery, and requests me to wait until the clerk is disengaged, I stroll into the garden and sit down. A Frenchman, with wife and family, are chattering on the adjoining seat, eating bon-bons, and gazing round the cemetery with a critical air, as comparing it with cemeteries of their own land. It is some time before I see any other visitors, and it may be worth stating that during the whole time I was in the cemetery (some hours), I met with only one person in mourning: a widow, whose scarlet petticoat I may be excused for mentioning, contrasted gracefully with her looped-up black dress, making a tasteful setting to a remarkably neat pair of feet. Three or four damsels from the neighbourhood, a tender couple apparently on the first round of the ladder of matrimony aforesaid, a couple of carriages with provincial occupants, and one or two people who were selecting ground, were, besides the gardeners and servants employed by the company, my only fellow explorers on the day I devoted to the city of the dead. "The clerk" was not, as I had hastily concluded, a clerk of the works, a sort of overseer who looked after the persons employed, and kept the books of the company, but the service ecclesiastical official who reads the responses, and says Amen after the clergyman. His engagement was of course a funeral, or, as he termed it, when politely apologising for having kept me waiting, "an interment." Both these words mean the same thing, of course,

but as I have remarked that undertakers invariably use the latter, I have long inferred that its enunciation is, in some inexplicable way, considered to be more palatable to survivors. Be this as it may, an interment had detained the clerk, whose name I have not the pleasure of knowing, but whom I mentally christened Mr. Dawe. He was a little man, dressed in black, with the conventional white tie, and his daily occupation had left its trace both upon his bearing and his voice. The one was sympathetic, and the other soft, and his general demeanour was that of sparing your feelings. Both communicative and intelligent, he never wearied, either of ministering to my inquisitiveness, or accompanying me on my rounds, but he was consistent throughout, and furnished me with statistics in a manner which impressively said all flesh is grass. The conservatory to the right, Mr. Dawe informs me, has only been in existence this year, and was started by the cemetery company, to supply an increasing demand for flowers on graves: a demand which the adjacent nursery gardeners were not always able to meet. Would I like to see the inside of it?

Not greatly different from other buildings of the same character: flowers, blooming in their several pots, and the usual paraphernalia of a greenhouse lying about. Each of these plants is destined to be transferred to a grave, but as the end for which they are tended and nurtured is their only speciality, we leave the greenhouse, and proceed up the centre road. Those wooden "sleepers" reared against the wall are of seasoned wood, and are used during the formation of earthworks and in building brick graves. On our way to the chapel, disturbed neither by the constant whizzing past of trains on the divers lines adjacent, nor by the incessant "Crack, crack" from the riflemen at practice on Wormwood Scrubs, Mr. Dawe informs me that the cemetery is vested in a joint-stock company of proprietors, that it has been in existence more than thirty years, and that from fifty to sixty thousand persons are interred herein. This he considers a low estimate, as there are some eighteen thousand graves, and an average of three or four bodies in each. How many burials does he consider the rule per week? Perhaps seven a day in summer, and eight in winter; he has known as many as twelve in one winter's day, but that was exceptional. No, this cemetery never interrs on Sundays. It used to do so formerly, but has given up the practice for years; the Roman Catholic one adjoining it to the west does, and also, he believes, the one at Willesden; and if I should ever attend the chapel of Lock Hospital, and hear of, or see, irreverent burial processions passing on the road, perhaps I will remember that they are not coming here, but to one of the two grounds adjacent.

What is the size of the cemetery? Well, between seventy and eighty acres. Forty-seven acres are at present in actual use, but thirty additional acres have been recently consecrated, the party wall having just been taken down; and

workmen are now employed in making roads and laying out the ground. A portion of the original forty-seven acres is unconsecrated, and appropriated to dissenters. This portion has its separate chapel and catacombs; and a dissenting minister, provided by the company, attends the funerals therein. Any other minister preferred by the friends of the deceased is permitted to officiate, and, if desired, the body may be consigned to earth without any ceremony. Perhaps I have read in the papers of the Indian princess brought here the other day, and whose remains some of her Sikh servants wished to have burnt? Well, this was a case in point. The coffin was placed in the dissenters' catacomb, and, though a speech was delivered which Mr. Dawe, though not speaking the Sikh tongue, believes to have been on the virtues of the deceased, the burial is described in the company's registry book by the words "no ceremony." It was a large funeral with many carriages. No, not the largest he had seen, perhaps one of them; but then he had only been here a few months, and it is in place of the superintendent, who is away, that he is acting as my guide. The most numerous-attended interment coming under his own observation, was that of the secretary to the Young Men's Christian Association; and the next that of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, who lies under the plain slab before us. There has not been time to procure a monument, explains Mr. Dawe, but you will be interested to learn, sir, that the poor gentleman came up here and selected that bit of ground for himself, not ten days before he met with the accident from the effects of which he died. What constitutes a dissenter in the eyes of the company? Well, nobody can be buried in consecrated ground unless the "committal service" is read by a clergyman of the Church of England. That is the only stipulation, and other rites may be, and sometimes are, previously performed elsewhere. The company has nothing to do with that: only, if the church service be objected to, the burial must be in the dissenters' or unconsecrated portion of the cemetery. Are there any quaint out-of-the-way epitaphs or inscriptions on any of the tombs? No, Mr. Dawe does not know of one. You see nothing can be inscribed upon any tomb until it has been submitted to, and approved by, a sub-committee of the directors, which meets every month; and any ludicrous or unseemly proposition would be at once refused. Does he know of many instances in which it has been fruitlessly attempted to put up questionable inscriptions? Of none, and he believes that an out-of-the-way country churchyard might be found which contains more of these curiosities of bad taste than have ever been even "tried on" since the formation of the cemetery. This, Mr. Dawe attributes to the spread of education, and to the cemetery being devoted principally to the well-to-do classes. Nothing would have tempted me to shake a standard of taste shared in by so many people besides this worthy clerk; so, agreeing that the possession of money invariably elevates the

mind and purifies the heart, I asked in all reverence, which was considered the most costly tomb in the grounds? I was taken to a sort of temple in grey marble, the peculiarity of which is, as I was begged to observe, that on entry you go up a step instead of down one, and the graceful shape and the polished sides of which are decidedly handsome and a little heathenish.

This, I was told, cost some three thousand pounds, and I uncovered my head accordingly. The one nearly opposite, not yet finished, would come to about two thousand pounds; while the foundations just laid down were for a vault to hold twelve people, and to cost more than a thousand pounds. What is the bricked pit in the centre for—the coffins? Oh dear no! A grating would be placed over that, and would form the flooring of the vault, while the coffins would be ranged round the walls at the sides. Did I observe the thickness of the masonry? Well, this pit was designed to receive the ashes of the people interred, if—say a thousand years hence—these walls should crumble and decay. It was being built by a gentleman for himself and family, who, when in town, takes the deepest interest in the work, coming here every day to see how the building progresses. No time to meditate upon the strangeness of this idiosyncrasy, for we have arrived at the chapel, and Mr. Dawe hands me over to another official, while he transacts some business with a fat and jolly-looking couple who “want to look at a bit of ground.” Again, as when in the conservatory, a singular feeling arises as to the speciality of the building. As in every other instance, flowers are associated with joy and life, so in every other sacred edifice, weddings and christenings, with their attendant prayers, and hopes and fears, are as germane as the last rites to the dead. But there is no altar here wherefrom to pronounce the marriage blessing, no font round which parents and friends have clustered, and the double row of seats at each side have been used by mourners, professed or real, but by mourners only. It needs no guide to explain the use of the black trestles in the centre of the building. Some thousands of coffins have probably rested on them, though they are only used for the burials in the grounds. For the coffins deposited in the catacombs below, these trestles are not required. They are placed on a hydraulic press, and lowered through the floor by machinery, as the clergyman reads the service.

We go down by a stone staircase, and I am speedily in the centre of a wide avenue, out of which branch other avenues; and on stone shelves on each side of these, rest coffins. This is Catacomb B. Catacomb A is away from the chapel, and has long been filled. This present catacomb has room for five thousand bodies, and my companion (who has been custodian of the vaults for the last thirty years) considers it about half full. I am therefore in a village below ground, of some two thousand five hundred dead inhabitants, and I can (not without re-

proaching myself for the incongruity) compare it to nothing but a huge wine-cellar. The empty vaults are precisely like large bins, and were it not for the constant gleams of daylight from the numerous ventilating shafts, my guide with his candle would seem to be one of those astute cellarmen who invariably appear to return from the darkest corners with a choicer and a choicer wine. The never altogether absent daylight destroys this illusion, and I proceed to examine the coffins around me. They are, as a rule, each in a separate compartment, some walled up with stone, others having an iron gate and lock and key, others with small windows in the stone; others, again, are on a sort of public shelf on the top. The private vaults are fitted up, some with iron bars for the coffins to rest on, others with open shelves, so that their entire length can be seen. The price of a whole vault, holding twenty coffins, is, I learn, one hundred and ninety-nine pounds; of one private compartment, fourteen pounds; the cost of interment in a public vault is four guineas; each of these sums being exclusive of burial fees, and an increased rate of charges being demanded when the coffin is of extra size. Rather oppressed with the grim regularity with which every one of these arrangements is systematised, I am not sorry to ascend the stairs, and ask my companion how he would find a particular coffin buried say twenty years before. By its number—and he shows me a little book wherein all these matters are methodically set down, and in which, in case of burials out of doors, under the head of “remarks”—I find the locality of each grave thus described: “Fifteen feet west of Tompkins;” or, “three feet south of Jones,” as the case may be. “We have so many of the same name,” exclaims the catacomb keeper, “that we should never find them unless the whole place were planned out into squares and numbers.” Here Mr. Dawe joins us, and I ask to be taken to the dissenters’ catacomb, that I may see for myself the last resting-place of the poor woman whose ashes have been squabbled over, and written on by Sikh and Christian. On the way, I inquire how many men are employed at the cemetery? Mr. Dawe has difficulty in saying, as so many labourers are occasionally employed. Night watchman? Oh yes, there is a night watchman, who is armed with a gun, which he fires every night at ten. He is accompanied by a faithful dog, and patrols the cemetery the whole of the night. No, he has no particular bent. Formerly, he had to be at the entrance to each catacomb (they are situated at the two extremities of the grounds) at stated hours during the night, and “tall-tales” were provided, to test his punctuality, but these have not been used for many years. The directors having perfect confidence in their servant, think it better that he should be left free, than by compelling him to be at one place at a particular time, enable possible depredators to make their calculations accordingly.

No, he is not aware of any attempt ever having been made to rob the cemetery. It is thoroughly

known that an armed man patrols throughout the night, and it is not known where he is likely to be. The lead on the roof of the catacombs and chapels is of many hundred pounds value, and the marble of many of the statues and tombs is very costly; but these things are heavy to move, and Mr. Dawe thinks the existing arrangements a sufficient protection against robbery. When the wall was being taken down, and the recently consecrated thirty acres added, two extra men were employed as sentries to guard that point, but it is no longer a weak one, and the original watchman is once more held to be sufficient. There are two gatekeepers, several gardeners, a messenger, who takes a duplicate "sexton's book" and other papers to the London office every day, and others. Two of the gardeners and this messenger are sworn constables, and on Sundays assume a policeman's dress and keep order among the visitors. The graves are not dug by servants of the company, but by contract with one of the tombstone-makers, whose house I passed outside. This end of the centre walk is not occupied near the gravel, because it is only let on the condition of the lessee spending not less than from two to three hundred pounds on a monument, and such people have hitherto preferred to be at the end nearest the chapel. The "monumental chambers" above the catacombs, are devoted to tablets containing the names and descriptions of many of the people buried below. Yes, there is an extra charge of a guinea a foot for all space thus occupied. (As we walk their length, I discern more than one piece of mortuary work having a cramped look, as if the statuary had been restricted in his scope. Again I had to reproach myself for an incongruous simile, but the "guinea a foot" and the closely covered walls reminded me strangely of advertisement charges, and of the bill-stickers' hoardings which deface our streets.) I stoop to look for the inscription on an elaborate piece of sculpture, occupying a prominent position at one end of the chamber, and am told it is not put there in memory of any one. "Ordered by a lady, sir, to commemorate the death of a male relative, but she died before it was finished, and her heirs declining to take it, it was thrown on the sculptor's hands, and as he happened to be one of our directors, he had it brought here" (perhaps as a not unlikely place to attract a purchaser), "and now *he's* dead, so here it's likely to remain." On admiring the foliage in the grounds, I am told that all trees are, from their rain droppings, injurious to tombs, and that the weeping willow is the most detrimental of all; but for this, there would be many more planted; but notwithstanding this drawback, many people like the vicinity

of the last-named tree. What, is that little bed of fine soil, destitute of shrub or plant, and decked out with empty cups and saucers, irrelevant and misplaced? A grave. The cups are for choice flowers, the bed is for rare plants, but the heirs of its occupier are abroad, so it remains bald and shabby-looking, without even its natural covering of turf. Such cases are not uncommon, says Mr. Dawe; all melancholy enthusiasm at the funeral; flowers ordered and the company engaged to keep them in order, at the regulation charge of a guinea a year. Two years generally find enthusiasm cooled down, and the guinea discontinued. For ten guineas the company undertake to keep up the flowers for ever; and I agree with Mr. Dawe, that, the weakness of human nature considered, this is the best plan. The price for merely turfing is half-a-crown a year, or four guineas in perpetuity: the contract for flowers being only ten times the annual subscription, that for turf more than thirty times. This, however, is explained by the fact that flowers add to the general beauty of the cemetery, and that it is the interest of the directors, even at a slight pecuniary sacrifice, to encourage their growth.

But here are the dissenters' chapel and catacombs. Both somewhat dingier and smaller than the other, but managed on a precisely similar plan. And down here, in a coffin covered with white velvet, and studded with brass nails, rests the Indian dancing-woman, whose strong will and bitter enmity toward England caused Lord Dalhousie to say of her, when in exile, that she was the only person our government need fear. I place my hand on the coffin, and holding the candle obliquely see a large gilt plate, whereon her name and titles are engraved. And now, a hasty visit to the office of the company at the gateway; a glance through the registry book; another at the sexton's books—thirty-five fat volumes, with the particulars of every burial since the establishment of the company; another at the huge brass-bound heap, whereon the entire burial-ground is to be found in sectional divisions, each name being written in; and I say good-by to Mr. Dawe.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,

A New Series of Occasional Papers

By CHARLES DICKENS,

WILL BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Now ready, bound in cloth, price 5s. 6d.,

THE NINTH VOLUME.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 231.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

[Price 2d.

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

At two o'clock an attendant stole on tiptoe to the strong-room, unlocked the door, and peeped cautiously in. Seeing the dangerous maniac quiet, he entered with a plate of lukewarm beef and potatoes, and told him bluntly to eat. The crushed one said he could not eat. "You must," said the man. "Eat!" said Alfred; "of what do you think I am made? Pray put it down and listen to me. I'll give you a hundred pounds to let me out of this place; two hundred; three."

A coarse laugh greeted this proposal. "You might as well have made it a thousand when you was about it."

"So I will," said Alfred, eagerly, "and thank you on my knees besides. Ah, I see you don't believe I have money. I give you my honour I have ten thousand pounds: it was settled on me by my grandfather, and I came of age last week."

"Oh, that's like enough," said the man carelessly. "Well, you *are* green. Do you think them as sent you here will let you spend your money? No, your money is theirs now."

And he sat down with the plate on his knee and began to cut the meat in small pieces; while his careless words entered Alfred's heart, and gave him such a glimpse of sinister motives and dark acts to come as set him shuddering.

"Come, none o' that," said the man, suspecting this shudder; he thought it was the prologue to some desperate act—for all a chained madman does is read upon this plan; his terror passes for rage, his very sobs for snarls.

"Oh, be honest with me," said Alfred imploringly: "do you think it is to steal my money the wretch has stolen my liberty?"

"What wretch?"

"My father."

"I know nothing about it," said the man sullenly: "in course there's mostly money behind, when young gents like you come to be took care of. But you mustn't go thinking of that, or you'll excite yourself again; come, you eat your vittles like a Christian, and no more about it."

"Leave it, that is a good fellow; and then I'll try and eat a little by-and-by. But my grief is

great—oh Julia! Julia!—what shall I do? And I am not used to eat at this time. Will you, my good fellow?"

"Well I will, now you behave like a gentleman," said the man.

Then Alfred coaxed him to take off the handcuffs. He refused, but ended by doing it; and so left him.

Four more leaden hours rolled by, and then this same attendant (his name was Brown) brought him a cup of tea. It was welcome to his parched throat; he drank it, and ate a mouthful of the meat to please the man, and even asked for some more tea.

At eight four keepers came into his room, undressed him, compelled him to make his toilette, &c., before them, which put him to shame—being a gentleman—almost as much as it would a woman: they then hobbled him, and fastened his ankles to the bed, and put his hands into muffles, but did not confine his body; because they had lost a lucrative lodger only a month ago, throttled at night in a strait-waistcoat.

Alfred lay in this plight, and compared with anguish unspeakable his joyful anticipations of this night with the strange and cruel reality. "My wedding night! my wedding night!" he cried aloud, and burst into a passion of grief.

By-and-by he consoled himself a little with the hope that he could not long be incarcerated as a madman, being sane; and his good wit told him his only chance was calmness. He would go to sleep and recover composure to bear his wrongs with dignity, and quietly baffle his enemies.

Just as he was dropping off he felt something crawl over his face. Instinctively he made a violent motion to put his hands up. Both hands were confined, he could not move them. He bounded, he flung, he writhed. His little persecutors were quiet a moment, but the next they began again: in vain he rolled and writhed, and shuddered with loathing inexpressible. They crawled, they smelt, they bit.

Many a poor soul these little wretches had distracted with the very sleeplessness the madhouse professed to cure, not create. In conjunction with the opiates, the confinement, and the gloom of Silvertown House, they had driven many a feeble mind across the line that divides the weak and nervous from the unsound.

When he found there was no help, Alfred

clenched his teeth and bore it:—"Bite on, ye little wretches," he said: "bite on, and divert my mind from deeper stings than yours—if you can."

And they did; a little.

Thus passed the night in mental agony, and bodily irritation and disgust. At daybreak the feasters on his flesh retired, and utterly worn out and exhausted he sank into a deep sleep.

At half-past seven the head keeper and three more came in, and made him dress before them. They handcuffed him, and took him down to breakfast in the noisy ward; set him down on a little bench by the wall like a naughty boy, and ordered a dangerous maniac to feed him.

The dangerous maniac obeyed, and went and sat beside Alfred with a basin of thick gruel and a great wooden spoon. He shovelled the gruel down his charge's throat mighty superciliously from the very first; and presently, falling into some favourite and absorbing train of thought, he fixed his eye on vacancy and handed the spoonfuls over his left shoulder with such rapidity and recklessness that it was more like sowing than feeding. Alfred cried out, "Quarter! I can't eat so fast as that, old fellow."

Something in his tone struck the maniac; he looked at Alfred full; Alfred looked at him in return, and smiled kindly but sadly.

"Hallo!" cried the maniac.

"What's up now?" said a keeper fiercely.

"Why this man is sane. As sane as I am."

At this there was a hoarse laugh.

"Sane," persisted the maniac; "for I am a little queer at times, you know."

"And no mistake, Jemmy. Now what makes you think he is sane?"

"Looked me full in the face, and smiled at me."

"Oh, that is your test, is it?"

"Yes it is. You try it on any of those mad beggars there and see if they can stand it."

"Who invented gunpowder?" said one of the insulted persons, looking as sly and malicious as a magpie going to steal.

Jemmy exploded directly: "I did, ye rascal, ye liar, ye rogue, ye Baconian!" and going higher, and higher, and higher in this strain, was very soon handcuffed with Alfred's handcuffs, and seated on Alfred's bench and tied to two rings in the wall. On this his martial ardour went down to zero: "Here is treatment, sir," said he piteously to Alfred. "I see you are a gentleman; now look at this. All spite and jealousy; because I invented that invaluable substance, which has done so much to prolong human life and alleviate human misery."

Alfred was now ordered to feed Jemmy; which he did so quickly were their parts inverted.

Directly after breakfast Alfred demanded to see the proprietor of the asylum.

Answer: "Doesn't live here."

The Doctor then.

Oh, he has not come.

This monstrosity irritated Alfred: "Well, then," said he, "whoever it is that rules this den of thieves, when those two are out of it."

"I rule in Mr. Baker's absence," said the head keeper, "and I'll teach you manners, you young blackguard. Handcuff him."

In five minutes Alfred was handcuffed and flung into a padded room.

"Stay there till you know how to speak to your betters," said the head keeper.

Alfred walked up and down grinding his teeth with rage for five long hours.

Just before dinner Brown came and took him into a parlour, where Mrs. Archbold was seated writing. Brown retired. The lady finished what she was doing, and kept Alfred standing like a schoolboy going to be lectured. At last she said, "I have sent for you to give you a piece of advice: it is to try and make friends with the attendants."

"Me make friends with the scoundrels! I thirst for their lives. Oh, madam, I fear I shall kill somebody here."

"Foolish boy; they are too strong for you. Your worst enemies could wish nothing worse for you than that you should provoke them." In saying these words she was so much more kind and womanly that Alfred conceived hopes, and burst out, "Oh, madam, you are human then: you seem to pity me: pray give me pen and paper, and let me write to my friends to get me out of this terrible place; do not refuse me."

Mrs. Archbold resumed her distant manner without apparent effort: she said nothing, but she placed writing materials before him. She then left the room, and locked him in.

He wrote a few hasty ardent words to Julia, telling her how he had been entrapped, but not a word about his sufferings—he was too generous to give her needless pain—and a line to Edward, imploring him to come at once with a lawyer and an honest physician, and liberate him.

Mrs. Archbold returned soon after, and he asked her if she would lend him sealing-wax: "I dare not trust to an envelope in such a place as this," said he. She lent him sealing-wax.

"But how am I to post it?" said he.

"Easily: there is a box in the house; I will show you."

She took him and showed him the box: he put his letters into it, and in the ardour of his gratitude kissed her hand: she winced a little and said, "Mind, this is not by my advice; I would never tell my friends I had been in a madhouse; oh, never. I would be calm, make friends with the servants—they are the real masters—and never let a creature know where I had been."

"Oh, you don't know my Julia," said Alfred; "she will never desert me, never think the worse of me because I have been entrapped illegally into a madhouse."

"Illegally, Mr. Hardic! you deceive yourself; Mr. Baker told me the order was signed

by a relation, and the certificates by first-rate lunacy doctors."

"What on earth has that to do with it, madam, when I am as sane as you are?"

"It has everything to do with it. Mr. Baker could be punished for confining a madman in this house without an order and two certificates; but he couldn't for confining a sane person under an order and two certificates."

Alfred could not believe this, but she convinced him that it was so.

Then he began to fear he should be imprisoned for years: he turned pale, and looked at her so piteously, that to soothe him she told him sane people were never kept in asylums now; they only used to be.

"How can they?" said she. "The London asylums are visited four times a year by the commissioners, and the country asylums six times, twice by the commissioners, and four times by the justices. We shall be inspected this week or next; and then you can speak to the justices: mind and be calm; say it is a mistake; offer testimony; and ask either to be discharged at once or to have a commission of lunacy sit on you; ten to one your friends will not face public proceedings: but you *must* begin at the foundation, by making the servants friendly—and by—being calm." She then fixed her large grey eye on him and said, "Now, if I let you dine with me and the first-class patients, will you pledge me your honour to 'be calm,' and not attempt to escape?" Alfred hesitated at that. Her eye dissected his character all the time. "I promise," said he at last with a deep sigh. "May I sit by you? There is something so repugnant in the very idea of mad people."

"Try and remember it is their misfortune, not their crime," said Mrs. Archbold, just like a matronly sister admonishing a brother from school.

She then whistled in a whisper for Brown, who was lurking about unseen all the time. He emerged and walked about with Alfred, and, by-and-by, looking down from a corridor, they saw Mrs. Archbold driving the second-class women before her to dinner like a flock of animals. Whenever one stopped to look at anything, or try and gossip, the philanthropic Archbold went at her just like a shepherd's dog at a refractory sheep, caught her by the shoulders, and drove her squeaking headlong.

At dinner Alfred was so fortunate as to sit opposite a gentleman, who nodded and grinned at him all dinner with a horrible leer. He could not, however, enjoy this to the full for a little distraction at his elbow: his right hand neighbour kept forking pieces out of his plate and substituting others from his own; there was even a tendency to gristle in the latter. Alfred remonstrated gently at first; the gentleman forbore a minute, then recommenced; Alfred laid a hand very quietly on his wrist and put it back. Mrs. Archbold's quick eye surprised this gesture: "What is the matter there?" said she.

"Oh, nothing serious, madam," replied Alfred: "only this gentleman does me the honour to prefer the contents of my plate to his own."

"Mr. Cooper!" said the Archbold sternly.

Cooper, the head keeper, pounced on the offender, seized him roughly by the collar, dragged him from the table, knocking his chair down, and bundled him out of the room with ignominy and fracas, in spite of a remonstrance from Alfred, "Oh, don't be so rough with the poor man."

Then the novice laid down his knife and fork, and ate no more. "I am grieved at my own ill nature in complaining of such a trifle," said he when all was quiet.

The company stared considerably at this remark; it seemed to them a most morbid perversion of sensibility; for the deranged, thin-skinned beyond conception in their own persons, and alive to the shadow of the shade of a wrong, are stoically indifferent to the woes of others.

Though Alfred was quiet as a lamb all day, the attendants returned him to the padded room at night, because he had been there last night; but they only fastened one ankle to the bed-post, so he encountered his Lilliputians on tolerably fair terms—numbers excepted; they swarmed. Unable to sleep, he rose and groped for his clothes. But they were outside the door, according to rule.

He had no resource but to walk about instead of lying down.

Day broke at last: and he took his breakfast quietly with the first-class patients. It consisted of cool tea in small basins, instead of cups, and table-spoons instead of tea-spoons; and thick slices of stale bread thinly buttered. A few patients had gruel or porridge instead of tea. After breakfast Alfred sat in the first-class patients' room and counted the minutes and the hours till Edward should come. After dinner he counted the hours till tea-time. Nobody came; and he went to bed in such grief and disappointment as some men live to eighty without ever knowing.

But when two o'clock came next day, and no Edward, and no reply, then the distress of his soul deepened. He implored Mrs. Archbold to tell him what was the cause. She shook her head and said gravely, it was but too common; a man's dearest and dearest were very apt to hold aloof from him the moment he was put into an asylum.

Here an old lady put in her word. "Ah, sir, you must not hope to hear from anybody in this place. Why, I have been two years writing and writing, and can't get a line from my own daughter. To be sure she is a fine lady now, but it was her poor neglected mother that pinched and pinched to give her a good education, and that is how she caught a good husband. But it's my belief the post in our hall isn't a real post: but only a box; and I think it is contrived so as the letters fall down a pipe into that Baker's hands, and so then when the postman comes—"

The Archbold bent her bushy brows on this

chatty personage. "Be quiet, Mrs. Dent; you are talking nonsense, and exciting yourself: you know you are not to speak on that topic. Take care."

The poor old woman was shut up like a knife; for the Archbold had a way of addressing her own sex that crushed them. The change was almost comically sudden to the mellow tones in which she addressed Alfred the very next moment, on the very same subject: "Mr. Baker, I believe, sees the letters: and, where our poor patients (with a glance at Dent) write in such a way as to wound and perhaps terrify those who are in reality their best friends, they are not always sent. But I conclude *your* letters have gone. If you feel you can be calm, why not ask Mr. Baker? He is in the house now; for a wonder."

Alfred promised to be calm; and she got him an interview with Mr. Baker.

He was a full-blown pawnbroker of Silverton town, whom the legislature, with that keen knowledge of human nature which marks the British senate, permitted, and still permits, to speculate in Insanity, stipulating however that the upper servant of all in his asylum should be a doctor; but omitting to provide against the instant dismissal of the said doctor should he go and rob his employer of a lodger—by curing a patient.

As you are not the British legislature, I need not tell you that to this pawnbroker insanity mattered nothing, nor sanity: his trade lay in catching, and keeping, and stinting, as many lodgers, sane or insane, as he could hold.

There are certain formulæ in these quiet retreats, which naturally impose upon greenhorns such as Alfred certainly was, and many visiting justices and lunacy commissioners would seem to be. Baker had been a lodging-house keeper for certified people many years, and knew all the formulæ: some call them dodges: but these must surely be vulgar minds.

Baker worked "the see-saw formula."

"Letters, young gentleman?" said he: "they are not in my department. They go into the surgery, and are passed by the doctor, except those he examines and orders to be detained."

Alfred demanded the doctor.

"He is gone," was the reply. (Formula.)

Alfred found it as hard to be calm, as some people find it easy to say the words over the wrongs of others.

The next day, but not till the afternoon, he caught the doctor: "My letters! Surely, sir, you have not been so cruel as to intercept them?"

"I intercept no letters," said the doctor, as if scandalised at the very idea. "I see who writes them, and hand them to Mr. Baker, with now and then a remark. If any are detained, the responsibility rests with him."

"He says it rests with you."

"You must have misunderstood him."

"Not at all, sir. One thing is clear; my letters have been stolen either by him or you; and I will know which."

The doctor parried with a formula.

"You are *excited*, Mr. Hardie. Be calm, sir, be calm: or you will be here all the longer."

All Alfred obtained by this interview was a powerful opiate. The head keeper brought it him in bed. He declined to take it. The man whistled, and the room filled with keepers.

"Now," said Cooper, "down with it, or you'll have to be drenched with this cowhorn."

"You had better take it, sir," said Brown; "the doctor has ordered it you."

"The doctor? Well, let me see the doctor about it."

"He is gone."

"He never ordered it me," said Alfred. Then fixing his eyes sternly on Cooper, "You miscreants, you want to poison me. No, I will not take it. Murder! murder!"

Then ensued a struggle, on which I draw a veil: but numbers won the day, with the help of handcuffs and a cowhorn.

Brown went and told Mrs. Archbold, and what Alfred had said.

"Don't be alarmed," said that strong-minded lady: "it is only one of the old fool's composing draughts. It will spoil the poor boy's sleep for one night, that is all. Go to him the first thing in the morning."

About midnight Alfred was seized with a violent headache and fever: towards morning he was light-headed, and Brown found him loud and incoherent: only he returned often to an expression Mr. Brown had never heard before—

"Justifiable parricide. Justifiable parricide. Justifiable parricide."

Most people dislike new phrases. Brown ran to consult Mrs. Archbold about this one. After the delay inseparable from her sex she came in a morning wrapper; and they found Alfred leaning over the bed and bleeding violently at the nose. They were a good deal alarmed, and tried to stop it; but Alfred was quite sensible now, and told them it was doing him good:—

"I can manage to see now," he said: "a little while ago I was blind with the poison."

They unstrapped his ankle and made him comfortable, and Mrs. Archbold sent Brown for a cup of strong coffee and a glass of brandy. He tossed them off, and soon after fell into a deep sleep that lasted till tea-time. This sleep the poor doctor ascribed to the sedative effect of his opiate. It *was* the natural exhaustion consequent on the morbid excitement caused by his cursed opiate.

"Brown," said Mrs. Archbold, "if Dr. Bailey prescribes again, let me know. He shan't square *this* patient with his certificates, whilst I am here."

This was a shrewd, but uncharitable, speech of hers. Dr. Bailey was not such a villain as that.

He was a less depraved, and more dangerous, animal; he was a fool.

The farrago he had administered would have done an excited maniac no good of course, but no great harm. It was dangerous to a sane man:

and Alfred to the naked eye was a sane man. But then Bailey had no naked eye left: he had been twenty years an M.D. The certificates of Wycherley and Speers were the green spectacles he wore—very green ones—whenever he looked at Alfred Hardie.

Perhaps in time he will forget those certificates, and, on his spectacles dropping off, he will see Alfred is sane. If he does, he will publish him as one of his most remarkable cures.

Meanwhile the whole treatment of this ill-starred young gentleman gravitated towards insanity. The inner mind was exasperated by barefaced injustice, and oppression; above all, by his letters being stopped; for that convinced him both Baker and Bailey, with their see-saw evasions, knew he was sane, and dreaded a visit from honest, understanding men: and the mind's external organ, the brain, which an asylum professes to soothe, was steadily undermined by artificial sleeplessness. A man can't sleep in irons till he is used to them: and when Alfred was relieved of these, his sleep was still driven away by biting insects and barking dogs, two opiates provided in many of these placid Retreats, with a view to the permanence, rather than the comfort, of the lodgers.

On the eighth day Alfred succeeded at last in an object he had steadily pursued for some time: he caught the two see-saw humbugs together.

"Now," said he, "*you* say *he* intercepts my letters; and *he* says it is *you* who do it. Which is the truth?"

They were staggered, and he followed up his advantage: "Look me in the face, gentlemen," said he. "Can you pretend you do not know I am sane? Ah, you turn your heads away. You can only tell this barefaced lie behind my back. Do you believe in God, and in a judgment to come? Then, if you cannot release me, at least don't be such scoundrels as to stop my letters, and so swindle me out of a fair trial, an open, public trial."

The doctor parried with a formula. "Publicity would be the greatest misfortune could befall you. Pray be calm."

Now, an asylum is a place not entirely exempt from prejudices: and one of them is that any sort of appeal to God Almighty is a sign or else forerunner of maniacal excitement.

These philosophers forget that by stopping letters, evading public trials, and, in a word, cutting off all appeals to human justice, they compel the patient to turn his despairing eyes, and lift his despairing voice to Him, whose eye alone can ever really penetrate these dark abodes.

Accordingly the patient who appealed to God above a whisper in Silverton Grove House used to get soothed directly. And the tranquillising influences employed were morphia, croton oil, or a blister.

The keeper came to Alfred in his room. "Doctor has ordered a blister."

"What for? Send for him directly."

"He is gone."

This way of ordering torture, and then coolly going, irritated Alfred beyond endurance. Though he knew he should soon be powerless, he showed fight; made his mark as usual on a couple of his zealous attendants; but, not having room to work in, was soon overpowered, hobbled and handcuffed: then they cut off his hair, and put a large blister on the top of his head.

The obstinate brute declined to go mad. They began to respect him for this tenacity of purpose; a decent bedroom was allotted him; his portmanteau and bag were brought him, and he was let walk every day on the lawn with a keeper, only there were no ladders left about, and the trap-door was locked; i.e. the iron gate.

On one of these occasions he heard the gate-keeper whistle three times consecutively; his attendant followed suit, and hurried Alfred into the house, which soon rang with treble signals.

"What is it?" inquired Alfred.

"The visiting justices are in sight: go into your room, please."

"Yes, I'll go," said Alfred, affecting cheerful compliance, and the man ran off.

The whole house was in a furious bustle. All the hobbles, and chains, and instruments of restraint, were hastily collected and bundled out of sight, and clean sheets were being put on many a filthy bed whose occupant had never slept in sheets since he came there, when two justices arrived and were shown into the drawing-room.

During the few minutes they were detained there by Mrs. Archbold, who was mistress of her whole business, quite a new face was put on everything and everybody; ancient cobwebs fell; soap and water explored unwonted territories: the harshest attendants began practising pleasant looks and kind words on the patients, to get into the way of it, so that it might not come too abrupt and startle the patients visibly under the visitors' eyes: something like actors working up a factitious sentiment at the wing for the public display, or like a racehorse's preliminary canter. Alfred's heart beat with joy inexpressible. He had only to keep calm, and this was his last day at Silverton Grove. The first thing he did was to make a careful toilet.

The stinginess of relations, and the greed of madhouse proprietors, make many a patient look ten times madder than he is, by means of dress. Clothes wear out in an asylum, and are not always taken off, though Agriculture has long and justly claimed them for her own. And when it is no longer possible to refuse the Reverend Mad Tom or Mrs. Crazy Jane some new raiment, then consanguineous munificence does not go to Poole or Elise, but oftener to paternal or maternal wardrobes, and even to the ancestral chest, the old oak one, singing:

"Poor things, they are out of the world: what need for them to be in the fashion!" (Formula.)

This arrangement keeps the bump of self-esteem down, especially in women, and so co-

operates with many other little arrangements to perpetuate the lodger.

Silverton Grove in particular was supplied with the grotesque in dress from an inexhaustible source; whenever money was sent Baker to buy a patient a suit, he went from his lunacy shop to his pawnbroker's, dived headlong into unredeemed pledges, dressed his patient as gentlemen are dressed to reside in cherry-trees; and pocketed five hundred per cent on the double transaction. Now Alfred had already observed that many of the patients looked madder than they were—thanks to short trousers and petticoats, holey gloves, ear-cutting shirt-collars, frilled bosoms, shoes made for, and declined by, the very infantry; coats short in the waist and long in the sleeves, coalscuttle bonnets, and grandmaternal caps. So he made his toilet with care, and put his best hat on to hide his shaven crown. He then kept his door ajar, and waited for a chance of speaking to the justices. One soon came; a portly old gentleman, with a rufibound face and honest eye, walked slowly along the corridor, looking as wise as he could, cringed on by Cooper and Dr. Bailey; the latter had arrived post haste, and Baker had been sent for. Alfred came out, touched his hat respectfully, and begged a private interview with the magistrate. The old gentleman bowed politely, for Alfred's dress, address, and countenance, left no suspicion of insanity possible in an unprejudiced mind.

But the doctor whispered in his ear, "Take care, sir. Dangerous!"

Now this is one of the most effective of the formulæ in a private asylum. How can an inexperienced stranger know for certain that such a statement is a falsehood? and even the just do not love justice—to others—quite so well as they love their own skins. So Squire Tollett very naturally declined a private interview with Alfred; and even drew back a step, and felt uneasy at being so near him. Alfred implored him not to be imposed upon. "An honest man does not whisper," said he. "Do not let him poison your mind against me; on my honour I am as sane as you are, and he knows it. Pray, pray use your own eyes, and ears, sir, and give yourself a chance of discovering the truth in this stronghold of lies."

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Hardie," put in the doctor, parentally. (Formula.)

"Don't you interrupt me, doctor; I am as calm as you are. Calmer; for, see, you are pale at this moment; that is with fear that your wickedness in detaining a sane man here is going to be exposed. Oh, sir," said he, turning to the justice, "fear no violence from me, not even angry words; my misery is too deep for irritation, or excitement. I am an Oxford man, sir, a prize man, an Ireland scholar. But, unfortunately for me, my mother left me ten thousand pounds, and a heart. I love a lady, whose name I will not pollute by mentioning it in this den of thieves. My father is the well-known banker,

bankrupt, and cheat, of Barkington. He has wasted his own money, and now covets his neighbour's and his son's. He had me entrapped here on my wedding-day, to get hold of my money, and rob me of her I love. I appeal to you, sir, to discharge me; or, if you have not so much confidence in your own judgment as to do that, then I demand a commission of lunacy and a public inquiry."

Dr. Bailey said, "That would be a most undesirable exposure, both to yourself and your friends." (Formula.)

"It is only the guilty who fear the light, sir," was the swift reply.

Mr. Tollett said he thought the patient had a legal right to a commission of lunacy if there was property, and he took note of the application. He then asked Alfred if he had any complaint to make of the food, the beds, or the attendants.

"Sir," said Alfred, "I leave those complaints to the insane ones: with me the gigantic wrong drives out the petty worries. I cannot feel my stings for my deep wound."

"Oh, then, you admit you are not treated *unkindly* here?"

"I admit nothing of the kind, sir. I merely decline to encumber your memory with petty injuries, when you are good enough to inquire into a monstrous one."

"Now that is very sensible and considerate," said Mr. Tollett. "I will see you, sir, again before we leave."

With this promise Alfred was obliged to be content. He retired respectfully, and the justice said, "He seems as sane as I am." The doctor smiled. The justice observed it, and not aware that this smile was a formula, as much so as a prize-fighter's or a ballet-dancer's, began to doubt a little: he reflected a moment, then asked who had signed the certificates.

"Dr. Wycherley for one."

"Dr. Wycherley? that is a great authority."

"One of the greatest in the country, sir."

"Oh, then one would think he must be more or less deranged."

"Dangerously so at times. But in his lucid intervals you never saw a more quiet, gentlemanly creature." (Formula.)

"How sad!"

"Very. He is my most interesting patient (formula), though terribly violent at times. Would you like to see the medical journal about him?"

"Yes; by-and-by."

The inspection then continued; the inspector admired the clean sheets that covered the beds, all of them dirty, some filthy; and asked the more reasonable patients to speak freely and say if they had any complaint to make. This question being with the usual sagacity of public inspectors put in the presence of Cooper and the doctor, who stuck to Tollett like wax, the mad people all declared they were very kindly treated: the reason they were so unanimous was this; they knew by experience that, if they told

the truth, the justices could not at once remedy their discomforts, whereas the keepers, the very moment the justices left the house, would knock them down, beat them, shake them, strait-jacket them, and starve them: and the doctor, less merciful, would doctor them. So they shook in their shoes, and vowed they were very comfortable in Silverton Grove.

Thus, in later days, certain Commissioners of Lunacy inspecting Accomb House, extracted nothing from Mrs. Turner but that she was happy and comfortable under the benignant sway of Metcalf the mild—there present. It was only by a miracle the public learned the truth; and miracles are rare.

Meantime, Alfred had a misgiving. The plausible doctor had now Squire Tollett's car, and Tollett was old, and something about him reminded the Oxonian of a trait his friend Horace had detected in old age:

*Vel quod res omnes timidè gelidè que ministrat.
Dilator, spe longus, iners, &c.*

He knew there was another justice in the house, but he knew also he should not be allowed to get speech with him, if by cunning or force it could be prevented. He kept his door ajar. Presently Nurse Hannah came bustling along with an apronful of things, and let herself into a vacant room hard by. This Hannah was a young woman with a pretty and rather babyish face, diversified by a thick biceps muscle in her arm that a blacksmith need not have blushed for. And I suspect it was this masculine charm, and not her feminine features, that had won her the confidence of Baker and Co. and the respect of his female patients; big or little, excited or not excited, there was not one of them this bipacial baby-face could not pin by the wrists, and twist her helpless into a strong-room, or handcuff her unaided in a moment; and she did it too, on slight provocation. Nurse Hannah seldom came into Alfred's part of the house; but, when she did meet him, she generally gave him a kind look in passing; and he had resolved to speak to her, and try if he could touch her conscience, or move her pity. He saw what she was at, but was too politic to detect her openly and irritate her. He drew back a step, and said softly, "Nurse Hannah! Are you there?"

"Yes I am here," said she sharply, and came out of the room hastily; and shut it. "What do you want, sir?"

Alfred clasped his hands together. "If you are a woman, have pity on me."

She was taken by surprise. "What can I do?" said she in some agitation. "I am only a servant."

"At least tell me where I can find the Visiting Justice, before the keepers stop me."

"Hush! Speak lower," said Hannah. "You have complained to one, haven't you?"

"Yes. But he seems a feeble old fogey. Where is the other? Oh, pray tell me."

"I mustn't; I mustn't. In the noisy ward. There, run."

And run he did.

Alfred was lucky enough to get safe into the noisy ward without being intercepted, and then he encountered a sunburnt gentleman, under thirty, in a riding-coat, with a hunting-whip in his hand: it was Mr. Vane, a Tory squire and large landowner in the county.

Now, as Alfred entered at one door, Baker himself came in at the other, and they nearly met at Vane. But Alfred saluted him first, and begged respectfully for an interview.

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Vane.

"Take care, sir; he is dangerous," whispered Baker. Instantly Mr. Vane's countenance changed. But this time Alfred overheard the formula, and said quietly: "Don't believe him, sir. I am not dangerous; I am as sane as any man in England. Pray examine me, and judge for yourself."

"Ah, that is his delusion," said Baker. "Come, Mr. Hardie, I allow you great liberties, but you abuse them. You really must not monopolise his Worship with your fancies. Consider, sir, you are not the only patient he has to examine."

Alfred's heart sank; he turned a look of silent agony on Mr. Vane.

Mr. Vane, either touched by that look, or irritated by Baker's pragmatical interference, or perhaps both, looked that person coolly in the face, and said sternly: "Hold your tongue, sir; and let the gentleman speak to me."

SOMETHING TO BE DONE IN INDIA.

THERE is a very fine opening in India for a government that wants something to do. Rather more than four years ago, a commission was appointed to inquire into the extent, nature, and causes, of the mortality of British Indian soldiers. The late Lord Herbert was its first chairman, and his successor was Lord Stanley. The commission examined all available statistics of the India House, and required of every Indian station, from its commanding, engineering, and medical officers, answers to a series of printed questions. Every source of information was as far as possible exhausted; and the rate of mortality, miserable in itself and costly to the nation, is enormous, while its causes are unmistakable and nearly all removable. The evidence cries aloud for the saving of the lives of a hundred and forty officers, and about four regiments of men, who die every year in India over and above the fair average mortality. An army of seventy thousand men in India keeps nearly six thousand beds constantly full of sick, and loses yearly by death four thousand eight hundred and thirty men, or nearly five regiments. Fever is the immediate cause of half the sickness, and of about a fourth part of the deaths. But what causes the fevers? Next to fever, dysentery is most common, and it is more fatal. But what

causes the dysentery? Diseases of the liver prevail; they are, when acute, so fatal, that the chance of death is greater from one such attack than from thirteen attacks of fever. But why is there so much liver disease? As fatal as liver disease is cholera, each causing about a tenth of all the deaths. But whence the scourge of cholera?

The cost of an English soldier in India is a little more than a hundred pounds a year, so that the five thousand eight hundred and eighty men who are always sick, cost five hundred and eighty-eight thousand a year spent for no return, of which—deducting the inevitable sickness—some four hundred thousand is the cost of keeping men in an avoidable state of inefficiency and suffering. Of two thousand eight hundred and seventy-six officers who died in India during twenty years, and who would not have died according to the rate of mortality in the home army, only one hundred and twenty-two were killed in the field or died of wounds. The common soldier's chance of life is much worse than the officer's, though both are exposed to precisely the same Indian climate. Take an imaginary army of that number of young men, all of the age of nineteen, which at home would dwindle by the usual average of deaths in eleven years to thirty thousand four hundred and fifty-three men. Such an army in India, dwindling according to the rate of death in Indian officers, would sink in the eleven years to twenty-four thousand six hundred and ten, and if the men died as fast as English common soldiers die in India, its number at the end of eleven years would be only nineteen thousand six hundred and seventeen. For, the officers live in detached bungalows under wholesomer conditions than those which have been hitherto provided for the soldiers in their barracks. As for the English civil servants in India, scattered about in homes of their own, and furnished with some little occupation for their minds;—while the mortality in the army of India has for years been sixty-nine in the thousand (the mortality in England of men at the soldier's age being not sixty-nine, but *nine* in a thousand), that in the Indian civil service has not exceeded twenty or thirty in the thousand. For ninety years only one governor-general (Lord Cornwallis) died at his post; and although the last two died in harness, yet the fourteen who have held office—for an average of six years each—since seventeen 'seventy-two, filled their expected number of years by the English life-table. We are not, therefore, to say, "Oh, the climate!" and look listlessly on at the swift work of the gravediggers' spades, about the Indian barracks. In India, as elsewhere, men sicken and perish more or less, in proportion to the wholesomeness of the conditions in which they are placed. And the simple fact expressed beyond all question by the two bulky blue-books which contain the evidence collected by the commission on the sanitary state of the Indian army, books closely printed upon twelve pounds' weight of paper, is that the very rudiments of sanitary knowledge have not yet been applied to the construction of our Indian army stations.

The whole body of stational reports was submitted to Miss Nightingale for any comment that might be suggested by her experience. Her comment, which forms part of the blue-book, and has also been published separately, is, that the diseases, and their causes, in the Indian stations, are just those of ill-managed camps, and that even the sites of stations have been often chosen with as little regard to health, as has been shown usually in the pitching of camps. With her own rare earnest energy in speaking home upon such matters, she extracts the bitter truth from all the verbiage of the reporters,—that with bad water supply, bad drainage, filthy surrounding bazaars, want of ventilation, overcrowding in barrack and sick-wards, ill-planned hospitals, a daily government supply of raw spirits, unintelligent supply of food, and a nearly total want of occupation, it is rather a wonder that so many soldiers live.

As to water-supply, the usual pipes are the native men called bleesties, who draw it where they like, and bring it on their backs in skins. Sometimes the surface-drainage is gathered in tanks; and when one has learnt how the undrained earth is polluted, it seems hardly necessary to look further for causes of dysentery and cholera. Hyderabad says that no doubt its water "swarms with animal life." Chunar's water is "clear and sweet if allowed to settle before it is drunk." Agra's is "laxative," and "apt to disagree at first." Hazareebaugh's tank-water, on standing, "copiously deposits," and contains "organic matter in considerable quantity;" but "persons particular about the quality of their drinking water," can obtain their supply from "several good wells." Asserghur thinks that its water "smells good." The same tank is used for drinking and bathing; but for drinking, the natives slightly "clear away the surface." A well in the native infantry lines at Secunderabad, contained a hundred and nineteen grains of solid matter to the gallon. At Bangalore, the Ulsoor tank, used for drinking, is the outlet for the whole drainage of a filthy bazaar, with a hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The commander-in-chief says, "The disgustingly filthy nature of the source from which the water used at Bangalore is taken, has been brought to notice scores of times by me within the last four and a half years; but, as usual, nothing has been done." Even the wells are impure from sewage. They are open, and "when they get dirty they are cleaned."

Arrangements for washing and bathing are no better. Indian barracks and hospitals are so expensive that every man costs thirteen pounds for his proportion of the house-rent: a rate paid by not many private families for all the domestic comforts of high-rented London; and yet in these costly barracks and hospitals the elementary notion of a basin, or a bath, or a drain-pipe to carry off used water, has hardly yet been entertained. Only two stations in all India—Madras and Wellington—have anything like lavatories or baths, with proper laying on of water and proper draining off, either in bar-

rack or hospital. Refuse water is usually conveyed into an adjacent cesspit, where, with all other foul matter, it is expected to sink into the earth. What will not disappear by soakage men dip for and carry away in pails, skins, or carts, and even women carry off in jars upon their heads, to throw into some open ditch.

Drainage has not yet been introduced into India. Feeble attempts made in Bombay and Madras have simply been devices for the concentration of a nuisance. At present, in fact, even the cesspit is regarded as a luxury. "The reports," says Miss Nightingale, "speak of cesspits as if they were dressing-rooms." Thus at Nuncerabad and Kolapore we are told that "to each married man's quarter there is a bathing-room with cesspit." The soil at Agra will not imbibe the "fluid refuse" fast enough, for which reason "raised paths are necessary between the barracks." The earth is required to receive into itself the whole filth of the barracks and bazaars, and out of the ground thus polluted the well water is taken.

In the bazaar at Nynce Tal, where men are sent for their health, the stench is at times overpowering. These bazaars grow up around every Indian military station. They consist of huts and houses in a huddled camp, and have a population always large in proportion to that of the European troops at the station. At Bangalore, there is accommodation for about seventeen hundred European and twenty-six hundred native troops. But the native population within the cantonment is a hundred and twenty-four thousand, of whom three-fourths live in the bazaar close to the European infantry barrack, and cover the ground with filth. Of the bazaars at Cawnpore, Sir Proby Cautley says: "To give the commissioners an idea of the state of these bazaars, I may mention that the natives build their huts entirely of mud dug out of holes as near as possible to the place where they build. In the Cawnpore bazaar I came upon ponds full of black mud and all sorts of filth, and the whole place was utterly unventilated, which was a very remarkable illustration of how ill-health was produced, not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but all round the place."

This practice of pond-making, as a receptacle for refuse matter, is common, he says, to every town bazaar in India. They dig the mud for the huts close by, and do not fill in the hole again. Such holes serve to receive all the filth of the town, where it remains exposed to the sun. As a bazaar becomes more populated it becomes less ventilated, and in time a mortal sore. The annual deaths at Cawnpore, chiefly from fever, dysentery, diarrhoea, and cholera, have been as high as ninety-one in a thousand, — one man in eleven, or a very near approach to literal decimation. The natives, says Dr. G. C. Wallich, have in point of fact "no idea of taking sanitary precautions. A man has no idea of impurity as long as the water he defiles happens to be Ganges water." During our cholera epidemic of nine years ago, Southwark and Lambeth were supplied by two water com-

panies: one giving comparatively pure water, the other an impure water, containing sewage matter from the Thames. In the same district, among the population supplied with the better water, the deaths by cholera were at the rate of thirty-seven in ten thousand; among those supplied with the bad water they were one hundred and thirty in ten thousand, and Dr. R. D. Thomson justly said in his report upon the subject, "Therefore I conclude that there were destroyed by the Southwark and Vauxhall Company (whose water at the time was impure) two thousand five hundred persons." What can we expect but cholera among our troops in India?

There are few terrors in the Indian climate for men who can live wholesomely. The least we can desire, is, that the mortality among the English soldiers in India shall be reduced to the same level as that among English civilians in India—that is to say, by more than one-half. The first requirements at present wholly, or almost wholly neglected, are efficient drainage and water-supply at all the stations, with washing-basins, baths, and wholesome drinking-fountains. The bazaars also, at least where they surround the cantonments, must be brought under sufficient sanitary discipline. Then again in so simple a matter as the construction of barracks, all the expenditure has been of money, for there has been none of wit.

In the first place, the site is chosen without judgment. Sir Ranald Martin, who has written a valuable work on the Influence of Tropical Climates, says that in India stations have been selected without care; that "no station he has ever visited was exempt from malarious influences; that the soils are damp, the situations low and ill drained, the surface irregular, the ground jungly, and some of the stations subject to flooding." Some were in fact so deadly that they have, after much suffering and loss, been given up. More care has been taken of late years, though Sir John Lawrence observes that some are still very badly selected. But it is quite as possible to build on an unhealthy site in England as in India.

The site having been chosen, or not chosen, the form of construction is the next question. The common model is an extravagant enlargement of the hut, with opposite doors protected by verandahs. One or two people sleeping in a small hut, according to the manner of the native troops, can ensure to themselves almost as good air within doors as without. Twenty, or thirty people in a hut, however lofty, find ventilation difficult; accidents of draught affect the course of the foul air; it may accumulate at one end or over one group of beds. But in an Indian barrack, eighty, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred, six hundred, sleep in a single barrack-room, with usually a fair estimate of cubic feet per man, because the rooms may be extravagantly high, but with a floor space to each man of no more than eight or nine feet square. Madras has two narrow rooms, one above the other, in which sleep one thousand and thirty men. One of the rooms, two

thousand one hundred and twenty-five feet long—perhaps the longest room in the world—is occupied by six hundred sleepers; but each man's allowance of sleeping room is only a space six feet long by six feet wide. There is provision in these rooms for the necessary ventilation, though no possible system of currents could in such rooms really secure wholesome air. Generally, too, these Indian dormitories are placed on the ground. Even in England, where malaria has far less power than in India, nobody sleeps on a floor touching the ground, if he can help it. The floor of the Indian dormitory usually consists of brick, or stone, or plaster, laid over the open ground. In one such room, a flagstone being lifted for some purpose, the stench rising from the ground beneath was so great that the surgeon fled.

The feeding of the Indian soldier is not regulated very much more wisely than his lodging. The old notion has been maintained in practice that dram-drinking is a safeguard against perils of the climate. The daily allowance of drink to each man is three quarts of porter; but he may take, instead of one of the quarts, a dram of spirits: or, as at Mhow, he may take only one quart of porter and two drams of spirits. Two drams of spirit are the twentieth part of a gallon. A soldier who takes his government allowance, as far as he may, in spirit, consumes eighteen gallons and a quarter of raw spirit yearly, besides what he may buy in the bazaar. "Drinking," said Sir Charles Napier, "does not give the fever, but it so inflames the liver and brain, that the fever takes too firm a grasp to be got rid of. Why, their ration is two drams a day, and eight of these drams make a quart bottle! So the sober soldier swallows one-fourth of a bottle of raw spirits every day! You and I know them too well to doubt that the other three-fourths go down after the first." In fact, however, though there is much bad spirit bought in the bazaars, the Indian soldier usually draws from the canteen two quarts of porter and a single dram of spirit. It is creditable, under such circumstances, though bad enough in itself, that generally only one man in a hundred is a drunkard; yet in some European regiments the average rises to fifteen in a hundred. In Burmah, when only malt liquor could be had, health always improved.

In the adjustment of the dietary there is, of course, no recognition of the different requirements of the body at different seasons. Every day brings its pound of beef—varied twice a week, if possible, with mutton—is its pound of bread, and its pound of vegetable, with its modicum of salt, and of rice, and of tea or coffee, and sugar. There is no encouragement of vegetable diet in hot weather. The men eat their beef as cooked by the natives in aboriginal kitchens, destitute of ovens or boilers, often without a chimney. They buy bits of the filthy bazaar pig, to eat with their breakfast, and they feed their bodies, forced into dreary inactivity, on more meat than would maintain health in a labourer. The waste time which they might

partly spend in the healthful work of cultivating gardens and producing wholesome herbs, and fruit, and vegetables, is at almost every station thrown heavily upon the soldier's hands. They are themselves cultivated into lassiness, until they desire to have their kits carried for them by natives. Except morning and evening parade, and his turn on duty, which takes him out of bed about once a fortnight, the English private soldier in India lies about on bed in barracks all day long, or reads a little, if he can; but only a few stations are supplied with any books; and where there is a government library, it is not lighted of evenings. Often the soldier is so well taken care of that he is forbidden to go out in the sun while it is shining, and, unless he disobey orders, he is cooped up with one, two, or three hundred others, to loll on the beds, smoke, read a bit, doze, gossip, or play cards. For one man employed in an Indian barrack, six are idle; yet it is found that when men are actively engaged on field work, however hot the weather, health improves. Mortality falls in time of war, because the men get something to do. Very much depends on the good sense of the commanding officer. One will endeavour to coop up his men in hot weather, from eight in the morning until five in the evening, lest they should get sunstroke; another will send them out shooting, and find sickness thereby lessened. But "as a general rule," "everybody," observes Miss Nightingale, "seems to believe that the way of making diseased livers in geese, for Strasburg pies, is the best way of keeping men's lives sound, and of making efficient healthy soldiers for India."

The majority of the recruits from Ireland and Scotland, condemned to inactivity under a tropical summer, are said to eat many times the bulk of animal food they would use in their own country, when working their hardest in the coldest season. And they drink their raw spirit and porter over and above that. The men, said Sir John Lawrence, eat meat two or three times a day all the year round, they like it, and "if they have any money you generally find that they buy bacon and pork, which is very filthy in India, being badly fed, and they thus add to the quantity of their animal food." He thought that government might try to lead the men into a liking for fruit and vegetables. "You must try," he said, truly enough, "to carry the men with you." As for the soldiers' gardens, his experience was, that the men would expect to be paid for working in them. "I do not think," he said, "that any Englishman likes working in India." But he believed that trades might be introduced;—work upon clothes, shoes, iron-work, and other wants of the regiment, so as to make the regiment more self-supporting. "The men would," he thought, "take more pride in that, and the officers would interest themselves. It would repay you, if you could get the men to do it, and they would be more healthy and more happy, for the men are not happy; they are restless, and they want to be at something else, or to get away. . . . The more superior a man is, the more distaste he has for

his duty." That is to say, the more he is raised above the brutes, the less he likes being reduced to the position of a vegetable, and not even a good sound vegetable, but one withering and struggling for existence. As the men are now lowered in vigour of mind, hope of promotion, were it offered, would not rouse them. "Very few men," says Sir John Lawrence, "ever look forward for half a dozen years; I do not think they feel that they have anything to look forward to, and they are reckless and careless, and doubtless there is a great deal in the system to make them so."

No evidence whatever could be produced in support of the superstition that men who leave barracks in the heat of the day will get sunstroke: while Colonel Greathed's evidence shows how much health and self-respect come of a reasonable amount of manly freedom. Wherever he was stationed, he allowed men whose good conduct entitled them to a pass, to go out shooting; and his general experience, it may be observed, is of a low mortality. Of his hottest station, this officer says: "In the hottest station, Deesa, where we were for three years, the mortality in the regiment was extremely small, and the general health of the men was excessively good. I mean to say that they were able to take the most active exercise there, without suffering from the heat. We allowed them to go out shooting as much as they liked all over the country, and a man would go and walk fourteen miles on foot from the barrack, and be back at night; their health and spirits were excellent, and there never was a single case of a difference between the soldiers and the natives in the whole of the three years, during which time we gave them unbounded liberty; I mean, of course, to the good men."

Colonel Greathed would like also to see the general introduction of a gymnastic parade in loose dress, as in the French army, with little prizes to stimulate the active men, and compulsion enough to overcome the listlessness of the lazy. Such gymnastics, he thinks, would be the best thing ever introduced into the Indian service. That is not saying much, perhaps.

It may be a necessary evil that there should be grave discouragement of marriage in the army, though the married soldiers are spoken of as the best men, and a certain number of them at a station are considered useful as examples to the rest. Men get leave to marry, and have quarters for wives, in the proportion of six to the hundred. For the rest, it is more than enough to say that in the Bombay and Bengal armies one man in three—in the Madras army one man in four—is tainted by disease consequent on vice. And when the married soldiers are on duty, there is no provision for the fit care of their wives. At Dumdum, while their fathers and husbands were fighting the battle of their country, seven hundred and seventy soldiers' children, and one hundred and seventy soldiers' wives, were so huddled together, that one hundred and sixty-six of the children and sixty-four of the wives were destroyed by dysentery. The men fought, but the women and the children fell.

The comprehensive thoroughness of the mismanagement of health among our troops in India is really almost too marvellous to be believed, on less than the accumulation of authority which it requires twelve pounds of paper to set forth in print. No wonder that the hospitals are full. Hospitals! We will take only two glimpses of the institutions mocked with such a name. And that we may not be suspected of over-colouring, we will use the exact words of the commissioners' report:

"The ablution and bath accommodation consists occasionally of a 'tin pot' with which, 'the sick generally pour the water over themselves,' as at Bombay. Very frequently there is no ablution room, and the patients wash themselves, if at all, in the open verandahs in all weathers. Generally there are no basin-stands: and the sick have often to sit on the ground to wash their faces. The only bathing is done in wooden tubs, to which water is carried by bheesties; and it is usually poured over the patients. There are no warm baths, and indeed no baths at all in the sense in which they are understood in all the hospitals of Europe, and even in the military hospitals at home. The means of cleanliness for sick as sick, are, to sum them up, *nil*."

And here is a hint of the sick-beds to which the thousands of men whose health has been actively destroyed are sent to recover, or, at the rate of nearly five regiments a year, to die:

"Hospital bedsteads are generally of wood, sometimes of iron. Wooden bedsteads are at all times, but especially in warm climates, subject to vermin; and complaint is made of the expense incurred by the men breaking the bedsteads in their efforts to get the vermin out."

Stared in the face by a tale so horrible as this, solemnly vouched for in all its particulars, and in all its terrible details (necessarily too repulsive for quotation here), by many witnesses, we are not without hope that the English people will exert themselves a little to compel the high authorities who *can* right such intolerable wrongs, to wipe this shameful stain out of our civilisation. There is a something to do that **MUST BE DONE**, and that **WILL NOT BE DONE**, if the men of routine be suffered to explain to their own satisfaction things as they are, and make the very magnitude of the wrong a ground for suggesting to the outer public scornful incredulity.

OLD FRIENDS.

We just shake hands at meeting

With many that come nigh;

We nod the head in greeting

To many that go by,—

But welcome through the gateway

Our few old friends and true;

Then hearts leap up, and straightway

Keep open house for you,

Old Friends,

There's open house for you!

The surface will be sparkling,

Let but a sunbeam shine;

Yet in the deep lies darkling

The true life of the wine!

The froth is for the many,
The wine is for the few;
Unseen, untouched of any,
We keep the best for you,
Old Friends,
The very best for you.

The Many cannot know us;
They only pace the strand,
Where at our worst we show us—
The waters thick with sand!
But out beyond the leaping
Dim surge 'tis clear and blue;
And there, Old Friends, we are keeping
A sacred calm for you,
Old Friends,
A waiting calm for you.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

My voyages (in paper boats) among savages often yield me matter for reflection at home. It is curious to trace the savage in the civilised man, and to detect the hold of some savage customs on conditions of society rather boastful of being high above them.

I wonder, is the Medicine Man of the North American Indians never to be got rid of, out of the North American country? He comes into my Wigwam on all manner of occasions, and with the absurdest "Medicine." I always find it extremely difficult, and I often find it simply impossible, to keep him out of my Wigwam. For his legal "Medicine" he sticks upon his head the hair of quadrupeds, and plasters the same with fat, and dirty white powder, and talks a gibberish quite unknown to the men and squaws of his tribe. For his religious "Medicine" he puts on puffy white sleeves, little black aprons, large black waistcoats of a peculiar cut, collarless coats with Medicine button-holes, Medicine stockings and gaiters and shoes, and tops the whole with a highly grotesque Medicinal hat. In one respect, to be sure, I am quite free from him. On occasions when the Medicine Men in general, together with a large number of the miscellaneous inhabitants of his village, both male and female, are presented to the principal Chief, his native "Medicine" is a comical mixture of old odds and ends (bired of traders) and new things in antiquated shapes, and pieces of red cloth (of which he is particularly fond), and white and red and blue paint for the face. The irrationality of this particular Medicine culminates in a mock battle-rush, from which many of the squaws are borne out, much dilapidated. I need not observe how unlike this is to a Drawing Room at St. James's Palace.

The African magician I find it very difficult to exclude from my Wigwam too. This creature takes cases of death and mourning under his supervision, and will frequently impoverish a whole family by his preposterous enchantments. He is a great eater and drinker, and always conceals a rejoicing stomach under a grieving exterior. His charms consist of an infinite quan-

tity of worthless scraps, for which he charges very high. He impresses on the poor bereaved natives, that the more of his followers they pay to exhibit such scraps on their persons for an hour or two (though they never saw the deceased in their lives, and are put in high spirits by his decease), the more honourably and piously they grieve for the dead. The poor people, submitting themselves to this conjuror, an expensive procession is formed, in which bits of stick, feathers of birds, and a quantity of other unmeaning objects besmeared with black paint, are carried in a certain ghastly order of which no one understands the meaning, if it ever had any, to the brink of the grave, and are then brought back again.

In the Tonga Islands, everything is supposed to have a soul, so that when a hatchet is irreparably broken, they say, "His immortal part has departed; he is gone to the happy hunting-places." This belief leads to the logical sequence that when a man is buried, some of his eating and drinking vessels, and some of his warlike implements, must be broken and buried with him. Superstitious and wrong, but surely a more respectable superstition than the hire of antic scraps for a show that has no meaning based on any sincere belief.

Let me halt on my Uncommercial road, to throw a passing glance on some funeral solemnities that I have seen where North American Indians, African Magicians, and Tonga Islanders, are supposed not to be.

Once, I dwelt in an Italian city, where there dwelt with me for a while, an Englishman of an amiable nature, great enthusiasm, and no discretion. This friend discovered a desolate stranger, mourning over the unexpected death of one very dear to him, in a solitary cottage among the vineyards of an outlying village. The circumstances of the bereavement were unusually distressing; and the survivor, new to the peasants and the country, sorely needed help, being alone with the remains. With some difficulty, but with the strong influence of a purpose at once gentle, disinterested, and determined, my friend—Mr. Kindheart—obtained access to the mourner, and undertook to arrange the burial.

There was a small Protestant cemetery near the city walls, and as Mr. Kindheart came back to me, he turned into it and chose the spot. He was always highly flushed when rendering a service unaided, and I knew that to make him happy I must keep aloof from his ministrations. But when at dinner he warmed with the good action of the day, and conceived the brilliant idea of comforting the mourner with "an English funeral," I ventured to intimate that I thought that institution, which was not absolutely sublime at home, might prove a failure in Italian hands. However, Mr. Kindheart was so enraptured with his conception, that he presently wrote down into the town requesting the attendance with tomorrow's earliest light of a certain little upholsterer. This upholsterer was famous for speaking the unintelligible local dialect (his own) in

a far more unintelligible manner than any other man alive.

When from my bath next morning I overheard Mr. Kindheart and the upholsterer in conference on the top of an echoing staircase; and when I overheard Mr. Kindheart rendering English Undertaking phrases into very choice Italian, and the upholsterer replying in the unknown Tongues; and when I furthermore remembered that the local funerals had no resemblance to English funerals; I became in my secret bosom apprehensive. But Mr. Kindheart informed me at breakfast that measures had been taken to ensure a signal success.

As the funeral was to take place at sunset, and as I knew to which of the city gates it must tend, I went out at that gate as the sun descended, and walked along the dusty, dusty road. I had not walked far, when I encountered this procession:

1. Mr. Kindheart, much abashed, on an immense grey horse.

2. A bright yellow coach and pair, driven by a coachman in bright red velvet knee-breeches and waistcoat. (This was the established local idea of State.) Both coach doors kept open by the coffin, which was on its side within, and sticking out at each.

3. Behind the coach, the mourner, for whom the coach was intended, in the dust.

4. Concealed behind a roadside well for the irrigation of a garden, the unintelligible Upholsterer, admiring.

It matters little now. Coaches of all colours are alike to poor Kindheart, and he rests far North of the little cemetery with the cypress-trees, by the city walls where the Mediterranean is so beautiful.

My first funeral, a fair representative funeral after its kind, was that of the husband of a married servant, once my nurse. She married for money. Sally Flanders, after a year or two of matrimony, became the relief of Flanders, a small master-builder; and either she or Flanders had done me the honour to express a desire that I should "follow." I may have been seven or eight years old;—young enough, certainly, to feel rather alarmed by the expression, as not knowing where the invitation was held to terminate, and how far I was expected to follow the deceased Flanders. Consent being given by the heads of houses, I was jobbed up into what was pronounced at home decent mourning (comprehending somebody else's shirt, unless my memory deceives me), and was admonished that if, when the funeral was in action, I put my hands in my pockets, or took my eyes out of my pocket-handkerchief, I was personally lost, and my family disgraced. On the eventful day, having tried to get myself into a disastrous frame of mind, and having formed a very poor opinion of myself because I couldn't cry, I repaired to Sally's. Sally was an excellent creature, and had been a good wife to old Flanders, but the moment I saw her I knew that she was not in her own real natural state. She formed a sort of Coat of Arms, grouped with a small-

ing-bottle, a handkerchief, an orange, a bottle of vinegar, Flanders's sister, her own sister, Flanders's brother's wife, and two neighbouring gossips—all in mourning, and all ready to hold her whenever she fainted. At sight of poor little me she became much agitated (agitating me much more), and having exclaimed, "O here's dear Master Uncommercial!" became hysterical, and swooned as if I had been the death of her. An affecting scene followed, during which I was handed about and poked at her by various people, as if I were the bottle of salts. Reviving a little, she embraced me, said, "You knew him well, dear Master Uncommercial, and he knew you!" and fainted again: which, as the rest of the Coat of Arms soothingly said, "done her credit." Now, I knew that she needn't have fainted unless she liked, and that she wouldn't have fainted unless it had been expected of her, quite as well as I know it at this day. It made me feel uncomfortable, and hypocritical besides. I was not sure but that it might be manners in me to faint next, and I resolved to keep my eye on Flanders's uncle, and if I saw any signs of his going in that direction, to go too, politely. But Flanders's uncle (who was a weak little old retail grocer) had only one idea, which was that we all wanted tea; and he handed us cups of tea all round, incessantly, whether we refused or not. There was a young nephew of Flanders's present, to whom Flanders, it was rumoured, had left nineteen guineas. He drank all the tea that was offered him, this nephew—amounting, I should say, to several quarts—and ate as much plum-cake as he could possibly come by; but he felt it to be decent mourning that he should now and then stop in the midst of a lump of cake, and appear to forget that his mouth was full, in the contemplation of his uncle's memory. I felt all this to be the fault of the undertaker, who was handing us gloves on a tea-tray as if they were muffins, and tying us into cloaks (mine had to be pinned up all round, it was so long for me), because I knew that he was making game. So, when we got out into the streets, and I constantly disarranged the procession by tumbling on the people before me because my handkerchief blinded my eyes, and tripping up the people behind me because my cloak was so long, I felt that we were all making game. I was truly sorry for Flanders, but I knew that was no reason why we should be trying (the women with their heads in hoods like coal-scuttles with the black side outward) to keep step with a man in a scarf, carrying a thing like a mourning spy-glass, which he was going to open presently and sweep the horizon with. I knew that we should not all have been speaking in one particular key-note struck by the undertaker, if we had not been making game. Even in our faces we were every one of us as like the undertaker as if we had been his own family, and I perceived that this could not have happened unless we had been making game. When we returned to Sally's, it was all of a piece. The continued impossibility of getting on without

plum-cake; the ceremonious apparition of a pair of decanters containing port and sherry and cork; Sally's sister at the tea-table, clinking the best crockery and shaking her head mournfully every time she looked down into the teapot, as if it were the tomb; the Coat of Arms again, and Sally as before; lastly, the words of consolation administered to Sally when it was considered right that she should "come round nicely;" which were, that the deceased had had "as com-for-ta-ble a fu-ne-ral as comfortable could be!"

Other funerals have I seen with grown-up eyes, since that day, of which the burden has been the same childish burden. Making game. Real affliction, real grief and solemnity, have been outraged, and the funeral has been "performed." The waste for which the funeral customs of many tribes of savages are conspicuous, has attended these civilised obsequies; and once, and twice, have I wished in my soul that if the waste must be, they would let the undertaker bury the money, and let me bury the friend.

In France, upon the whole, these ceremonies are more sensibly regulated, because they are upon the whole less expensively regulated. I cannot say that I have ever been much edified by the custom of tying a bib and apron on the front of the house of mourning, or that I would myself particularly care to be driven to my grave in a nodding and bobbing car, like an infirm four-post bedstead, by an inky fellow creature in a cocked-hat. But it may be that I am constitutionally insensible to the virtues of a cocked-hat. In provincial France, the solemnities are sufficiently hideous, but are few and cheap. The friends and townsmen of the departed, in their own dresses and not masquerading under the auspices of the African Conjurer, surround the hand-bier, and often carry it. It is not considered indispensable to stifle the bearers, or even to elevate the burden on their shoulders; consequently it is easily taken up, and easily set down, and is carried through the streets without the distressing floundering and shuffling that we see at home. A dirty priest or two, and a dirtier acolyte or two, do not lend any especial grace to the proceedings; and I regard with personal animosity the bassoon, which is blown at intervals by the big legged priest (it is always a big legged priest who blows the bassoon), when his fellows combine in a lugubrious stalwart drawl. But there is far less of the Conjurer and the Medicine Man in the business than under like circumstances here. The grim coaches that we reserve expressly for such shows, are non-existent; if the cemetery be far out of the town, the coaches that are hired for other purposes of life are hired for this purpose; and although the honest vehicles make no pretence of being overcome, I have never noticed that the people in them were the worse for it. In Italy, the hooded Members of Confraternities who attend on funerals, are dismal and ugly to look upon; but the services they render are at least voluntarily

rendered, and impoverish no one, and cost nothing. Why should high civilisation and low savagery ever come together on the point of making them a wantonly wasteful and contemptible set of forms?

Once I lost a friend by death, who had been troubled in his time by the Medicine Man and the Conjurer, and upon whose limited resources there were abundant claims. The Conjurer assured me that I must positively "follow," and both he and the Medicine Man entertained no doubt that I must go in a black carriage, and must wear "fittings." I objected to fittings as having nothing to do with my friendship, and I objected to the black carriage as being in more senses than one a job. So, it came into my mind to try what would happen if I quietly walked, in my own way, from my own house to my friend's burial-place, and stood beside his open grave in my own dress and person, reverently listening to the best of Services. It satisfied my mind, I found, quite as well as if I had been disguised in a hired hatband and scarf both trailing to my very heels, and as if I had cost the orphan children, in their greatest need, ten guineas.

Can any one who ever beheld the stupendous absurdities attendant on "A message from the Lords" in the House of Commons, turn upon the Medicine Man of the poor Indians? Has he any "Medicine" in that dried skin pouch of his, so supremely ludicrous as the two Masters in Chancery holding up their black petticoats and buttoning their ridiculous wigs at Mr. Speaker? Yet there are authorities innumerable to tell me—as there are authorities innumerable among the Indians to tell them—that the nonsense is indispensable, and that its abrogation would involve most awful consequences. What would any rational creature who had never heard of judicial and forensic "fittings," think of the Court of Common Pleas on the first day of Term? Or with what an awakened sense of humour would LIVINGSTONE's account of a similar scene be perused, if the fur and red cloth and goats' hair and horse hair and powdered chalk and black patches on the top of the head, were all at Tala Mungongo instead of Westminster? That model missionary and good brave man found at least one tribe of blacks with a very strong sense of the ridiculous, inasmuch that although an amiable and docile people, they never could see the Missionaries dispose of their legs in the attitude of kneeling, or hear them begin a hymn in chorus, without bursting into roars of irrepressible laughter. It is much to be hoped that no member of this facetious tribe may ever find his way to England and get committed for contempt of Court.

In the Tonga Island already mentioned, there are a set of personages called Mataboos—or some such name—who are the Masters of all the public ceremonies, and who know the exact place in which every chief must sit down when a solemn public meeting takes place: a meeting which bears a family resemblance to our own Public Dinner, in respect of its being a main

part of the proceedings that every gentleman present is required to drink something nasty. These Mataboos are a privileged order, so important is their avocation, and they make the most of their high functions. A long way out of the Tonga Islands, indeed, rather near the British Islands, was there no calling in of the Mataboos the other day to settle an earth-convolving question of precedence; and was there no weighty opinion delivered on the part of the Mataboos which, being interpreted to that unlucky tribe of blacks with the sense of the ridiculous, would infallibly set the whole population screaming with laughter?

My sense of justice demands the admission, however, that this is not quite a one-sided question. If we submit ourselves meekly to the Medicine Man and the Conjuror, and are not exalted by it, the savages may retort upon us that we act more unwisely than they, in other matters wherein we fail to imitate them. It is a widely diffused custom among savage tribes, when they meet to discuss any affair of public importance, to sit up all night making a horrible noise, dancing, blowing shells, and (in cases where they are familiar with fire-arms), flying out into open places and letting off guns. It is questionable whether our legislative assemblies might not take a hint from this. A shell is not a melodious wind-instrument, and it is monotonous; but it is as musical as, and not more monotonous than, my Honourable friend's own trumpet, or the trumpet that he blows so hard for the Minister. The uselessness of arguing with any supporter of a Government or of an Opposition, is well known. Try dancing. It is a better exercise, and has the unspeakable recommendation that it couldn't be reported. The honourable and savage member who has a loaded gun, and has grown impatient of debate, plunges out of doors, fires in the air, and returns calm and silent to the Palaver. Let the honourable and civilised member similarly charged with a speech, dart into the cloisters of Westminster Abbey in the silence of night, let his speech off, and come back harmless. It is not at first sight a very rational custom to paint a broad blue stripe across one's nose and both cheeks, and a broad red stripe from the forehead to the chin, to attach a few pounds of wood to one's under lip, to stick fish-bones in one's ears and a brass curtain-ring in one's nose, and to rub one's body all over with rancid oil, as a preliminary to entering on business. But this is a question of taste and ceremony, and so is the Windsor Uniform. The manner of entering on the business itself is another question. A council of six hundred savage gentlemen entirely independent of tailors, sitting on their hams in a ring, smoking, and occasionally grunting, seem to me, according to the experience I have gathered in my voyages and travels, somehow to do what they come together for; whereas that is not at all the general experience of a council of six hundred civilised gentlemen very dependent on tailors and sitting on mechanical contrivances. It is

better that an Assembly should do its utmost to envelop itself in smoke, than that it should direct its endeavours to enveloping the public in smoke; and I would rather it buried half a hundred hatchets than buried one subject demanding attention.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE AT MANILLA.

To be present at an earthquake is one of those events in a man's life which he can never forget. Wholly apart from the physical sensations, which are of a very peculiar and distressing kind, resembling in an intense form those experienced in crossing from Dover to Calais in a steamer in rough weather and under certain tidal conditions, there is a shock to the nervous system, which for a time bewilders and paralyses the strongest mind. The recent earthquake at Manilla is one of the most awful and destructive, both as regards life and property, that has occurred in recent times.

Early on Wednesday morning I left the city to go to a merchant's private house, between two and three miles in the interior, hoping that I should be able to return before the air had become so heated as it had been about noon for some days past. I was detained to breakfast, and it was past ten o'clock before I mounted my mule to return to the city. The heat was unusual, and the air so dense that it was almost unfit to breathe, causing a feeling of suffocation which made me gasp for breath on the least exertion; once I thought I had received a sunstroke, for having to dismount to remove a stone which had got fast in the mule's shoe, when I attempted to raise myself upright I fell as if struck by lightning. The flowers and herbage looked shrivelled, and as though all the moisture had evaporated from them, and a bright quivering mist appeared rising from the ground on all sides. Very few people were in the streets, and those seemed scarcely able to crawl along. Subject though we are to shocks of earthquake in Manilla, nobody breathed the word to me, so I presume the idea that an earthquake was imminent, no more occurred to others than to myself. About four o'clock in the afternoon, having no appetite for food, I went down to the sea to bathe; but the water seemed to have lost its refreshing power and a portion of its fluidity; it gave me the sensation of swimming in a sea of oil. After dressing, I walked slowly homeward, and, having to pass near the cathedral, I went in. Being the eve of the Fête Dieu I found it crowded with worshippers. Men and women of every hue of colour were mingled with children whose fairer skins contrasted strongly with that of the elders, especially those whose parents were Europeans. There is at all times a striking devoutness displayed in the churches, but this struck me especially on this evening, no doubt because of the solemnity of the occasion. How many were in the building I cannot say, but

the number was very great, for though the cathedral was exceedingly large, I could not see a space large enough for a single additional person beyond a few feet from the door by which I entered. Some notion may be formed of the number present, from the fact that at this time there were not less than twenty-five priests officiating in different parts of the sacred edifice. The air was so bad, that I did not remain more than two or three minutes, though the service had not long begun. There were several poor creatures round the entrance waiting for alms. I stopped to put a coin in the hand of an old woman. As I was doing this, my watch fell from my pocket into her lap. This circumstance enables me to state, within a very few minutes, the time when the first shock was felt. I looked at my watch as I picked it up, and it then marked five minutes after seven. I was in-doors ten minutes later, and had just drunk a glass of wine, and was in the act of placing the glass on the table, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, the floor and every article in the room began to shake violently. I was unable to stand upright, or to move in any direction, though I instinctively held out my hands and tried to grasp the different articles of furniture which were falling about. There was a brief pause, but I was in such a bewildered state, that I had not thought of trying to escape into the street before a second shock came. This was unlike the other in its movement, being a kind of rocking motion, whereas the first is best described by saying that it resembled the motions observable on the surface of water when it is boiling violently. Another and another shock followed, in which the movement was different from either of the preceding. The house was whirled in a circular direction, backwards and forwards. Great cracks opened in the walls, and the matting which covered the floor was rent in many places. A large looking-glass which was fastened to the wall was thrown down, the window-frames were broken to pieces, and all the panes shaken out, and above the din which this caused I could hear the cracking of timber and the crash of masonry. The house was two stories high. At the last shock of which I have any recollection, I felt the floor sinking beneath my feet, and I fell violently on my face. The wall on one side of the room, however, still remained upright after the others had fallen away, and to this the floor held fast. As I dropped, my fingers slipped into an opening between the boards of which the floor was constructed, and I clung fast. I was very much battered by portions of the ceiling and roof striking me, but I was almost unconscious of this at the time, in consequence of the fear I was in lest the remaining wall should fall and bury me. Looking down into the street, I saw that the floor sloped down till it seemed on its lowest side to rest on the ruins. Without hesitating a moment, I loosed my hold and dropped, rolling over and over among the rubbish. I rose and looked round, but so complete was the ruin and desolation on every side, that

I had the greatest difficulty in distinguishing the direction I wished to take.

However much a man's heart may be hardened to the sufferings of others by the knowledge that his own life is in imminent danger, it was impossible to see the dreadful spectacles that met my eyes on all sides without horror. Limbs projected here and there from among the ruins; sometimes, a leg, or an arm, but in many cases the head and shoulders, were visible, often frightfully mutilated. Life still remained in many of these poor creatures, and their groans were heartrending; but I could give them no help alone, and there were none to assist me; the few persons who were uninjured staggered along over the ruins without pausing, and looked like phantoms through the dust which filled the air. I was so much bruised that I made my way very slowly. At last, finding I was becoming exhausted, I sat down on a heap of rubbish, which, as far as I could make out from the appearance of the fragments, had once been a church; as indeed it had been, and one of ten destroyed by the same catastrophe.

I tried my utmost to shut out the sound of the screams and groans which filled the air all night, by tying my handkerchief tightly over my ears; but I found it impossible to sleep, and as soon as the sun rose I got up, stiff and weary, and made my way towards a group of men and women who were assembled about a heap of ruins, the magnitude of which enabled me to recognise them as the remains of the cathedral.

Of all the sights on that dreadful morning, there was none which equalled this. The service in the cathedral not only began later than in the other churches, but was longer; so that while those who had attended the latter had for the most part left them, the whole congregation was present in the former. The earthquake was so sudden, that probably not a dozen persons escaped out of the building before it came crashing down, burying every one of the two or three thousand persons within it beneath its heavy roof and massive walls. When I reached the ruins, men and women were already working at those parts where appearances indicated the possibility of most speedily reaching bodies. The largest group was collected round a chapel, a small portion of which was upheld by the peculiar way in which a beam had fallen. Women were sobbing, and men were listening anxiously at a small opening where a window had formerly been. Seeing I was a foreigner, the Spaniards and Indians, with the politeness they invariably practise, made way for me, and I approached close to the opening. Faint groans issued from it, and I could hear a voice—that of a girl, I thought, but it turned out to be one of the choristers*—asking piteously for help and deliverance. Then a low but deep bass voice, doubtless that of the priest who was officiating at the time of the calamity, uttered the well-

* He was dug out alive, seven or eight hours afterwards.

known words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." As these words came forth, those outside burst into a passion of tears, which was soon choked, in order that they might hear if the voice spoke again. There were some deep groans, apparently wrung from the speaker by intense pain, and then the same voice spoke in a calm and even tone, as though addressing a congregation: "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God."

Silence followed for some minutes, and then a deep voice came forth which was so low that only I and a few others near the hole could hear it: "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," and with the utterance of those words of faith and prayer the spirit must have left the tortured body, for not a sound was heard after this except the piteous prayers of a child. Being too weak to assist in the efforts that were making to enlarge the opening, I left the spot with a sad heart.

What I saw as I wandered through the ruined city on the following morning was more horrible still. In the principal street, where the largest shops and warehouses stood, scarcely a wall was left standing. The inhabitants of the houses, their cattle in the stables, and the rich merchandise which filled the shops, were all entombed beneath a mass of stones and timber. The street itself was almost blocked up with rubbish; and it was here that portions of the mutilated bodies of victims were most numerous, owing to its being traversed by a great number of people who at the time of the occurrence of the calamity had left their houses to take the usual evening walk, or were returning from the numerous churches. The fronts of some of the houses, instead of crumbling to pieces, had fallen outward in a mass, crushing and burying, or partially burying, those who were passing at the moment. In one place a priest was lying, the lower part of his body flattened beneath a huge beam, his head resting uninjured on his left arm, his right arm stretched out, his hand still holding a parcel of *Las Novedades* newspaper, which he had probably fetched just before from the post-office. Further on, a woman and two little children lay beneath a window-frame and some large stones, some of which I moved, in the hope that life might still remain among them. All, however, were dead; one of the little creatures had been struck on the neck, but the other, who was enveloped all but the feet in her mother's dress, had seemingly been suffocated, for I could perceive no sign of external injury, and the expression of the face was that of sleep. It was a pretty little creature, with fair hair and blue eyes, and I sat and held it on my knees for some minutes looking at it, while my thoughts were fixed on a little darling in a distant land whom I fancied she resembled.

Not to harrow the feelings of those who read this with instances of individual mutilation, I

will not mention any more of the cases of this kind which met my view by scores in the course of the morning. The hospital, in which there were many sick persons, met with the same fate as the cathedral, the inmates being all crushed or suffocated. The palace of the archbishop was overthrown. The governor's palace was shaken down piecemeal, his wife and daughter rushing from one part to another seeking to escape, while the governor himself, who (I was told) was outside at the time, vainly endeavoured to make his way in, to rescue them or share their fate. I heard of the most extraordinary instances of escape. The tower of one of the churches fell in a mass across the open space in front of the church. A Spaniard, his wife, and two children, were passing at the moment; the man, who had just turned to take his children in his arms, was crushed, together with his little children, while his wife, who was not a yard distant from him, escaped unhurt, as did also, with the exception of a few bruises, five persons who were standing within the basement of the tower when it fell. A woman had been ordered to fetch some water from a spring, but had neglected to do it, which made her master so angry, that, on her refusing to go, he took her by the arm and put her out of the house. She had only got as far as the open space which surrounded the nearest church, when the earthquake took place, which shook down the house from which she had just been expelled, and killed all who were in it. One Pietro Mastai, the driver of a public vehicle, had just left a wine-shop at the corner of a little street facing the church of *Vera Cruz*, with a friend of his, a muleteer, when the latter saw something glittering at his feet. He picked it up, and it was a small silver coin. Both turned back to spend the money in wine. At the door the muleteer turned round and jestingly told Pietro that he should not share it; and with the rough playfulness of that class, he gave Pietro a push which sent him staggering some distance. Before he had time to recover himself and follow his friend, the earthquake came, the wine-shop crumbled to pieces, and buried all within its walls, leaving him standing at the threshold uninjured.

In spite of the efforts which were immediately begun to recover bodies from the ruins, comparatively few of the many thousands buried beneath them have yet been dug out; to heighten the horrible nature of this labour, immediately after the calamity rain fell in torrents, which, joined to the intense heat, caused putrefaction to proceed with great rapidity. The atmosphere was still further poisoned by the noxious vapours which rose from the numerous cracks in the ground. Many are still open in various places, though the largest of them—from which, I am informed, torrents of hot black sand were thrown out during the earthquake—is closed.

It is not possible yet to form any accurate estimate of the number who have perished, but they probably amount to several thousands. Of the pecuniary loss this frightful calamity has

occasioned, it is easier to form an opinion; this is roughly estimated at between seven and eight millions of pounds sterling.

HERONS.

HERON is a Greek word, which, meaningless to Englishmen, pictures to Grecians the bird which darts its bill like the head of a spear. Herons, while building their nests in trees, like rooks, are as truly wading birds as storks. Most, although not all, of the wading birds, plovers, bitterns, cranes, snipes, rails, and herons, have long beaks, long wings, long legs, and short tails. When "we twa"—my auld acquaintance and me—"paidit in the burn," the practical difficulties to be overcome were how, by tight rolling up, we might obtain the greatest possible length of leg for wading purposes, and reach the greatest practicable depths, without wetting our feathers. But the wading birds have the rolling up, tucking up, and killing up, done for them. They are built with long legs: which are fitted for enduring cold water a long time: the lower parts of their long legs being plated with scales. Short tails, however convenient when wading, are not so well adapted for flying as long tails; the long legs make up for the want of long tails, by balancing the bird when flying. Instead of being tucked up under the body as the legs of birds generally are, the legs of herons stretch out behind them. Wallaghby says of the herons: "They have very long necks; their bills also are long, strong, ending in a sharp point to strike fish, and fetch them from under stones or brinks; long legs to wade in rivers and pools of water: very long toes, especially the hind toe, to stand more firmly in rivers; large crooked talons, and the middle serrate on the inside, to hold eels and other slippery fish the faster, or because they sit on trees; lean and carrion bodies because of their great fear and watchfulness." Remembering the place which Falconry held in the esteem of royal and noble personages in the middle ages, and the very peculiar appearance of the heron in the air, the man might with reason be deemed a proverbially bad observer of common things who could not distinguish a hawk from a heronshaw.

Their strong, long, round, pointed bills, it was, I suppose, which obtained for these birds their learned name of Arrowheads (*Ardeide*). They are arrowheads with a propensity for darting their heads into the eyes of their victims. Herons were reckoned food fit for royal and noble tables. The fifth Earl of Northumberland, it appears from the regulations of his household early in the sixteenth century, made it a standing rule for principal feasts that a "hearonswys" be bought for his lordship's own mess, "so that they be at xid a pecc." They were valued at the same price as bitterns, pheasants, curlews, and peacocks. Affording the nobility both sport for their pastime and a delicacy for their tables, herons were strictly

preserved; a penalty of twenty shillings being inflicted upon any person convicted of destroying their eggs. Their long soft black feathers decked the caps of Knights of the Garter: and the crests of the cocks are still used as ornaments in the East.

Mr. Knox, the author of *Ornithological Rambles in Sussex*, was once present when a cast of falcons brought down a heron. The falconer and his party concealed themselves in a ditch on the side of a bog in Ireland, over which they had observed the herons flying low, on their return from their feeding-ground. Many flew so near that the falconer was entreated by his companions to fly his hawks, but he obstinately refused, until a heron appeared which his experience told him presented the condition of success. Up flew the heron high into the blue and the falcons after it, and the falconer and his party ran far to see them fall, always excepting those who floundered in the bog. After a time the heron and the falcons came tumbling down like a parachute of feathers. The heron is, in fact, not formidable in the air. The notion that the heron can receive the falcon, when he makes his swoop, upon his beak as on a bayonet or spear, is a mistake. The heron is not built for aerial combats, his long neck and long beak giving too much notice of his hostile intentions to be suitable for such warfare. But when he descends to the ground, and makes his instinctive dart at the eye of his enemy, his attack is truly dangerous. The falconer no sooner sees the heron and the falcons struggling on the ground, than he eagerly runs to protect his falcons and after the fight he examines them anxiously lest they should have sustained fatal injuries. Men, dogs, and rooks, which have lost eyes from the arrow-headed birds of the trees and marshes, are often met with in the neighbourhoods of heronries.

Royal and baronial persons still preserve herons. This bird has fallen so entirely out of general notice, that even ornithologists would find on inquiry more heronries in the British islands than they might suppose, since Mr. Yarrell enumerates nearly fifty of them, and his list is not complete.

The most picturesque heronry in the British islands is situated on the river Findhorn, in Morayshire. The broad and deep river has cut winding paths for itself through soft rocks. The rocks are wooded to the edges of the cliffs with large oak and birch trees. Proceeding down the river beyond the drives of Altyre, every winding of the river exhibits new beauties of rocks, water, and woods, with the sea and the mountains of Sutherland and Caithness in the distance. On the left side there is a row of very old trees overhanging the water and skirting a peculiarly lonely and sequestered meadow, and these trees are encrusted with the large nests of the herons. From the wooded cliffs opposite the nests, the herons can be watched while standing on the brink of the river waiting for prey, or sitting on their nests, or feeding their young. "You incidentally gave me great entertainment," says

Gilbert White to Mr. Pennant, "in your description of the heronry at Cressy Hall, which is a curiosity I could never manage to see. Four-score nests of such a bird on one tree is a rarity which I would ride half as many miles to have a sight of." But the heronry of Cressy Hall, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire, which thus excited the admiration of Pennant and Gilbert White, has long been dispersed; for, a very little molestation suffices to cause the migration of a colony of herons.

Mr. Knox, in his interesting Ornithological Rambles in Sussex, illustrates this fact by the history of the heronry at Parham. Lord Leicester's steward brought them from Coity Castle in Wales to Penshurst in Kent, the seat of Lord de Lisle in the time of James the First. Two hundred years afterwards a colony of them migrated from Penshurst to Michelgrove, a distance of about seventy miles. The house at Michelgrove being pulled down, and one or two of the trees containing their nests felled, the herons began immediately but gradually to migrate from Michelgrove to Parham, a distance of only eight miles. Three seasons elapsed before all the herons had found their way over the downs to the fir woods of Parham.

Heron and rook agree in building their nests on trees, and out of this identity of instinct issue hereditary wars. When the colony of herons first tried to establish themselves at Parham they selected the trees now called the "rookery" to build their nests in, but they were driven away, after a few days' fighting, by the rooks. Victory has, it appears, on different occasions taken different sides. Mr. Knox, when perched on the top of a Scotch fir at Parham, witnessed a curious chase (it could not be called a combat) between a rook and a heron. Returning from a foraging expedition in the neighbouring brooks, the heron was obliged to fly directly over the rookery, or take a circuitous route to avoid it. He chose the less prudent and bolder alternative, but he had hardly appeared above the tops of the trees of the rookery before an old black warrior attacked him furiously. He followed him even within the precincts of the heronry, buffeting him vigorously, while, far from making any resistance, the heron screamed with terror, and threw himself into odd attitudes of pain and distress. Bewick mentions an instance in which hostilities were carried on between a colony of rooks and a colony of herons for two successive seasons; and after some of the herons and many of the rooks had been killed, the herons remained in possession of the coveted trees. Mr. Edward Jesse says: "One of the finest heronries we now have is, perhaps, the one in Windsor Great Park, taking into account the number of the nests and the noble and great height of the trees on which they are built. I once witnessed at this heronry an interesting fight between a pair of ravens and some of the herons. It was early in the spring, and the former birds evidently wanted to take possession of one of the nests of the latter, who, however, did not appear to wish for so dangerous

a neighbour. The fight was continued in the air for a length of time, but in the end the herons had the advantage and beat off the ravens." It is, perhaps, in the battles of ravens and herons as in those of men, that thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just.

An esteemed correspondent has enabled me to add a new feature to this old history of the immemorial feuds of the rooks and the herons. "Do you know," he asked me, "the little heronry at Windmill Hill? The birds have two distinct settlements—the one near the house (the seat of Mr. Curtis, M.P.), and the other in a corner about a quarter of a mile off. The greater number of nests is in a large Scotch fir, in which there are also a good many rooks' nests. The top of the tree really looks loaded with the nests of the herons and rooks. When we were there last year, the young herons were just big enough to show their long necks out of their nests in all directions." If Gilbert White were willing to ride many miles to see a tree laden with herons' nests, I felt justified in starting off by the train to see a Scotch fir-tree full of the nests of rooks and herons together. On the spot, this extraordinary fact was confirmed by the head gardener and by a gentleman residing in the house. I saw the rooks' and herons' nests, easily distinguishable by their differences in build and size, in the lofty fir-tree. At the foot of it, I picked up a rook's and a heron's feather, and up above the pine and elm-trees, some eighty or ninety feet high, I saw both rooks and herons flying about. Duels do, however, occur in this happy family occasionally, but they have never gone further than a few pecks from the rooks' beaks, and a few cuffs from the herons' wings.

The explanation of this fact is far from being obvious. No doubt herons, like other animals, are the creatures of circumstances. Wild and wary in the extreme where they are molested and persecuted, and hear the murderous gun, they are tame enough where they know from experience that they are safe. On the Lake of Killarney they permit themselves to be approached nearly. When a boat approaches them at certain parts on the Wye, they just rise and perch on an overhanging bough, without flying away, while at other places they are very wild. At Windmill Hill they are carefully protected. But I suspect it is owing to the sagacity of the rooks that the nests of these foes occupy the same trees. The rooks are not protected at Windmill Hill, nor encouraged there, and they would be driven away but for the fear of also scaring away the herons. No rook dare attack a heron in his nest. Have the rooks found out by experience that they are somehow safer the nearer their nests are to the nests of the herons?

Mr. Knox graphically describes his visit to the heronry at Parham. While these patrician birds, so long associated with the old English hall and baronial castle, are gradually disappearing before the utilitarian improvements of the nineteenth century, Western Sussex can still boast of one of the most interesting heron-

ries in the south of England. Parham is a beautifully wild and forest-like park. Everything seems imbued with the spirit of the olden time; from the ancient hall itself, with its huge grate, and walls hung with ancestral armour, to the venerable oak-trees in the foreground, and the dark woods of Scotch and spruce fir which crown the heathery hills in the distance. The herons at Parham assemble in February, and begin repairing their nests. In March they begin laying their eggs, and most of their young are hatched early in April. About the end of May, the young birds may be seen flapping out of their nests, and basking for hours in the sun. And indeed onward until the end of August they may be seen upon the branches, clamorous for food as evening approaches, and fed by their parents with redoubled assiduity during the night. At all hours of the night, during summer, the cottagers residing near Parham hear the shrill cry of the herons flying to and fro overhead between the heronry and the open country. During the winter months, the trees are never entirely deserted, a few of the birds roosting upon them every night. The great alluvial plain, watered by the Arun, lying spread beneath Parham, is covered with wide meadows of long rank grass, where herds of black cattle lazily chew the cud during the summer months; but during the winter months the plain, as far as the eye can reach, becomes one vast sheet of water, frequented during storms by wild-fowl and sea-birds, while the dark pine-crowned hills of Parham arise like a beautiful island in the distance.

"Creeping," says Mr. Knox, "through the thick wood of Scotch and spruce firs in which the heronry is situated, my object being to approach so near as if possible to obtain a good view of the birds themselves before they had become conscious of my presence, as I advanced, I could hear the indescribable half-croaking, half-hissing sound uttered by the young birds when in the act of being fed by the old ones. But a treacherous stick snapping beneath my foot, all was changed in an instant; the unfledged inhabitants of the nests became suddenly mute, and every adult member of the colony was at once on the wing. Some ascended into the air to a considerable height, screaming loudly, others flapped heavily round the summits of the trees, as if unwilling to leave the place until they had discovered the cause of the general alarm, while a few of the less timid even resumed their position on the high boughs. I now raised my glass, and had a capital view of one splendid fellow as he stood like a guardian angel over his nest, upright as a falcon, his long graceful neck extended to the utmost, and his keen glance directed all round as if it could pierce even through the gloom of the dark wood. . . . By the aid of my glass, I could perceive that the heron which had attracted my attention was a very old bird, as indicated by the long crest and the pure white plumage of the breast and neck, with which the rows of jet black spots on the sides of the latter contrasted beautifully."

Being anxious to examine the young birds, Mr. Knox climbed a spruce fir, on the top of which there was a nest. He was in danger of losing his footing in the brittle branches, and could not say he experienced a pleasing sensation when the tall and narrow stem, already well loaded with the enormous and wide-spreading fabric at the top, began swaying to and fro from his additional weight. Walking out on one of the boughs immediately underneath the nest, he outflanked it so far as to be able to reach the edge, and, supporting himself with one hand, partially explored its contents with the other. He found three young herons in the nest, two cold and dead, and one warm and living; and the living bird did not appear to avoid the touch of his hand. "An effort," he says, "with both arms now brought my face to a level with the nest, but I had scarcely time to perceive that it contained a healthy and perfectly fledged young bird sitting complacently upon the bodies of his defunct brethren before he darted violently at my eyes, although he had previously evinced no displeasure at the introduction of my hand, and I was only able to protect them by bobbing my head suddenly, and receiving the attack in a less vulnerable quarter. He then scrambled out of the nest to the extremity of an adjoining bough, from whence, being unable to follow him, I endeavoured to shake him off, but for a long time in vain. The obstinacy with which he maintained his hold was extraordinary, and even after losing his equilibrium, and hanging head downwards for a few moments, just as I fancied he was about to drop, he suddenly clutched the branch more firmly than ever, and writhing his elastic neck upwards, he seized a twig with his beak, which he held with all the tenacity of a parrot. I therefore continued to shake the bough, and after persevering in this manner for some minutes, he gradually relaxed his hold, and half fluttering, half tumbling through the horizontal boughs of the tree beneath me, at last reached the ground in safety."

The nest was about four feet in diameter. Sticks of larch and fir composed the outside, and the materials became finer towards the interior, which was lined throughout with very thin birch twigs closely matted together. The young heron captured on this occasion was carried home, one of his wings was partially clipped, and he was kept in a large stable-yard. A tank was supplied with fish for his use during the first three months. But afterwards, he lived on familiar terms with three tame ravens, and became even more omnivorous than his sable friends. His favourite position is in a corner of the yard, cheek by jowl with a large watch-dog, where he passes most of his time apparently lost in absent thought, his head drawn back between his shoulders, and muffled up in a collar of loose feathers. But gradually as his dinner-hour approaches he rouses himself, unfolding his long neck, smoothing his plumage, and stalking about the yard screaming with delight.

The beak of the heron seems to be an instru-

ment excellently adapted for carving fish. A bream or a roach has no sooner been disgorged from the elastic neck of a heron upon the floor of a nest, then the beak acting as a pickaxe and pincers, and the young receiving their portions, the fish is cleaned to the bone in an incredibly short time.

The heron, which hunts the small fish, reptiles, and mammals found in shallow water, risks little in the pursuit of its prey. But a vignette in Yarrell's *British Birds* represents an instance in which an eel killed a heron. One evening a heron was seen going to a piece of water to feed; the spot being visited next morning, the heron and an eel were both found dead. The heron had sent his beak through the head of the eel, piercing both eyes; the eel had coiled himself so tightly round the neck of the heron as to stop his breath. Macgillivray records a similar occurrence in Dalkeith Park.

Mr. Knox describes from personal observation, how the heron, spider-like in his patience in watching for his prey, and cat-like in his activity in securing it, catches the water-rat when crossing a brook. The little animal, unconscious of danger, with its snout above the surface and its tail extended behind it, swims steadily across to the spot where the motionless bird is waiting for its arrival. Not a muscle of the heron, whose snake-like neck is still coiled up, betrays the slightest consciousness of the approach of the victim. But a breeze ruffles the plumage of the heron, and the water-rat disappears. "Now then the danger is over, and you feel sure that it has eluded the vigilance of the feathered tiger, and reached its hole in safety; but a sudden splash makes you start, and you are convinced of your mistake when you see the little quadruped writhing in the mandibles of the bird as he flies away, to gorge it at his leisure."

The size and elasticity of the gullet (*œsophagus*) of the heron has long excited the astonishment of physiologists. Eight years ago, a preparation of an *œsophagus* and stomach of the common heron (*Ardea cinerea*) was exhibited to the Zoological Society, distended with air for the purpose of showing the large size of the gullet. It measured two inches across. The stomach contained the skin, tail, and bones of a large rat: and the gastric juice had removed the flesh from the bones. This bird was a large one, more than three feet long, and measuring six feet from the tip of each wing. Soles and plaice, several inches broad, have been taken from the stomach of a heron.

Dr. Neill of Edinburgh kept a heron alive in his garden near Cannon Mills, having partially clipped his wings. This heron would feed on water-hens, and swim through a pond to reach them. "A large old willow had fallen down into the pond, and at the extremity, which is partly sunk in the sludge and continues to vegetate, water-hens breed. The old cock heron swims out to the nest and takes the young if he can. He has to swim ten or twelve feet, where the water is between two and three feet

deep. His motion through the water is slow, but his carriage stately."

This is not the only departure which the heron makes from his ordinary habits for the sake of food. A Scottish observer describes three or four of them as standing weird-like in a ploughed field, where they were on the lookout for such game as it might yield them. Love makes them social, hunger makes them solitary. During the reproductive period they combine to defend their nests from the rooks; when food becomes scarce, they disperse, every one shifting for himself.

Mr. Macgillivray paints a picture of the solitary heron, as seen in the depth of winter in a desert bay or loch, on the most northern coast of Scotland. Done into English, his account is as follows:—"There has been a thaw. The pastures have been drenched by the rains, the brown torrents seam the heathy slopes, and the hill-sides are still patched with snow. The blasts are ruffling the surface of the loch, which scarcely reflects the rocks of rusty gneiss frowning down on it, or the tufts of withered herbage in their crevices, or the stunted birches and alders on their tops. Over the long muddy beach are scattered blocks of stone covered with dusky weeds. Here and there, gulls are flying buoyantly about; dunlins, sea-sandpipers (tringas), and turnstones, are on the alert; on a gravel bank, oyster-catchers are seen reposing, their bills buried in their plumage; and there on a low shelf a solitary heron is perched as if turned to stone.

NUMBER SIXTY-EIGHT.

THE 9.30 P.M. train had left me on the platform of the Carlisle station; I was on my way to Glasgow, and had resolved to break the journey by sleeping at the Railway Hotel, because it had a convenient entrance from the platform.

As I was seeing my luggage put on a truck, a middle-aged portly man of gentleman-like manner, and with a fine full voice, came up to where I stood, and commenced an elaborate search among the pile of baggage for a trunk he had lost—a black trunk with white diamonds on it. He expressed himself vexed and distressed at having lost it, and seemed quite unable to determine what course to pursue. I sympathised with him, and went with him to the telegraph-office, where he telegraphed to Dover for the lost luggage.

"What hotel do you go to?" said the stranger, in a deep rich comfortable voice.

I replied, "To the Railway Hotel, as I leave by the 6.15 train in the morning for Glasgow."

"That is my train, and my destination," said the stranger; "so I will go to the same hotel."

He was a stout man, standing above five feet seven, neatly dressed in a dark frock-coat, lemon-coloured Marsala waistcoat, and black neckcloth. He wore the sharp-standing collars of the last fashion but one, and carried an

umbrella, a telescope, and an air-cushion in one hand, while the fingers of the other hand played with a heavy steel watch-chain. He was a man with large well-defined features, bushy eyebrows, and a rather coarse but humorous mouth. When he lifted his hat, I saw that he was rather bald, and had a scar high up on his left temple.

"Beds?" said the lady at the hotel bar, running her finger up and down a large black multiplication-table covered with white figures, with mysterious keys hanging below each of them, like fruit on the stem. While she was pursuing this task with the air of conferring a favour rather than of welcoming guests, the stranger, who had already introduced himself to me as Mr. Thistlewood, whispered in my ear:

"Do the Custom-house officers take bribes?"

I saw, of course, that he meant this as a joke, and I laughed.

"Of course not," I said. "They'll pass our luggage directly."

Mr. Thistlewood was evidently a born humorist, for not the slightest return smile dimpled his face as he replied:

"Well, so I thought; they'll search it more completely, I suppose, when we get to Tibet."

Excellent satirist; he meant to ridicule our absurd Custom-house restrictions, and to glance incidentally at the speed of modern travelling, as if Carlisle were only the first station on some great and perilous journey we were about to undertake.

"Sixty-seven and sixty-eight, John," said the lady, handing the keys to the porter, who instantly shouldered my trunk and began to ascend the staircase.

"Would you order dinner, sir?" he said, as he let the portinanteau drop at the door of 67.

"Dinner for two," I answer, glancing at my new friend, "and as soon as possible."

"What'll you have, sir?"

"Soup, a whiting or so, and a roast fowl."

"Exactly," said my friend.

"Sorry, sir," said the porter to Mr. Thistlewood, "that there's no glass in your room, sir; chambermaid broke it yesterday; get you one directly, sir."

"No, no, no, no," said my companion, rather irritably. "I never allow glass in my room. Bring a glass, and I leave the house." As he said this, he smiled at me, as much as to say this is a joke of mine to startle the porter.

"Oh, of course not, if you don't wish, sir," said the porter, shutting me in 67, and leading Mr. Thistlewood into No. 68.

To wash, dress, and put on slippers after a long journey, is a great pleasure.

My room, 67, had a side-door opening into 68, and as my washing-stand stood near it, I could not help hearing my eccentric friend talking to himself as he took off his boots. All that I could distinguish, however, were these remarkable words:

"The discrimination of logic by Jack Sheppard, as the homology of thought, from psychology, as the phenomenology of mind, as Dr. Johnson very truly said to Tippoo Sahib, will not hold. SHALABALA!"

This shalabala was shouted so loud that I thought it right to answer the humorist, or actor, or ventriloquist, or professor, or whatever he might be; I tapped at the door.

"How about Tibet now?" replied a voice; and then there came a curious chuckling laugh, and the question, "Do you understand conic fluxions?"

"Not a bit," I answered; "and, what's more, I never even heard of them."

"No more did Hegel," he replied, "till the Bampton Professor came and proved by arithmetic that Moses was wrong about the height of the Pyramids."

What inexhaustible fancy. There was a tap at my door.

"Dinner's ready, sir."

"All right," I replied. "We'll be down directly."

I was down first, and Thistlewood was not long after me. The soup came in, and my companion superintended the tureen.

"Soup?" said he.

I nodded in the affirmative.

"Do you profess ontology or dentology?" said he, "for as I took off my boots just now it seemed to me that you were one of those persons who would smile at the baseless dialectic of Plato, and deride the irrational logic of Hegel. Waiter, you've forgotten the bread—stale! Pardon me, sir, but I am an enthusiast, as you have perhaps already guessed."

"A great humorist," I said, laughing, "and a man of science, I am sure."

"You're right, sir, you're right," said my friend, rather vociferously. "Cayenne pepper, waiter! I have devoted years in my professor's rooms in St. Bees, to studying the solar spots and the causes of the sun's heat. I have also only yesterday discovered a clue—to what do you think, sir? Tell the cook, waiter, there is too much salt in this soup."

"I really cannot guess. No, thank you, no more soup."

"Perpetual motion, that's all," said my eccentric friend, coolly, as he removed the cover of the fish. "I'll explain it you in a moment with pieces of bread. This crust is D, that is a rod fixed by one end to a beam supporter, while these bits of crumb, A, B, and C (this big one's C), are three pair of levers, forming a parallelepiped; this spoon is D; the piston-rod attached to H, the salt-cellar; this knife, E, is the hot-water pump connected with the parallel motion at F; this fork—"

I suppose I looked rather wandering, for my new friend here took mercy on me.

"I see," he said, "you don't follow my definitions. I will explain it better after dinner, with French plums on a clear table—leg or wing?"

My friend was a master-mind; that was quite evident. How could I expect to follow the flights of such a mind?

"Potato?"

"Thank you."

"It was I," he said, "who invented Papin's

digestor, Arnott's stove, and the Argand lamp; but they've robbed me of them all. It was I who discovered the plan of water-tight bulkheads, the paddle-box life-boat, Eley's cartridges, and the percussion-cap; but they rob me, sir, of everything—glory, Three per Cents, Real del Monte, Mexicans, everything. They'd burn me if they could, because I anticipated them with the sewing-machine, the oyster opener, the screw boot-jack, and the apple-pip crusher."

"You're not the first inventor," I said, laughing at the eccentric variety of my friend's studies, "who has been robbed of his due fame. Look at Galileo."

"I knew him," said Thistlewood; "he lived in St. Mary-axe, and sold stationery. He was of a green complexion. Some more fowl, sir?"

The naïveté of this remark made me laugh in spite of myself.

"If you please; a drumstick will do. I presume, from that remark, you entertain some eccentric notions about transmigration?"

"Of course I do. I call all men who die, divers; they return, but I know them again; different names and professions; but, Lord bless you! the same faces and manners.—Oh, I've got my eye on the divers! There's a butcher lives opposite me, fat, square face, little eyes, like a prize-pig, stands straddling at his door, with his hands on his waist. People call that man Jackson, of No. 33, Whitechapel-road. Who do you think he really is?"

"Can't guess."

"Henry the Eighth; simply Henry the Eighth. Nero is a prizefighter, Francis the First is on the Stock Exchange, Socrates keeps a cheese shop on Ludgate-hill, Tamerlane writes for a Sunday paper, Marlborough is now an omnibus conductor. Oh, I've got my eye on them!"

I nearly fell off my chair laughing.

"Robespierre cuts hair, Louis the Eleventh is a dissenting minister, and Bossuet edits Hood's works. Oh, I know them—I know their faces—they can't deceive me."

Here the conversation dropped, for the waiter brought in some sherry we had ordered; when we had helped ourselves, had nodded and sipped our wine, this extraordinary man asked, "Were you ever up in a balloon?"

"I never had that pleasure."

"A pleasure, indeed," said the enthusiast; "but I once had a most remarkable escape. Some villain, jealous of my fame, substituted fulminating mercury for the sand usually used for ballast. Luckily, I was taken ill the night before. The man who went up in my place (by a special Providence), when half a mile high, just over Lambeth, was blown to a cinder; his watch fell in a garden near Norwood, and was given me as a keepsake. Here it is. You observe the dent on the right-hand side? That's where it struck a milkman who was walking up to the back door at the time."

"I don't see the dent," said I, looking closely, "but here is the name of the maker; that's Dent."

Mr. Thistlewood exploded with laughter. "Oh, you sharp fellow," he said, "you see in a moment when I'm drawing the long bow. Pass the wine."

That insatiable tongue began to tire. The day's excitement and the fatigues of the journey began to tell. We both grew silent and sipped contemplatively; first I yawned, then my friend yawned and looked at the candles on the side-board. Then we lighted up again about the American war, about the wrongs of Poland, about Mexico, about the cruel amusements now in vogue, about sensational books, and other matters. Finally, we went up-stairs together, and shook hands at my bedroom door.

I had blown out the light, and was just tumbling into bed, when my conscience smote me: I had forgotten to wind up my watch. I instantly opened my bedroom door, and re-lighted my candle at the little blue jet of gas burning in the corridor; then going back into my room, and shutting the door, I took down my coat and searched my pockets for my keys. I dived, and brought up Bradshaw, a pocket-handkerchief, and a crumpled ball of paper, which, being smoothed out, revealed itself as an ill-treated copy of the Times. As it lay before me on the drawers, just as I was bending down to blow out the candle, my eye fell on an advertisement at the top of the second column; seeing the words "CAUTION TO HOTEL-KEEPERS!" it remained riveted there, until I had devoured every syllable. The terrible advertisement, that seemed suddenly to turn my heart into a large lump of ice, ran thus:

"CAUTION TO HOTEL-KEEPERS!"

"AN INSANE GENTLEMAN of middling stature, stout, rather bald, black hair and bushy eyebrows, dressed in black frock-coat and Marsala waistcoat, carrying a few papers, an air-cushion, and an umbrella, is going about seeking accommodation with anybody who will trust him. He has no means, and is dangerous. Information leading to his discovery, given to Mr. Oxford, news-agent, Clerkenwell, shall be rewarded."

Good Heavens! thought I, as the paper dropped from my hands, a dangerous maniac in the room next to me! Shall I alarm the house? No; that, on second consideration, I thought inadvisable, for should I be mistaken in my companion's identity, I should lay myself open to an action for defamation, false imprisonment, or some other horrible thing of that kind. Besides, madmen were only dangerous, I said to myself, under provocation, and on their special topics. He might fancy himself Emperor of China, or a land turtle, a washing-basin, or a cucumber; but there was no great harm in that; no, I would shake off these fears—perhaps, after all, utterly groundless—lock the doors, and sleep soundly until Boots called me for the early train. Once away in the train, I could easily cross-examine my companion in such a way as to elicit his insanity, if it really existed, and could then act accordingly.

I determined, however, before going to bed, to reconnoitre; so I quietly stole barefoot to the

door of communication between the two bedrooms in order to listen. I put my ear to a chink, and could hear a drowsy voice, as of a man almost asleep, droning nonsense-verses and weights and measures. Thus :

"If A is to B
What D is to C,
According to Bohn's deductions,
Then F is to me
What O is to P;
That's my theory of conic fluxions."

Then the voice stopped like clockwork run out. A moment after it continued, more drowsily :

"Ten gold itchebos equal ten gold copangs,
Fifteen mas equal one itchebo,
One oban equal three copangs,
One kodama equal fifteen condorines,
One managoga equal ten thousand ickmagoga,
One tattamy equal——"

Here the voice stopped, and a tremendous sonorous snore followed. The man was mad, that was evident ; but he was harmless, and he was asleep.

I felt in the darkness—for I had blown out the candle—for the key. There was none ; so I contented myself with quietly placing two chairs in such a way as that no one could open the door without moving them and awaking me. I then took out the key of my own bedroom door, placed it under my pillow, and jumped into bed.

For some twenty minutes I sat up listening to the heavy snoring of Mr. Thistlewood. I then lay down, fell asleep, and dreamed.

Presently a low creaking noise awoke me, and I started up in bed.

Yes, it was the maniac ! There were the chairs moving slowly back, and there was the door opening wider and wider. Well, he might be restless and curious and yet mean no harm ; he might be sleep-walking, and yet be amiable and tractable. My bed was far from the door, so I turned my head towards the door, rolled it in the bed-clothes, leaving only one eye clear, and lay as still as a mummy.

The door opened, and Thistlewood entered on tiptoe. He was in his long nightgown, but there was nothing else spectral about him. He had his boots on, his face was red, and his smile was as pleasant as ever.

It was just daybreak, and the cold pure grey light showed him clearly to me as he pulled up the blinds and looked around with great curiosity but perfect composure.

He was talking to himself.

"Kepler," he said, "you invented the pendulum. Bacon, you discovered turtle-soup. Rumford, you invented the patent shaving-box. But you are all fools compared to me, for I discovered the egg-whipping machine, the oyster-opener, the knife-cleaner, and Bett's brandy."

All of a sudden, the reflexion of himself in my pier-glass caught his eye, and the sight of it seemed to drive him to fury. He lifted his right foot and drove it through the glass, which shivered it into a thousand pieces. Then in a

moment he broke the legs off two chairs, and shattered the second glass, the washing-jug, and the glass over the fireplace.

"I know you," he cried. "I know you ! You have been following me about for years ; you dog me everywhere. I see you in the sunshine, in the moonlight, on the walls, on the ceiling, in the silver spoons, in the aquarium, in the shop-windows, everywhere, and everywhere. I will thus beat and smash you, hell-born image of myself !"

As he said this, he pounded the fragments almost to dust, danced on them, and laughed as they splashed round him. Then, seizing a huge hatchet-shaped fragment of plate-glass, he cried, looking towards my bed :

"But where is that wretch who denied last night that I invented perpetual motion ? It was he who filled this room with images to vex and dog me.—Stop ; I'll go and get my razor ; it'll do it cleaner."

The moment he darted into his own room I leaped out of bed, rushed into the corridor, and quietly locked my door on the outside. Then I tried the key in his, and finding it fitted, I locked his door too.

I heard him scream and howl, drag down the bed-curtains, and rush at the door, and kick, and thump, and cut at the wood with his razor, as he cried :

"Forty days I have been in the wilderness. Newton, let me out, and bring me a boiled pelican ; Kepler, some brandy-and-water ; and tell the landlord, Flamstead, there's a man run away here without paying for his bed. Cut his throat, I tell you, for he says I didn't discover perpetual motion !"

I ran to the end of the corridor, where some twenty bells hung. I beat on them all, till every person in the hotel came to my help—landlord, waiters, chambermaids, ostlers, guests, everybody. I told them of my narrow escape, and of the madman, and we then arranged to secure him—by flinging blankets over him when we opened the door and rushed in.

We did secure the man after a tremendous struggle, for his strength was superhuman. We then tied his hands behind him, and sent for the police to put a strait-waistcoat on him and take him into custody.

Next day his keepers arrived, and took charge of him. It appeared that he was a professor of St. Bees, a scientific inventor, who had gone mad partly from over-study, but still more from being rejected by a lady. Ever since that rejection, he had taken it into his head that he was so superhumanly hideous that no one, male or female, could bear to look at him ; and he had in consequence taken a marked hatred to all mirrors and looking-glasses, which he made a rule of destroying wherever he found them.

Now ready, bound in cloth, price 5s. 6d.

THE NINTH VOLUME.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 232.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ALFRED thus encouraged told his story with forced calmness, and without a word too much. Indeed, so clear and telling was the narrative, and the logic so close, that incoherent patients one or two stole up and listened with wonder and a certain dreamy complacency; the bulk, however, held aloof apathetic; being inextricably wrapped in fictitious Autobiography.

His story told, Alfred offered the Dodds in evidence that the fourteen thousand pounds was no illusion; and referred to his sister and several friends as witnesses to his sanity, and said the letters he wrote were all stopped in the asylum; and why? That no honest man or woman might know where he was.

He ended by convincing Mr. Vane he was a sane and injured man, and his father a dark designing person.

Mr. Vane asked him whether he had any other revelations to make. Alfred replied, "Not on my own account, but for the sake of those afflicted persons who are here for life. Well, the beds want repaving; the vermin thinning; the instruments of torture want abolishing, instead of hiding for an hour or two when you happen to come: what do the patients gain by that? The madmen dare not complain to you, sir; because the last time one did complain to the justices (it was Mr. Petworth), they had no sooner passed through the iron gate, than Cooper made an example of him; felled him with his fist, and walked up and down him on his knees, crying, 'I'll teach you to complain to the justices.' But one or two gentlemanly madmen, who soon found out that I am not one of *them*, have complained to me that the attendants wash them too much like Hansom cabs, strip them naked, and mop them on the flagstones, then fling on their clothes without drying them. They say, too, that the meat is tough and often putrid, the bread stale, the butter rancid, the vegetables stinted, since they can't be adulterated; and as for sleep it is hardly known; for the beds are so short your feet stick out; insects, without a name to ears polite, but highly odoriferous and profoundly carnivorous, bite you all night; and dogs howl eternally outside; and, when exhausted nature defies even

these enemies of rest, then the doctor, who seems to be in the pay of Insanity, claps you on a blister by brute force, and so drives away sleep, Insanity's cure, or hocuses you by brute force as he did me, and so steals your sleep, and tries to steal your reason, with his opium, henbane, morphia, and other tremendous brain-stealers. With such a potion, sir, administered by violence, he gave me in one night a burning fever, headache, loss of sight, and bleeding at the nose; as Mrs. Archbold will tell you. Oh, look into these things, sir, in pity to those whom God has afflicted: to me they are but strokes with a feather; I am a sane man torn from love and happiness, and confined among the mad; discomfort is nothing to me; comfort is nothing; you can do nothing for me, but restore me to my dignity as a man, my liberty as a Briton, and the rights as a citizen I have been swindled out of by a fraudulent bankrupt and his tools two venal doctors, who never saw me but for one five minutes, but came to me ready bribed at a guinea apiece, and so signed away my wits behind my back."

"Now, Mr. Baker," said Vane, "what do you say to all this?"

Baker smiled with admirable composure, and replied with crafty moderation, "He is a gentleman, and believes every word he says; but it is all his delusions. Why, to begin, sir, his father has nothing to do with putting him in here; nothing on earth. (Alfred started; then smiled incredulous.) And, in the next place, there are no instruments of restraint here, but two pair of handcuffs and two strait-jackets, and these never hardly used; we trust to the padded rooms, you know. And, sir," said he, getting warm, which instantly affected his pronunciation, "if there's a hinsect in the ouse, I'll heat im."

Delusion is a big word, especially in a madhouse; it overpowers a visitor's understanding. Mr. Vane was staggered. Alfred, whose eager eyes were never off his face, saw this with dismay, and feeling that, if he failed in the simpler matter, he should be sure to fail in establishing his sanity, he said with inward anxiety, though with outward calmness, "Suppose we test these delusions?"

"With all my heart," said Vane.

Baker's countenance fell.

"Begin with the instruments of restraint. Find me them."

Baker's countenance brightened up; he had no fear of their being found.

"I will," said Alfred; "please to follow me."

Baker grinned with anticipated triumph.

Alfred led the way to a bedroom near his own; and asked Mr. Baker to unlock it. Baker had not the key; no more had Cooper; the latter was sent for it; he returned, saying the key was mislaid.

"That I expected," said Alfred. "Send for the kitchen poker, sir; I'll soon unlock it."

"Fetch the kitchen poker," said Vane.

"Good gracious! sir," said Cooper; "he only wants that to knock all our brains out. You have no idea of his strength and ferocity."

"Well lied, Cooper," said Alfred, ironically.

"Fetch *me* the poker," said Vane.

Cooper went for it; and came back with the key instead.

The door was opened, and they all entered. Alfred looked under the bed. The rest stood round it.

There was nothing to be seen but a year's dust.

Alfred was dumb-founded, and a cold perspiration began to gather on his brow. He saw at once a false move would be fatal to him.

"Well, sir," said Vane, grimly. "Where are they?"

Alfred caught sight of a small cupboard; he searched it; it was empty. Baker and Cooper grinned at his delusion, quietly, but so that Vane might see that formula. Alfred returned to the bed and shook it. Cooper and Baker left off grinning; Alfred's quick eye caught this, and he shook the bed violently, furiously.

"Ah!" said Mr. Vane, "I hear a chink."

"It is an iron bedstead, and old," suggested Baker.

Alfred tore off the bed-clothes, and then the mattress. Below the latter was a framework, and below the framework a receptacle about six inches deep, five feet long, and three broad, filled with chains, iron belts, wrist locks, muffs, and screw-locked hobbles, &c.; a regular Inquisition.

If Baker had descended from the Kemble family, instead of rising from nothing, he could not have acted better. "Good Heavens!" cried he, "where do these come from? They must have been left here by the last proprietor."

Vane replied only by a look of contempt, and ordered Cooper to go and ask Mr. Tollett to come to him.

Alfred improved the interval. "Sir," said he, "all my delusions, fairly tested, will turn out like this."

"They *shall* be tested, sir; I give you my word."

Mr. Tollett came, and the two justices commenced a genuine scrutiny; their first. They went now upon the true method, in which all these dark places ought to be inspected. They did not believe a word; they suspected everything; they examined patients apart, detected cruelty filth and vermin under philanthropic phrases and clean linen; and the upshot ~~was~~

they reprimanded Baker and the attendants severely, and told him his license should never be renewed, unless at their next visit the whole asylum was reformed. They ordered all the iron, body-belts, chains, leg-locks, wrist-locks, and muffs, to be put into Mr. Tollett's carriage, and concluded a long inspection by inquiring into Alfred's sanity: at this inquiry they did not allow Baker to be even present, but only Dr. Bailey.

First they read the order; and found it really was not Alfred's father who had put him into the asylum. Then they read the certificates, especially Wycherley's; it accused Alfred of headache, insomnia, nightly visions, a rooted delusion (pecuniary), a sudden aversion to an affectionate father; and at the doctor's last visit, a wild look (formula), great excitement, and threats of violence without any provocation to justify them.

This overpowered the worthy squire's understandings, to begin. But they proceeded to examine the three books an asylum has to keep by law; the visitors' book, the case book, and the medical journal. All these were kept with the utmost looseness in Silverton House; as indeed they are in the very best of these places. However, by combining the scanty notices in the several books, they arrived at this total.

"Admitted April 11. Had a very wild look, and was much excited. Attempted suicide by throwing himself into a tank. Attacked the keepers, for rescuing him, with prodigious strength and violence. Refused food."

And some days after came an entry with his initials instead of his name, which was contrary to law. "A. H. Much excited. Threats. Ordered composing draught."

And a day or two after: "A. H. Excited. Blasphemous. Ordered blister."

The first entry, however, was enough. The doctor had but seen real facts through his green spectacles, and lo! "suicide," "homicide," and "refusal of food," three cardinal points of true mania.

Mr. Vane asked Dr. Bailey whether he was better since he came.

"Oh, infinitely better," said Dr. Bailey. "We hope to cure him in a month or two."

They then sent for Mrs. Archbold, and had a long talk with her, recommending Alfred to her especial care: and, having acted on his judgment and information in the teeth of those who called him insane, turned tail at a doctor's certificate; distrusted their eyesight at an unsworn affidavit.

Alfred was packing up his things to go away; bright as a lark. Mrs. Archbold came to him, and told him she had orders to give him every comfort; and the justices hoped to liberate him at their next visit.

The poor wretch turned pale. "At their next visit!" he cried. "What, not to-day? When is their next visit?"

Mrs. Archbold hesitated: but at last she said, "Why you know; I told you; they come four times every year."

The disappointment was too bitter. The con-

temptible result of all his patience, self-command, and success, was too heartbreaking. He groaned aloud. "And you can come with a smile and tell me that; you cruel woman." Then he broke down altogether and burst out crying. "You were born without a heart," he sobbed.

Mrs. Archbold quivered at that. "I wish I had been," said she, in a strange, soft, moving voice; then, casting an eloquent look of reproach on him, she went away in visible agitation, and left him sobbing. Once out of his sight she rushed into another room, and there, taking no more notice of a gentle madwoman its occupant than of the bed or the table, she sank into a chair, and, throwing her head back with womanly abandon, laid her hand upon her bosom that heaved tempestuously.

And soon the tears trickled out of her imperious eyes, and ran unrestrained.

The mind of Edith Archbold corresponded with her powerful frame, and bushy brows. Inside this woman all was vigour; strong passions, strong good sense to check or hide them; strong will to carry them out. And between these mental forces a powerful struggle was raging. She was almost impenetrable to mere personal beauty, and inclined to despise early youth in the other sex; and six months spent with Alfred in a quiet country house would probably have left her reasonably indifferent to him. But the first day she saw him in Silvertown House he broke through her guard, and pierced at once to her depths; first he terrified her by darting through the window to escape: and terror is a passion. So is pity; and never in her life had she overflowed with it as when she saw him drawn out of the tank and laid on the grass. If, after all, he was as sane as he looked, that brave high-spirited young creature, who preferred death to the touch of coarse confining hands!

No sooner had he filled her with dismay and pity, than he bounded from the ground before her eyes and fled: she screamed, and hoped he would escape; she could not help it. Next she saw him fighting alone against seven or eight, and with unheard-of prowess almost beating them. She sat at the window panting, with clenched teeth and hands, and wished him to beat, and admired him, wondered at him. He yielded, but not to them: to her. All the compliments she had ever received were tame compared with this one. It thrilled her vanity. He was like the men she had read of, and never seen; the young knights of chivalry. She glowed all over at him, and detecting herself in time was frightened. Her strong good sense warned her to beware of this youth, who was nine years her junior yet had stirred her to all her depths in an hour; and not to see him nor think of him too much. Accordingly she kept clear of him altogether at first. Pity soon put an end to that; and she protected and advised him, but with a cold and lofty demeanour put on express. What with her kind acts and her cold manner he did not know what to make of her; and often turned

puzzled earnest eyes upon her, as much as to say are you really my friend or not? Once she forgot herself and smiled so tenderly in answer to these imploring eyes, that his hopes rose very high indeed. He flattered himself she would let him out of the asylum before long. That was all Julia's true lover thought of.

A feeling hidden, and not suppressed, often grows fast in a vigorous nature. Mrs. Archbold's fancy for Alfred was subjected to this dangerous treatment; and it smouldered, and smouldered, till from a penchant it warmed to a fancy, from a fancy to a passion. But penchant, fancy, or passion, she hid it with such cunning and resolution, that neither Alfred nor even those of her own sex saw it; nor did a creature even suspect it, except Nurse Hannah; but her eyes were sharpened by jealousy, for that muscular young virgin was beginning to sigh for him herself, with a gentle timidity that contrasted prettily with her biceps muscle and prowess against her own sex.

Mrs. Archbold had more passion than tenderness, but what woman is not to be surprised and softened? When her young favourite, the greatest fighter she had ever seen, broke down at the end of his gallant effort and began to cry like a girl, her bowels of compassion yearned within her, and she longed to cry with him. She only saved herself from some imprudence by flight, and had her cry alone. After a flow of tears such a woman is invincible; she treated Alfred at tea-time with remarkable coldness and reserve. This piece of acting led to unlooked-for consequences: it emboldened Cooper, who was raging against Alfred for telling the justices, but had forborne from violence, for fear of getting the house into a fresh scrape. He now went to the doctor, and asked for a powerful drastic; Bailey gave him two pills, or rather boluses, containing croton-oil—inter alia; for Bailey was one of the farraignous fools of the unscientific science. Armed with this weapon of destruction, Cooper entered Alfred's bedroom at night, and ordered him to take them: he refused. Cooper whistled, and four attendants came. Alfred knew he should soon be powerless; he lost no time, sprang at Cooper, and with his long arm landed a blow that knocked him against the wall, and in this position, where his body could not give, struck him again with his whole soul, and cut his cheek right open. The next minute he was pinned, handcuffed, and in a strait-jacket, after crippling one assailant with a kick on the knee.

Cooper, half stunned, and bleeding like a pig, recovered himself now, and burned for revenge. He uttered a frightful oath, and jumped on Alfred as he lay bound and powerless, and gave him a lesson he never forgot.

Every art has its secrets: the attendants in such madhouses as this have been for years possessed of one they are too modest to reveal to justices, commissioners, or the public: the art of breaking a man's ribs, or breast-bone, or both, without bruising him externally. The convicts at Toulon arrive at a similar result by another

branch of the art; they stuff the skin of a conger eel with powdered stone; then give the obnoxious person a sly crack with it; and a rib or backbone is broken with no contusion to mark the external violence used. But Mr. Cooper and his fellows do their work with the knee-joint: it is round, and leaves no bruise. They subdue the patient by walking up and down him on their knees. If they don't jump on him, as well as promenade him, the man's spirit is often the only thing broken; if they do, the man is apt to be broken bodily as well as mentally. Thus died Mr. Sizer in 1854, and two others quite recently. And how many more God only knows; we can't count the stones at the bottom of a well.

Cooper then sprang furiously on Alfred, and went kneeling up and down him. Cooper was a heavy man, and his weight crushed and hurt the victim's legs; but that was a trifle; as often as he kneeled on Alfred's chest, the crushed one's whole framework seemed giving way, and he could scarcely breathe. Cooper warned to his work, and kneeled hard on Alfred's face. Then Cooper jumped knees downwards on his face. Then Cooper drew back and jumped savagely on his chest. Then Alfred felt his last hour was come: he writhed aside, and Cooper missed him this time and overbalanced himself; the two faces came together for a moment, and Alfred, fighting for his life, caught Cooper with his teeth by the middle of the nose, and bit clean through the cartilage with a shrill snarl. Then Cooper shrieked, and writhed, and whirled his great arms like a windmill, punching at Alfred's head. Now man is an animal at bottom, and a wild animal at the very bottom. Alfred ground his teeth together in bull-dog silence till they quite met, and with his young strong neck and his despair shook that great hulking fellow as a terrier shakes a cat, still grinding his teeth together in bull-dog silence. The men struck him, shook him, in vain. At last they got hold of his throat and choked him, and so parted the furious creatures: but not before Mrs. Archbold and nurses Jane and Hannah had rushed into the room, drawn by Cooper's cries. The first thing the new comers did was to scream in unison at the sight that met them. On the bed lay Alfred all but insensible, his linen and his pale face spotted with his persecutor's blood. Upon him kneeled the gory ruffian swearing oaths to set the hair on end.

"I'll stop your biting for ever," said he, and raised a ponderous fist: and in one moment more Alfred would have been disfigured for life, but Brown caught Cooper's arm, and Mrs. Archbold said sharply to the nurses "Handcuffs!" and the three women pinned him simultaneously, and, taking him half by surprise, handcuffed him in a moment with a strength, sharpness, skill, and determination not to be found in women out of a madhouse—luckily for the newspaper husbands.

The other keepers looked astounded at this masterstroke; but, as no servant had ever affronted Mrs. Archbold without being dismissed

directly, they took their cue and said, "We advised him, ma'am, but he would not listen to us."

"Cooper," said Mrs. Archbold as soon as she recovered her breath, "you are not fit for your place. To-morrow you go, or I go."

Cooper, cowed in a moment by the handcuffs, began to whine and say that it was all Alfred's fault. "Look at my nose."

But Mrs. Archbold was now carried away by two passions instead of one, and they were together too much for prudence; she took a handful of glossy locks out of her bosom and shook them in Cooper's face:

"You monster!" said she; "you should go, for *that*, if you were my own brother."

The two young nurses assented loudly, and turned and cackled at Cooper for cutting off such lovely hair.

He shrugged his shoulders at them, and said sulkily to Mrs. Archbold, "Oh, I didn't know. Of course, if you have fallen in love with him, my cake is burnt. 'Tisn't the first lunatic you have taken for your fancy man."

At this brutal speech, all the more intolerable for not being quite false, Mrs. Archbold turned ashy pale and looked round for a weapon to strike him dead; but found none so handy and so deadly as her tongue.

"It's not the first you have tried to MURDER," said she. "I know all about that death in Calton Retreat: you kept it dark before the coroner, but it is not too late, I'll open the world's eyes; I was only going to dismiss you, sir: but you have insulted me. I'll hang you in reply."

Cooper turned very pale and was silent; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

But a feeble, unexpected, voice issued from the bed and murmured cheerfully, though with some difficulty, a single word:

"Justice!"

At an expression so out of place they all started with surprise.

Alfred went on: "You are putting the saddle on the wrong horse. The fault lies with those villains Baker and Bailey. Cooper is only a servant, you know, and obeys orders."

"What business had the wretch to cut your hair off?" said Mrs. Archbold, turning on Alfred with flashing eyes. Her blood once up, she was ready to quarrel even with him for taking part against himself.

"Because he was ordered to put on a blister, and hair must come off before a blister can go on," replied Alfred soberly.

"That is no excuse for him beating you and trying to break your front teeth."

She didn't mind so much about his side ribs.

"No," replied Alfred. "But I hit him first. And then I bit him, like an Irish savage: look at the bloke's face! Dear Mrs. Archbold, you are my best friend in this horrid place, and you have beautiful eyes, and, talk of teeth, look at yours! but you haven't much sense of justice: forgive me for saying so. Put the proposition into signs;

there's nothing like that for clearing away prejudice. B. and C. have a scrimmage: B. begins it, C. gets the worst of it; in comes A. and turns away—C. Is that justice? It is me you ought to turn away; and I wish to Heaven you would: dear Mrs. Archbold, do pray turn me away, and keep the other blackguard."

At this extraordinary and, if I may be allowed the expression, Alfredian speech, the men first stared, and then laughed; the women smiled, and then were nearer crying than laughing.

And so it was, that justice handcuffed, strait-jacketed, blistered, and impartial, sent from its bed of torture a beam through Cooper's tough hide to his inner heart. He hung his head and stepped towards Alfred: "You're what I call a man," he said. "I don't care a curse whether I stay or go, after what she has said to me. But, come what may, you're a gentleman, and one as can put himself in a poor man's place. Why, sir, I wasn't always so rough; but I have been twenty years at it; and mad folk they'd wear the patience out of Jove, and the milk of human kindness out of saints and opossums. However, if I was to stay here all my life, instead of going to-morrow, I'd never lift hand to trouble you again, for you taking my part again yourself like that."

"I'll put that to the test," said Mrs. Archbold sharply. "Stay—on your probation. Hannah!"

And Baby-face biceps at a look took off his handcuffs; which she had been prominent in putting on.

This extraordinary scene ended in the men being dismissed, and the women remaining and going to work after their kind.

"The bed is too short for one thing," said Hannah. "Look at his poor feet sticking out, and cold as a stone: just feel of them, Jane."

"No, no; murder!" cried Alfred; "that tickles."

Hannah ran for a chair, Jane for another pillow. Mrs. Archbold took off his handcuffs, and, passing her hand softly and caressingly over his head, lamented the loss of his poor hair. Amongst them they relieved him of his strait-jacket, set up his head, covered his feet, and he slept like a top for want of drastics and opiates, and in spite of some brilliant charges by the Lilliputian cavalry.

After this the attendants never molested Alfred again; nor did the doctor; for Mrs. Archbold got his boluses, and sent them up to a famous analysing chemist in London, and told him she had; and said, "I'll thank you not to prescribe at random for *that* patient any more." He took the lady's prescription, coming as it did in a voice quietly grim, and with a momentary but wicked glance shot from under her black brows.

Alfred was all the more miserable at his confinement: his melancholy deepened now there was no fighting to excite him. A handsome bright young face clouded with sadness is very pitiable, and I need not say that both the women who had fallen in love with him had their eyes, or at least the tails of their eyes, for ever on his

face. The result varied with the characters of the watchers. That young face, ever sad, made Mrs. Archbold sigh, and long to make him happy under her wing. How it wrought on the purer and more womanly Hannah will be revealed by the incident I have to relate. Alfred was sitting on a bench in the corridor, bowed down by grief, and the Archbold lurking in a room hard by, feasting her eyes on him through an aperture in the door caused by the inspection plate being under repair—when an erotic maniac was driven past. She had obtained access—with marvellous cunning—to the men's side; but was now coming back with a flea in her ear, and faster than she went; being handcuffed and propelled by Baby-face biceps. On passing the disconsolate Alfred the latter eyed him coyly, gave her stray sheep a coarse push—as one pushes a *thing*—and laid a timid hand, gentle as falling down, upon the rougher sex. Contrast sudden and funny.

"Don't be so sad, sir," she murmured, cooing like the gentlest of doves. "I can't bear to see you look like that."

Alfred looked up, and met her full with his mournful honest eyes. "Ah, Hannah, how can I be anything but sad, imprisoned here, sane amongst the mad?"

"Well, and so am I, sir: so is Mrs. Archbold herself."

"Ay, but you have not been entrapped, imprisoned, on your wedding-day. I cannot even get a word sent to my Julia, my wife that ought to be. Only think of the affront they have made me put on her I love better, ten times better, than myself. Why, she must have been waiting for me; humiliated perhaps by my absence. What will she think of me? The rogues will tell her a thousand lies: she is very high spirited, Hannah, impetuous like myself, only so gentle and so good; oh, my angel; my angel; I shall lose you for ever."

Hannah clasped her hands, with tears in her eyes: "No, no," she cried; "it is a burning shame to part true lovers like you and her. Hush! speak low. Brown told me you are as well as he is."

"God bless him for it, then."

"You have got money, they say: try it on with Brown."

"I will. Oh you darling. What is the matter?"

For Baby-face was beginning to whimper.

"Oh, nothing, sir; only you are so glad to go; and we shall be sorry to part with you: but you won't care for that—oh! oh! oh!"

"What, do you think I shall forget you and your kindness? Never: I'll square accounts with friends and foes; not one shall be forgotten."

"Don't offer me any of your money," sobbed Hannah, "for I wouldn't touch it. Good-by," said she: "I shan't have as much as a kiss for it, I'll be bound: good-by," said she again, and never moved.

"Oh, won't you, though," cried Alfred gaily. "What is that? and that? and that? Now, what on earth are you crying about? Dry your

tears, you dear good-hearted girl: no, I'll dry them for you."

He took out a white handkerchief and dried her cheeks gently for her, and gave her a parting kiss; but the Archbold's patience was exhausted; a door opened nearly opposite, and there she stood yellow with jealousy and sombre as night with her ebony brows. At sight of this lowering figure Hannah uttered a squawk, and fled with cheeks red as fire. Alfred, not aware of Mrs. Archbold's smouldering passion, and little dreaming that jealous anguish and rage stood incarnate before him, burst out laughing like a mischievous boy; on this she swept upon him, and took him by both shoulders, and awed him with her lowering brows close to his. "You ungrateful wretch," she said violently, and panted.

His colour rose. "Ungrateful? That I am not, madam. Why do you call me so?"

"You are; you are. What have I done to you that you run from me to the very servants? However, she shall be packed off this very night, and you to thank for it."

This was the way to wound the generous youth. "Now it is you that are ungenerous," he said. "What harm has the poor girl done? She had a virtuous movement, and pitied me for the heartless fraud I suffer by; that is all. Pray do you never pity me?"

"Was it this virtuous movement set her kissing you?" said the Archbold, clenching her teeth as if the word stung her, like the sight.

"She didn't, now," said Alfred; "it was I kissed her."

"And yet you pretend to love your Julia so truly?"

"This is no place for that sacred name, madam. But be sure I have no secrets from her, and kiss nobody she would not kiss herself."

"She must be a very accommodating young lady."

At this insult Alfred rose pale with anger, and was about to defy his monitor mortally; but the quick-witted woman saw and disarmed him; in one moment, before ever he could speak, she was a transformed creature, a penitent; she put her hands together supplicatingly, and murmured,

"I didn't mean it; I respect her; and your love for her: forgive me, Alfred: I am so unhappy, oh forgive me."

And behold she held his hand between her soft, burning palms, and her proud head sank languidly on his shoulder, and the inevitable tears ran gently.

Morals apart, it was glorious love-making.

"Both the woman," thought Alfred.

"Promise me not to do it again," she murmured, "and the girl shall stay."

"Oh, lord, yes, I promise; though I can't see what it matters to you."

"Not much, cruel boy, alas! But it matters to her; for—" She kissed Alfred's hand gently and rose to her feet and moved away, but at the second step turned her head sudden as a bird and finished her sentence—"if you kiss her before me, I shall kill her before you."

Here was a fresh complication! The men had left off blistering, torturing, and bullying him; but his guardian angels, the women, were turning up their sleeves to pull caps over him, and plenty of the random scratches would fall on him. If anything could have made him pine more to be out of the horrid place, this voluptuous prospect would. He hunted everywhere for Brown. But he was away the day with a patient. At night he lay awake for a long time, thinking how he should open the negotiation: he shrank from it. He felt a delicacy about bribing Beelzebub's servant to betray him.

As Hannah had originated the idea, he thought he might very well ask her to do the dirty work of bribing Brown, and he would pay her for it; only in money, not kisses. With this resolution he sank to sleep; and his spirit broke prison: he stood with Julia before the altar, and the priest made them one. Then the church and the company and daylight disappeared, and her own sweet low moving voice came thrilling, "My own, own, own," she murmured, "I love you ten times more for all you have endured for me;" and with this her sweet lips settled on his like the dew.

Impartial sleep flies at the steps of the scaffold and the gate of Elysium: so Alfred awoke at the above. But doubted whether he was quite awake; for two lips were touching his. He stirred, and somebody was gone like the wind, with a rustle of flying petticoats, and his door shut in a moment; it closed with a catch-lock; his dastardly assailant had opened it with her key, and left it open to make good her retreat if he should awake while she was stealing what she came after. Alfred sat up in bed indignant, and somewhat fluttered. "Confound her impudence," said he. But there was no help for it; he grinned and bore it, as he had the blisters, and boluses, &c., rolled the clothes round his shoulders, and off to the sleep of the just again. Not so the passionate hypocrite, who, maddened by a paroxysm of jealousy, had taken this cowardly advantage of a prisoner. She had sucked fresh poison from those honest lips, and filled her veins with molten fire. She tossed and turned the livelong night in a high fever of passion, nor were the cold chills wanting of shame and fear at what she had done.

In the morning, Alfred remembered this substantial vision, and determined to find out which of those two it was. "I shall know by her looks," said he; "she won't be able to meet my eye." Well, the first he saw was Mrs. Archbold. She met his eye full with a mild and pensive dignity. "Come, it is not you," thought Alfred. Presently he fell in with Hannah. She wore a serene, infantine face, the picture of unobtrusive modesty. Alfred was dumb-founded. "It's not this one, either," said he. "But, then, it must. Confound her impudence for looking so modest." However, he did not speak to her; he was looking out for a face that interested him far more: the weather-beaten countenance of Giles Brown. He saw him once or twice, but could not get

him alone till the afternoon. He invited him into his room: and when he got him there, lost no time. "Just look me in the face, Brown," said he quietly. Brown looked him in the face.

"Now, sir, am I mad or sane?"

Brown turned his head away. Alfred laughed. "No, no, none of your tricks, old fellow: look me in the face while you answer."

The man coloured. "I can't look a gentleman like you in the face, and tell him he is mad."

"I should think not. Well, now; what shall I give you to help me escape?"

"Hush! don't mention that, sir; it's as much as my place is worth even to listen to you."

"Good! then I must give you as much as your place is worth. Please to calculate that, and name the figure."

"My place! I wouldn't lose it for a hundred pounds."

"Exactly. Then I'll give you a hundred guineas."

"And how am I to get my money, sir?"

"The first time you are out, come to Albion Villa, in Barkington, and I'll have it all ready for you."

"And suppose you were to say, 'No: you didn't ought ever to have been confined?'"

"I must trouble you to look in my face again, Mr. Brown. Now, do you see treason, bad faith, avarice, ingratitude, rascality in it?"

"Not a grain of 'em," said Brown, with an accent of conviction. "Well, now, I'll tell you the truth; I can read a gent. by this time: and I'm no more afeard for the money than if I had it in my hand. But ye see my stomach won't let me do it."

This was a sad disappointment: so sudden, too. "Your stomach?" said he, ruefully. "What do you mean?"

"Ay, my stomach. Wouldn't your stomach rise against serving a man that had done you the worst turn one man can do another—been and robbed you of your sweetheart?"

Alfred stared with amazement.

Brown continued, and now with some emotion: "Hannah Blake and I were very good friends till you came, and I was thinking of asking her to name the day; but now she won't look at me. 'Don't come teasing me,' says she, 'I am meat for your master.' It's you that have turned the girl's head, sir."

"Bother the women!" said Alfred cordially. "Oh, what plagues they are! And how unjust you are, to spite me for the fault of another. Can I help the fools from spooning upon me?"

He reflected a moment, then burst out: "Brown, you are a duffer—a regular duffer. What, don't you see your game is to get me out of the place? If you do, in forty-eight hours I shall be married to my Julia, and that dumpling-faced girl will be cured. But if you keep me here, by Gée, sir, I'll make hot love to your Hannah, boiling hot, hotter than ever was—out of the isles of Greece. Oh! do help me out, and I'll give you the hundred pounds, and I'll

give Hannah another hundred pounds, on condition she marries you; and, if she won't marry you, she shan't have a farthing, only a good hiding."

Brown was overpowered by his maniac's logic. "You have a head," said he; "there's my hand; I'll go in, if I die for it."

They now put their heads together over the means. Brown's plan was to wait, and wait, for an opportunity. Alfred's was to make one this very night.

"But how can I?" said Brown. "I shan't have the key of your room. I am not on watch in your part to-night."

"Borrow Hannah's."

"Hannah's? She has got no key of the male patients' rooms."

"Oh yes she has; of mine, at all events."

"What makes you think that, sir?" said Brown suspiciously.

Alfred didn't know what to say: he could not tell him why he felt sure she had a key.

"Just go quietly and ask her for it," said he: "don't tell her I sent you, now."

Brown obeyed, and returned in half an hour with the key of the vacant bedroom, where the hobbles and chains were hidden on arrival of the justices.

"She tells me this is the only key she has of any room in this corridor. But dear heart," said Brown, "how quicksighted the women are. She said, says she, 'if it is to bring sorrowful true lovers together again, Giles, or the like of that, I'll try and get the key you want off Mrs. Archbold's bunch, though I get the sack for it,' says she. 'I know she leaves them in the parlour at night,' says Hannah. She is a trump, you must allow."

Alfred coloured up. He suspected he had been unjust.

"She is a good, kind, single-hearted girl," said he; "and neither of you shall find me ungrateful."

It was evident by the alacrity Brown now showed, that he had got his orders from Hannah.

It was agreed that Alfred should lie down at night in his clothes, ready to seize the right moment; that Hannah should get the key, and watch the coast clear, and let him out into the corridor; and Brown get him down by a back stairs, and out on the lawn. There he would find a ladder close by the wall, and his own arms and legs must do the rest.

And now Alfred was a changed creature: his eye sparkled; he walked on air, and already sniffed the air of liberty.

After tea Brown brought in some newspapers, and made Alfred a signal, previously agreed on, that the ladder was under the east wall. He went to bed early, put on his tweed shooting-jacket and trousers, and lay listening to the clock with beating heart.

At first feet passed to and fro from time to time. These became less frequent as the night wore on.

Presently a light foot passed, stopped at the door, and made a sharp scratch on it with some metal instrument.

It was the key. The time was not ripe to use it, but good Hannah had taken this way to let him know she had got it.

This little scratch outside his door, oh it made his heart leap and thrill. One great difficulty was overcome. He waited, and waited, but with glowing, hopeful heart; and at last a foot came swiftly, the key turned, and Hannah opened the door. She had a bull's-eye lantern.

"Take your shoes in your hand," she whispered, "and follow me."

He followed her. She led him in and out, to the door of the public room belonging to the second class patients. Then she drew her whistle, and breathed very softly. Brown answered as softly from the other end. He was waiting at the opposite door.

"All right," said she; "the dangerous part is over." She put a key into the door, and said very softly, "Good-by."

"God bless you, Hannah," said Alfred, with deep emotion. "God in heaven bless you for this."

"He will, he does," said the single-hearted girl, and put her other hand to her breast with a great gulp. She opened the door slowly. "Good-by, dear. I shall never see you again."

And so these two parted; for Hannah could not bear the sight of Giles at that moment. He was welcome to Alfred though, most welcome, and conducted him by devious ways to the kitchen, lantern in hand.

He opened the kitchen door softly, and saw two burly strangers seated at a table, eating with all their souls, and Mrs. Archbold standing before the fire, but looking towards him: for she had heard his footsteps ever so far off.

The men looked up, and saw Alfred. They rose to their feet, and said, "This will be the gentleman, madam?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Archbold.

"Your servant, sir," said the men very civilly. "If you are ready, we are."

BARDS IN RAILWAY TIMES.

SURELY, never was any place of assemblage much less bardic in its aspect than Swansea—a busy, grim, ill-built town—to be approached through clouds of copper-smoke, which make the traveller feel as if he was digesting essence of new pence.—Save for a scrap of an old castle—and above the town a background of soft and rather wild hills, here and there studded with charming villas, overlooking a sea-view, with a headland and a lighthouse—Swansea is as unbardic to see as Leeds, or Oldham, or any modern Lancashire or Yorkshire town, knee-deep in its cinder-heaps, and cut into quarters with tram-roads and viaducts.—Neither are the descendants of the Druidesses as plenteous as they were in South Wales. Time was, and in the memory of

not very old men, when the market-place of Swansea was like a poppy-bed of three colours, scarlet, white, and black, flaunted in petticoat, cap, and hat, by the Winifreds and Peggys who sold their commodities to the men of Glamorgan, or to foreign sailors thrown on shore by bad weather (and I remember a wrecked Breton crew, who then, by aid of a language which was equivalent to bad or good Welsh, managed to buy what they sold with the uttermost clearness).

The local journals remind us how Eisteddfods, with all the glory of their bardic ceremonies, not many years ago held session at the Lamb and Flag, up the Swansea valley—or at the Cadwallader Arms somewhere else—with a tipsy Reverend Monkbarns in the chair. Of later years light has forced its way in, even among the sepulchres of the Druids, and with light some discrimination of that which is true from that which is false.

The Bards, nevertheless, still congregate in Wales, north and south. There was a rival Eisteddfod held not many weeks ago at Rhyl. The other day (as the Star of Gwent reported) a Druidical picnic was held on a Sunday at Garth Maelwg, a medicinal spring on a mountain near Llantrissant. The Welsh people obviously cling to this old festival of theirs; and seeing that there is reality in their love, let me tell something of what was to be seen and heard at the late successful Swansea festival—which was the orthodox Eisteddfod of the year.

Hark to the tune with which these stately gatherings is opened:

"THE TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.—In the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-three, the sun approaching the Autumnal Equinox, in the forenoon of the First day of September, after due proclamation and notice of one year and a day, this Gorsedd is opened within the Borough of Swansea, in the province of Gwent, with invitation to all who may assemble here, where no weapon is unsheathed, and where judgment will be pronounced upon all compositions and works of merit submitted for adjudication, in the face of the sun and the eye of light."—The Truth against the World.

Inimical Saxon eyes can liken the above proclamation of Welsh truth against a wicked world everywhere else, to nothing so much as one of the Chinese proclamations opening the Feast of Lanterns, or declaring that the sons and daughters of the Celestial Empire may now go out and gather Pekoe to sell to the barbarians.

To this prelude succeeded, at Swansea as elsewhere, a thrilling and mystical ceremony transacted at an altar, from which radiated stones, canonically arranged in a dirty meadow—and where, undisturbed by the clanging of boiler-makers, and the screech of the steam-whistle, as the train rushed in from Oystermouth, Bards took their degrees, and guests, who clung to the old tradition, were elected Ovafes—female, as well as male.

There have been such phenomena as great ladies who have trifled with antiquarianism, and who have unpronounceable honorary titles,

sounding to Saxon ears like Tankard, or Crucible, or Sick-Dahlia, or other such distinctive and characteristic nouns, who still offer prizes to the best harpers, and would willingly take not the wall (but the law) of other great ladies, who have rival minstrels in fee and favour whom they would enjoy to see invested with badge and medal. There are still painstaking schoolmasters and tranquil curates, all immense improvements on the last generation, whose time hangs heavily on their hands during the winter, and who innocently set themselves to express and to display that learning is better than ignorance,—that loyalty does not mean rebellion, and that from the time of Caradoc and Llywarch Hen downwards, the men of Wales have taken the lead in arms and arts,—in theology, science, and poetry.—I think—considering the predominance of the tone of Fluelen in essays as well as addresses to be heard—Shakespeare, who has been proved to be everything to all men, must some day have been demonstrated to have been Welsh by birth.

The Bards, Ovates, and untitled public, are positive cormorants, in the quantity of addresses they will swallow—and ostriches in the tough and dry fare they will digest, English and Welsh. And they particularly delight in the popular oratory addressed to prejudice—by the pleasant local man, who knows this squire by sight, and calls the other harper by some other title added to Tankard, which proves mighty consolatory to the harpist—a speaker proved to be a Bard, no doubt, by the figures of his admiring speech, as, for instance, when eulogising the concerts, he delights in “the gradations, the people, the gaslight, and the general brilliancy of the assembly”—a Bard confessed by his meteoric hair, which, however, does not stream after the fashion of Gray’s Bard, but falls regularly back from his forehead in the new fashion of genius brought in by Dr. Liszt.—We fancy that this speaker can only have felt the pulse of the illiterate among his congregation, when he declares that, having tolerated England as a country of which Wales is the nucleus, he is not to be expected to care a whit for any country or continent over the sea—on the contrary, that if the dwellers in such small tracts of land cut one another’s throats like the Kilkenny cats (why not the cats of Caerphilly?), it is all one to him so far as his great patriotic and philanthropic heart can care.—But they enjoy most the funny Cambrian speechifier (suppose we call him Foneddigion a Boneddigesau), great in winks to his audience, greater still in the flapping of his wings, and in personalities which may hit or miss.—I hope all do not habitually scream in a treble voice as loudly as did the Swansea one, who in his black suit and clerical cravat, and in the gesticulating vehemence of his outcries, reminded me of a Methodist revivalist under whom I suffered at a field-preaching many a year ago, being pointed out by the earnest man as the sinful Dives, who was to be held up as a terror and warning to his congregation. They enjoy, in short, any and every variety of the washed-out talker—quite as fresh, quite as glib, quite as long-winded, as the

same specimens, which, alas! (though Saxons, let us be honest) may be found in our chambers of legislature, or at any worshipful public dinner in the county of Middlesex.

But there was more than all this at the Swansea meeting, otherwise I should not have harped on it, with all its sense and nonsense, as a curious characteristic festival. Missing the first morning, I heard, to return to the speeches, on the third an excellent practical address by the Mayor of Swansea—and on the fourth a discourse by the Bishop of St. David’s, which was admirable in justice, in illustration, and in counsel, and thus I fear was but in seeming relished by some of the small local people, who are nothing when not blowing up the fire of their own and their admirers’ narrow vanity.—It was droll to see the historian of Greece laid hold of on the spot and made a Druid of almost ere he had sat down.

Throughout the week it was obvious that every one’s heart was in it.—A flaming advertisement of a Circus promised, among other intellectual and anti-bardic temptations, that a celebrated pugilist should display his testimonials, including a goblet, value five hundred pounds, presented to him by a patron of manly sports (engine-driving among them), of whom England has heard enough and to spare—and that two female Blondins should perform the “sensation feat” of going round a ring of rope fifty feet from the ground, on the outside of the fairy tent, and, on their meeting, that the one should vault over the other;—but I am happy to say that I have not heard one whisper among the humblest of the audiences of six thousand people by which it could be gathered that one single man had seen the goblet of glorious origin—or that one single woman had been terrified into screams and fainting-fits by the magnificent show of female grace and intrepidity.—(Perhaps the drenching rain threw cold water on the latter part of the show!)—On the other hand, the best shops in Merthyr Tydvil were one day closed by common consent, in order to give the people a chance of enjoying either this bardic contest or a great rifle display at Dowlais—or the opening of Nanndu Church.—Everywhere the people were talking of essays and prizes and choirs and tunes—some of writing letters to the papers, while holding forth under inn portico or railway bridge, to protest against injustice in award of the prizes, or to tell how some genius, to whose bardic title I cannot approach nearer than Kettle-in-a-Dell, had basely flouted, like the jek-daw, in plumes which literally belonged to Tally-ar-hyd-y-nos—meaning the speaker.—I am afraid it runs in the blood of the Bards to enjoy playing “a hand of litigation” now and then.

It is time, however, to take a look at the Pavilion where the solemnities took place.

On the outside, the Pavilion looked ragged and miserable enough, built on a rough piece of ground hard by the docks, which the myriad tramping feet under a storm of rain easily converted into mud. It was not hard to believe that the temporary building of deals had been hired cheap: less easy to conceive it large enough

to hold six or seven thousand persons. Then, as is too common in England, the doors were almost too narrow to admit a single file of guests: and the huge neat-whiskered policeman, with belt and badge (bardic again), who took the tickets of singers, players, and patrons, blocked this rude and straight portal so substantially, as to make all entrance thither somewhat of a heroic event.—But within, the good proportions of the hall, flanked with galleries, decorated with flags, balconied with white, pink, and blue panels, decked with laurel-wreaths and garlands, lit with horizontal lines of gas, and liberally filled with a public, every face among which was beaming with enjoyment, put one into a festive humour.—There was far less of bead-edom, far less of gold chain and 'soutcheon work than I had expected; though still, by fits and starts, more than a Saxon could take religious delight in. Generally the preparations on the platform were simple to untidiness; and though there was, of course, a President, and a state chair, and a table, and a grand pianoforte, and a row of busts of Welsh celebrities, and a huge head of a goat also sculptured, which was turned upside down, with Saxon want of respect for its beard,—I am ashamed to say, that seeing preparations for music and state, my mind wandered with a sort of melancholy feeling far away to the notion, that we got up better Druid work in London, at Covent Garden, when "Norma" is the opera.

But with all this disorderliness, there was not the slightest show of licence. The chorus, gathered from many miles round, numbering on the first night four hundred persons, was made up of iron-forgers from Merthyr Tydvil and Dowlais, of the copper miners who so largely contribute to the smell of new coinage perceptible in the town, of workers from the small farms on the soft wild hill-sides of the Neath and Swansea valleys.—Yet not an instance of rudeness, or bad manners, or drunkenness, did I see; and I think only one discontented artist, a man of Dowlais, with a bamboo-coloured beard, and who was too much vexed at being squeezed by his fellow choristers not to bestow his vexation on us as he passed, seeing that there was no one else in the way. "Iss and inteed," he complained, "there was no room to sing." He was pacified by a little neighbourly inquiry:—favoured us with some particulars about the competition on the following morning (we arrived, did I say? on the eve of the first day's concert), and also with the fact that *he* sung *beace*.—It was pleasant not long after to see him shoulder to shoulder with a rosy-cheeked little girl, in one of those saucer-shaped straw hats which look very shabby to persons who recollect the probably much more uncomfortable flower-pot of beaver, which was the height of fashion in the good days ere Bards came in to sing at Swansea by railway, from Baglan, and the Mumbles, and Cwmllynfell.—Nothing, again, could be conceived better than the relations of gentle with simple. On the one side there was no parade, on the other no sycophancy:

The singing of the chorus was a great pleasure and astonishment. Nothing of the kind was in existence when I first knew this thriving town. Then if one wandered up among the hills, where the wild tunes grow, and the tinkling of the triple harp used to be heard, as well as the clinking of the pot of ale, in every public-house,—there might be heard pretty voices, as fresh as the briar-rose on the cheeks of the girls who owned them, and perhaps Pennillion singing,—nothing wonderful, a thing hardly deserving the name of improvisation, which any three singing persons or more having an aptitude for rhyme, some courage, and no fear of common-place, could master with a week's practice.—But the union of many voices in those days was enough to sour the sweetest temper. It may have been to drown all consciousness of the psalmody, that so many of the small clergy there belonged to the Trulliber party in the Establishment, and became so unequal to the performance of the afternoon service.

Now, much as Shenkin of the noble race, who believes that Eve belonged to Merionethshire, would like to stand still,—Nature and the times have been too strong for him. The enormous stride which choral music has made in England during the last thirty years, has compelled the principality to follow.—The power and the pleasure of co-operation have got hold of the men, who come up from the mines, or ride home from the forge on a grimy waggon along a tramway, in the midst of scoria and cinders, or work at trade in town, or at husbandry in country.—The folk of Cornwall and Northumberland, so far as I know, are far less tuneful; and I do not fancy that the farm labourers of Kent or Warwickshire would trudge so far, or work so heartily, to get to a singing practice. The spirit of melody lies deep in the hearts of the Welsh.—Their women have, as a race, very sweet, if not very strong voices; and recollecting as I do the far more experienced trebles of Bradford, Manchester, Norwich, and those we hear in London, I can credit these maids and matrons of Glamorganshire with admirable and prepossessing natural gifts. The type of the Welsh female voice has been most advantageously shown and thoroughly appreciated in England, by the delicious national singing of Miss Edith Wynne.—It is impossible to recall anything much more real and attractive than the sweet zealous concord of the chorus in the charming old tunes, which have been so well harmonised by Mr. John Thomas. One could swallow a column of titles as fantastic and foppish as anything in the book of Della Cruscan folly—one could let pass display after display of unnatural and puerile pretension—for the sake of anything so real and so peculiar. Never could melodies, never chorus, have been more heartily relished.—It was curious and pleasant to see how one bass singer, who could not constrain his delight, made a running accompaniment to the tune while it rose or fell, up and down the back seam of his neighbour's coat, as if the same had been the keys of a pianoforte.

The firmness of touch owned by the capital Glamorgan folk was brought home to my shoulders by an enthusiastic treble, who came forward from her seat behind me, rapt in pleasure and excitement, and beat very good time as on a timbrel, just below my collar, while three bards were singing Penillion.—A North Welsh night-ingle was well received; but she was welcomed as a mere wren, compared with a South Welsh linnæet belonging to the shire, for whose advancement and education many a mite of money had been laid together by the hands of homely working-folks, and many a mile had been walked, in order that their own old neighbour and play-fellow might not want a chorus.—This apportionment of admiration was not fair in an artistic point of view—not untinged with local vanity; yet there was so much of honest, cordial, affection in it, that it was good to see.

Another truly pleasant exhibition could have been seen nowhere else than at one of these meetings: the competition of single female voices. They had to sing for a prize, without accompaniment, "The Blackbird," as lovely and symmetrical a melody as exists, from the collection of old melodies noted down by a lady, in her day the most exquisite amateur singer I have ever heard—Miss Jane Williams, of Aberpergwm. In turn, called to present themselves by all manner of unpronounceable names, such as would befit the sprites that hop round a witches' caldron in the opening of a pantomime, but which, when translated, might possibly express a lark, a linnæet, a missel-thrush, and a soul's delight, there stepped forward four candidates, one after the other—Linnæet, Missel, Thrush, and Soul's Delight, irresistibly recalling the wives of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, as they appeared with quaint hats, rosy cheeks, and petticoats calculated to stand much wear and tear in the Noah's ark of our infant days.—I never saw the vocal female who thought so much of her music, so little of herself—so little of the "eyes to be made" from under those straw saucers,—or of the shrinkings which so touchingly bespeak indulgence,—as every one of these four sweetly-voiced South Welsh singers.—The face of a fifth girl, on the second day, who was excluded from a like competition because she had not given due warning of her ambition, I shall not soon forget—as she crept back to her seat, after a vain appeal for remission of rule—it was so sad, yet not in the least jealous.

The men, as a body, having bright intelligent faces, some very finely featured, though generally shallow, seemed more conscious,—not, therefore, more ill at ease,—than the women. When the competitions of the choirs took place, it might be perceived, from more than one wielder of the bâton, that the airs and graces of a conductor do not depend on an embroidered shirt, neither on a coat without a wrinkle. I noted one handsome fellow, who, without meaning it, was as whimsical to see as the diligently prepared original "Bones" of the first black band, that let in the enchantment of pseudo-negro melodies upon the public of England.

The controversy, again, for the prize triple

harp (price fifteen pounds), which also included a year's instruction on that bardic instrument, was curious, though among the less estimable passages of the festival.—Why the perpetuation of an inferior instrument, because it was the one beloved by the Ap Festiniogs and Pwyll Rhuddlans, who had nothing better to discourse upon, should be encouraged, brings us back to the weakness of nationality, which is the weak side of these exhibitions. Why not keep in an Eisteddfod all that is real and permanent? Why encumber it with anachronisms such as these, which, if they contain any education at all, only contain the education of prejudice? An excellent artist, in every sense honourable to Wales, who, I verily believe, would "die on the breach" rather than see its old customs wear out,—whose heart and soul have been in this festival,—received the first great modern commission, given under the new dispensation of common sense—to write a national Cantata for Swansea. This has been accomplished most creditably by him: only the Welsh words have been translated into English before having been set—and there is far more of Bellini in the body and soul of his melodies and their treatment than of "Dafydd y Garrywen," or "Nos Galan."

One more scene,—and I have done with these desultory notes on what I saw and heard during four as curious and amusing days as I have ever spent.—The crowd was tremendous on the evening of the third concert, many hundreds having forced their way in more than the Pavilion could hold.—A beam in one of the galleries gave way; splinters began to fall from another, and this in a building rocking with a crowd, and so frail, so flaring with line upon line of gas-jets, and so scantily provided with adequate outlets, that the panic which grew and spread, and the screams (if ever screams are excusable), were justified by what was really imminent as a matter of peril. The women, though a few did scream, were more valiant than the men, I fancy;—since I hear of one brute of a fellow (no Bard, I hope) leaping over the gallery on the heads of the women,—and I have since enjoyed in print the thanksgiving for safety of a clergyman who was so overcome by terror, he declares, as to have fallen into drowsiness, and who rejoiced greatly when he could rid himself of the "fatal grasp" of two merciless ladies who had clung to him for protection.—Per contra, however, a most remarkable example of the manner in which a man should behave under such circumstances was shown by the Mayor, to whose instant coolness, courage, and admirable decision—in calling out, not the military, but the music—the saving of hundreds of lives may have been owing. He commanded instant attention by a trumpet-call; he quieted the fast-growing agitation by suddenly bidding the choir strike up our National Hymn, and when the chorus, supported by all the people, died away, he then insisted on the hall being cleared till its security could be ensured for the subsequent performances.—No one less resolute could have got this done, so unwilling

were the majority of women recovering from their fright, and straggling men, to be cheated out of a single bar of the musical rights—whether to be enjoyed in English or Welsh—belonging to their portion of the Eisteddfod. I recollect nothing like that ten minutes of confusion—that sudden power of Music to still the waters of terror—that struggle of enthusiasm against common sense and safety—so admirably overruled by the despotic will of one in authority. For a less exercise of ready wit and real power has many a Celt been dubbed a Bard,—and many a Saxon Forcible Feeble received the easily-won honours of knighthood!

CAN YOU RIDE?

THE yard of Mr. Mason, the eminent horse-dealer, is a delicious scene. It is designed by some great colourist—probably of the Dutch school—a great artist who knows where to draw the line—a delicately plaited line too—with regard to his arrangements of straw-colour; where to throw in a bit of red brick; and where to ease that off again with some subdued and pearly whitewash. This mighty genius, again, is accomplished in the art of sprinkling sand; he is also the man to deal with such pieces of still life as a pail and a besom, while as to his eye for throwing in a stable cat in exactly the right place—to an inch, mind you—who can approach him?

It is perhaps the passing through this beautiful region that causes the residence of the Mechanical Horse, which is at the back of the premises, to appear, to the observant eye, more unspeakably blank and terrible than it really is. For the convenience of his works, which are—like some people's minds—too large for his body, and are placed in a room underneath him, this terrible beast resides in a loft—a loft with sloping roof, and only just light enough to tumble off discreditably by. In ascending to that loft you have a feeling as if you were going to succour a family in distress, as if you were going to stand by the death-bed of a malefactor, as if you were ascending to the boxes of a booth-theatre at a fair.

The Mechanical Horse is a black horse, with an expression of eye which encourages approach, with an engaging and innocent tuft of mane on his forehead, with a practicable neck and tail, and with an impracticable set of legs, which are doubled up tight as in the act of clearing "amber." His appearance is on the whole natural, but he has a steel bar growing out of his stomach and descending through the floor of the room into the abysses beneath, which we do not often observe in the real subject, and he is entirely surrounded on all sides by mattresses, which is also not the case with the living animal—more's the pity. On probing the animal's body with our thumb, we found, to our unspeakable relief, that it was soft, and at the same time firm and elastic.

On the walls of the loft are one or two small notices entreating "gentlemen not to hold on by the animal's neck, *when in difficulties*"—words

of sinister and terrible augury—while exactly in front of the monster's nose is a very small mirror, about six inches square, the presence of which is as inexplicable as that of what looks like a very large corn-bin, on which the eye of the Mechanical Horse may be observed to rest thoughtfully in his passive moments.

Altogether, it may freely be acknowledged that the scene is the reverse of cheerful. The padded floor suggests the idea of the torture-chamber, and this terrific monster rising out of the mattresses, presiding over all, with an expression about his neck as of a knight at chess who has just won a game against all mankind, seems to carry out the torture idea in some mysterious way. What this must be on a moonlight night one dares not think—and yet—that looking-glass on the wall—that corn-bin, haply a bed by night, a bin by day—does some one sleep in this place? It may be so. There is a certain German young man whose business it is to shout to the men in the regions below, conveying to them in a foreign language directions as to the movements of the M. H., telling them when the animal is to rear, or jump, or kick, or twist, or fall as upon ice. It is, moreover, the function of this same individual to help in the execution of these manœuvres by tugging at a cord attached to the body of the M. H., in order to give additional impetus to his movements. Now the question is, does this personage sleep in the room with the Mechanical Horse? His appearance seems to suggest that he does. He is intensely melancholy, and given to the heaving of great heart-breaking sighs during pauses in the performance. He has it, moreover, distinctly inscribed on his countenance, and proclaimed in his whole bearing, that he disbelieves in the M. H., and moreover hates him with a detestation that knows no bounds. How he must long for a change in the quadruped's appearance. One almost wonders that he does not whitewash the brute covertly in the watches of the night.

The "stable companion" of this depressed gentleman has a much better time of it. His business is to ride the horse for the benefit of spectators. He is never thrown now, being up to all the moves of the monster, but he is in this respect alone in his glory, as according to his own statement there is absolutely no one unaccustomed to the M. H. who has gone through all the exercises in the list without coming off sooner or later—generally sooner.

The Mechanical Horse is not without a biographer. A small pamphlet is to be had on the premises, which repays perusal. On the very fly-leaf of this work we are informed that "the art of horsemanship consists in the rider's knowledge to manage under all circumstances his point of gravitation, and that of his horse, with ease and grace," a statement put forth by the author of the pamphlet, Colonel von Hamel, with the greater confidence, because it seems that he was from "his very boyhood destined for the equestrian career," whatever that may be. One thing, however, is certain, namely, that ten years of that career have been devoted

by the colonel to the construction of this piece of mechanism, for which he claims, however, an amount of honour and glory which we shall hardly be disposed to concede to him, when he affirms "that it is a matter beyond doubt that it remains unparalleled among inventions."

The writer of this work then goes on to tell us that by practising sufficiently upon this unparalleled invention you may be "taught to counteract any series of movements the most vicious horse may practise;" that through it "the different theories of horsemanship advocated by our modern schools may be put to a practical test;" that the Mechanical Horse stretches—horrible to relate—"all the muscles, sinews, and tendons;" "teaches the rider always to keep his balance while on horseback, or in case of need to disentangle himself from it, safely landing upon his legs." We are further told that the inexpensive diet of our friend the M. H. consists of a few tablespoonfuls of oil now and then, in the course of the day, and the same quantity of tallow per week, and we are cautioned that it should be always fitted up in a room "at least twenty-six feet square, because the horse, if rapidly turned, may fling its rider a distance of three or four yards."

These inviting preliminaries disposed of, Colonel von Hamel gives us a list of the different exercises which are to be practised by the student who would master this fiery quadruped. These exercises are no less than thirty-two in number, and are in some cases rather remarkable. Take, for instance, No. 1. "To mount (without spurs), from the left side (the horse being quiet), in the horizontal position, rearing, kicking, and leaning position." Now, passing over the mysterious caution about spurs, which in a sane community one would hardly think could be needful, one may venture to inquire,—did any one ever see a horse remain "quiet" when in a rearing, kicking, or leaning position? As to this last, by-the-by, we are free to confess that a horse in a leaning position, unless with something to lean against, is altogether an equestrian novelty to us, nor do we believe that any man in his senses would wish to be on the back of an animal which had so far lost itself as to have contracted this slothful habit. As to the two other positions mentioned, it is true that a man might, under some circumstances—may they ever remain practically unknown to us—want to mount a rearing or kicking horse, but then surely the animal would all the time be in violent motion, and having mastered the art of mounting a beast which remained quite stationary, with his hind-legs or his fore-legs high in air, would prove of but little use when you come to have dealings with an unmechanical horse in a state of violent activity.

Exercise, No. 9. "Riding up and down hill, with sudden turning, the hill being low or very steep," has an alarming sound, but what is it to No. 11, "The side jump and twist—as also the falling on right or left side, *as upon ice*?" What a complication of horrors is suggested by this exercise. Having the ill-luck to possess a horse

with a pernicious habit of jumping and twisting, your occasions require that you should invariably take your ride upon the ice; to get yourself in training for this sort of fun, away you go to the M. H., and learn how to conduct yourself under the circumstances.

In Exercise 12, "The horse turns round to the left, while rearing, kicking, buck-jumping, or jumping to the side or twist;" and in 13 the same takes place "to the right;" while in No. 27 "the rider stands in the left stirrup, and the horse rears, kicks, jumps, or twists;" though why he should stand in one stirrup while undergoing so terrible an ordeal, instead of sitting close with both feet well dug into both stirrups, it would be hard to say.

One or two specimens of these exercises must suffice, but having duly practised the whole thirty-two a sufficient number of times, the pupil is promised by Colonel von Hamel: "1, a great suppleness of the body, and a firm seat; 2, an elegant and unconstrained deportment; 3, a firm hand; 4, the presence of mind requisite to govern himself and horse; 5, he will be acquainted with all tricks and vicious habits of the horse; 6, all danger being past, he will have got rid of that timidity so injurious to persons who have never been on horseback; 7, he will be under no embarrassment in jumping ditches or fences; 8, in any position he will be able to keep his balance without any over-exertion."

Whether all these advantages are attainable by means of practising on the Mechanical Horse or not is a matter of question; whether the man who can get at last to be able to sit the M. H. will be an accomplished rider on the living animal, is uncertain; but for one thing we can most certainly vouch by personal observation, and this is, that a man may be a practised and expert horseman as far as the real living quadruped is concerned, and be entirely unable to keep his seat on the back of the Mechanical Horse.

On the occasion of a certain visit which we paid to this exhibition, there were present all sorts of persons who were devoted to what Colonel von Hamel calls the "equestrian career." There were both amateurs and professionals, rough-riders, grooms, and even a farrier of the Life Guards. This last individual was so entirely convinced by what he saw that if he got on he should infallibly soon find himself sprawling on the mattresses, that nothing—no, not all the persuasions which were lavished upon him by everybody present, would induce him to try his luck. Perhaps he felt that he was too big to let down his dignity, perhaps he thought that his rolling on the tick would seriously compromise the service. At any rate, he refrained from exhibiting himself. And he did well.

Other and more enterprising spirits were not wanting. They saw the showman keep on, and saw no reason why they should not keep on too. But they forgot one very important element in his success. It has been mentioned that while one of the professionals employed to exhibit the Mechanical Horse was mounted on his back, the other, by pulling a cord, directed and gave addi-

tional forced to the horse's movements, first of all shouting to those who worked below what those movements were to be. Now his directions were given in a language which the rough-riders and grooms who mounted the M. H. could not comprehend, but which the German confederate on the horse's back *could*. He, therefore, knew what was coming. The others did not, which made all the difference.

Many persons present, but chiefly those who had newly arrived and had not witnessed the discomfiture of others, mounted into the saddle with considerable confidence of demeanour. The first movements, the alternate rising of the head and then of the quarters, partook somewhat of the nature of the frisks of that domestic animal the rocking-horse, and were easily endured, but as soon as more violence was given to the exercises they invariably made acquaintance with the mattresses. And it was a curious thing to observe how the company assembled in the loft enjoyed every fresh casualty, and even thirsted for more; while, perhaps, even more remarkable was the conduct of the victims themselves, who, so far from wishing to deter others from following their example, would urge and stimulate the other members of the company—and more especially the Horse Guard—to lose no time in saving the credit of the British nation, and “witch the world with noble horsemanship.”

But the best chance was invariably with new comers, who did not know the nature of the beast, and who, in this respect, belonged to that class which rushes in where angels fear to tread.

Now it was impossible not to observe that the little horsey men who had been so ignominiously defeated were all inclined to get together afterwards in corners, eyeing their conqueror, as he stood triumphant in the middle of the apartment, with malignant glances, conspiring and plotting against him, and occasionally wishing that some especial champion in whom they had confidence would just happen to look in and “throw his leg over—that was all.” These gentry would also from time to time disparage the invention of Colonel von Hamel, and insinuate that it “weren’t no good—really.” One of the unhorsed ones even gave a name to his hero, and remarked that “he wished Mark Gripper would show his ‘ed up that their staircase.” This he said with a defiant glance at the two Germans, and a look of appeal to the rest of the company, who, though they had never heard of Mark in their lives, would have been glad enough to see him at the moment, or, indeed, anybody else who would oblige them by getting on to the Mechanical Horse and rolling off again with ignominy. It was quite curious to observe how the public lingered and lingered on at this exhibition, sustained by a secret hope that some fresh victim would soon arrive. As to the unenterprising Life Guardsman, he really seemed unable to tear himself away at all.

The noise of footsteps ascending the wooden stair which led to the abode of the Mechanical Horse was at all times exciting to the persons assembled in Mr. Mason’s loft, but, just at the

moment with which we at present have to do, this promising sound held the whole assembly entranced with expectation and hope. What, then, was the delight of the company when there gradually emerged through the floor first one gentleman in a stable-hat, a stable-jacket, a stable-waistcoat, and drab stable-legs, and then another individual similarly accoutred. The external appearance of both these persons was quite enough to convince the least initiated of the company that they were devoted to the “equestrian career,” while to those who were themselves behind the equestrian scenes the new arrivals were at once recognised as two well-known members of the horse-breaking fraternity; indeed, one of them, the tallest and thinnest, was no other than the renowned Mark Gripper himself, whose advent had just before been so ardently desired by the Mechanical Horse’s latest victim.

Those gentlemen present who had the good fortune to be personally acquainted with the new arrivals, hastened to accost and welcome them, whilst those who were less happy contented themselves with a running criticism on the respective merits of these two illustrious personages. The general public hung upon the words of the initiated, of course, and lost their dignity in so doing.

“Ah, Mark ‘ll ‘ick on to him, mind you,” says a man with a blue bird’s-eye pattern scarf, and a pin wrought into the semblance of a hunting-whip, with the thong twisted round the crop. “That’s what Mark ‘ll do,” he added, looking round him with the air of a man who doubts his own prophecy.

“No he won’t,” replies another of the initiated; a very little man, who had just before grovelled on the mattresses, and whose nose had been very red ever since.

“And why won’t he?” retorts the other. “I’ve seen that man afore now on the back of a hanimal as went through such a variety of games as this here humbug of a thing has never even thought of in his sleep—a animal as ‘ud catch hold of you with his teeth when you was a going to mount him, or ram your leg up again the stable wall the first moment as ever you got upon his back. Talk about mechanical horses after that!”

“Well, that don’t prove nothing,” puts in the little man with the reddened nose—“nothin’ at all.”

“Don’t it, and why not, pray?”

“Why, because,” continued red-nose, “the hanimal you speak of *was* a hanimal; and made of flesh and blood, and gave you some notice by the mere haspect of him, and by the roll of his eye, and the plant of his ear, what he was going in for. But this here piece of goods—which I won’t call it a horse at all—with a eye like a angel and a ear that don’t tell you nothink at all, and with a boiler and what not inside him, for aught I know—why you might as well try to sit a steam-engine when she’s got off the line and her boiler’s a bustin’.”

Red-nose had it all his own way after this ex-

position, which seemed to find immense favour in the eyes of all the gentlemen who had recently been unhandsomely dealt with by the M. H.

"Who's the other one?" inquired the man with the bird's-eye neckcloth, not unwilling to start a new subject. "Him with the gaiters."

"That man's one of the best 'orsemen in this country," replied the other. "He's Mr. Grant-ham's rough-rider."

"What's that Bill Stunt?" inquired an equestrian hero-worshipper.

"Yes, that's Bill Stunt, young man, and it's a pity there ain't more like him."

"Is he a better rider than Mark?" asked the neophyte, eagerly.

The little man with the angry nose made no reply to this question for some time, and then he said, "No, he ain't," but in a manner to forbid any more remarks.

And now, after a little conversation with the two showmen, and after a good deal of pressing, such as modest performers require before they will undertake to favour the company with a song, the renowned Mr. Mark Gripper advances with a confident smile towards the invention of Colonel von Hamel, and putting his left foot into the stirrup is presently on horseback.

The word of command to start the machinery is now transmitted without delay to the mechanical department below, and Mr. Gripper, still smiling, is rocked gently backwards and forwards two or three times, in a sort of preliminary exercise. That done, the M. H. seems to think it time to declare his intentions a little, and accordingly he raises himself into an erect position, and Mr. Gripper has to practise all he knows in order not to slip off ignominiously over the animal's tail. This danger overcome, the M. H. tries our friend the other way, and gets his hind-legs so well up into the air, that the back of Mr. Gripper's head—Mr. G. still smiling—almost touches his horse's quarters. This exercise is now repeated several times with increased rapidity, but still our friend keeps his seat, and murmurs of triumph circulate among the initiated.

These straightforward up and down movements on the part of the M. H. turning out a failure, this noisome beast goes to work with those side jumps and twists which are set forth in exercises Nos. 11 and 12 of Colonel von Hamel's list. These are evidently found to be more trying to the seat of our rough-rider, and Mr. Gripper is observed on more than one occasion to forget his accustomed smile for a moment or two. Still he keeps on, in so creditable a manner that the gentleman with the bird's-eye cravat evidently thinks that he will yet triumph over him of the glowing nose, while the unhorsed ones believe that they are about to be avenged at last.

But now the machinery seems to work something quicker than it did at first; the different exercises, instead of succeeding each other with some approach to an interval between each, appear to be disordered, and, as it were, jumbled together. The Mechanical Horse is evidently becoming desperate, and his plunges

and side jumps are so violent and incessant that Mr. Gripper loses his smile altogether, and begins to wear a harassed appearance, and to show what are called in sporting language unmistakable symptoms of "distress." It is painful to relate, moreover, when we reflect upon this gentleman's reputation, that sometimes when the M. H., after rushing violently to the right, suddenly turns round and goes off to the left, there seems for a moment every probability of his rider's not accompanying him back, and it is a fact that at such times a considerable amount of daylight is to be seen between Mr. Gripper's "point of gravitation" and his saddle. At length Mr. Gripper gets more and more heated, and more and more distressed, the space between himself and the saddle gets more and more alarming for the security of the point of gravitation, and finally, after one particular swerve to the right on the part of the M. H., which swerve is characterised by an especial virulence and malignity, Mr. Gripper's "point of gravitation" goes altogether, the mattresses receive another victim, and the Mechanical Horse achieves a new triumph.

The rough-rider gets up, having regained his smile now that it is all over, and acknowledges himself beaten in a manner that defies criticism. But the sensation among the initiated ones is profound in the extreme, and exhibits itself in a more marked disparagement of the Mechanical Horse as a test of equestrian prowess than has hitherto been elicited. As to the little man with the red nose, the triumph of his powers of prophecy is so complete, that he feels it unnecessary to put it into words, but he turns round to the discomfited one with the sporting neckcloth, and favours him with a look far more eloquent than speech.

As to the glee of the Life Guardsman, it is so great that he is obliged to unbutton his jacket and take out what one had thought was chest, in order to wipe the dew of rejoicing from his brow. That done, he rises to the full extent of the capabilities of the loft, looks triumphantly down the stripe on the outside of each of his legs, and marches out with a great jingling of spurs. He is, upon the whole, looked upon as having achieved a success.

The defeat of the eminent Mr. Gripper did not daunt his companion, whom we have heard described as rough-rider to Mr. Grant-ham. This hardy adventurer took his turn at the new invention with a sanguine countenance and every appearance of hopefulness. It soon became apparent, however, that this one's point of gravitation was by no means more secure than his friend's had been. His efforts to maintain it were indeed noble and heroic in the extreme, but it was not to be, and in due time he shared the fate of all the rest. There never was a more undaunted rider, for he was up again and again on the horse's back in no time. His courage was not rewarded. The famous "side jump and twist" were resorted to with the usual deadly result, and after a second tumble this excellent and courageous man seemed to think that he had had enough of it, and retired.

There was, after all though, just one person among the competitors for distinction that day who was not thrown, but he escaped by means so contemptible that few would wish to follow his example. He was a young man and an amateur, and the Mechanical Horse seemed inclined to deal very leniently with him. The movements of the M. H. were much more slow and gradual now than they had been previously. But as the time approached when, as we all knew, another kind of behaviour might be expected from this treacherous animal, and just as the "quick movement" was beginning, and we were all settling in our places to the full enjoyment of the anticipated crisis, this shameless young man then and there, with the eye of the Public upon him, was heard to utter a request that the machinery should be stopped, after which he said that "he thought he would get off," and actually did so.

After this there was nothing to be done but to depart with all speed from the scene of so disgraceful a proceeding. And it must be owned that it was a pleasant thing to pass from that dismal loft into that Dutch picture already described, with the straw, and the sand, and the red bricks, and the stable-cats.

And now just one word as to the usefulness of the Mechanical Horse.

It appears that there are really two or three of these pieces of machinery in use in different parts of Germany, and that riding is actually taught by means of them. Colonel von Hamel contends that they are of especial value in a cavalry barrack, and that you may "teach by means of one Mechanical Horse, which will last at least forty years, as many men as on ten living horses." Of course the strong point with the partisans of this invention is this: they argue that since men who can ride perfectly well the living animal cannot keep upon the back of the Mechanical Horse, that, therefore, it must be more difficult to ride the latter than the former, and that having learnt to master the more difficult thing, the easier thing will come quite naturally. This is, however, hardly fair. The natural horse which these men can ride is not an animal which behaves—even if a vicious horse—in the frantic manner in which the Mechanical Horse conducts itself. If it did—if a real horse went on as this sham horse does, plunging, kicking, flinging itself from side to side, or even down on the ground, and all this continuously and without cessation, it is not too much to say that it would be twice as formidable a monster as this one in Piccadilly, and would dispose of its riders at least twice as quickly. The beast would be a phenomenon in nature, and would make us think Cruiser a lamb. And then the action of the Mechanical Horse is not natural. In plunging, in rearing, in shying, and swerving round, the real horse generally changes his ground, that is to say, that with these actions is generally combined a certain amount of progression, retro-gression, or—if the expression may be allowed—latero-gression. With the Mechanical Horse this is quite out of the question.

The iron support by which he is moved remains always in one spot in the middle of the room.

These things duly weighed, it may yet be found that the Mechanical Horse has a right to a place in the manège. Great advantages belong to him, no doubt. He is a light feeder, and he is not liable to all those spavins, splints, sand-cracks, and other afflictions which beset the living animal. Certain it is that it is a very difficult thing to keep upon his back, and all the more so because, as one of our horsey friends intimated but now, he gives you no notice of what he is going to do next.

ROOKS AND HERONS.

RAVENS, crows, and rooks, form a natural group. They have much in common. They give themselves the same names by their cries—"krow, kraw, and kr-a-ä." All are rooks or hoarse-voices (French *raugue*, pronounced *rokh*); and if raven comes from the Saxon *refan*, whence riving and reiver, they are all ravens. This vagueness in their popular names shows that they were all named from their cries and habits before they were distinguished as species. And, indeed, the crow, corby or hoody, is but a lesser raven, and the rook differs from the ravens in little except the instinct for breeding in societies instead of solitary pairs. Ravens, crows, and rooks, have all grey-green eggs, spotted and blotched with smoky brown. The ravens build their nests in tops of trees and cracks, or nooks of rocks, or cliffs, lining a framework of sticks with wool or hair. The nest of the crow is built on the tops of trees, and consists of a fabric of sticks plastered together with mud, and lined with sheep's wool or horsehair. The hoodies build their nests on rocks, or cliffs, or trees, of sticks, heather, and wool. Rooks build their nests on the tops of tall trees, of large sticks, hay, straw, sheep's wool, and horsehair. There being nothing specific in the mere size of eggs, no one can distinguish the egg of a raven, a crow, a hoody, or a rook, by any important peculiarity of colouring. As for applying the word carrion to one species more than another, it is entirely unwarranted, for they are all devourers of carrion. The colouring of the plumage of the ravens, crows, and rooks, is no more distinguishable than the colouring of their eggs, for it is a lustrous bluish-black on the back and wings, with dusky hues beneath. The hoody, however, differs from the others in the colouring of the plumage, the back, breast, belly, and upper part of the neck being ash colour, with the rest of it bluish-black. The crow, rook, and hoody, can scarcely be said to differ in size, being about twenty inches long; whilst the raven is from four to six inches longer. The crow, rook, and hoody, weigh about twenty ounces, and the raven three pounds.

All the Curvbeaks were invested with superstitious awe by the piety of our ancestors, but especially the raven. I have been one of a pack of noisy schoolboys who have been awed into

silent deliberation by seeing three magpies upon the roof of a thatched cottage, one of the elder boys, with pale face and white lips, assuring the others that there would soon be a death in that house. A wild lad having soon afterwards died in the next house, some two hundred yards off, we were seriously assured that the magpies had only perched on the cottage where we saw them because they had been driven away from the abode on which they first alighted and rested as messengers of death. Among the prodigies which Shakespeare makes King Henry say accompanied the birth of the Duke of Gloucester, are the cries of owls, dogs, crows, ravens, and pies:

The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

But the raven appears to have been pre-eminently the ominous bird of our forefathers, and of their melodious echoes the poets. Lady Macbeth uses a popular illustration when she exclaims:

The raven is hoarse that croaks
The fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.

Woden, the Scandinavian Jupiter, is called the god of the ravens. "Three ravens," says the prose Edda, "sit on Odin's shoulders and whisper in his ear the tidings and events they have heard and witnessed." They are called Hugin and Munin (Mind and Memory). He sends them at dawn to fly over the whole world, and they return at eve towards meat-time. Hence it is that Odin knows so many things, and is called the Raven's God (Krafnagud).

Old fables have often some truth connected with them, and when the Arabs say Mahomet turned the crow from white to black for croaking "ghar, ghar, ghar" (cave, cave, cave), in order to direct his pursuing enemies to the cave in which he was hiding, the fable probably points to a period when Albinism prevailed among the Arabian crows. The English word croak is the Syrian name of the raven; and it is not to be supposed that a crow could not cry "ghar," for they have more variety in their notes, even when untrained by man, than they get credit for: sixty different notes having been counted. White ravens often occur. Ravens with white patches are described by several ornithologists; and white crows, white rooks, and white ravens, have been seen occasionally.

Rooks can imitate the note of the jackdaw or the bark of the dog. During the early hours of winter mornings rooks haunt a field under my bedroom window, and I can, as I lie awake, distinguish the notes of the cocks, hens, and young. Maogillivray, visiting a rookery at night, was greatly surprised at the variety of notes emitted by the rooks, instead of their monotonous *kr-ä-ä*. When still some distance from the rookery, he stopped to listen, and was surprised to hear

several rooks uttering a variety of soft, clear, modulated notes, plainly expressive of the affection and desire to please, of the fondling and coaxing going on between the newly-hatched young and their mothers. As he advanced, all became still, and when a loud warning croak was heard several times, first the males and then the females flew up, wheeling above the trees, and all the shrill voices of the young became mute. As he left, he heard the rooks settling on their nests. Croaks of anger, pantings of fear, dissatisfied grunts, and flappings of wings, contrasted with the soft low notes he had heard by surprise.

Montaigne says beasts have language; we, it is true, understand nothing of it; but whose fault is that? They may deem us stupid (*bestes*), as we think them. But Dupont de Nemours would not confess this stupidity, for one imagining he understood it. And to teach, if possible, to others somewhat of this language, he published translations of the songs of the nightingale (*Chansons du Rossignol*), and the Crows' Dictionary (*Dictionnaire des Corbeaux*). Mr. A. E. Knox says the disturbed raven cries "Oh!"

Captain M'Clure, the Arctic voyager, says the raven may be seen, when the winter is so cold that wine is frozen within a yard of the fire, winging his way through the air as vigorously as if he were breathing the soft and warm atmosphere of an English spring. Two ravens once established themselves as friends of the family in Mercer Bay for the sake of the scraps of food thrown to them by the men. But the ship's dog resenting this infringement of his vested rights, used to fly at them, trying to catch them with his mouth. Observing this, they were wont, just when the mess-tins were being cleared out on the dust-heap, to throw themselves intentionally in his way, and when he sprang at them fly only a few yards off; and when the dog made another run they made another flight, until they had lured, tempted, and provoked him to the shore a considerable distance. They then flew swiftly to the ship and the dust-heap, and had generally picked out the best scraps, and made no small way in devouring the whole, before the return of the outwitted and mortified-looking dog.

Instead of regarding ravens, crows, or rooks, as birds silly enough to be bamboozled by a fox, the tendency of serious narratives and authentic observations is to give us very high ideas of their intelligence. They have a very incense and a very intelligent hatred to foxes. Mr. Waterton says of the crow (*C. corone*), "Many an hour of delight do I experience, when, having mounted up to the top of a favourite oak which grows on the border of a swamp, I see him chasing the heron and the windhover through the liquid void until they are lost in the distance. Then again how eager is his pursuit!—how loud his croaking!—how inveterate his hostility!—when he has espied a fox stealing away from the hounds under the covert of some friendly hedge."

Rooks are said to be so very sagacious that

they will not build their nests upon trees from which the bark has been peeled to mark them to be felled. But the explanation is very simple. Decaying trees become less and less elastic and more and more brittle, their topmost branches afford the birds less and less security for the safety of their nests. When choosing twigs to build their nests with they reject dead and brittle ones, and select the freshest and supplest they can tear off from vigorous trees. The insecurity of the brittle and rotten branches when proved by the winds, is to the rooks an intelligible enough notice to quit, or to avoid, without its being at all necessary to suppose that they can read a sign so arbitrary as the felling mark of the woodman.

The boldness and the wildness of this group of birds seem dependent chiefly on the treatment they experience from man, making them either familiar or wary. The hooded crow of Ceylon (*C. splendens*), for example, is described as equally audacious and fearful; audacious, because the natives rarely disturb him; and fearful, because he has seen his kindred murdered by the white man's gun. British rooks building near churches, mansions, or in cities, being but rarely fired at, I have pretended to fire at them with my stick, without in the least disturbing them, either in their rookeries or in the fields. The Ceylon hoodies, like the British rooks, build near public buildings. Near the Government House there is a rookery or hoodery in some hibiscus trees, a species of mallow, yielding useful fibres, such as sunhemp. These crows are rarely or never seen far from town; and in town they are most audacious. Mr. E. L. Layard says, if you leave your breakfast-table with the window open but for a single moment, on returning to it the rustle of his wings as he is flying off, the marks of his feet upon your white tablecloth, and the gashes of his beak in your pat of butter, prove the rapacity and the nimbleness of the marauder. As for the poor woman who bakes and sells cakes, called hopper or oppah, this crow is the plague of her life. He patiently watches her proceedings until the cake is cooked and laid in her open basket ready to be sold, or stolen. And then, if she chances but to look aside, a crow may be seen dropping softly down from the roof of her hut, and snatching the cake out of her basket. And woe befalls her if she gives chase. For a flock of hoodies may then seize the opportunity of ransacking her cottage, robbing her dried fish, scattering her rice, upsetting her chilli, and smashing her glass and crockery. Mr. Layard has seen his boy's hand bleeding from the bite of a crow, which tried to snatch his buttered bread out of it; and yet if but a stick is pointed at one of these bold thieves, away it flies for two or three hundred yards, screeching the alarm to the whole rookery.

"What a brave soldier the raven is!" said an old Highlander once to Mr. Macgillivray; "he fights the eagle, who is four times his size." "But let us consider the matter," says this zealous ornithologist. "There goes the white-

tailed eagle! Launched from the rock of Liuir she advances along the cliffs on her way to the inland hills, where she expects to find a supply of food for her young. Now she is opposite the promontory of Ui, whence, croaking in fierce anger, rush two ravens. The eagle seems not to heed them; but they rapidly gain upon her, and separating as they come up in her wake, one ascends and the other glides beneath, menacing her and attempting to peck her. While she regards the one below, that above plunges towards her, the other in the mean time threatening vengeance below." But there seems to be more pestering than fighting in the attack.

The truth is, that several species of birds besides the skuas are garotters; and garotting is always, among birds as among men, a cowardly and rascally business. The white-headed eagle, the representative of the United States of America, was objected to by Benjamin Franklin because he is what is now called a garotter. Franklin wished some nobler bird to be selected than this bird of bad character, which does not get his living honestly, and is, besides, a rank coward, whom the little king-bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks boldly, and drives out of the district. Alexander Wilson has graphically described how the white-headed eagle garottes the fish-hawk, a kind of osprey. From some gigantic tree he surveys the shore and ocean, and seems calmly contemplating the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy sand-pipers (trings) courting along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes intent and wading; and clamorous crows. High over all these hovers the fish-hawk, whose wide curvature of wing and sudden suspension in the air, shows that he is settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wing, the eagle watches the result. Down darts the osprey, the roar of his wings reaching the ear as he disappears and makes the foam surge around. When the fish-hawk emerges struggling with his prey and mounts into the air with screams of exultation, the American eagle gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk. Each strains his utmost to mount above the other, displaying the most elegant and sublime evolutions, until the unencumbered eagle is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poisoning himself for a moment as if to take more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

The white-headed eagle thus garottes the osprey as the skua garottes the gull, and Mr. Thomas Edward, of Banff, once saw a corby and two hoodies garotting a heron. Early in the summer of 1845 he was loitering in the hills of Boyndie, when he saw a heron laden with provisions for his family flying heavily homewards from the sea, pursued by three crows and a brace of magpies. Mr. Edward concealed him-

self beneath a furze-bush to witness the fight. The heron had gained an open space between two woods, and there the three garotters were determined he should stop and deliver. The chattering of the magpies, the cawing of the crows, and the screaming of the heron, added exciting sounds to the animation of the scene. The magpies descended quickly upon the ground and hopped about there, out of reach of the cuffs and pecks of battle; yet, as will be seen, they had a keen interest in sharing the spoils of war. The crows attacked the heron from three opposite points: one from above darted down on his head; a second assailed him in front, or sideways; and the third, from behind, seized the outstretched feet of the heron, and turned him topsy-turvy. Every somersault was hailed by all the black assailants with gesticulations and cries full of exultation, mirth, and glee. The heron, no doubt, looked ridiculous, as the robbed passengers of the coach looked to the highwaymen, and the rifled citizen looked to the garotters. During one of these somersaults the heron dropped something unperceived by the crows, which, however, was greedily snatched up by the magpies. Another somersault made him let fall a small fish, after which one of the crows flew. The odds being reduced to two to one, the heron made a vigorous attempt to get away; but, being baffled, he was compelled to drop an eel. Down flew both the crows after the eel, beginning to fight with each other as they descended. Meanwhile, the eel, reaching the ground, was pounced upon by the magpies. The crows, perceiving their folly, quickly dispossessed the magpies of the eel, which they tore asunder, and then each with a portion flew away towards the trees. The heron, winging his way with unusual rapidity, was already far in the distance, and little the worse, apparently, for the fray.

If the heron had descended on the ground he would have beaten the crows, and shown why the Greeks called him *Spear-head*. Mr. Edward was one day passing along the Green banks at Banff, when he heard a loud clamour from the opposite side of the river. A heron, with a live flounder in his beak, was surrounded by a crowd of blacknebs, hoodies, rooks, and jackdaws. The Scottish name for the heron is the *craigie*, a name descriptive of his long thin neck. But this flounder was far too large even for the swallowing capacity of this *craigie's* gullet. He was, therefore, compelled to lay it down upon the grass, putting one of his feet upon it, and watching his foes with a keen and wary glance. All the blacknebs preserved a respectful distance from the *Spear-head*. At length the heron took to flight with the plaice in his bill, followed by only two of the hoodies. Trying to snatch the fish from him, they harassed and pestered him so much that he was obliged to alight upon an embankment higher up the river, the hoodies alighting also a few yards from him. Dropping the flounder upon the grass, the heron stood erect, defying his pursuers. None of them approaching him, he managed to swallow the fish,

and then once more took to flight; and the hoodies went after him, and were pecking him furiously, when a gamekeeper shot one of them, and the other sneaked off.

Mr. Edward on another occasion saw a heron give a hoodie a blow with his bill which sent him into the sea. It was at the mouth of the stream or burn of Boyndie. The report of a shot having raised a flock of sanderlings, hoodies, and a heron, three of the hoodies gave chase to the heron. Something attracting the attention of two of the hoodies, there was soon only one in pursuit, and he was descending trying to catch something, when the heron dealt him such a blow on the back as sent him souse into the sea. He had time to utter but one "caw," and then he was over head and ears. His feathers were so wet that he could not raise himself. Luckily for him, although the sea was smooth, there was a rough jabble in-shore, and the breeze and the tide bore him to some rocks, where he scrambled up and dried himself in the sun.

Ravens and crows are far more bellicose than rooks. Mr. W. H. Slaney, of Hatton Hall, relates how four corbies drove nearly two hundred rooks from nests which they had occupied for about fifteen years. This rookery was set up in an ash coppice, growing out of a pit at the corner of a meadow near Hatton Hall, and was a colony from a large one on the opposite side of the valley, which had been there time out of mind. Finding that they were annually decimated in the ash coppice, a few of them betook themselves to some large elm and fir trees overhanging Hatton Hall. Early in March, 1854, four or five nests had been completed, and many more begun, in the coppice, when it was observed that all the rooks were abandoning it and building their nests in the trees overhanging the Hall, and in the ancient rookery across the valley. And the explanation of this migration was found to be the invasion of the ash coppice by a couple of corby crows. Whenever a courageous rook or an inquisitive jackdaw went near the coppice, one or other of the corbies was sure to drive it away with fierce croakings. But corbies are very ill-famed in agricultural districts for their attacks upon game and lambs, and therefore orders were issued from the Hall to the gamekeeper to destroy the invaders. But it was easier said than done. In vain did the gamekeeper wait hid in the pit under the ash-trees early every morning and late every evening, for the corbies kept just beyond his reach. At last, getting a shot at one corby, he declared he had hit it, because it flew straight up into the clouds and he never saw anything more of it. Never, for several days more, could he get a chance, and corbies were seen driving away rooks just as before. Not to be outwitted by crows, the keeper tied a cat to a peg in the ground, and concealed himself in a convenient ambush. The crow, suspecting the cat of evil designs on her nest, began hovering and cawing over it. The cat, by plaintive mewings, protested innocence, and the corby, indignant at

hypocrisy added to iniquity, grew more and more angry; and then, while making a near swoop, was shot. But the trick which was successful once was not successful twice, when tried with the companion crow. Another device was thought of. Eight large rats having been caught in the rabbit-traps, were placed within sight of the corby, and a large ferret was pinned down in the cat's place. Attracted by the chattering of the ferret unable to get at the rats, the corby flew within range and was shot. A steel trap baited with egg-shells, and put upon the top of a cropped hedge close by, killed a third corby. And thus the ash coppice was cleared of the invading corbies; and a few days afterwards the rooks began to return to it, only, however, to build there four or five nests where fifty or sixty had been.

Invasions and garottings, thefts and murders, taking place both among birds and men, I am happy to be able to say for rooks, crows, and ravens, and for herons alike of the cinerous and purple species, that, upon the whole, they earn their living honestly. Even the skuas, I may mention by the way, are not always garotters. The Rev. R. N. Dennis, rector of East Blatchington, Sussex, assures me that he has shot both Pomarine and Richardson's skuas upon floods, which were feeding on earthworms. Floods upon pastures during storms drown vast numbers of earthworms, which come up to the surface, and the skuas feed upon them. Like gulls, skuas throw up when wounded. Lord Clermont confirms this observation strikingly. On the sixth of June last, Lestris parasiticus, the Arctic skua, was shot while following a plough in a field five miles from Newry and three from the coast. The skua was picking up the worms laid bare by the plough. Remembering that the skuas usually get their living by garotting honest divers, it is pleasant to know that they sometimes try what an honest life is like.

The purple heron, the squacco heron, and the egret, shade off from the herons to the bitterns. And here I may mention, that herons have been supposed to have an odour in their legs which attracts fish within reach of their beaks. Anglers used to mix their fat in the pastes which they used for baits. "And some affirm," says an old writer, "that any bait anointed with the marrow of the thigh-bone of a heron, is a great temptation to any fish. The scent from his legs was considered to be attracting to them when he waded in the water." What the common heron is said to do by appealing to the sense of smell, the Canadian blue heron does by working on the sense of sight. On the breast of this heron, covered by the long plumage of the neck, is a tuft of soft tumid feathers, which, when the long neck feathers are raised, and the tuft exposed, in the dark emits a phosphorescent light. The fishermen aver that when wading knee-deep in the water at night, the heron brings the fish within his reach by showing his light, just as the Indian does by placing his torch of pitch-pine in the prow of his canoe. On this

principle, common to the Indian fisherman, the salmon spears of Scotland, the Canadian blue heron, and many other fishers, the French have recently invented a new method of fishing. Kindling an electric light in the sea, the curious fish in crowds surround it, and whilst they are satisfying their scientific curiosity the French fishermen extinguish the light, and in the sudden darkness enclose them in their nets.

There is a consideration of which I submit ravens and crows ought to have the benefit. Mr. A. E. Knox has, in his Ornithological Rambles in Sussex, described a raven during long-continued frost looking the very picture of despair, as in pensive attitude and with muffled plumage his dusky figure may be noticed perched on some withered bough. Then, indeed,

Othello's occupation's gone,
and in his hour of need he migrates to the sea-coast, where he feeds on dead fish. Mr. Wolf has designed an illustration of this description, and certainly Othello, with his claws embedded in the snow and icicles, does look, from the standpoint of a comfortable fireside, not a little miserable. But Arctic voyagers tell us that the raven finds a hard frost, which even those of us who retain the keenest recollections of the Christmas-eve of 1860 cannot imagine, to be something enlivening and jolly. Sportsmen who have shot ravens, crows, or rooks in hard winters, have been astonished to find them in full flesh, fat and plump. The Rev. Leonard Jenyns, feeling some desire to know how rooks support themselves during severe frost, had one of them shot and brought to him. It was, he was surprised to find, in most excellent condition. The stomach and its accessories were covered with layers of fat. All this group of birds are omnivorous. A rook has been seen taking a fish out of the lake in Kensington Gardens, and devouring it upon the bank. But their special food consists of animal remains, and this food is most abundant in hard frosts. Cold is the caterer of death; and death is the caterer of the devourers of the dead. During severe weather, innumerable animals of all kinds benumbed with cold fall asleep, and sleep the sleep from which there is no waking. Birds are then found frozen to the branches of trees, stiff and dead. I once lived for three years with a clump of trees in a garden just before my bedroom window, which commanded a view enclosed only by distant hills. During the sleepless nights of a long illness, I learned to distinguish the notes of between thirty and forty different species of birds, and their different hours for beginning their chatterings, whistlings, and warblings. In the winter of 1853-4, when the news from the camps in the Crimea added miserable thoughts to the sufferings of every suffering British household, word came to my bedside one morning, through the pale lips of awe-stricken children and servants, that at least a dozen birds were to be seen upon the trees of the clump frozen and dead. On the Christmas-eve of 1860, a cat was frozen to death, and found next morning standing erect

on all fours in the snow. Most observers in fields and forests have wondered what comes of all the dead animals who die every winter. And the explanation is, that there exist groups of animals with constitutions to resist very intense cold, who instinctively prefer animal remains. The hard frost spreads their banquet; and in return they diminish the noxious gases which spread pestilence; whilst even in the instinct which prompts them to shorten the pain of dying birds and mammals there is beneficence.

MAKING FREE WITH A CHIEF.

It was almost all over with the *Chariot of Fame*, A 1 at Lloyd's for thirteen years, and two thousand tons burthen. Captain Barclay said so. Sam Johnson, the first mate, said so. All the crew agreed with Captain Barclay and Sam Johnson.

Only Heaven knew where we were; save that we knew too well that we were off a nasty coast on a dirty night.

A brazen sunset had brought on a three days' hurricane, and there we were, the pumps clogged, the crew worn out with working at the pumps, the hold full of water, the bulwarks washed away, labouring in the trough of a yeasty sea, and every plank creaking and groaning as if its heart were breaking. It was a pitch-dark September night, and we could not see even the bare poles against the sky; and even with the night-glass we could make out no coast, though we all of us pretty well knew that we should be on a lee shore in a few hours, if the wind did not go down, and the vessel answer her helm a little better.

It was about three bells, as near as may be, when Captain Barclay, a respectable God-fearing man as ever came out between the dock gates, called me down into his cabin.

"Martingale," says he, "you being supercargo, are not called upon to work at the pumps, no more than you are called upon to dip your hands in the tar bucket; but you have done it," says he, "and you're a brave honest fellow" (those were his very words), "and I thank you for it in the name of our employers; your life's a valuable one to the ship, and I insist on your turning into my berth—the sea breaks into yours—and sleeping till I call you when the dog watch comes on. No words, Martingale; turn in, and I'll tell the steward to bring you a stiff nor'-wester."

I could not very well refuse, for I was wet through and worn out, so I thanked him, and turned in.

He gave one look at a portrait of his wife that hung over the sofa in his cabin, took down his speaking-trumpet from the brackets over his desk, wished me good night, and went on deck again.

Three minutes afterwards, the steward's boy came in with the cold grog; the constant seas that the vessel shipped having put out the galley fire.

"Where is Mr. Johnson, William?" I said to the boy.

"He is at the pumps, sir, and he says he won't leave them till daybreak."

I drank the grog and lay down. The wind was so tremendous that it drowned all other noises; but in a moment I was dreaming of the old orchard at home in Lanark, and fancying myself listening to the burr of the old thrashing machine. The sea might roll mountains, the wind might threaten us with death, the *Chariot of Fame* might plunge and struggle; but I was asleep and at rest.

I suppose I must have slept six hours, for when I awoke the wind had gone down, and there was a dead calm and a silence so intense that I think it must have been that which awoke me. It was just daybreak, and the pale sunlight fell softly and cheerfully on the cabin wall, lighting up the picture of the captain's wife. Vexed at having slept so long, I leaped up, dressed as I was, and listened.

Not a sound, no noise of deck-cleaning, no patter of bare feet, no hearty cries, no pacing, no words of command, no running up and down the cabin stairs, no clattering of plates in the cabin.

I washed my face and was out of my berth in a moment. The fore-cabin was an inch deep in water, and the stairs were strewn with tangled ropes. I was up in three strides.

Gracious Heaven! till the last day I have to live, I shall never forget how my heart beat at the moment that I set foot on deck and saw that I was there, *alone*.

Yes, alone. There was not a soul left on board. A straw hat and a telescope lay by the wheel, but the wheel itself was broken and useless. By the galley door hung a tarpaulin coat and an axe, beside a shattered spar, a cask, and a pile of torn canvas.

As I fell on my knees in the utter despair of that moment, I heard a stout hearty voice cry from high above:

"Harry Martingale, belay there! I'm up aloft, overhauling the top hamper."

I looked, and to my intense delight saw the well-known face of Sam Johnson beaming down on me from the cross-trees. In a moment he was on deck at my side.

"This is a bad business," I said; "but they are not all gone, Sam?"

"Every man Jack, Harry," said he. "We were all at work cutting away spars an hour ago, when there came a great washing sea and broke over us; it licked 'em all up, and carried over every soul on 'em, Harry—captain, doctor, down even to the very steward's boy. Gone before you could say Jack Robinson; but there! It is no use crying for spilt milk. He was a good captain, and they were good messmates; but they're gone, and I thank God for sparing us. Where were you at that time? I thought you'd gone with the rest. Well, I am glad to see you, old boy; but come, we must bear a hand, for I tell you the old craft is going down by the head as fast as she can settle."

It didn't do to waste time in talking at moments like that, so we set to, got a good bag of biscuit each, a revolver, some bullets, powder and caps, filled a flask with brandy, and then prepared to go ashore. For there lay the shore on the starboard bow: a long low line of sand-bank, with a few scrubby trees here and there in the hollows, but no cliffs or trees to mention.

It was not two hundred yards off, yet in my delight at finding Sam Johnson alive, I had never before turned my eyes that way.

"I am sure there are natives," said Sam, "for from the cross-trees I could see smoke rising over the scrub to the west."

How to get on shore was the point. At last Sam and I decided to lash a rope crossways round a likely cask which lay near the mast, and probably contained salt pork; and then, tying ourselves to it, to guide it with two rough paddles that I had cut out of the oars of the captain's gig. There was a strong ground swell rolling in green and bright, and the surf soon washed us in high and dry, cask and all.

When we turned and looked round, he hanged if the old Chariot of Fame hadn't gone down! All that was left of her was two or three big spars that wandered about in a helpless sort of inquiring way, and finally floated out of sight round the next headland.

"There goes a nice mouthful for the underwriters!" said Sam.

The first thing Sam did was to wring out his hair, and put his shoes to dry on a rock with a bit of stick in them to keep them from shrinking; he then in the handiest way possible took up a big stone to beat in the head of our pork cask, for, says he:

"We shall want a snack, Harry, about noon, and this junk and some fresh shell-fish, with a sip of brandy, will be a tidy meal enough."

So we pounded away, and at last got the head of the cask off, and when we got the head off, how our jaws dropped to find it was not pork but rosin! Now, a man can't live on rosin, and, as for myself, I felt ready to sit down and blubber.

"I'll be hanged," says Sam, after kicking the cask about in a rage, like a football, for ten minutes, "if I don't go and overhaul that village! You come with me, Harry. We can't spend all our lives on a sea-shore, eating rosin and mussels; besides, the mussels in these outlandish places ain't like the Liverpool mussels."

Off we went, and sure enough, in about a mile, we saw some huts in a clump of gum-trees, and beyond them a forest stretching as far as you could see, here and there opening up into green places like parks, then closing up again into woods.

Well, on we went, Sam first, for he was a better walker than I was, and when we reached the first hut he ran forward and looked through the chinks.

He came back on tiptoe, motioning me to be quiet, making faces like a clown, and stopping his mouth to prevent laughing.

"By the living jingo!" said he, "Harry, I don't know what sort of niggers we've got

amongst; but, whatever they are, here's their dancing crib."

I stole on tiptoe to look. Sure enough there were some sixty niggers, men and women, with nothing particular on them except their great mops of oily black hair, and belts of strips of matting, rigged out for a regular dance.

The master of the ceremonies, who had his back turned to us, was dressed in the costume of 1830—long cinnamon-coloured swallow-tailed coat, frilled shirt, pumps, and claret-coloured pantaloons. Over this, he wore a sort of 'possum skin cloak, and he carried a sort of long white wand in his hand.

"Take your places, gentlemen, for a cotillon, La Mignonette Française; now all at ze once."

Here the fiddle struck up, and the sixty niggers began to dance and jabber, every other word sounding like "Golly, golly," which is the name, therefore, which they went by henceforth with Sam Johnson. All the time the man with the violin went on dancing like a madman in among them, and shouting, "Ladies, moulinet to the right. Each couple allemande to the left. Now La Grande Chaîne. La Promenade. Chassé. Balancé. Retour du Char. Tail of ze cat. Rigadoon. Poussette. Now ze great Round. Ver well."

Presently up runs a nigger from the shore and brought out the dancing-master, who very soon passed close to us, followed by all the niggers. We could see him now quite well; he was a tall lean old nankeen-coloured Frenchman, with thin long legs and cat-like face, remarkable for his hollow lantern cheeks, sunken eyes, and prominent cheek-bones, all crowned by a full curly Brutus wig, very dusty, and almost worn out.

We followed them at a distance, and hid behind a tree, from a spot where we could see all he did. As soon as the nigger who had brought the news led him to the cask, and he had stooped down and examined it, he gave a sort of shriek, took out a lump of the rosin, scraped his fiddle bow, and began dancing.

"Ladies, chain!" he cried, and away they went dancing round the cask as if they were all gone mad.

"They are as mad as March hares," said I. "Sam, I can't stand it any longer. I *must* speak, for there is no doubt about one thing, and that is, that the lubber is a civilised Christian, for he knows how to dance."

So out we stepped and walked straight up to the lubber, and told him about our vessel and how we were cast away. But the man didn't answer a word at first, he was so surprised.

"There, he doesn't know your lingo after all, Sam," said I; "do it by deaf and dumb signs." Then I tried him with the deaf and dumb alphabet, and went through a sort of ballet to show that we had been cast on shore, were hungry, and wanted a night's shelter.

"What for you make zoë faces, gentlemen matelots," he said, breaking out all at once; "you are welcome to what I have of mine, what for you play ze fool? Come, I will tell you of my news at ze village."

In less than half an hour Sam and I were quite at home in the village, telling him of our shipwreck, and listening to our entertainer's own story over three stiff glasses of brandy-and-water, to which both our flasks contributed.

Our host, by name M. Hyacinthe Isidore Gallini, was, it appeared, a French dancing-master, who had been wrecked on the coast twenty years ago, about 1830; my story dates 1850. Gradually he had learnt their lingo, and ingratiated himself into their favour.

"I taught zem," he said, "gentlemen, to Balance and Rigadon, Allemande, Moulinet. I taught zem Le Moulinet, Le Bouquet, La Rose, La Fantasia Liegeoise,—all ze fashionable cotillions that would civilise and amuse zem. I taught zem all ze words of my own language that related to my favourite art. I taught zem, ze quadrille to perfection. They loved and honoured me for this; zey called me ze great Topinambow, which is their word for ze priest. They made me zeir king, and gave me zeir great mystery, ze petrified chief, to guard. I rule zem. I teach zem ze dances, which have become part of zeir religion, and the words and the directions in ze French and English. They look upon me as dropped from Heaven to teach zem cotillions. If I had not dance they would have kill me long ago. Ma foi, how I have taught zem to poussette; ma foi, how zey moulnet! Come, mes enfans, I will now show you ze petrified chief that this nigger people worship."

"Belay there! A petrified nigger," whispered Sam to me, as we followed Gallini; "wouldn't that please them at home, messmate?"

"Quiet, Sam," said I, observing something queer about his face as he spoke to me; and on we went, following Gallini to the place.

We soon came to the spot; it was a cave in a sandstone rock, so deep and dark that we had to enter it with lighted torches. The walls were covered with fantastic figures of men fighting, uncouth monsters, winged dragons, and all those sort of things you may see on signboards and state coaches.

At the extreme end of the cave lay the petrified chief, his face painted with vermilion, and his hair as like oakum as could be. There was a boomerang in his right hand, and a carved wooden club in his left; a pair of sailor's trousers was tied in a knot round his neck, and the rest of his body was wrapped in 'possum skins.

"It's as like our carpenter as one marling-spike's like another," said Sam to me, with a covetous look about his eyes.

Whether we did not admire the chief enough, I don't know, but from that time Gallini seemed always jealous of us, and tried to set the niggers against us: while we did on the other hand all we could to show them that we were worth as much as the old dancing-master.

Sam one day put out the glory of his cotillions for ever, by suddenly shouting out "Belay there!" and dashing into a hornpipe, such a one as even Wapping would have rejoiced at—a regular toe and heel, pulling and hauling horn-

pipe, with shivering trousers, hand in the side, shout, and everything complete.

The niggers were in raptures, and insisted on sacrificing a goat at the door of our tent in honour of Sam; upon which he rushed out, carried it off, and cooked it for his own dinner.

Gallini was going down as fast as mercury in rainy weather. We had all the songs and dancing now to ourselves, and we could not move without processions and sacrifices, which always ended well for Sam and me.

One day Sam and I cleaned up our revolvers and got our powder and bullets, and set to shooting at a calabash—just to frighten the niggers, and show them what fire-arms were. They leaped about like mad people when we hit the mark, as we took care to do every time, for I was behind the tree where the calabash hung, and if Sam missed I ran out and poked a hole in it before they could come up. They wanted to make us both kings, but Sam and I wouldn't have anything to do with it. You see, we had a different game on hand.

The night of the shooting, Gallini came and wanted to buy our pistols, but we wouldn't sell them; then he wanted to buy all our clothes to cut up into pantaloons and swallow-tailed coats; when we refused that too, he left in a rage, swearing at us in French.

Directly he left, Sam came up to me as if he wanted to whisper, and said, "Harry, that Frenchman don't mean us any good, and the sooner we cut it the better. But I tell you I'm not a going away without that petrified nigger. He'd make our fortune in the old country. Harry, are you game, for if so, the sooner we set to work the better."

"Never put off a good thing, Sam," said I; "here's my hand."

As soon as it was dark, off we went to the cave. Taking a horse to the entrance, we brought out the petrified nigger and tied him firm on it. Then we collected some grub in a bag, and struck off on the road leading to what we had been told was the nearest settlement on the Wullah-Nullah river. We calculated, that if we could make a thirty miles' march ahead, we should be pretty safe; we had tied up our hut so as to look as if we were asleep and did not want to be disturbed.

Off we started across a wild prairie half sand-holes and half scrub. By the time the moon rose, we got safe under covert in a forest of gum-trees, through which we had ascertained our track lay.

There was just room for the horse along the native road between the trees, and there was no sound except now and then the scream of some bird far over our heads that our talking awoke, or the fall of some huge branches that now and then dropped with the noise of thunder, and seemed to shake all the forest:

"My eyes, Harry," said Sam, "if I think we shall ever get out again with our mummy! I only wish we'd got him passed clean through the Customs."

"They'll raise our hair if they catch us," said

I. "I think, Sam, we'd better drop the stone nigger, both get on the horse, and push on as fast as we can for the nearest township."

"No, no," said Sam; "I'll never let go of this nigger. Only let me get him home to the Minories, and my fortun's made."

I wasn't going to quarrel with a messmate, so I gave in, and when the moon went down we halted till daybreak, slept by turns, took a meal, and reloaded the horse.

We had just got our traps tied on at daybreak, and all snug under hatches, when I found that that rascal Gallini, or some nigger he had employed, had stolen our pistols.

The second night we had just a mile or so to get clear of the timber, and were beginning to think we were quite safe, when the beast of a horse fell lame and gave in.

"He's shamming," said I.

"No," says Sam, looking at her from stem to stern in a hopeless way. "No, Harry," said he, "that craft's back's broken, and she's going down."

"Well," said I, "bear a hand then with the biscuit-bag, and leave the nigger to be his own tombstone."

Sam didn't answer for a moment; he was down on his knees, seeing if the red paint had at all rubbed off the mummy's face; then he rose up, and said in a awful deep voice to be sure, "No, Harry, no, not if I knows it. If you like to leave me on a lee shore, though I didn't expect it of you, do; but if I go, the stone nigger goes with me. Every one has his opportunity, as our ship carpenter used to say, and this is mine. The stone nigger and I keep together till we either get to Davy's locker, or the Lively Whaler in Ratcliffe Highway."

I was just going to tell him that we'd pull in the same boat whatever the weather was, when there came a cry from the wood behind us like the cry of a mad dog. Then, came two more cries, then three, then a dozen. Last of all, there came a sort of shaking howl that sounded like nothing but "Golly, golly, golly!" and grew louder every minute. It was the niggers after us. Presently, out they came across the prairie in a long black line like a pack of dogs, and ran straight at us with clubs and spears, knocking us both down with boomerangs, and stunning us.

When we came to, they were dancing cotillions round us, and chasséing and moulmeting for joy at getting back their petrified chief. They had taken us back several miles to Gallini, and had lighted a fire to sleep round for the night. Presently, Gallini came to us, cursed us, pushed us about with his feet (for we were tied), danced round us, and then told us that we were to be sacrificed early in the morning, in atonement to the great stone chief—as the niggers called the mummy. I don't suppose we had to thank him

for much, but one of the black fellows brought us some victuals and left us.

By-and-by, the thieves, worn out with the chase they'd had, fell asleep round their fire. As soon as they were all sound, Sam nudged me, and, slipping his hands out of the ropes, drew his clasp knife out of his pocket, cut off his remaining tackling, and then cut mine.

"It's dirty weather with us," I whispered to Sam, "and there's such a sea round us, Sam, as no boat can live in."

"Never you mind," said Sam. "You bear a hand with the stone nigger. I saw some smoke, Harry, over those trees to the left, three hours ago, and that's what I'm going to make for."

Well, we went up to where the stone nigger was, and hoisting him between us, set off as quietly as we could in the direction where Sam had seen the smoke. The stone nigger was a heavy load, but we staggered on with him for half a mile, till we saw a fire and some men sitting round it. When we approached, they started up and seized their guns.

"Friends or enemies?" cried one of them.

"Friends, ahoy!" said Sam, letting down his end of the stone mummy as tenderly as if it was alive. "Friends! and Great Britons! Just got out of the hands of the bloodthirsty niggers."

"You're welcome," cried all the men; "we're Englishmen too. Come to our fire. We've got rifles enough here, to stop five hundred niggers; but what have *you* got there?"

"Well, it's a long yarn," said Sam, "to tell you what we're laden with. It's no baccy nor any smuggled goods, but as beautiful a stone nigger as ever you set eyes on."

Nothing could have been kinder than the explorers were, and in a few minutes there was Sam and I sitting by the fire on the petrified man, drinking our horns of grog, and singing:

The heart of a true British sailor.

The explorers had pack-horses, and these bore the petrified man alternately. I and Sam made a good thing of exhibiting the chief in the settlement, and then we shipped him in the Happy Return for England, where we did still better. And those who want to see him, and hear our story fuller and better told, had better come and call on us at No. 14, Davis-street, New Cut, where the stone nigger is now exhibiting with great success at twopence a head.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,

A New Series of Occasional Papers

By CHARLES DICKENS,

WILL BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Now ready, bound in cloth, price 5s. 6d.,

THE NINTH VOLUME.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 233.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

COULD any one have known what was passing in different places, he would have counted Alfred's deliverance a certainty; for Sampson's placard was on Barkington walls, and inside the asylum Alfred was softening hearts and buying consciences, as related; so, in fact, he had two strings to his bow.

But mark how strangely things turn; these two strings got entangled, and spoil all. His father, alarmed by the placard, called at the pawnbroker's shop, and told him he must move Alfred directly to a London asylum. Baker raised objections; Mr. Hardie crushed them with his purse, i.e. with his son's and victim's sweet-heart's father's money: so then, as Baker after all could not resist the project, but only postpone it for a day or two, he preferred to take a handsome present, and co-operate; he even connived at Mr. Hardie's signing the requisite name to the new order. This the giddy world calls forgery; but, in these calm retreats, far from the public's inquisitive eye, it goes for nothing. Why, Mrs. Archbold had signed Baker's name and Dr. Bailey's more than a hundred several times to orders, statements, and certificates; depriving Englishmen of their liberty and their property with a gesture of her taper fingers; and venting the conventional terms, "Aberration," "Exaltation," "Depression," "Debility," "Paralysis," "Excitable," "Abnormal," as boldly and blindly as any male stalling in the flock.

On the very night then of Alfred's projected escape, two keepers came down from Dr. Wycherley's asylum to Silverton station: Baker met them, and drove them to Silverton House in his dog-cart. They were to take Alfred up by the night train; and, when he came into the kitchen with Brown, they suspected nothing, nor did Baker or Cooper, who presently emerged from the back kitchen. Brown saw, and recovered his wife partially. "Shall I go for his portmanteau, sir?" stammered he, making a shrewd and, fortunate guess at what was up. Baker assented; and soon after went out to get the horse harnessed: on this Mrs. Archbold, pale, sorrowful, and silent hitherto, beckoned

Alfred into the back kitchen, and there gave him his watch and his loose money. "I took care of them for you," said she; "for the like have often been stolen in this place. Put the money in your shoes; it may be useful to you."

He thanked her somewhat sullenly; for his disappointment was so deep and bitter that small kindnesses almost irritated him.

She sighed. "It is cruel to be angry with me," she said: "I am not the cause of this; it is a heavier blow to me than to you. Sooner or later you will be free—and then you will not waste a thought on me, I fear—but I must remain in this odious prison without your eyes and your smile to lighten me, yet unable to forget you. Oh, Alfred, for mercy's sake whisper me one kind word at parting; give me one kind look to remember and dote upon."

She put out both hands as eloquently as she spoke, and overpowered his prudence so far that he took her offered hands—they were as cold now as they were burning hot the last time—and pressed them, and said, "I shall be grateful to you while I live."

The passionate woman snatched her hands away. "Gratitude is too cold for me," she cried; "I scorn even yours. Love me, or hate me."

He made no reply. And so they parted.

"Will you pledge your honour to make no attempt at escape on the road?" asked the pawnbroker, on his return.

"I'll see you d—d first," replied the prisoner.

On this he was handcuffed, and helped into the dog-cart.

They went up to town by the midnight train; but, to Alfred's astonishment and delight, did not take a carriage to themselves.

However, station after station was passed, and nobody came into their carriage. At last they stopped at a larger station, and a good many people were on the platform: Alfred took this opportunity and appealed in gentle but moving terms to the first good and intelligent face he saw. "Sir," said he, "I implore your assistance."

The gentleman turned courteously to him. The keepers, to Alfred's surprise, did not interrupt.

"I am the victim of a conspiracy, sir; they pretend I am mad: and are taking me by force to a madhouse, a living tomb."

"You certainly don't appear to be mad," said the gentleman.

The head keeper instantly showed him the order and a copy of the certificates.

"Don't look at *them*, sir," cried Alfred; "they are signed by men who were bribed to sign them. For God's sake, sir, judge for yourself. Test my memory, my judgment, by any question you please. Use your own good sense; don't let those venal rogues judge for you."

The gentleman turned cold directly.

"I could not take on me to interfere," said he. The unsworn affidavits had overpowered his senses. He retired with a frigid inclination. Alfred wrung his handcuffed hands, and the connecting chain rattled. The train moved on.

The men never complained: his conduct was natural; and they knew their strength. At the next station he tested a snob's humanity instead of a gentleman's. He had heard they were more tender hearted. The answer was a broad grin: repeated at intervals.

Being called mad was pretty much the same thing as being mad to a mind of this class: and Alfred had admitted he was called mad.

At the next station he implored a silvery haired old gentleman. Old age, he had heard, has known griefs, and learned pity.

The keeper showed the certificates.

"Ah!" said Senex; "poor young man. Now don't agitate yourself. It is all for your good. Pray go quietly. Very painful, very painful." And he hobbled away as fast as he could. It is by shirking the painful some live to be silvery old.

Next he tried a policeman. Bobby listened to him erect as a dart.

The certificates were shown him.

He eyed them and said sharply, "All right." Nor could Alfred's entreaties and appeals to common sense attract a word or even a look from him. Alfred cried "Help! murder! If you are Englishmen, if you are Christians, help me."

This soon drew a crowd round him, listening to his fiery tale of wrong, and crying "Shame, shame! Let him go." The keepers touched their heads, winked, and got out and showed the certificates; the crowd melted away like wax before those two suns of evidence (unsworn). The train moved on.

It was appalling. How could he ever get free? Between his mind and that of his fellows there lay a spiritual barrier more impassable than the walls of fortified cities.

Yet, at the very next station, with characteristic tenacity of purpose, he tried again; for he saw a woman standing near, a buxom country woman of forty. Then he remembered that the Naked Eye was not yet an extinct institution among her sex. He told her his tale, and implored her to use her own eyes. She seemed struck, and did eye him far more closely than the men had; and told the keepers they ought to be ashamed of themselves; he was no madman, for she had seen madmen." They showed her the certificates.

"Oh, I am no scholar!" said she contemptuously; "ye can't write my two eyes out of my head."

The keeper whipped off Alfred's cap and showed his shaven crown.

"La! so he is," said she, lowering her tone; "dear heart, what a pity! And such a pretty young gentleman." And after that all he could say only drew the dew of patient pity to her eyes.

The train went on, and left her standing there, a statue of negative clemency. Alfred lost heart. He felt how impotent he was. "I shall die in a madhouse," he said. He shivered in a corner, hating man, and doubting God.

They reached Dr. Wycherley's early in the morning. Alfred was shown into a nice clean bedroom, and asked whether he would like to bathe or sleep. "Oh, a bath," he said; and was allowed to bathe himself. He had not been long in the water when Dr. Wycherley's medical assistant tapped at the door, and then entered without further ceremony; a young gentleman with a longish down on his chin, which, initiated early in the secrets of physiology, he was too knowing to shave off and so go to meet his trouble. He came in looking like a machine, with a note-book in his hand, and stood by the bath side dictating notes to himself and jotting them down.

"Six contusions: two on the thorax, one on the abdomen, two on the thighs, one near the patella; turn, please," Alfred turned in the water. "A slight dorsal abrasion; also of the wrists; a severe excoriation of the ankle. Leg-lock, eh?"

"Yes."

"Iron leg-lock. Head shaved. Large blister. Good! Any other injuries external or internal under old system?"

"Yes, sir, confined as a madman though sane, as *you*, I am sure, have the sense to see."

"Oh, never mind that; we are all sane here—except the governor and I."

He whipped out, and entered the condition of the new patient's body with jealous minuteness in the case-book. As for his mind, he made no inquiry into that; indeed he was little qualified for researches of the kind.

At breakfast Alfred sat with a number of mad ladies and gentlemen, who by firmness, kindness, and routine, had been led into excellent habits: the linen was clean and the food good. He made an excellent meal, and set about escaping; with this view he explored the place. Nobody interfered with him; but plenty of eyes watched him. The house was on the non-restraint system. He soon found that this system was as bad for him as it was good for the insane. Non-restraint implied a great many attendants, and constant vigilance. Moreover, the doors were strong, the windows opened only eight inches, and that from the top; their framework was iron, painted like wood, &c. It was next to impossible to get into the yard at night; and then it looked quite impossible to get any further, for the house was encompassed by high walls.

He resigned all hope of escape without connivance. He sounded a keeper; the man fired at the first word. "Come, none of that, sir; you should know better than tempt a poor man."

Alfred coloured to the eyes ; and sighed deeply. To have honour thrown in his face, and made the reason for not aiding him to baffle a dishonourable conspiracy ! But he took the reproof so sweetly, the man was touched, and, by-and-by, seeing him deeply dejected, said good naturedly, "Don't be down on your luck, sir. If you are really better, which you don't look to have much the matter now, why not write to the Commissioners and ask to be let out ?"

"Because my letters will be intercepted."

"Ay, to your friends ; but not to the Commissioners of Lunacy. Not in this house, any way."

"God bless you !" cried Alfred impetuously. "You are my benefactor ; you are an honest fellow ; give me your hand."

"Well, why not ? Only you mustn't excite yourself. Take it easy." (Formula.)

"Oh, no cant among friends !" said Alfred : "wouldn't you be excited at the hope of getting out of prison ?"

"Well, I don't know but I might. Bound I am as sick of it as you are."

Alfred got paper and sketched the letter on which so much depended. It took him six hours. He tore up two ; he cooled down the third, and condensed it severely : by this means, after much thought, he produced a close and telling composition ; he also weeded it of every trait and every term he had observed in mad people's talk, or the letters they had shown him. So there was no incoherency, no heat, no prolixity, no "spies," no "conspiracy," no italics. A simple, honest, earnest story, with bitter truth stamped on every line ; a sober, strong appeal from a sore heart but hard head to the arbiters of his fate.

To the best of my belief no madman, however slightly touched, or however cunning, ever wrote a letter so gentle yet strong, so earnest yet calm, so short yet full, and withal so lucid and cleanly jointed as this was : and I am no contemptible judge ; for I have accumulated during the last few years a large collection of letters from persons deranged in various degrees, and studied them minutely, more minutely than most Psychologicals study anything but Pounds, Shillings, and Verbiage.

The letter went, and he hoped but scarcely expected an answer by return of post. It did not come. He said to his heart, "Be still ;" and waited. Another day went by ; and another : he gnawed his heart, and waited : he pined, and waited on. The Secret Tribunal, which was all a shallow legislature had left him, "took it easy." Secret Tribunals always do.

But, while the victim-suitor longed and pined and languished for one sound from the voice of Justice and Humanity, and while the Secret Tribunal, not being in prison itself all this time, "took it easy," events occurred at Barkington that bade fair to throw open the prison doors, and bring father and son, bride and bridegroom, together again under one roof.

But at what a price !

CHAPTER XL.

MR. HARDIE found his daughter lying ashy pale on a little bed in the drawing-room of Albion Villa. She was now scarce conscious. The old doctor sat at her head looking very grave ; and Julia kneeled over her beloved friend, pale as herself, with hands clasped convulsively, and great eyes of terror and grief.

That vivid young face, full of foreboding and woe, struck Mr. Hardie the moment he entered ; and froze his very heart : the strong man quivered and sank slowly like a felled tree by the bedside ; and his face and the poor girl's, whose earthly happiness he had coldly destroyed, nearly met over his crushed daughter.

"Jane, my child," he gasped ; "my poor little Jane !"

"Oh let me sleep," she moaned feebly.

"Darling, it's your own papa," said Julia softly.

"Poor papa," said she, turning rather to Julia than to him : "let me sleep."

She was in a half lethargic state.

Mr. Hardie asked the doctor in an agitated whisper if he might move her home. The doctor shook his head : "Not by my advice ; her pulse is scarce perceptible. We must not move her, nor excite her, nor yet let her sink into lethargy. She is in great danger ; very great."

At these terrible words Mr. Hardie groaned : and they all began to speak below the breath.

"Edward," murmured Mrs. Dodd hurriedly, "run and put off the auction : put it off altogether : then go to the railway ; nothing must come here to make a noise : and get straw put down directly. Do that first, dear."

"You are kinder to me than I deserve," muttered Mr. Hardie humbly, quite cowed by the blow that had fallen on him.

The words agitated Mrs. Dodd with many thoughts ; but she whispered as calmly as she could, "Let us think of nothing now but this precious life."

Mr. Hardie begged to see the extent of the injury. Mrs. Dodd dissuaded him ; but he persisted. Then the doctor showed her poor head.

At that the father uttered a scream and sat quivering. Julia buried her face in the bed-clothes directly, and sobbed vehemently. It passed faintly across the benumbed and shuddering father, "How she loves my child ; they all love her : " but the thought made little impression at the time ; the mind was too full of terror and woe. The doctor now asked for brandy, in a whisper. Mrs. Dodd left the room with stealthy foot, and brought it. He asked for a quill. Julia went with swift, stealthy foot, and brought it. With adroit and tender hands they aided the doctor, and trickled stimulants down her throat. Then sat like statues of grief about the bed ; only every now and then eye sought eye, and endeavoured to read what the other thought. Was there hope ? Was there none ? And by-and-by, so roving is the mind, especially when the body is still, these statues began to thrill with thoughts of the past as well as the absorbing present.

Ay, here were met a strange party; a stranger, for its size, methinks never yet met on earth, to mingle their hearts together in one grief.

Just think! Of him who sat there with his face hidden in his hands, and his frame shuddering, all the others were the victims.

Yet the lady, whose husband he had robbed and driven mad, pitied and sympathised with him, and he saw it; the lady, whom he had insulted at the altar and blighted her young heart and life, pitied and sympathised with him; the poor old doctor pitied and sympathised, and was more like an anxious father than a physician.

Even Jane was one of his victims; for she fell by the hand of a man he had dishonestly ruined and driven out of his senses.

Thinking of all he had done, and this the end of it, he was at once crushed and melted.

He saw with awe that a mightier hand than man's was upon him; it had tossed him and his daughter into the house and, the arms of the injured Dodds, in defiance of all human calculation; and he felt himself a straw in that hand: so he was, and the great globe itself. Oh if Jane should die! the one creature he loved, the one creature, bereaved of whom he could get no joy even from riches.

What would he not give to recal the past, since all his schemes had but ended in this. Thus stricken by terror of the divine wrath, and touched by the goodness and kindness of those he had cruelly wronged, all the man was broken with remorse. Then he vowed to undo his own work as far as possible: he would do anything, everything, if Heaven would spare him his child.

Now it did so happen that these resolves, earnest and sincere but somewhat vague, were soon put to the test; and, as often occurs, what he was called on to do first was that which he would rather have done last. Thus it was: about five o'clock in the afternoon Jane Hardie opened her eyes and looked about her.

It was a moment of intense anxiety. They all made signals, but held their breath. She smiled at sight of Mr. Hardie, and said, "Papa! dear papa!"

There was great joy: silent on the part of Mrs. Dodd and Julia; but Mr. Hardie, who saw in this a good omen, Heaven recognising his penitence, burst out: "She knows me; she speaks; she will live. How good God is! Yes, my darling child, it is your own father. You will be brave and get well for my sake."

Jane did not seem to pay much heed to these words; she looked straight before her like one occupied with her own thought, and said distinctly and solemnly, "Papa—send for Alfred."

It fell on all three like a clap of thunder; those gentle but decided tones, those simple natural words.

Julia's eyes flashed into her mother's, and then sought the ground directly.

There was a dead silence.

Mr. Hardie was the one to speak, "Why for

him, dear? Those who love you best are all here."

"For Heaven's sake don't thwart her, sir," said the doctor, in alarm. "This is no time to refuse her anything in your power. Sometimes the very expectation of a beloved person coming keeps them alive; stimulates the powers."

Mr. Hardie was sore perplexed. He recoiled from the sudden exposure that might take place, if Alfred without any preparation or previous conciliatory measures were allowed to burst in upon them. And while his mind was whirling within him in doubt and perplexity, Jane spoke again; but no longer calmly and connectedly: she was beginning to wander. Presently in her wandering she spoke of Edward; called him dear Edward. Mrs. Dodd rose hastily, and her first impulse was to ask both gentlemen to retire; so instinctively does a good woman protect her own sex against the other. But, reflecting that this was the father, she made an excuse and retired herself instead, followed by Julia. The doctor divined, and went to the window. The father sat by the bed, and soon gathered his daughter loved Edward Dodd.

The time was gone by when this would have greatly pained him.

He sighed like one overmatched by fate; but said, "You shall have him, my darling; he is a good young man, he shall be your husband; you shall be happy. Only live for my sake, for all our sakes." She paid no attention and wandered on a little; but her mind gradually cleared, and by-and-by she asked quietly for a glass of water. Mr. Hardie gave it her. She sipped, and he took it from her. She looked at him close, and said distinctly, "Have you sent for Alfred?"

"No, love, not yet?"

"Not yet?! There is no time to lose," she said gravely.

Mr. Hardie trembled. Then, being alone with her, the miserable man unable to say no, unwilling to say yes, tried to persuade her not to ask for Alfred. "My dear," he whispered, "I will not refuse you: but I have a secret to confide to you. Will you keep it?"

"Yes, papa, faithfully."

"Poor Alfred is not himself. He has delusions; he is partly insane. My brother Thomas has thought it best for us all to put him under gentle restraint for a time. It would retard his cure to have him down here and subject him to excitement."

"Papa," said Jane, "are you deceiving me, or are you imposed upon? Alfred insane? It is a falsehood. He came to me the night before the wedding that was to be. O my brother, my darling brother, how dare they say you are insane! That letter you showed me then was a falsehood? O papa!"

"I feared to frighten you," said Mr. Hardie, and hung his head.

"I see it all," she cried; "those wicked men with their dark words have imposed on you. Bring him to me that I may reconcile you all, and

end all this misery ere I go hence and be no more seen."

"Oh, my child, don't talk so," cried Mr. Hardie, trembling. "Think of your poor father."

"I do," she cried, "I do. Oh, papa, I lie here between two worlds, and see them both so clear. Trust to me: and, if you love me——"

"If I love you, Jane? better than all the world twice told."

"Then don't refuse me this one favour: the last, perhaps, I shall ever ask you. I want my brother here before it is too late. Tell him he must come to his little sister, who loves him dearly, and—is dying."

"Oh no! no! no!" cried the agonised father, casting everything to the winds. "I will. He shall be here in twelve hours. Only promise me to bear up. Have a strong will; have courage. You shall have Alfred, you shall have anything you like on earth, anything that money can get you? What am I saying? I have no money: it is all gone. But I have a father's heart! Madam, Mrs. Dodd!" She came directly.

"Can you give me paper? No, I won't trust to a letter. I'll send off a special messenger this moment. It is for my son, madam. He will be here to-morrow morning. God knows how it will all end. But how can I refuse my dying child? Oh, madam, you are good, kind, forgiving; keep my poor girl alive for me: keep telling her Alfred is coming; she cares more for him than for her poor heartbroken father."

And the miserable man rushed out, leaving Mrs. Dodd in tears for him.

He was no sooner gone than Julia came in; and clasped her mother, and trembled on her bosom. Then Mrs. Dodd knew she had overheard Mr. Hardie's last words.

Jane Hardie, too, though much exhausted by the scene with her father, put out her hand to Julia, and took hers, and said feebly, but with a sweet smile, "He is coming, love; all shall be well." Then to herself as it were, and looking up with a gentle rapture in her pale face:

"Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

On this thought she seemed to feed with innocent joy; but for a long time was too weak to speak again.

Mr. Hardie, rushing from the house, found Edward at work outside; he was crying undisguisedly, and with his coat off working hard at spreading the straw than both the two men together he had got to help him. Mr. Hardie took his hand and wrung it, but could not speak.

In half an hour a trusty agent he had often employed was at the station waiting for the up-train, nearly due.

He came back to Albion Villa. Julia met him on the stairs, with her finger to her lips. She is sleeping; the doctor has hopes. Oh, sir, let us all pray for her day and night."

Mr. Hardie blessed her; it seemed the face of

an angel, so earnest, so lovely, so pious. He went home: and at the door of his own house Peggy met him with anxious looks. He told her what he had done.

"Good Heavens!" said she: "have you forgotten? He says he will kill you the first day he gets out. You told me so yourself."

"Yes, Baker said so. I can't help it. I don't care what becomes of me; I care only for my child. Leave me, Peggy; there, go; go."

He was no sooner alone than he fell upon his knees, and offered the Great Author of life and death—a bargain. "Oh God," he cried, "I own my sins, and I repent them. Spare but my child, who never sinned against Thee, and I will undo all I have done amiss in Thy sight. I will refund that money on which Thy curse lies. I will throw myself on their mercy. I will set my son free. I will live on a pittance. I will part with Peggy. I will serve Mammon no more. I will attend Thine ordinances. I will live soberly, honestly, and godly all the remainder of my days; only do Thou spare my child. She is Thy servant, and does Thy work on earth, and there is nothing on earth I love but her."

And now the whistle sounded, the train moved, and his messenger was flying fast to London, with a note to Dr. Wycherley:

"Dear Sir,—My poor daughter lies dangerously wounded, and perhaps at the point of death. She cries for her brother. He must come down to us instantly, with the bearer of this. Send one of your people with him if you like. But it is not necessary. I enclose a blank cheque, signed, which please fill at your discretion.

"I am, with thanks,

"Yours in deep distress,

"RICHARD HARDIE."

THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.

IF, as Froissart says, we English take our pleasure sadly after our fashion, it is very certain that we take it coolly. We *will* have it, be it in what shape it may, though dressmakers die in working against time for the preparation of our court robes, and bakers' lives are sacrificed to our partiality for hot rolls. But, when we have got it we think very little of it, and very much less of those who, some by great natural gifts, combined with much labour, industry and perseverance, minister to the pleasure of which we make so light. Great actors and singers are, by a certain portion of society, classed with cooks, mountebanks, and horse-jockeys. "That man who wrote the book, you know," is the phrase by which Mr. Tennyson or Dr. Darwin would be designated, and world-renowned artists are "odd persons, whom one does not meet about." With that wretched imposition which occasionally in England is known as society—that gathering of vapidity to each component part of which the laws which guide it prescribe a blank igno-

rance—an uncaring unquestioning acceptance of matters as they stand—a horror of talent as low, and of unconventionality as not correct—with this dreary phantasm sometimes regnant among us, Business, however lumpy, coarse, unrefined, can be received, provided it be properly gilt; but Pleasure and her professors, however clever, bright, and decent, are under the ban. Yet the Business of Pleasure is carried on in the most methodical manner, is of enormous extent, employs countless “hands,” and avails itself of all the counting-house, clerk, day-book and ledger system, without which respectability cannot understand existence. To carry out the Business of English Pleasure, men and women are at this very time practising eight hours a day in dreary little Italian cities under renowned maestri, labouring against innumerable difficulties, privations, and disappointments, and solely cheered by the hope that on some future day they shall be permitted to minister to pleasure in London, and earn the meed reserved for a few such ministrants. In the business of Pleasure, acres and acres of English ground, and Rhenish mountain, and French and Spanish plain, are set apart and cultivated to the highest degree of perfection; in the same interest hardy Norsemen are salmon fishing; heavy Westphalian boors, preposterously accoutred, are boar hunting; blue-blossed Alsatian peasants are fattening bilious geese; dirty Russians are oiling cod-sounds. Those engaged in the Business of Pleasure are of various stations, of various temperaments, of various degrees of usefulness; but from all is there required as strict honesty, punctuality, and fidelity, as proper and earnest a performance of their duties, as thorough rectitude, as in any other condition in life.

Let us first of all adjourn to a Greenwich dinner:

The Vessel, well-known Greenwich house, built a few years ago, and rented by Mr. Waterman, erst proprietor of the Ball and Coronet, an old-fashioned tumble-down wooden edifice, lower down the street. From the 1st of April to the 30th of September, Pleasure’s business is in full swing here, and never allows the smallest relaxation. With a view to such business, and nothing else, the Vessel was built; on the heading of its bills it calls itself an hotel, but you might search in vain on the Vessel’s basement for the commercial room; you might pass the remainder of your life hunting without success for the large family bedrooms, or the stuffy cupboards in which bachelors are made to pass the night. There are no baths, and no billiard-room, no quaint assembly-room leading up three steps at the end of the first-floor passage, and smelling as if the ghost of our gavotte-dancing grandmothers still inhabited it. You will never find rows of boots with number-chalked soles standing outside its chamber-doors, nor regiments of bed-candlesticks on its hall table; no “boots” lurks up its stairs at the chilly hours of the morning to call any one who is going by the first train, nor has such a thing as a “break-fast order” ever been heard within its capacious

walls. From its cellar to its attic the Vessel means dinner, and nothing but dinner. On its ground floor are its hall, a lavatory, and the coffee-room with its numbered tables and its cheery look-out on the river. On the first floor are the large rooms used for city companies, testimonial dinners, and such like, at which between two and three hundred guests often sit down simultaneously; above, are the smaller rooms used for private parties. Each of these rooms is distinguished by a name—the Nelson, the Beaufort, the Wellington, &c., and the party in each is accredited with the dinner, wine, &c., ordered and consumed, in the following fashion.—In the bar sits the booking clerk at a desk; behind him is a speaking pipe; at his side are two flexible tubes, one descending to the cellar, the other to the kitchen. Down the speaking pipe comes a roar: “Wellington—ite pudding, bottle of decent hock.” Book-keeper gives ice-putting order, but is slightly confounded about wine, so calls up, “Wellington! sparkling hock did you say?” Answer: “Decent hock, gentleman said.” “All right.” Then down cellarman’s tube: “Wellington, bottle hock, No. 3.” The principal cellarman has two assistants, who are despatched for wine while he books each order against the particular room named. The system of check is thus treble, and, at the end of the evening when accounts are made up, three entries of every order are brought forward—that is to say, the waiter’s who gives it, the booking-clerk through whom it passes, and the cellarman who executes it. The cellars are perfect marvels of order and systematic detail, and so thorough is the supervision, and so accurate the check, that the superintendent, looking at the last stock-taking, can reckon the consumption to the moment of inquiry, and can at any time give you to a bottle the exact state of any bin in the vast cellarage. While on this subject it is worth noticing that though the cellar contains numerous specimens of rare wines and curious vintages, it is very seldom indeed that they are called for. Punch, sherry, and champagne, with the dinner—and nearly always champagne—it seems to be a fixed idea with Greenwich diners, more especially with those who but seldom indulge in such a luxury, that champagne is a positive necessity. After dinner, by men of the present generation, and at parties where ladies are present, claret is generally drunk; but at the great feasts of the City companies, at the testimonial presentation dinners, at the annual gatherings of old gentlemen belonging to eccentrically-named clubs—institutions with a superstructure of indulgence springing from a substratum of charity—nothing but East India brown sherry and sound port ever “sparkle on the board” after the cloth has been removed from it.

On the first floor is a kitchen, which supplies that and the floor above, while the house is pierced with “lifts” for the speedy conveyance of hot dishes and removal of plates, glasses, &c. One of these lifts penetrates to the cellar, and brings up the wine fresh and cool from the deep dark bins; one fetches the fruit and

dessert from that bower wherein a pretty girl passes her life engaged in the dispensation of such luxuries; several are perpetually clattering down into the kitchens, and returning laden with different courses, all set out in order for the particular room the waiter attached to which is in attendance to receive them. The same order and regularity which pervades the rest of the establishment is brought to play upon the waiters; to each man the plate given out is counted and entered on a record; each has his own particular cutlery and glass; each is accountable for everything supplied to him; each has, as the first instalment of his day's labour, to cut up a huge brown loaf into that timber-yard arrangement of delicious slices, without which no Greenwich dinner would be complete. Added to this, on every floor in the secret recesses unexplored by the general public, hangs a written code of laws and a table of fines applicable to waiters' irregularities. At the Greenwich houses the majority of the waiters will be found to be foreigners, and they are mostly sons of German innkeepers, many of them men of worldly position, who have come over here to acquire a knowledge of their business, and an insight into the ways of the world. The head waiter at such a house as the Vessel is a superior man; at large dinners he draws a regular sketch of the table, which is generally in horse-shoe form, and on an average holds thirty-five dishes, seventeen on either side, and a huge centre-piece before the chairman; he arranges them artistically, and can in an instant denote the exact place of any dish. The daily list of eatables is prepared each morning by the superintendent (one of the partners), and nearly every article is purchased in Greenwich. Some of the fish is purchased in Billingsgate, but most comes from two local fishmongers, who each morning supply a priced tariff of what they have to offer. The meat and nearly all the vegetables are purchased in the neighbourhood, and with such exactness are the Vessel's books kept, that the precise amount spent in lucifer matches during the season is entered, and figures with other equally small items in the grand total of the partnership account. What these accounts must be, for fish alone, may be guessed, when it is recorded here that between the 1st of April and the 30th of September, there is an average consumption of *thirty-five thousand* flounders.

Whitebait, without which there would be no Vessel, and in the minds of a great many people no Greenwich—whitebait, which Theodore Hook called "curl-papers fried in batter," which most people sneer at as nothing, and which everybody eats with delight—are caught where the water is a little brackish, generally between Barking and Greenwich, with a net thirty feet long and twelve feet wide. This net is cast always in daylight, either at high or low water, and remains two feet below the surface until nearly the ebb or flood, as the case may be. At the commencement of the spring whitebait first appear, but not in large quantities, as these are old fish who escaped the last year's netting;

about the middle of April the young fry, perfectly transparent, arrive, and in the first week in May come to perfection. So it continues for a couple of months, then gradually whitebait get larger and larger, and about the close of September are lost sight of altogether. There is a speciality for dressing "bait," and the fisherman who, assisted by his son, for upwards of a score of years has supplied the Vessel, not only catches the whitebait but cooks them. On a glowing coke fire is placed a large frying-pan full of boiling lard; the fish, first thoroughly rolled in flour, are placed in a cloth, which is plunged into the hissing fat. The cook, a perfect Salamander, utterly impervious to the frightful heat which makes strangers wink and beat a hasty retreat, takes the handle of the frying-pan and turns it from right to left, peering in at the seething mass. In two minutes the cooking is accomplished, and the fish are emptied out of the cloth on to a dish. Ye who would taste your bait in perfection, get permission to eat it in the kitchen! Salmon comes from the banks of the Severn and Tweed, sole from Texel and Torbay, whiting and mackerel from the South Coast, smelts from the Medway, turbot from Dover, eels and flounders from the Thames, perch and crayfish from Oxford, lobsters from the coast of Norway, trout principally from Loch Leven, red mullet from the Channel Islands.

Let us take another example of Pleasure, and learn something more of the Business by which it exists. A theatre would not be a bad specimen, or a music-hall, or a supper establishment, with a large assemblage of customers with tastes ranging from high patrician to low plebeian. Here is a place combining the qualifications of all these—CREMORNE GARDENS. So quietly, orderly, and well is this place conducted, and with such sensible regard to the interest of its frequenters (who, by the way, are of all classes, ranging from old women and children who come for an early tea and a stroll in the grounds, who are possessed with wild desires to see the dogs and monkeys, and listen to the band, down to gentlemanly gentlemen who eat suppers, and are far too grand to express their desire to see anything at all), that, by its non-frequenters and by a huge class of amiable people who look upon any amusement as emanating from Moloch and beckoning towards the gallows, it would never be heard of, were it not for the practical wit of certain exquisite humorists, who annually mark certain festive days in London's calendar by breaking the proprietor's glasses and the waiters' heads. This amiable class may perchance be strong in its notions of the diffusion of capital and the employment of labour; it may be always publishing pamphlets in which these subjects are paraded, in which it is clearly proved that this wretched country is on its way to destruction, and that the sooner every person with natural strength or mechanical knowledge is on his way to some hitherto unheard-of land—there to set up that log-hut, and to ply that axe which have stood the poetasters in such good stead—the better for himself and for society.

The gardens of Cremorne are twenty-two acres in extent, are prettily laid out, are filled with brilliant flowers, and are kept with as much care as those of the Horticultural Society. Indeed, of the quiet daylight frequenters of the place, were they not properly attended to, there would be a serious falling off. During the season, the services of fifteen gardeners are constantly required, in rolling paths, mowing lawns, and attending to the beds. Previous to opening, twenty carpenters, six scene-painters, twelve gasmen, two women to sew canvas, four men to repair the roof, and five house-painters, take possession of the outside of Cremorne and its appurtenances, while two upholsterers, fifteen wardrobe-makers, and ten property-men, look up old material, and prepare for internal decoration. Then the literary gentleman attached to the establishment sits down in his cabinet to compose the announcement of approaching festivities, and eight bill-posters convey the result of his cogitations to an admiring public.

In this past season of 1863 the Gardens opened early in the spring with a dog show; and the estimate for the preparation, for gardeners, painters, roofers, carpenters, smiths, labourers, and gravel-diggers, amounted to 3500*l.*, independent of the cost of material, galvanised iron, timber, ironmongery, wire-work, &c., about 2000*l.* more. While the Exhibition was open, the expenses of keepers, police, attendants, and music, were about 300*l.* a week, and a very large sum was expended in advertisements and prizes. This dog show, however, was an extraneous affair, not calculated in the regular round of expense. In the same category was the tournament, to produce which the services of three hundred "supers," six armourers, thirty-two horses, and ten grooms, were specially engaged. When the Gardens are open for the season the regular staff is very large and very costly. It comprises sixteen money-takers, seven gasmen, two scene-painters, three house-painters, one resident master carpenter, and seventeen wardrobe men and women. The stage department requires the services of twenty-five carpenters to work the scenes, a prompter, a hundred members of the corps de ballet, two principal dancers, three principal pantomimists, several vocalists, and a turncock—without whose aid the fairy fountains would not flow. Add to this a firework manufacturer with seven assistants, fifteen riders, and several horses in the circus; a set of twenty dogs and monkeys, with their master, in the Octagon Theatre; a set of marionettes and their master, in another part of the grounds; twenty-five members of the regular orchestra and two peripatetic bands, a gentleman who delivers a lecture on the Australian explorers, three regular policemen, and, on extra nights, six others, and you have some notion of what the management of Cremorne Gardens has to meet on Saturday mornings, as the cost of the amusement it provides.

The hotel department, belonging to the same proprietary, is of course worked by a totally different staff. The in-door division has the services of a manager, a housekeeper, fifteen bar-

maids, three housemaids, two head waiters, eighteen other waiters, a booking clerk, two hall-keepers, and three porters. The out-door division is managed by a head waiter with fifty subordinates. In the kitchen there are four professed cooks, with assistants, a kitchen boy, a vegetable cook, two scullery men, two bakers and confectioners, who are all overlooked by a larder clerk. There is also a man whose sole business is the production of soda-water and ginger beer; and there is a cowkeeper.

A few years ago, supper was the great meal at Cremorne, but under the present management dinners have been made a feature of attraction in the programme, and the number of diners is now large. You can dine at various prices, and have almost anything you like to order, for the commissariat is on the most extensive scale. Regarding the consumption of food, at this single establishment, at the height of the season, the following list may be taken as a daily average. Six salmon, twenty pairs of soles, twelve gallons of whitebait, one turbot, twenty-five pounds of eels, twenty dozen of lobsters, twenty gallons of shrimps, one saddle of mutton, one haunch, six quarters of lamb and six legs, six joints of roast beef, two fillets of veal, fifty pounds of pressed beef, six dozen pigeon-pies, twenty-four dozen fowls, twelve dozen ducks, twelve tongues, six hams, forty pounds of bacon, two tubs of butter, two sacks of flour, and two hundred eggs. Of vegetable produce, the daily consumption is fifty quarts of peas, three dozen cauliflowers, one hundred-weight of potatoes, twenty score lettuce, one hundred heads of beet-root, thirty bunches of turnips and carrots, and six hundred bundles of watercress. Six hundred-weight of ice, two hundred-weight of sugar, and twenty pounds of tea, are also consumed daily.

Here are two examples of the manner in which the Business of Pleasure is carried on, with the utmost regularity and precision; with every precaution of check and counter-check, book-keeping, and all the paraphernalia of ledgerdom which respectability prescribes (in no Manchester cotton-broker's or Liverpool merchant's offices could the accounts be more closely kept); with the liberal diffusion of very large capital, and the employment of a very large number of hard-working persons.

LITERARY ADVENTURERS.

LITERATURE in the Eighteenth Century was something very different from literature in the Nineteenth. We are not suggesting any comparison as to degrees of merit, nor as to the respective characteristics of books in those days and these. There was one feature of the Eighteenth Century literary world which, it is to be hoped, has gone for ever. The literary vagabond—the Grub-street man-of-all-work—the poor starveling author, dependent for his miserable bread and salt on the patron by whom he was half pitied, half despised—exists no longer in the intellectual republic. Letters may

still have their humble and their disreputable followers—their drudges and their drones; but not their pariah class. The very penny-a-liner is only a vagrant because the necessities of his calling make him one; not necessarily from a love of dissipation. It was not so in the time of Dr. Johnson, and during the preceding age. In those days, a large proportion of working literary men were little better than outcasts—persons exiled from decent society, partly by their own vices, partly by the fact of their following a profession which had hardly acquired a recognised standing in the world, or found for itself a definite and indisputable sphere of usefulness. The reading public was not sufficiently large to maintain an extensive fraternity of writers; and the writers consequently often starved and broke their hearts in wretched garrets, or earned a despicable living by flattering the great.

That this was the case not merely with the race of Grub-street pamphleteers, but with men of conspicuous abilities and acquirements, let some of the best-known names in English literature attest. Otway, living in debauchery, and dying in indigence; Nat. Lee, living in indigence, and dying in a drunken street frolic, so poor that he was buried by the parish; Savage, compelled by his vices and his needs to herd in cellars with the scum of the town; Goldsmith, composing his Vicar of Wakefield in penury and trouble, and saved from the debtors' prison by the interposition of Johnson; Johnson himself, dining behind a screen at Cave the bookseller's, because he was too shabby to appear, and pacing the streets of London all night with Savage, because neither had money to procure even the meanest lodging; the boy Chatterton perishing by his own hand in hunger, heart-sickness, and despair;—all these are instances of the equivocal position in which literary men were placed in former times. Those were days in which English literature had very little existence except in London. Even Edinburgh and Dublin looked almost entirely to the banks of the Thames for their supply of books; and the provincial towns of England could boast of nothing better than some paltry local Gazette. The consequence was that every wit who happened to be born in the country, in Scotland, or in Ireland—every disappointed scholar—every one who either was or fancied himself a genius, born to astonish the world and make his own fortune—hurried up to London from all quarters of the compass. The literary adventurer became as common a character as the military adventurer of an earlier age. The world was his oyster, as it was to Pistol, only that he proposed to open it with pen instead of with sword. He would make his way to the metropolis anyhow; sometimes on foot, sometimes in a waggon. Perhaps he had but a few shillings in his pocket when he arrived; but he would carry with him the manuscript of a poem which was to be the foundation of his fortune, like the street merchant's basket of frail wares in the Arabian Nights. Thus Johnson brought with him his tragedy of Irene. Even

in his case, the period that elapsed before success, or even comfortable subsistence, was attained, proved to be long and bitter. But if the literary adventurer were a dull man, with no higher inspiration than his self-conceit, the misery of his condition was limited only by his life. Perhaps he would get an introduction to some lord, and for a few occasional and penurious favours would debase his soul to the level of a parasite. Johnson has no more lamentable figure in his Vanity of Human Wishes than that of the poor scholar whose existence is divided between

Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail,

Perhaps he became the over-worked, under-paid drudge of a bookseller; and we know what *his* fate was, from the testimony of Goldsmith, who, despite his genius, had to go through that wretched experience:

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack:
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

Perhaps, even when his youth was past, and he had the encumbrance of a wife and child, he clung desperately to the dream of earning a living by poetry; and then he became the miserable creature depicted by Hogarth, endgelling his dull brains in a garret by the aid of Byshe, surrounded by the sights and sounds of poverty, and distracted by importunate duns. Drury-lane was one of his principal haunts, and Pope has shown him to us as he lay there in an attic,

Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane:
an abject being who

Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Obliged by hunger, and request of friends.

Goldsmith places the bedroom of Scroggen in the same street:

There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire.
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
And five crack'd tencups dress'd the chimney board.
A nightcap deck'd his brows, instead of bay;
A cap by night—a stocking all the day.

Such was the hack author of the *Eighteenth Century!* Yet even as late as forty years ago, Washington Irving—perhaps drawing, however, more from book knowledge of the past than from actual experience of London literary life—thought, “the Poor Devil Author” a fitting subject for one of his lively sketches. The Tom Dribble of the American humorist is a village poet who comes to London hoping to clear the heights of Parnassus at a bound, and who, after a period of desperate want, finds sustenance and contentment in the humble work of penny-a-lining. There is more in the moral than possibly Irving himself perceived. The newspaper press has put an end to “the Poor Devil Author.”

When he existed in all his shabby glory, he was a great plague to the booksellers. We have a record of him as early as about the year 1685, when John Dunton (then just commencing his career as a publisher) was sorely troubled by the tricks and evasions of the hack writers who crowded about him. Before John had finished his apprenticeship, he had come to the conclusion that the "great concern" of these gentlemen "lay more in how much a sheet, than in any generous respect they bore to the commonwealth of learning." He speaks of their false pretences of profound scholarship, and adds: "As for their honesty, it is very remarkable: they will either persuade you to go upon another man's copy, or steal his thought, or to abridge his book, which should have got him bread for his lifetime. When you have engaged them upon some project or other, they will write you off three or four sheets, perhaps; take up three or four pounds upon an urgent occasion; and you shall never hear of them more." Dunton's sneer about the greater love of his authors for what they earned by their labours than for the abstract interests of the commonwealth of letters, hardly comes with a good grace from the mouth of a bookseller. What was *his* main object in issuing works to the public? Was he content to starve, that the intellectual state might prosper? True, he does not seem to have been a very successful man; but it is hardly probable that he offered himself a willing sacrifice to literature.

One does not read much of the "Poor Devil Authoress." The quiet, homely manners of women, their inexpensive habits, and their power of making the most out of a little, are so many guarantees, that, even when their earnings are small, they will contrive to live with decency. Many hard-working and ill-paid authoresses have chequered our literary annals, and may doubtless still be found patiently toiling in humble lodgings, and winning their daily bread bravely; but at no time has the literary woman, speaking broadly and generally, fallen to the level of the Grub-street pamphleteer or the Drury-lane poet. To this rule, however, one unhappy exception occurs to the memory. Mrs. Charke, the truly unfortunate daughter of Colley Cibber, was a sort of female Otway, without his genius. Petted by her parents when she was a child, and, after her marriage to a violin-player of dissolute habits, repudiated by her father for levity of conduct which the memory of his own imprudences should have made him especially charitable in judging, she passed the remainder of her life in miserable penury, sometimes writing for the booksellers, sometimes appearing on the stage. Mr. Whyte, an Irish gentleman, has given an account of a visit which he paid to the poor lady in company with a London bookseller, who had been invited to hear the manuscript of a novel read, and to make an offer for the purchase. She was then a widow; but her father was still living. Charlotte, who in her youth had dwelt in luxury equal to that of many ladies of title, was now domiciled in a wretched thatched

hovel in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, at that time a wild suburb, where the scavengers used to throw the cleansings of the streets. The house and its scanty furniture sufficiently indicated the extreme poverty of the inmates. Mrs. Charke sat on a broken chair by a little scrap of fire, and the visitors were accommodated with a rickety deal board. A half-starved dog lay at the authoress's feet; a cat sat on one hob, and a monkey on the other; while a magpie perched on the back of its mistress's chair. A worn-out pair of bellows served for a writing-desk, and a broken cup for an inkstand: these were matched by the pen, which was worn down to the stump, and was the only one on the premises. The lady asked thirty guineas for the copyright; the bookseller offered five, but was at length induced by his friend to give ten, on condition that Mr. Whyte would pay a moiety, and take half the risk. In addition, the authoress was to receive fifty copies for herself, which was probably equal to so much more money. It may be questioned whether the poor Minerva Press novelists of the next generation (who were almost all women) made such good bargains as this. Five guineas is said to have been the regulation price of a three volume romance in those days—and we must candidly admit that it was seldom worth more.

The visit of the bookseller and his friend to Mrs. Charke took place in the year 1755. Six years previously, an obscure lodging near Shoe-lane saw the last moments of a man who may be taken as an exemplar of the needy profligate author of past times. Samuel Boyse, the writer of a poem called *Deity*, which made some noise for a while, was an Irishman by birth, though of English origin. His father was a Dissenting minister; but young Boyse seems to have gone astray very early. He idled away his time in dissipation when at college, and married before he was twenty. Had his wife been a woman of good sense, and capable of exercising an influence over him, he might have made a fresh start in life; but she was thoughtless and extravagant, and Boyse became so involved that his father was obliged to sell all he had to pay the young man's debts, and died soon after in poverty. Boyse passed some time in Edinburgh, writing poems, and seeking to make friends among the nobility; though, whenever fortune presented him with an opening, he contrived to miss it by his habits of indolence. After a while, he came up to London, and soon dropped to the lowest abysses of literary vagabondage. He would meet the necessities of the moment by begging-letters; and, having thus obtained half a guinea or so, would sit rioting in a tavern until the money was all spent, while his wife and child starved at home. Sometimes he wrote verses by the hundred for the Gentleman's Magazine. These he would compose in bed, to which he was obliged to confine himself for whole days, his clothes being frequently at the pawnbroker's. One of his friends has given a painfully vivid picture of his appearance while writing these fugitive pieces for Mr. Sylvanus Urban. He sat up in

bed with the blanket wrapped about him (the sheets had disappeared), and, thrusting his right arm through a hole he had cut, scribbled as best he could on the paper resting on his knee. Whenever he was obliged to go abroad, he had an ingenious method of supplying the absence of a shirt. He cut some white paper into strips, which he fastened round his wrists and neck, in the manner of ruffles and bands; and in this plight would sally forth, "with the additional inconvenience," as his friend modestly expresses it, "of want of breeches." The wearers of paper collars in the present day have a precedent from the heights of Parnassus and the depths of poverty. Readers of George Colman the Younger's Broad Grins will be reminded by this device of the story of the poor country clergyman, who, being invited to dine with the squire on the day when his only shirt was in the wash, furnished himself with the similitude of linen in the same manner. Colman probably borrowed the idea from the actual records of Boyse's life; and indeed there is something in the notion which seems as if it could only have occurred to an Irishman—a mingling of wretchedness and drollery characteristic of the land where the peasants are said to sit on the roofs of their hovels in windy weather, to prevent the thatch being blown away. Poor Boyse's contrivance is of a piece with that of Brian O'Lyn, commemorated in the immortal ballad which records the adventures of that worthy:

Brian O'Lyn had no shoe to his fut,
So he cover'd it over with beautiful sut;
He stepp'd in a puddle right up to the shin:
"No need of shoe leather," said Brian O'Lyn.

Boyse's misfortunes were in a great measure his own fault. He was a man of some ability and of considerable scholastic acquirements; and, had he chosen to live respectably, might have earned a decent livelihood. Dr. Johnson said that he could translate well from the French; but, if any bookseller employed him on this species of work, he would pawn the original as soon as he had done a sheet or two, and repeat the process as often as the book was redeemed for him. A subscription in sixpences was once got up for him by Johnson, with a view to redeeming his clothes; but two days afterwards they were pawned again. So he went on, getting deeper and deeper into the mire of distress and dishonesty, until in 1742 he was locked up in a spunging-house, from which he addressed a piteous appeal to Cave. "I am every moment," he wrote, "threatened to be turned out here, because I have not money to pay for my bed two nights past, which is usually paid beforehand; and I am loth to go into the Compter, till I can see if my affairs can possibly be made up. I hope, therefore, you will have the humanity to send me half a guinea for support, till I finish your papers in my hands. I humbly entreat your answer, having not tasted anything since Tuesday evening I came here; and my coat will be taken off

my back for the charge of the bed; so that I must go into prison naked, which is too shocking for me to think of." By some means or other, Boyse got out of jail; but he was not reformed. He had a habit of drinking hot beer to excess, so that his intellectual powers were confused and rendered inoperative. On the death of his wife, his necessities were such that the only mourning he could afford was a penny-worth of black ribbon, which he tied round the neck of his dog. During the last few months of his own life, he seems to have lived with rather more decency, and he was at no time wanting in religious protestations; but it is very doubtful whether he was ever really reformed. Of his death, various accounts are given. One states that he was found dead in his bed, with a pen in his hand, with which he was at work on a translation of Fenelon's Demonstration of the Being of a God; another, that he never recovered from a barbarous attack made on him in Westminster by some soldiers; a third, that he was run over by a coach when intoxicated. At any rate, he finished his miserable existence at the age of forty-one—as perfect a specimen of the Poor Devil Author and disreputable hanger-on of letters as even his own era, rich as it was in such productions, can afford to the student of scholastic mendicancy.

We might trace up the history of literary sorrows and vice to an earlier age. Spenser died in King-street, Westminster, "for lack of bread," as Ben Jonson records. Ben himself was often pushed for the means of life. Marlowe was killed in a drunken brawl with a tavern drawer, after a brief life of reckless profligacy. His fellow dramatist, Greene, lived with equal licentiousness, and died repentant in the house of a poor shoemaker who took care of him in his last moments, when he was reduced to the extreme of penury. But that was a time in which literature, apart from the stage, was hardly followed as a profession; and it consequently presents us with fewer instances of vagabond authorship than the period extending from the reign of William the Third to that of George the Third. The epoch thus limited was a transition period, and it abounded in all the evils of an unsettled state. There was a sufficiently large class of readers to induce a great many men of ability and scholarship to depend on letters for their support; but not sufficiently large, as we have already remarked, to maintain them in decency and comfort. Education had not advanced far enough to create a vast public expecting to be supplied with mental food as regularly as with bread and meat. For the first fifty years or so after the Revolution, authors looked for their reward mainly to the patronage of noblemen—a mode of life at once precarious and degrading; and, though this ceased in the reign of George the Third, it was long ere the working man of letters was placed in a better position by the public. It was long also before he himself acquired a just idea of his duties as a member of the industrial world. Too often he laid the foundation of his own failure by

the sentimentalism of his views. Because it pleased him to write verses to Delia and Odes on Immortality, he took it into his head that that was his sole business in life, and that this rough toiling hard-handed world of ours was bound to stop, and hear him pipe, and reward him for his piping. Society, on the other hand, made the mistake of regarding the literary man as a sort of pleasant superfluity—an intellectual gipsy, to be played with on holiday occasions, but to be kept studiously apart from respectability and its ways. Unfortunately, the literary man gave too much colour to the prejudice by his loose and wandering life.

The vast development of the newspaper press of late years has put an end to many of these evils. Journalism has made literature a business—no small recommendation in a business land. An immense field is open for all kinds and degrees of authorship; and this is not confined to London, but is to be found in Edinburgh, Dublin, and the large provincial towns of England. The literary man is now a workman, in the best sense of the word. And, as if to show how well imagination harmonises with prosaic toil, this resort to steady working habits on the part of our pen-men has been accompanied by a development of the poetical faculty of which the Boyeses and the Chattertons had but the feeblest glimpse.

GOD'S-ACRE.

Quiet and peaceful on this starry eve

The Dead lie here and take their solemn rest,
With coronals and wreaths of blooming flowers
Placed on their breast.

The great green branches of the beech and aspen
Entwining overhead,
Form avenues, like aisles of a cathedral,
Built for the Dead.

They do not lie in stately splendour, only
Thought of as monuments of former fame;
But each grave has its little crown of flowers
Hung o'er its name.

They do not grimly lie, locked up and mouldering
In jails of stone;
Where, through a crevice, a stray beam of sunshine,
Creeps in alone:

There are no trophies of sepulchral splendour,
Containing crypts of dust,
Behind which, in the shadow dark as midnight,
They rot and rust.

Here spring upon the graves, with blooming flowers,
Bright banks of moss,
On which the pitying midnight Angel rests
Beside a cross.

This is a grand-cathedral, and the shimmering
Of aspens overhead,
Sounds ever like a whispered burial service
By spirits said.

The storm wind swaying leaf and branch together
With his wild moans,
Sounds like the prelude of an unseen organ's
Gigantic tones!

'Tis as if spirits far above were chanting
The De Profundis,
Which the cathedral's vaulted aisles for ever
Echo around us!

Quiet and peaceful on this starry eve
The dead lie here, and take their solemn rest,
With coronals and wreaths of summer flowers
Placed on their breast.

Daily the Germans tend these sacred temples—
Their dead but sleep;
And kindly the kindly-hearted watchers ever
A vigil keep!

They come at morning and at eve, with roses,
Cut fresh and rare,
And place them by the graves of those they loved
With wondrous care!

They come with footsteps so subdued and solemn
As if a sound
Would break the slumber of the quiet sleepers,
In sacred ground!

The flowers they bring with prayers of hope are
hallowed,
Unloving fingers
Touch not those bright mementoes, where heart-love
For ever lingers.

This is indeed a cloister for the weary
And broken-hearted:
A refuge for the lonely, whose world-treasures
Have all departed.

Here, heartaches cease, and farewells to the dying
Are heard no more:
These graves are but the boats that bear the spirit
To the eternal shore!

I too would lie within this grand cathedral,
And take my rest,
If the two tiny hands I love so dearly
Placed flowers upon my breast.

UNION IS STRENGTH?

OUR Union is built on a clearing of half a dozen acres, or thereabouts, of ancient woodland, on the hill which commands a magnificent view of fertile country, wood, mountain, valley, churches, villages, and country-seats; a feudal stronghold, abbey ruins, and, in the far distance, cathedral and castle, in close company, on the brink of a noble river. The hill commands that view, but the Union-house doesn't, for that is necessarily enclosed by a high wall. But in winter-time, when the foliage is dead, there is a prospect from the highest tier of windows. Whether there be or not, what matters? Nature's nothing. Three or four hundred paupers are not brought here to enjoy scenery. The more we brick out nature, the better for our system.

The garden fronts the house, and is large and well cultivated. Two stunted firs stand like sentinels, one on each side of the gate, at the entrance of the premises, and a few common flowers fringe the path which divides the garden into equal parts, and leads straight to the entrance. Eight or ten decrepid representatives of the first gardener go on leisurely with their occupation, and take no note of any of the

guardians who are arriving for the weekly board meeting.

A noise like "charming" of bees by striking old pans and kettles, and the whistling of whistles, falls on the ear as we get within range. It is the drum and fife band, consisting of boys brought up in the Union. The band is allowed to play occasionally on board days to enliven the proceedings, and to cheer up, let us hope, the poor disconsolate souls who herd together under the entrance. The guardians will attend to them by-and-by. Meanwhile, these people, waiting for judgment, talk over their grievances, and speculate on the relief likely to be awarded to them as cases of casual distress.

The outside of the building bears no resemblance to a prison, nor would it be easy to mistake it for a lunatic asylum, or county hospital, or for anything, in short, but the Union. A long, staring frontage, with a clear contempt of architectural design and ornament, red brick, two stories high, low roof, dumpy chimneys, a few sooty crows which creak mournfully as they adjust themselves to the wind, an ugly additional wing under which the young paupers are sheltered; this is the outer view.

An arched entrance, with the great doors shut, and a little wicket ajar, admits us to the inner mysteries. On the right, are the guardians' board-room, and other official apartments; on the left, the master's residence, the matron's, and porter's lodge. We see also massive iron gates, with locks and bolts on them, massive iron railings through which one may observe how the different wards of the building radiate from the point where we stand, as from the centre of a semicircle. The radiation is of high brick walls, with doors in them carefully shut and barred. The inner view does certainly suggest to the mind the notion of a jail.

Cerberus, the lame porter, with his triple bunch of keys, hobbles up and touches his hat to the visiting committee, now going round the house. One of the committee carries a slate, on which to note down anything requiring the attention of the board, and we must have Cerberus to open the doors as we go round the house.

We enter first the old men's ward. Here they are, merry old gentlemen all of them, relieved by the new Highways Act from cares of mending the ways of the parish. Some of them hobble about on two sticks; some lounge on the benches in the yard, as it happens to be a sunny day, and listen to the fifes and drums which are noisy on the other side of the wall. Fed, clothed, and housed, they have nothing to do, and they do it. But all the while they look as if they were waiting for something. About a score of iron bedsteads without curtains are ranged in a row on each side of the long apartment, which has a fireplace at each end. Some of our friends prefer lying on their beds, and scarcely turn their incurious lacklustre eyes upon us as we pass along, and ask the routine question, "Is all right?" These look as if they will not have to wait long.

At one bedside sits a lady reading the Bible

to a man who lies on his back gasping for breath, and stone-deaf. The old men like to see her among them, and, for the sake of her kindness, are quiet as mice, while she vainly endeavours to force on their attention some passage wholesome to the spirit, which will soon be set free from Union regulations, and human distinctions between rich and poor.

A few of the old men ask a holiday or two, to go and see their friends. Their applications are written down, and will doubtless be conceded. Most of the men are personally known to the visiting committee, and a few kind words, with a somewhat cursory examination of the ward, completes the visitors' duty in this section.

But what do we find in the next ward? Able-bodied men in the Union? They get into difficulties sometimes, into Unions and into jails too, and will say that the prison was the nicer place of the two. But some are here associated with them, who have come here through no fault of their own. A pale-faced cadaverous-looking man approaches us, and has some application to make. He has been crushed down by long sickness leagued with want. Two of his young ones, he says, were carried off by the fever before it struck him. Their home was so damp that the doctor recommended them all "to come in," that they might have the benefit of the better care bestowed upon house patients. He is convalescent, but not yet strong enough to take wing and fly away, as he could wish, and as he does wish with all his soul, poor fellow. He is a respectable man too, we are told.

"How many are you in family?" "Only six now." "All in here?" "Yes." "Wife here?" "Yes, she has been very ill," says the man, in a restless eager sort of way. "I hear she is getting better," he adds. "When did you see her last?" "The day before yesterday." "Children all right, are they?" "I believe so."

Two or three sulky-looking young men pick oakum in a corner of the room. They are worthless fellows who have been trying to dodge the relieving officer, and have got an order for the house—taken by them "to serve out the parish," as the saying is. Apparently the parish doesn't mind being so served, and, if one may judge, the effort is costing them dear, and will not be long persisted in. Meanwhile, if they won't work, they will be locked up for twelve hours on bread and water. After which, in case of continued resistance, there is hope that they will meet with a reward in the long run which it is a pity they could not receive at first.

One poor fellow walks up to our party, giggles, bows, and makes inarticulate noises. He is a harmless idiot, not bad enough for the asylum, and his friends can't or won't maintain him. A word will keep him quiet in daylight, but in the dead of night he wakes up, sometimes in terror, and for an hour or more disturbs all the ward by his lamentations.

Following the plan of the building, we come next to the kitchen: a lofty spacious apartment, well ventilated, and with every convenience requisite. The dinner is being served on plates

which certain inmates come and carry round. It consists of three ounces of bread, four ounces of cooked meat, twelve ounces of potatoes, and a pint of broth. The meat is not of prime quality, but such as a hungry man may eat with relish. The bread is of good seconds flour. Incidentally it is worth notice that the poor buy flour, or baker's bread, of the most expensive quality. The potatoes and other vegetables are grown in the garden, and are excellent.

The baker and cheeseman's room is adjoining. It is fitted up with a weighing machine (any pauper may require his food to be weighed), and rows of shelves, with drawers beneath, for crumbs and bits cut to waste. Half loaves with an allowance of cheese, granted as special concession, and an additional slice of bread here and there to make the balance true, are placed on the shelves, ready for use. The cheese is Dutch cheese, and certainly better than one generally finds in cottages. Every person appears tidy, the food is kept clean, and there is nothing objectionable in this department.

The infirmary needs no lengthened description. It is almost empty just now, there being no infectious illness in the house, excepting that which, notwithstanding cleanliness rigidly enforced, never is quite got rid of. Two or three sick persons are in the respective wards, very comfortable as far as human aid can avail, and though they have a dull time of it, they would be, we tell them, perhaps worse off at home. Preparations, we see, are being made to bring patients here out of the old men's ward. This is always done in hopeless cases.

Next is a court-yard, high walled, enclosing boys' school and dormitory, and school-master's residence, with tailor and shoemaker's shops at the side. The schoolroom is an oblong apartment, with a stove at one end, fenced from too close approach. Discipline is strictly maintained, and the scholars are quiet as we enter. Forty to fifty boys all dressed alike, and with their hair combed to one pattern, all with sallow complexion, are as like each other as so many shrimps. The vacant stare of this rising generation of paupers, every boy with wide-open eyes, and a half-opened mouth, startles one at first. It constitutes their family likeness. Are there any sharp boys among them? Two or three questions in arithmetic are rightly answered, some of the boys are quick at figures and able to work vulgar fractions. The writing is creditable, blots are seldom found, since punishment is prompt for carelessness. Religious instruction is given carefully, and surely there is enough done for them by way of teaching. They are as painstaking and attentive as boys usually are; nevertheless, they are like no other boys. They want development of bodily alertness, they have none of the life and vivacity which boys in the outer world would get. Their world is shut up in the limits of the ward set apart for them in the Union. The schoolroom, the gaping dormitory, the dull gravelled court-yard, all repress animal spirits. When these ghosts of boys go out for a walk, they stalk funereally, two

and two, like Sunday-school girls going to church. A scamper across country, cricket (not once in a way, but commonly), the habit of observation got in early life, as other boys get it by peering, as boys only can, into objects animate or inanimate, the bold free venture with a thrashing risked, the joy of a lucky escape—these, and a hundred other boyish experiences, the young pauper has not, with the single exception of the thrashing. Courage and enterprise must be squeezed out of his heart by poor-law, and the utter dulness that begets a hopeless manhood takes the vacant space.

Whoever recommended music lessons was a friend to the boys. Poor-rate money is well spent on the big and side drums, cymbals, triangle, and squeaking fifes. We ask for a tune. In the absence of the instructor, a little fellow, the smallest in the band, who screws his fife wry-ways with an air, is to lead. They start, and keep well together; the leader plays his part shrilly and clearly, and his eye almost lights up as he and his fellows repeat the measure. The drummers drum on in a stolid sort of a way, the triangle chimes in where it should, the fifers mind what they are about, and all come safe to the end of the tune—one of the negro melodies harmonised for the performers.

The girls' school, which is in the next yard, is of the same size. The management here is also efficient. There is less apathy and want of expression than among the boys. Sampler work, darning, mending, washing, ironing, and cooking, form the industrial work. No "accomplishments" are taught, which is a comfort. The girls can read, write, and sum pretty well, and are quicker than the boys. They need less, and have actually more variety of outlet for the energies of youth. The singing is not bad, and, like the drum and fife band, is a source of pleasure.

As we re-pass the entrance on our visit to the women's ward, we notice that the great doors are opened, and a spring cart waiting. "Only a funeral of one of the old ladies," says Cerberus, cheerfully. "That's her husband a waiting outside." And he points to a miserable-looking old man, with no mourning beyond a rusty black crape hatband, which has done duty before. "They'll give him a lift, as it's nearly four miles to the church." So they had out the elm chest from the dead-house, with initial letters and date on the top of it, and lifted it into the cart, and, as predicted, "old Sam" was accommodated with a seat, the coffin projecting a foot or so over the back of the cart.

"There they goes," an old crone exclaims mournfully, as we turn away to the ward, "their last ride together. It seems but the other day I see them married." And with a sigh comes the indirect appeal for a pinch of snuff, or the wherewithal to buy it.

The apartment, in size and arrangement, is similar to the old men's ward, but with more of an air of comfort. The old women also are more cheerful and contented than the old men. There are no complaints to make to the committee. Neither upon these old ladies, nor upon the feeblar

matrons in a similar room adjoining, need we intrude, as they pronounce themselves "all right."

But we make way past the clothes that are hanging out to dry, and look in at the laundry and washhouse, where several strapping pauper damsels have been busy enough since they heard us coming. We then cross the court-yard, and enter the abode of a troublesome class of the community. Twenty or thirty young women, many with infants, in a long room, sit or lounge about, with little or nothing to do. Here is the sore puzzle to those who would fain see their way to reform and amendment. Among the number many are more sinned against than sinning. But the leaven of vice spreads quickly among them, and there is little or nothing to check the contagion of bad influence, by day or night. We are besieged with notices to quit; all speak together, and apparently the ward will soon be well-nigh empty. If they will go, there is nothing to stop them, and if they are destitute in a week or a fortnight, there is nothing to prevent their finding their way back again. Within that time a couple of fairs will be held in neighbouring towns, so they all mean to go out, have their fling, and return if they must. One of the committee tells them he hopes that, if they are going to leave the house, they will try to be respectable, and keep out of harm's way. The remark is received with a suppressed titter. Another says, he hopes "they may never come back again any more." They all hope so too, and sincerely, I think. Two or three apply for a holiday, which the committee refuse; upon which one of them gives notice to quit, like the rest; there will be comparatively a quiet ward until the fairs are over, after which, as experience of former years has proved, they will drop in again one by one, till nearly all are accounted for. What becomes of those who do not return? Sometimes they have a chance, and turn out well. Not unfrequently, however, they lead a bad life till they get into jail, or die miserably. The inspection is now complete, and the visiting committee of guardians return to the board.

Seven or eight guardians sit at a table, which is so long as to leave scarcely room for any one to pass at either end. One or two are magistrates, another is a clergyman, the rest are farmers. The magistrates are official guardians, the others are chosen annually, one or more from each parish, as the act provides. The guardians soon get a tolerable knowledge of the usual duties, which are not always easy or pleasant to discharge. So long as the ordinary routine continues, we go on pretty well; but occasionally some question out of the regular course will arise, and then action becomes capricious and blundering. The board has, however, its adviser in the clerk, who conducts the correspondence and keeps minutes of proceedings, and who in the long run puts matters to rights: though it is not usual to ask his advice until the British farmers have spoken a bit of their minds.

Applications for relief are taken as soon as

the minutes of the last meeting have been read and confirmed, and any business arising out of them has been disposed of. The report of the visiting committee, the examination of accounts, and orders for payment and for relief, with any miscellaneous items which happen to require attention, constitute the proceedings of the day.

Where magistrates make a point of attending, the duties will, generally speaking, be done properly. In one Union, the lord-lieutenant of the county acts as chairman. This condescension is the means of securing the attendance of other magistrates in the district, and sets a good example in the county. But it frequently happens—and the increasing work thrown upon country gentlemen is partly the reason of this—that the official guardians do not take much interest in the Union. In some Unions they are seldom or never known to attend, unless when there is an appointment to be settled. When it is considered that recent legislation has created a highways committee, a union assessment committee of which one-third must be magistrates similar in many respects to the board of guardians, the question may be asked whether more magistrates are not required for the additional duties now devolving on them? At all events, some precautions should be taken to prevent the management of really delicate social machinery from falling into the hands of persons who are not able to understand the work.

The proceedings are public. As we enter, the relieving officer of one of the districts stands on the left of the chairman, making his report, and receiving instructions how to act in certain cases. We are a liberal board, and our work contrasts favourably with that of some others.

Man, married; children dependent, five; reported by the relieving officer sick. Application for out-door relief: is on his club; full pay, eight shillings a week. Ordered medical attendance, four shillings a week, and five gallons of flour.

The next is a case similar in all respects but one. The man is married, has five children dependent, and is sick, but has been improvident, and does not belong to a club. Relieving officer reports that the man said, "Clubs were so much money wasted so long as we would reckon it in with our allowance." The board is disposed to compel him to come in, but finally admits the truth of his argument without reference to its morality, by ordering medical attendance, ten shillings a week, and five gallons of flour.

A young fellow has beaten his wife cruelly, and demands an allowance during her approaching confinement. Relieving officer, with a creditable feeling, will make no provisional order, but directs him to attend the board. He swaggers into the room, and scarcely waits to be called upon for his statement before the demand is repeated, admits he gave her a punch or two, and says it served her right. Wants to know what business it is to anybody what he does with his own wife?

"How long have you been married?" asks a guardian. "Four year." "How old is your wife?" "Twenty-one; two year younger than me." "Number of children?" "Three, and this 'un to come." "He says he means to run away and leave the board to take care of them all," remarks the relieving officer. "He had better take care how he does that, and how he treats her, also," says one of the magistrates, as the offer of the house or nothing is given him. Applicant withdraws, muttering curses in the lobby.

The visiting committee make their report; all holidays allowed are marked on the slate; applications refused are rubbed out. We then sign our names to the report, the answers being inscribed yes and no, as usual, from week to week; and thus the business of the day is brought to an end.

Our Union comprises five-and-twenty parishes, or places maintaining their own poor, which return altogether twenty-eight elected guardians. These elections of guardians occasionally furnish a good opportunity for a party struggle. Any ratepayer not in arrear with his poor-rate may nominate himself or another person to serve. When, therefore, two or more nominations are sent in to the clerk, an election must follow, unless one of the nominees refuse to stand, and the battle is then fought out with all the excitement and bill-sticking of a perverse generation. Village Hampdens are unearthed for the occasion, and such wit as may be had in Union parishes is made the best of. The successful candidate takes his seat at the board, with the qualified satisfaction, if he really means to work, that he will probably be turned out at the twelve-month's end, when he has gained a tolerable familiarity with his duties, and may become a useful instead of an obstructive member of the body. Generally, however, there is no opposition, and parochial arrangements are made peaceably.

The annual amount of rate passing through our hands is thirteen thousand pounds, of which a portion goes to county and highways, both being collected on the same platform to save trouble and expense. In round numbers our poor absorb ten thousand a year. The population, chiefly agricultural, is below twenty thousand.

In addition to in-door relief, and casual out-door relief, persons who are in a position to claim, and do not "come into the house," receive half-a-crown a week in money, and flour, with or without medical attendance.

Such is the refuge and help secured to our destitute and sick poor by a board of guardians which, when in error, erring on the side of mercy, really works the poor-law to the best of its ability. But the question of poor-law provision does not turn on the humanity and efficiency of any board of guardians. If there be defects in its principles, no method of working can be satisfactory until a radical change has been made in the system.

On what grounds are the following regula-

tions enforced in our Union? Husband and wife separated. Exception: "Any married couple being paupers of the first and fourth classes respectively, provided the guardians shall set apart for the exclusive use of every such couple a sleeping apartment separate from that of other paupers." In the first class are men, and in the fourth class are women, infirm through age or any other cause.

But separate sleeping apartments are not provided for infirm married couples; separation, therefore, does ensue, and must have been contemplated by the very provision above quoted. For able-bodied married paupers there is no help. Parted they must be from each other, and, as will be seen immediately, from their children. They heard it said to them, on the greatest public occasion of their lives, in a sacred building, with religious rite and ceremony, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Why was it not added—until they have nothing but each other left to lose?

Another rule has it that "the master (subject to any directions given or regulations made by the guardians) shall allow the father and mother of any child in the same workhouse, who may be desirous of seeing such child, (!) to have an interview with such child at some one time in each day, in a room in the said workhouse to be appointed for that purpose. And the guardians shall make arrangements for permitting the members of the same family who may be in different workhouses of the same parish to have occasional interviews with each other, at such times, and in such manner, as may best suit the discipline of the several workhouses."

It is possible, I am so hardy as to suppose, that there still lingers, even in paupers' bosoms, some remnant of the affection for their young implanted in animals. It is possible that the mother can better tend her offspring than the paid or unpaid substitutes to whom poor-law entrusts them. It is possible that the young pine for want of mother's care, and die sometimes. All this may be possible, even true, but to maintain existing regulations, it is necessary to repress all such irregularities of pauperism. How can order and decency be secured if we permit husband and wife, and children, to live together? Admitting that feeble old couples might not cause serious embarrassment to our system, and that a separate apartment might, without great cost or difficulty, be secured to each, how are we to reconcile the inconsistency of suffering the common order of life out of doors to embarrass the neat system of our Union in the case of able-bodied men and women? Admitting the impossibility of reconciling natural law with poor-law, the question still remains to be settled. Meanwhile, is it really so wise and safe, as the filers and docketers of poor men's destinies believe it is, to tamper with social and moral principles which have stood the test of practical experience? Are not some results of this incessant outrage upon natural laws possibly to be seen in the brutality of husbands of the very poor towards their wives and families—in the unnatural

coolness with which an only son, will leave a widowed mother to end her days in the Union, and will refuse, unless summoned before the magistrates, to contribute one farthing towards her maintenance? Is poor-law not answerable often for the absence of that bond of natural affection which can never be made too strong, and for the profligacy of our pauper young women? I know that such disastrous results are fostered and nourished under the baleful legislation which was meant to save the poor; and that the source of all the evil is, that poor-law, to clear ground for itself, begins with a repeal by act of parliament of fundamental laws ordained by the great legislator who is alone All-wise. Another serious practical evil already pointed out in this journal, and to which allusion must be made, is the antagonism between poor-law and provident institutions.

In our Union, contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the law, we endeavour to make them meet half way, by awarding a portion of relief where the applicant is a member of a benefit society. It would be a curious fact if one could ascertain how many boards of guardians in the country adopt even so merciful a course as this to provident poor men. And even in our case, common experience shows how the two systems conflict in practice. It is too much to expect that the greater number of the poor will take the high moral ground of self-help, unless stimulated and encouraged by judicious and firm treatment. At present, even the best of them pause before they will deny themselves the power of claiming relief, by attempting to secure their independence. They may well do so, for if the evil day come upon them before their foothold is safe, all their little capital must be swept off before we stretch a little finger out to save them.

While this is said on behalf of a class which will "never perish out of the land," it must not be forgotten how great have in past times been the difficulties which beset the question of poor relief. It is needless to trace the history of poor-law progress to the time of a generation now rapidly being gathered to its fathers. It was to triumph over the iniquities of those parish authorities who, to ease their own pockets, made the rate supplementary to the weekly wages of their labourers, and even contrived to "smudge the charities in with the rates." In checking such dishonesty, it is hardly matter of surprise that the opposite mischief of compelling proof of sheer destitution, as the ground of a claim for relief, was sternly perpetrated. It was to provide food for a clamorous multitude, which fired the stacks and destroyed the machinery of the farmer, when money was scarce and food was dear. In the face of such extremities there was some reason for making the Union as repulsive as the jail; and a system which, under vigorous management, reduced the poor-rate considerably, had something to counterbalance grave defects.

A change, however, is required, and if I, for

one, were to summarise the chief alterations I think needed, while we retain all that is good and serviceable in our regulations and arrangements, I should say first, as to out-door relief, that there should be an increase of the amount paid weekly in such cases, so that by this means we might get rid, as far as possible, of the necessity of bringing persons into the house.

In the next place, I would have husbands and wives allowed to live together, even when forced into the house, and also to have the care of such of their young children as may best be with their parents, in their separate apartment.

Then in relief of casual distress, I would have no questions asked about the benefit society; but, on the other hand, I would compel all cottagers to pay poor-rate.

By the first of these alterations, the aged and able-bodied poor would be the chief gainers. Recent legislation has swept our highways and byways of decrepit old men, and inferior workmen of the class called able-bodied, who could, under the former system, be "put on the roads" by the surveyor, and be maintained at a less cost than if sent into the house. It is anticipated that the approaching winter will force many such men and their families into the Union. It is something to have our roads in better hands, but there is nothing at present in view, except the poor-rate, for the former old staff of incapables. The management of out-door relief, it should be remembered, does not present the same difficulties now as formerly, owing to the means possessed by the board of obtaining accurate information of the circumstances of applicants.

As to the next suggestion, I would observe that if there be any reason why a man crushed by adversity, and not by guilt, should desire the consolation of wife and children in his distress, instead of being condemned by his fellow-men to the added bitterness that such natural solace must be foregone—if there be truth in reciprocal affection, and if it be true that the anguish of separation is but keener in the female mind—the case is too strong to need further support from arguments on the immoral influences of this legal breaking-up of families.

Then, as to the virtual punishment of all attempt at providence. Notwithstanding the frequent statement of the fact that provident societies have lessened the poor-rate, to the extent, says Mr. Tidd Pratt, of two millions annually, or about threepence in every shilling strictly poor-rate, no attention worth the name has been given to this new power, which, with fair encouragement, would place the relief of the bulk of the rural poor on its proper footing of *self-help*. At present, such is the immoral action of poor-law in the case of provident societies, that thousands of benefit clubs are framed with the view of unting the relief of pauperism with the contributions of their members, and, excepting indirectly, there is no law that can stop them.

One great lever for the removal of this mischief will be found in changing the popular

view of the rate among the rural poor. At present, they throw themselves upon it whenever they can make their case, and look upon it as their birthright. The repeal of the Small Tenements Act, and the compelling of all cottagers to pay their fair share of the rate, would quickly change their practice. It is idle to pretend that it could never be collected.

So long as the poor can help themselves for nothing from the rate, they will. The moment its incidence falls on them, however lightly, a good common-sense argument against the custom is supplied. In cases of distress, the demand on an Englishman's pocket is readily responded to, but he buttons it up indignantly against imposition. The rural poor share the feeling as much as their wealthier neighbours, and should have the opportunity of manifesting it on fit occasions. The indirect payment of poor-rate in cottage rents is a dead letter; nobody can take that into account in dealing with the question. But the return to the old custom will, in these better times, act as a most healthy stimulant to independence; and we should soon see benefit societies, freed of the obstacles caused by the present state of the poor-law, working out—so long as peace and plenty are bestowed upon the land—the happiest results.

While we go on as we do, there will be no lack of a plentiful crop of paupers in our Union, the progeny of very early marriages, of which poor-law provides the settlement; or, what is worse, of abandoned poor women, many of whom might, but for the contamination of being legally herded together, have been respectable and happy. Of course there will be no lack of people who will better the teaching of poor-law on the subject of family influences, and rank as bad sons, bad brothers, bad husbands and fathers, and, at last, notorious criminals. No community is without such characters. But what judgment must in future times be passed on the rules and regulations which, instead of promoting good influences to the utmost, deliberately sapped them, or threw them aside as unconsidered trifles? Is there one influence for good among us, which can be spared?

To those who look on the subject only as a monetary question, it may be sufficient to point out the threepence in the shilling now saved by self-help, and ask whether, with increased encouragement to the new system struggling among us, the saving will stop at threepence. But that is not the whole question. The poor have a right to ask that relief in their distress shall not expose them to evils more bitter than poverty. Their struggles for independence ought not to be clogged with conditions which all but stifle honest enterprise. Their improvidence should not be encouraged by a system devised for their benefit: least of all, should their houses and families be broken up, and parents, brothers, and sisters, scarcely suffered to meet, under the plea of providing

for them an asylum in their need. No care, no kindness, can remedy such evils as I here complain of, if it stop short of a thorough reformation.

A MAORI COURT-MARTIAL.

My friend Highandry was a fine specimen of a "native Australian," as white men born in the colonies are called. Originally a baker's boy, by dint of study and perseverance he had so raised himself, that, at the time when I first made his acquaintance, he occupied one of the most distinguished positions in the colony. His varied abilities, and the extensive fund of information which he had acquired upon every subject, rendered his conversation peculiarly interesting; and, as in addition to this, he was a fearless rider, and a crack shot, I found him a very agreeable companion. With his antecedents and qualifications, his career, as may be imagined, had been very diversified, and nothing afforded me greater pleasure than to hear him relate his adventures; for, coming fresh from England, I had been greatly interested by the novel scenes and incidents of a life at the antipodes. Highandry gave me the following account of his experience of Maori law.

In the year eighteen hundred and blank, I happened to have some business, on account of which it was necessary that I should visit Auckland. I accordingly proceeded there, and was certainly not struck by its beauty or convenience, for I had never been an admirer of wooden huts and quagmires. However, the people were well enough, and I soon made plenty of friends, one of whom, Mr. Mitlington, invited me to visit him in the bush, as he was living a few miles out of Auckland, and, consequently, was not overmuch troubled with society. Such an invitation was anything but distasteful to me, and having at length finished my business in town, I started off to enjoy myself in the country. A sailing boat was my mode of transport, as Mitlington lived but a short distance from the sea-shore; moreover, if I had at all wished to go by land, I shouldn't have found the slightest apology for a road. So, one bright morning, I left Auckland, our little craft, with all sail set, bounding along as if she too felt the exhilarating influence of a southern atmosphere when tempered by a southern breeze. Fortunately this breeze continued, and by the middle of the day we sighted the welcome smoke which assured us that Mitlington was not forgetful of our creature-comforts, and our appetites being pretty keen, we lost not a moment, I can assure you, in landing. Having hauled up our boat on the beach, we made the best of our way to the house, which was comfortable if not grand, and where we met with a hearty welcome and a well-spread table. Our dinner occupied us for some time, and it was late in the afternoon before the men, whom I engaged to bring me, began to think of returning. When they

did, a considerable difficulty arose, for, on going down to the beach, the boat was missing. This occasioned much astonishment, but after many surmises and suggestions it was at length resolved that the boat had not been hauled beyond high-water mark, and consequently that the tide had carried it off. (This conclusion we afterwards found cause to alter, as will be seen.) However, time pressed, and we resolved to take Mitlington's boat and search along the coast for our missing property. After rowing for some distance, we were about to desist for the night, when we caught sight of the "waif" lying on the beach in such a position that it might either have been stranded by the waves, or placed there by human agency. The latter appeared the more probable, for, as we landed, a perfect chorus of yells saluted our ears, and looking round, we were disagreeably surprised to see a troop of at least fifty Maories appear from behind the rocks, and bear down upon us. Their leader was a fine stalwart man, standing above six feet high, and magnificently proportioned, as most of the New Zealand natives are. Turning to his band, he motioned them to stop, and then with a haughty step he advanced to me, saying, in the Maori language, "White man, the Maori rangatira (chief) claims that boat."

Understanding the language, and having some slight acquaintance with the Maori customs, I was able to answer him, and I said:

"The white man made it. It is his."

I should explain here that oratory is held in high estimation among the Maories, and that nothing pleases a rangatira more than to have an opportunity of displaying his eloquence. In the most approved style the chief resumed the discussion as follows:

"You see the rangatira. He is great. He has many servants. The sun comes from the waters to give him light. The trees grow to give him fruit. When he would eat, the fishes come quick to his hook. When he would fight, his enemies come to be killed. The great waters are afraid of him. They wish to make peace. They bring him a boat. He is pleased. He keeps it."

Now, no doubt this speech-making was very convincing to his followers, but I didn't view the subject in the same light, so I replied: "The white man takes it," and, putting my shoulder to the boat, I commenced, with the help of my men, to launch it. The launching did not proceed very far, as in another moment I was quietly lying on my back, having been tossed clean over the boat by the orator's sinewy arm. This was a sort of thing I had never been accustomed to, and, therefore, disregarding the dictates of prudence, I jumped up, "squared" at the chief, and succeeded in planting one straight from the shoulder, which "flooded" him.

The result was, of course, our seizure by the infuriated natives; but as they had, even at that time, learned to respect our government, they refrained from doing us any bodily harm,

but led us up to the English commissioner, who was living on the outskirts of the province, for the purpose of settling all disputes with the natives. He was simply supported by moral force—no great support there—and so the Maori views of law were often in the ascendant.

A rude court was formed in front of his hut. An arm-chair which had been brought from Auckland, and which the Maories regarded with great awe, was placed for the commissioner. At a short distance in front of this arm-chair stood my accuser and myself, while on every side appeared a threatening array of natives, who had gathered together in great numbers when they heard of the occurrence.

The proceedings commenced by the commissioner calling upon the injured chieftain to state his complaint. Expecting to hear some claim made to the boat, I was quite taken aback when he spoke thus:

"The Maories cry for vengeance. The rangatira is holy. In war, in peace, the man that strikes the rangatira dies. The great fathers of the Maories have said so. Do I speak well?"

This question met with a grave and dignified assent from the old men of the tribe who stood in the front of the circle. Thus encouraged, he proceeded:

"I stood by the great waters. I looked up. The birds flew fast away. They feared to share the air which the rangatira breathed. I looked down. The waves drew back. The shore was the rangatira's. He trod there. I looked on the land. The trees, the men, bent down. I looked on the great waters. They were troubled at my look. They hastened, they brought an offering to the rangatira. It was a boat. They hid it at my feet. I took it. The white man comes to take it. He lifts his hand. He strikes the rangatira. The birds, the air, the waves, the shore, the trees, the men, and the great waters, saw it done. They shake. They are afraid. They say, 'He strikes the holy rangatira, he must die.' I have finished."

Never shall I forget the burst of applause which rang through the air when the chief's speech was concluded. Even the old men were unable to restrain themselves, and exclaimed, "It is good. He must die." But it was only for a moment that the Maories allowed themselves to appear excited, and when the first fierce shout was ended, a dead silence reigned, rendered all the more striking and impressive from the contrast.

It was broken by the commissioner, who, addressing me, asked, "Is it true. Have you struck the rangatira?"

"I have," was my answer.

"Then," said he, "I cannot save you. You have broken the law of the Maories. You must appeal to them."

Already was I seized. Although of considerably more than average strength, I was motionless as a statue in the grasp of four athletic natives, two on each side. The ac-

cusing chief, seized his axe, made from the sacred greenstone, which is highly prized by the rangatiras,* and poisoning it, was about to deliver that blow which is never known to fail in dealing instant death—occasionally even cleaving to the chin—when the commissioner motioned to one of the oldest men present, who rushed forward, and stepping in front of me, said, "Did not my brother hear? The white man must speak to the Maories. The white father says so."

The would-be executioner lowered his axe. I was released for the moment, but hope almost forsook me when I heard an universal exclamation of, "It is good. He speaks before he dies."

Here was a very unpromising jury. Not being so well read in Maori as in English law, I was somewhat at a loss, but necessity being the mother of invention, I gave vent to my injured feelings in this manner:

"I speak to the great Maories. They have a law. It is good and holy. I bend before it, and I ask my great Maori brothers to put it in force. If they do not, the sun will look down to-morrow, and he will see that the Maories are a people who have no holy law. They crawl.† They do not walk. He will go away from them. The moon, the stars, will no longer serve them. The birds, the fishes, will all say, 'The Maories crawl.' Do I speak well?"

A vehement cry of approbation answered me, not, however, unmingled with surprise, for they could not comprehend why I was so anxious to be executed. I proceeded:

"Yes, my Maori brothers hear that I speak well. I will speak better. I will open their hearts, their ears, their eyes. That rangatira (pointing to my accuser) has shut them. The Maori law says that the rangatira is sacred. I am a rangatira. I am a white rangatira. In my country the earth shakes when I walk. I want rain. I look up. The rain comes. I want sun. I look up. The sun comes. I am holy. That rangatira has raised his hand against me. He has thrown me in the air. I no longer stood. I, a rangatira, my back touched the ground. I claim his life."

The tables were completely turned. The commissioner rose in such a hurry to congratulate me, that he overturned his seat of justice. My companions in misfortune rushed forward, and almost embraced me, while, at a sign from the old chiefs, my late triumphant enemy was brought before me in the dread predicament from which I had so recently es-

caped. He looked so very crestfallen, that I was unable to refrain from a burst of laughter, on which, he hastened to inform me that by another provision of the same law, his fate lay entirely in my hands, and that if I chose to exercise it, I had the power of pardon. I was pleased enough to hear this, and, making him the object of my clemency, only told him to prepare our boats for sea before he departed. He was more than willing to do this, and having finished his task, came to the house where we were enjoying the best supper the commissioner could provide, and insisted upon an enormous amount of embracing and nose-rubbing, before he would leave me.

His companions had previously gone with many expressions of respect and attachment, and so we were at last left to enjoy our grog, and to laugh (though I could not laugh quite as heartily as usual, for the next day or two) over the incidents of the court-martial.

CASE FOR THE PRISONER.

At six o'clock on Monday morning, the 29th of January, 1827, the Dover mail-coach, mud-bespattered and travel-stained, pulled up before the General Post-office in Lombard-street, and the official porters in attendance flung themselves upon it, and dragged from it the receptacle for letters (then containing correspondence from France, from foreign countries transmitting through France, and from Dover itself), which, in official language, was known as the mail-portmanteau. The guard, cold, stiff, and tired, tumbled off his perch, stamped his feet on the pavement, yawned, stretched himself, and literally "lent a hand" towards the removal of the mail-portmanteau by just touching it in its descent with his four fingers; the coachman, also cold, stiff, and tired, let his benumbed left hand give to the motion of the four jaded horses, which, dank and steaming, stretched their necks, and yawned about with their heads and shook their bodies, rattling their harness in a dismal manner. All the passengers had dismounted long ago, the guard had stepped inside the office to settle some little matter in connexion with the waybill, the few stragglers always waiting about to see the coaches come in had been cheaply edified and were moving off, the coachman had jerked the horses' heads into the air preparatory to walking them round to the stable, when a pale-faced clerk with a pen behind his ear came rushing out of the little side-door, tumbling over the guard, and exclaiming, "Hold hard, for God's sake! The mail has been robbed!"

When the two official porters carried the mail-portmanteau into the Foreign Office of the General Post-office, they placed it before the clerk waiting to receive it. There was little time to count and sort and despatch the letters; the clerk knew that in order to get through his work he must have quick eyes and nimble fingers; and in a minute he had unbuckled the flaps of the square

* As much as five hundred acres of land is sometimes given for one of these greenstones, which, when acquired, is never parted with, being even buried in the same grave as the chief.

† Nothing is so great an insult to a Maori as to tell him that he does not walk, but crawls. The Maories have a tradition that, when their forefathers descended from the skies, they found the island inhabited by crawling men, who were afterwards changed into dogs.

portmanteau and thrown them back, preparatory to opening the two compartments, when in each of the compartments he saw a long cut, as with a knife, large enough to admit of the enclosed bags being drawn out. Rather staggered at this, the clerk hastily turned all the bags out on to the floor, noticing as he did so that several of them were cut and frayed. Then he looked for the Paris letter-bill, which he found in due course, and read as follows: "No. 203. Direction Générale des Postes de France. Départ de Paris pour Londres. Ce Vendredi, 26 Janvier, Année 1827. Le contenu de votre dernière dépêche du 24^{me} a été exactement distribué, et ultérieurement expédié pour sa destination, l'administration vous demande le même soin pour le contenu de la présente du reçu, de laquelle vous voudrez bien lui donner avis." Then followed a list of the bags and their weights, from France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, Switzerland, Germany, and Turkey. The clerk carefully compared the bill in his hand with the bags lying before him, and instantly found that the Italian bag, the heaviest, and probably, therefore, the most valuable, was missing.

The pale-faced clerk, rushing out and communicating this fact to the coachman and overturned guard (when he was picked up) of the Dover mail-coach, had the satisfaction of seeing their rubicund countenances turn to his own hue; but with that he was obliged to remain content, as they merely invoked different species of condemnation on various portions of their anatomy, if they knew anything about it, or could tell how it occurred. So the Dover mail-coach went round to its stables. That night, when the return Dover mail left the Elephant and Castle, it had for one of its inside passengers the solicitor to the General Post-office: a man of clear head and prompt action, to whom the investigation of delicate matters connected with the postal service was confided. To him, comfortably installed at the Ship Hotel, came the postmaster of Calais and the captain of the *Henri Quatre*, the French packet by which the mail had been brought over. After a little consultation, these gentlemen were clearly of opinion that the mail arrived intact at Calais, was sent thence and arrived intact at Dover, was sent thence intact, and was violated on the road to London. Tending to the proof of this, was a special circumstance. When the mail arrived at Dover, it was so unusually heavy as to induce a Custom-house officer who saw it landed, to regard it with suspicion; so he accompanied the men who bore it, from the French vessel to the packet-agent's office, that he might see it opened, and be satisfied that it contained nothing prohibited. The portmanteau was unbuckled and its compartments were thrown open in the presence of this officer, of Sir Thomas Coates the packet-agent, and of three other persons, all of whom were certain that the compartments of the bags were in a perfect state, and that the bags were then uncut.

So far so good. In such cases, proving a negative is the next best thing to positive

proof; because it shuts the gate and prevents your wandering in the wrong direction. So the solicitor to the Post-office, journeying back to London, and taking up the threads of his case on his way, stopped at Canterbury, made a few casual inquiries, pricked up his ears, opened a regular official investigation, and received what he believed to be very important information. For, it appeared that on the Sunday night of the robbery, four inside and three outside passengers left Dover by the mail-coach for London. The four insides were booked for London, one of the outsides was booked for Chatham, another for Canterbury or as much further towards London as he pleased, the third outside intimated that he should only go as far as Canterbury. When the mail reached the Fountain Inn, Canterbury, the outside passenger who was booked as far towards London as he pleased, got down and paid his fare, stating that he should go no further; the passenger who was booked for Canterbury alighted at the same time; and the two walked away from the coach together.

One of the mail-coach proprietors, who resided at Canterbury, happened to be looking at the mail while it was standing at the door on the evening in question, and observed two men, dressed as if they had just left the coach, crossing the street. They stood consulting together for a few minutes, and, after walking about fifty yards, stopped again, when a third man joined them. They all conversed for about a minute, and then separated; two of them went down the street on the road to London, the mail passed them, and almost immediately afterwards they returned up the street in the direction of the Rose Hotel. The third man went into the coach-office, booked himself as an outside passenger for London, and went on by the mail. Shortly after the mail passed through Canterbury that night, two strangers coming from the direction in which the mail had gone, entered the Rose Hotel, and ordered a chaise to London. On being asked whether they would change horses at Ospringe or Sittingbourn, they said it was immaterial so long as they got on quickly. The waiter who showed them into a sitting-room noticed that they had a small bag with them. They ordered some brandy-and-water and shut themselves in—in the room, not the bag. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour the waiter, suddenly opening the door to say that the chaise was ready, perceived various letters (at least twenty or thirty), and several small paper packets, lying on the table; the men were feeling the letters, holding them up to the candles, and otherwise examining their contents. They appeared much confused when the waiter entered the room, crammed the letters into their pockets, paid their bill, got into the chaise, and at once set off for town.

The thieves were traced through different stages, until it was ascertained that they had been set down between six and seven o'clock on Monday morning near a watch-box in

the Kent-road, and that, having paid the post-boy, they then walked off towards Surrey-square.

So much notice was taken of the men at the Rose Hotel, and at the places where they stopped to change horses and take refreshment on the road to town, that a description of their persons was procured, and the police communicated with. On hearing the description, the police at once considered that it implicated one Tom Partridge, and one of his associates, who had been concerned in most of the coach robberies which had recently been committed; and private information having been obtained that these were really the men who had violated the mail, warrants were obtained, and Tom Partridge was "wanted." After a search of many weeks Tom Partridge was apprehended, and, on the examination which he underwent at Bow-street, was distinctly identified as one of the persons who booked an outside place at Dover by the mail of the evening in question, and as one of the men who were seen on the same evening at the Rose Hotel, examining letters and packets which lay open before them. On this evidence Mr. Tom Partridge was fully committed for trial.

From March till August, Mr. Tom Partridge lay in prison: immediately on his commitment, he had strongly denied his guilt, and had made application to be admitted to bail; but his request was refused. On the 21st of August, 1827, the assizes for the Home Circuit being then held in Maidstone, there was more than usual excitement round the old courthouse of that town. Very many witnesses were to be examined on the part of the crown, among them some French gentlemen, clerks in the Paris Post-office, and officers of the packet, who had been staying at the principal hotel of Maidstone for some days, and, at the expense of the prosecution: who had lived very freely, and had winked at the cherry-cheeked Kentish damsels in a manner which had caused some of those young girls to clench their fists and hint at giving "furriners" that dread blow known as a "smack o' th' face." And above all else productive of interest was the prevalent belief that the whole case was one of extraordinary circumstantial evidence; that it would turn upon the nicest question of personal identity; and that the prisoner intended bringing forward undeniable proofs of his innocence.

So the cramped little court was crowded from floor to ceiling when the learned judge took his seat on the bench. Immediately below him sat the Post-office solicitor, outwardly bland, but inwardly anxious: betraying his anxiety when there seemed any hitch in his case, by repeated application to a massive gold snuff-box. From time to time he conferred with the crown counsel on his right hand, and occasionally answered questions put to him by two old gentlemen on his left, London merchants and bankers. More than the average number of counsel (none appearing for the prisoner though) at the little green table appropriated to them, and though

sitting with wigs cocked awry and employing themselves generally in the mastication of quill pens, yet paying more than usual attention to a case in which they were not concerned. All round the court, wherever permissible, stood the eager public, stout broad-shouldered yeomen, buxom women, ostlers, and inn-yard loiterers, with occasionally among them the thin sallow face of a London "professional," probably a friend of the prisoner, contrasting strongly with the acres of broad healthy red cheeks by which it was surrounded. The prisoner himself in the dock fronting my lord the judge, a middle-sized stoutly-built man, with a queer humorous face, lighted by a twinkling arch blue eye. Not a bit daunted, but apparently rather pleased by the universal gaze, he stood leaning over the front of the dock, playing with the bits of herbs which custom still retained there, keenly observant of all that transpired, but apparently fully trusting in his own resources.

The judge settled himself in his seat, the usher demanded "Silence" at a moment when a pin might have been heard to drop, each jurymen threw every scrap of intellect at his command into his countenance, the Post-office solicitor took an enormous pinch of snuff, and Mr. Serjeant Strongbow, retained on behalf of the crown, rose to address the court. He told the story briefly, pretty much as it has been here stated, and proceeded to call his witnesses. First came the French gentlemen. M. Etienne Bonheur, comptroller at the foreign office of the General Post-office, Paris, proved that he made up the mail for London on the evening of Friday, the 26th of January, that there was an Italian bag, that he handed them to M. Avier to despatch. M. Avier, M. Gustave d'Ortell, postmaster of Calais, Captain Margot, of the Henri Quatre steamer, John Nash, the Custom-house officer at Dover, and Sir T. Coates, the packet agent, all deposed to the despatch and receipt of the mail in due course. Rather dull work this. So the judge thought, leaning back and biting his nails; so the jury thought, listening in bucolic wonder to the translation of the French witnesses' evidence by the interpreter, but bored when it came out in English a mere matter of formal routine connected with the transmission of a mail; so the prisoner thought, as he shifted from leg to leg, and smiled slightly once or twice, looking on with great unconcern. Booking-office keeper at Dover, mail coachman, coach proprietor at Canterbury, waiter and chambermaid at the Rose Hotel, waiters and ostlers all along the road, up they came one after the other, kissed the book, looked at the prisoner in the dock, and declared that he was the man who figured in their recollection as connected with the events of the night of the 28th of January. At the conclusion of this evidence, the court adjourns for refreshment, judge goes out at a side-door, prisoner wipes his forehead, and sits down by his guardian turnkey, Post-office solicitor takes a pinch of snuff and receives congratulations of London bankers on manner in which evidence

had been got together, Serjeant Strongbow says, "Seems clear case," and commences sand-wich.

After an interval of twenty minutes, the court resumed, Serjeant Strongbow intimated that the case for the prosecution was concluded, and the prisoner, called upon for his defence, humbly prayed that a written paper which he had prepared might be read aloud. The court assenting, the paper was handed to an officer, and was read aloud, to the following effect. In the first place, the prisoner denied any participation in the crime of which he was accused, and stated that in the month of January last, he was travelling with a person of the name of Trotter, on business, in the counties of Somerset and Devon. That on Monday, the 22nd January, he and Trotter arrived at the George Inn, Glastonbury, kept by Mr. Booth. That they left the George the same day, and went to Mr. Baker's, who keeps an inn at Somerton, and thence in Mr. Baker's gig to Yeovil. That the prisoner, taking a fancy to the horse in this gig, sent word back to Mr. Baker that if he had a mind to sell it, he (prisoner) would meet him at the George Inn, Glastonbury, on the ball night, the Thursday following. That on this Thursday night the prisoner and Trotter duly arrived at the George, bought Baker's horse for twelve guineas twelve shillings, borrowing the silver money from Booth, tried it on the Friday morning, and left it with Booth to get it into better condition. That he (prisoner) and Trotter left Glastonbury at half-past eleven on Saturday morning, the 27th, by the Exeter coach, which they quitted on the road about five miles from Tiverton, and walked on to that town. That at Tiverton they put up at the Three Tuns Hotel, and being cold, they called for and had some hot egg beer on their arrival, and that while at this hotel, having a wish to procure some clotted cream, they inquired of the waiter how they should carry it, when the waiter recommended them to have two tin cans for the purpose, which cans were procured and filled accordingly. That they stayed at the Three Tuns during the Saturday, the 27th, and Sunday, the 28th, and left on Monday, the 29th, by the Bristol coach to Bridgewater.

This statement of the prisoner's having been read aloud, he was called upon to corroborate it by evidence. Thereupon he summoned and produced in the witness-box, one after the other, Booth, the landlord of the George at Glastonbury; Baker, of whom he bought the horse; Ellis, the waiter at the Three Tuns at Tiverton, who produced the book containing the entries of the refreshment had by the prisoner—among them the hot egg beer, the clotted cream, and the tins for carrying it; and the chambermaid at the same inn. All of these persons exactly corroborated the prisoner's statement, and all of them swore positively to his identity. After the evidence of the last witness the judge interposed and asked the crown counsel whether he desired to press his case? Serjeant Strongbow turned to the Post-office solicitor, who, with a pinch of snuff suspended in the air, was gravely

shaking his head, when several of the jury expressed themselves satisfied that the witnesses for the prosecution were mistaken, and that the prisoner was not one of the persons who had committed the robbery. Whereupon a verdict of acquittal was recorded, and with a smiling face and a bow to the court Mr. Tom Partridge walked out of the dock a free man.

Some two years after this trial, which gave rise to a vast amount of wonder as to how the government could have been so mistaken as to prosecute an innocent man, the Post-office solicitor, wending his way quietly along Bishopsgate-street to catch the Norwood coach at the Flower-Pot Inn, was brushed against by a man going into a public-house, and, looking up, saw that the man was Tom Partridge. Now, in Mr. Solicitor's leisure moments, which were few enough, he had often thought of Tom Partridge, and had puzzled his brain ineffectually for a solution of Tom Partridge's mystery. So now, having a few minutes to spare, he first satisfied himself that the man who had brushed against him was the veritable Tom, and then crossed the street and took a careful survey of the public-house into which Tom had vanished. As he stood looking up at the house Tom came out of the street door, looked up, and called "Hi!" whereupon, from an upper window of the house, appeared the head and shoulders of another Tom, an exact reproduction of the original Tom, middle-sized, stoutly built, with a queer humorous face lighted by a twinkling arch blue eye. Mr. Solicitor rubbed his eyes and took a stinging pinch of snuff; but when he looked again there were the two Tom Partridges, exactly alike, one on the pavement in the street, the other looking out of the third floor window. Then both disappeared into the house, whence presently emerging both by the street door, one pointed to some distant object and the other started off up the street, the first returning into the public-house, each so exactly like the other that, when they separated, they looked like halves of one body.

Mr. Solicitor took a short joyous pinch, rubbed his hands slowly, and went off to the Flower-Pot Inn. That evening he had several extra glasses of a peculiarly fine brown sherry which he only drank on special occasions, and Mrs. Solicitor remarked to the Misses Solicitor that she thought father must have had a very good case on somewhere, he was in such spirits. Next morning Mr. Solicitor was closeted for half an hour with one of the heads of the Post-office department who had the official conduct of criminal cases, and shortly afterwards a confidential messenger was despatched with a letter to William Lexden—otherwise known as Conkey Lexden, otherwise as Bill the Nobbler, otherwise as sundry and divers flash personages.

That evening Mr. La Trappe, of the General Post-office, sat in the study of his private house in Brunswick-square. On the desk before him stood his despatch-box, a cutting from a news-

paper, a lawyer's brief with some official taped papers. A case-bottle of brandy, a tumbler, and a water-bottle, stood on the corner of the desk. As the clock struck eight, the servant entered and announced "a man." The man being admitted proved very velveteen, slightly stably, and very bashful.

"Sit down, Lexden," said Mr. La Trappe, pointing to a chair. "I sent for you, because I discovered that the last time you were here you left something behind you—"

"The devil!" burst out Mr. Lexden.

"Oh, don't fear!" said Mr. La Trappe, smiling gently, and looking at him with a peculiar glance, "it was only this letter! You needn't open it; you'll find it all right."

Mr. Lexden took the letter with some misgiving; then a light gradually dawning on him he crumpled it softly in his palm; a responsive crinkling of crisp enclosure fell upon his ear, and he chuckled as he said, "All right, sir! I'm fly!"

"Mix yourself a glass of grog, Lexden," said Mr. La Trappe, pointing to the case-bottle. "You've entirely left the profession, I believe?"

"Entirely, sir."

"And are leading an honest life?"

"Reg'lar slap up 'spectable mechanic," said Lexden.

"I want a little information from you; it can't hurt anybody, as the affair is bygone and blown. Do you recollect the robbery of the Dover mail?"

"I should think so," said Lexden, grinning very much.

"Ah!" said Mr. La Trappe. "We tried a man named Tom Partridge for it, and he was acquitted on an alibi. He did it, of course?"

"Of course," said Lexden.

"Ah!" said Mr. La Trappe again, with perfect calmness; "he has a double who went into Somerset and Devon at the same time, and worked the oracle for him?"

"Well! How *did* you find that out?"

"Never mind, Lexden, how I found it out. What I want to know is—who is the double?"

"Tom Partridge's brother—old Sam, one year older nor Tom, and as like him as two peas. It was the best rig o' the sort as ever was rigged. Old Sam had been out in Ameriky all his life, and when he first came back, every one was talking about his likeness to Tom; you couldn't know 'em apart. Fiddy, the fence, thought something might be made of this, and he planned the whole job—the egg-hot, and the

cream, the tips, and the horse what he bought. Tom's got that horse now, to drive in his shay-cart on Sundays, and he calls him 'Walker.'"

"Walker!" said Mr. La Trappe; "what does he call him Walker for?"

"Walker's a slang name for a postman," explained Mr. Lexden, in great delight. "Worn't it per-rime?"

"Oh!" said Mr. La Trappe, with great gravity, "I perceive. One more question, Lexden; how was the robbery effected? The interior of the portmanteau could not have been cut unless it had been unbuckled and the compartments thrown open, and they could not possibly have done all that on the top of the coach. Besides, the guard stated he had fastened it in a very peculiar manner at Dover, and that the fastenings were in exactly the same state when he opened it in London."

"Ah! That was the best game of the lot," said Mr. Lexden. "The job was done while the portmanteau was in the agent's office at Dover, and where it lay from three o'clock on Sunday afternoon till between seven and eight in the evening. Tom Partridge and his pal they opened the street door with a skeleton key, there was no one there, and they had plenty of time to work it."

"And Tom Partridge's pal was——?"

"Ah, that I can't say," said Mr. Lexden, looking straight into the air. "I never heard tell o' his name."

"Thanks, Lexden, that'll do," said Mr. La Trappe, rising. "Good night! You've done no harm. I shall know where to find you if ever I want you again."

About a twelvemonth afterwards, that slap up respectable mechanic, Mr. William Lexden, was hanged for horse-stealing. Just before his execution he sent for Mr. La Trappe, and confessed that *he* had been Tom Partridge's accomplice in the robbery of the Dover mail. Mr. La Trappe thanked him for the information, but bore it like a man who could bear a surprise.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER

Is postponed to No. 235.

Now ready, bound in cloth, price 5s. 6d.,

THE NINTH VOLUME.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 234.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XLII.

DR. SHORT arrived, approved Dr. Phillips's treatment, and said the case was severe but not hopeless, and he would call again. A bed was prepared in the house for Mr. Hardie: but neither he nor any of the Dodds closed an eye that sorrowful night.

About midnight, after a short slumber, the sufferer became uneasy, and begged to be left with Julia. Julia was sent for, and found her a good deal excited. She inquired more than once if they were quite alone, and then asked for paper and a pencil. She wrote a few lines, and made Julia put them in a cover and seal them. "Now dear friend," she said, "promise me not to open this, nor even to let your mother; it is not for your happiness that what I have written should be seen by her or you; no, no, much better not. Come; dear friend, pledge me your honour." Julia pledged her honour.

Then Jane wrote on the cover, "From a dying sister." Julia saw that; and wept sore.

Jane comforted her. "Do not weep for me, love: I am content to go, or stay. This is not my doing; so I know it must be for the best. He is leading me by a way that I know not. Oh my beloved friend, how sweet it is to lie in His hands, and know no will but His. Ay, I thank Him for crossing my will, and leading me to himself by His own good way, and not by poor blind, foolish, mine."

In this spirit of full resignation she abode constant, and consoled her weeping friends from time to time, whenever she was quite herself.

About daybreak, being alone with her father, she shed a few tears at his lonely condition. "I fear you will miss me," said she. "Take my advice, dear; be reconciled with Alfred at once, and let Julia be your daughter, since I am leaving you. She is all humility and heart. Dying, I prize her and her affection more highly; I seem to see characters clearer, all things clearer, than I did before my summons came."

The miserable father tried to be playful and scold her: "You must not talk nor think of death," he said. "Your bridal-day is to come first; I know all; Edward Dodd has told me he loves

you. He is a fine noble fellow; you shall marry him: I wish it. Now, for his sake, summon all your resolution, and make up your mind to live. Why, at your age, it needs but to say, 'I will live, I will, I will;' and when all the prospect is so smiling, when love awaits you at the altar, and on every side! If you could leave your poor doting father, do not leave your lover: and here he is with his mother crying for you. Let me comfort him; let me tell him you will live for his sake and mine."

Even this could not disturb the dying Christian. "Dear Edward," she said; "it is sweet to know he loves me. Ah, well, he is young; he must live without me till I become but a tender memory of his youth. And oh, I pray for him that he may cherish the words I have spoken to him for his soul's good, far longer than he can remember these features that are hastening to decay."

At ten in the morning Mr. Hardie's messenger returned without Alfred, and with a note from Dr. Wycherley to this effect: that the order for Alfred's admission into his asylum being signed by Mr. Thomas Hardie, he could not send him out even for a day except on Thomas Hardie's authority; it would be a violation of the law. Under the circumstances, however, he thought he might venture to receive that order by telegraph. If then Mr. Hardie would telegraph Thomas Hardie in Yorkshire to telegraph him (Wycherley), Alfred should be sent with two keepers wherever Mr. T. Hardie should so direct.

Now Mr. Hardie had already repented of sending for Alfred at all. So, instead of telegraphing Yorkshire, he remained passive, and said sullenly to Mrs. Dodd, "Alfred can't come, it seems."

Thus Routine kept the brother from his dying sister.

They told Jane, with aching hearts, there was reason to fear Alfred could not arrive that day.

She only gave a meaning look at Julia, about the paper; and then she said with a little sigh, "God's will be done."

This was the last disappointment Heaven allowed Earth to inflict on her; and the shield of Faith turned its edge.

One hour of pain, another of delirium, and now the clouds that darken this mortal life seemed to part and pass, and Heaven to open full upon

her. She spoke of her coming change no longer with resignation; it was with rapture. "Oh!" she cried, "to think that from this very day I shall never sin again, shall never again offend Him by unholy temper, by un-Christ-like behaviour!"

The strong and healthy wept and groaned aloud; but she they sorrowed for was all celestial bliss. In her lifetime she had her ups and downs of religious fervour; was not without feverish heats, and cold misgivings and depression; but all these fled at that dread hour when the wicked are a prey to dark misgivings, or escape into apathy. This timid girl, that would have screamed at a scratch, met the King of Terrors with smiles and triumph. For her the grave was Jordan, and death was but the iron gate of life everlasting. *Mors janua vitæ*. Yet once or twice she took herself to task: but only to show she knew what the All-Pure had forgiven her. "I often was wanting in humility," she said. "I almost think that if I were to be sent back again into this world of sin and sorrow I am leaving behind, I should grow a little in humility; for I know the ripe Christian is like the ripe corn, holds his head lower than when he was green; and the grave it seems to be ripening me. But what does it matter? since He who died for me is content to take me as I am. Come quickly, Lord Jesus, oh, come quickly! Relieve Thy servant of the burden of the flesh, and of the sins and foibles that cling to it, and keep her these many years from Thee."

This prayer was granted; the body failed more and more; she could not swallow even a drop of wine; she could not even praise Her Redeemer: that is to say, she could not speak. Yet she lay and triumphed. With hands put together in prayer, and eyes full of praise and joy unspeakable, she climbed fast to God. While she so mounted in the spirit, her breath came at intervals unusually long, and all were sent for to see Death conquer the body and be conquered by the soul.

At last, after an unnaturally long interval, she drew a breath like a sigh. They waited for another; waited, waited in vain.

She had calmly ceased to live.

The old doctor laid down her hand reverently, and said, "She is with us no more." Then with many tears, "Oh, may we all meet where she is now, and may I go to her the first."

Richard Hardie was led from the room in a stupor.

Immediately after death all the disfiguring effect of pain retired, and the happy soul seemed to have stamped its own celestial rapture on the countenance at the moment of leaving it; a rapture so wonderful, so divine, so more than mortal calm, irradiated the dead face. The good Christians she left behind her looked on and feared to weep, lest they should offend Him, who had taken

her to Himself, and set a visible seal upon the house of clay that had held her. "Oh, mamma," cried Julia with fervour, "look! look! Can we, dare we, wish that angel back to this world of misery and sin?" And it was some hours before she cooled, and began to hang on Edward's neck and weep his loss and hers, as weep we mortals must, though the angels of Heaven are rejoicing.

Thus died in the flower of her youth, and by what we call a violent death, the one child Richard Hardie loved; member of a religious party whose diction now and then offends one to the soul: but the root of the matter is in them; allowance made for those passions, foibles, and infirmities of the flesh, even you and I are not entirely free from, they live fearing God; and die loving Him.

There was an inquest next day, followed in due course by a public trial of James Maxley. But these are matters which, though rather curious and interesting, must be omitted, or touched hereafter and briefly.

The effect of Jane's death on Richard Hardie was deplorable. He saw the hand of Heaven; but did not bow to it: so it filled him with rage, rebellion, and despair. He got his daughter away and hid himself in the room with her; scarcely stirring out by night or day. He spoke to no one; he shunned the Dodds: he hated them. He said it was through visiting their house she had met her death, and at their door. He would not let himself see it was he who had sent her there with his lie. He loathed Alfred, calling him the cause of all.

He asked nobody to the funeral: and, when Edward begged permission to come, he gave a snarl like a wild beast and went raging from him. But Edward would go: and at the graveside pitying Heaven relieved the young fellow's choking heart with tears: but no such dew came to that parched old man, who stood on its other side like the withered Archangel, his eyes gloomy and wild, his white cheek ploughed deep with care and crime and anguish, his lofty figure bowed by his long warfare, his soul burning and sickening by turms, with hatred and rebellion, with desolation and despair.

He went home and made his will; for he felt life hang on him like lead, and that any moment he might kill himself to be rid of it. Strange to say, he left a sum of money to Edward Dodd. A moment before, he didn't know he was going to do it: a moment after, he was half-surprised he had done it, and minded to undo it; but would not take the trouble. He went up to London, and dashed into speculation as some in their despair take to drink. For this man had but two passions; avarice, and his love for his daughter. Bereaved of her, he must either die or live for gain. He sought the very cave of Mammon; he plunged into the Stock Exchange.

When Mr. Hardie said, "Alfred can't come, it

seems," Mrs. Dodd misunderstood him, naturally enough. She thought the heartless young man had sent some excuse; had chosen to let his sister die neglected rather than face Julia: "As if she would leave her own room while he was in my house," said Mrs. Dodd, with sovereign contempt. From this moment she conceived a horror of the young man. Edward shared it fully, and the pair always spoke of him under the title of "the Wretch;" this was when Julia was not by. In her presence he was never mentioned. By this means she would in time forget him, or else see him as they saw him.

And as, after all, they knew little to Mr. Hardie's disadvantage, except what had come out of "the Wretch's" mouth, and as moreover their hearts were softened towards the father by his bereavement, and their sight of his misery, and also by his grateful words, they quite acquitted him of having robbed them, and felt sure the fourteen thousand pounds was at the bottom of the sea.

They were a little surprised that Mr. Hardie never spoke nor wrote to them again; but being high minded and sweet tempered, they set it down to all-absorbing grief, and would not feel sore about it.

And now they must leave the little villa where they had been so happy, and so unhappy.

The scanty furniture went first; Mrs. Dodd followed, and arranged it in their apartments. Julia would stay behind to comfort Edward, inconsolable herself. The auction came off. Most of the things went for cruelly little money compared to their value: and with the balance the sad young pair came up to London, and were clasped in their mother's arms. The tears were in her tender eyes. "It is a poor place to receive my treasures," she said: Edward looked round astonished; "It was a poor place," said he, "but you have made a little palace of it, somehow or another."

"My children's love can alone do that," replied Mrs. Dodd, kissing them both again.

Next day they consulted together how they were to live. Edward wished to try and get his father into a public asylum; then his mother would have a balance to live upon out of her income. But Mrs. Dodd rejected this proposal with astonishment. In vain Edward cited the "Tiser" that public asylums are patterns of comfort, and cure twice as many patients as the private ones do. She was deaf alike to the "Tiser" and to statistics. "Do not argue me out of my common sense," said she. "My husband, your father, in a public asylum, where anybody can go and stare at my darling!"

She then informed them she had written to her Aunt Bazalgette and her Uncle Fountain, and invited them to contribute something towards David's maintenance.

Edward was almost angry at this. "Fancy asking favours of them," said he.

"Oh, I must not sacrifice my family to false pride," said Mrs. Dodd; "besides, they are entitled to know,"

While waiting for their answers, a word about the parties, and their niece.

Our Mrs. Dodd, born Lucy Fountain, was left at nineteen to the care of two guardians: 1, her Uncle Fountain, an old bachelor, who loved comfort, pedigree, and his own way; 2, her Aunt Bazalgette, who loved flirting, dressing, and her own way; both charming people, when they got their own way; verjuice, when they didn't; and egotists deep as ocean.

From guardians they grew match-makers and rivals by proxy: Uncle schemed to graft Lucy on to a stick called Talboys, that came in with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, known in pedigrees as "the Norman Conquest." Aunt, wife of a merchant of no Descent, except from a high stool, devoted her to Richard Hardie. An unlooked-for obstacle encountered both: Lucy was not amorous. She loved these two egotists, and their quadrupeds; but there she stopped dead short. They persisted; and, while they pulled her to and fro and ruffled her native calm, David Dodd, first mate of the Something or other, East India-man—brown cheek, honest speech, heart of gold—fell deep in love and worshipped her at a distance. His timidity and social insignificance made him harmless; so egotist Fountain had him in to desert to spin yarns; egotist Bazalgette invited him to her house to flirt with. At this latter place he found Hardie and Talboys both courting Lucy; this drove him mad, and in his fury he popped. Lucy declined him *secundum artem*: he went away blessing her, with a manly sob or two. Lucy cried a little and took a feminine spite against his rivals, who remained to pester her. Now Talboys, spurred by uncle, had often all but popped; only some let, hindrance, or just impediment had still imposed: once her pony kept prancing at each effort he made towards Hymen; they do say the subtle virgin kept probing the brute with a hair pin, and made him caracole and spill the treacle as fast as it came her way. However, now Talboys elected to pop by sea. It was the element his ancestors had invaded fair England by; and on its tranquil bosom a lover is safe from prancing steeds, and the myriad anti-pops of terra firma. Miss Lucy consented to the water excursion demurely, designing to bring her sickly wooer to this point, and so get rid of him for ever and ever. Plot and counter-plot were baffled by the elements: there came an anti-pop out of the south-west called a gale. Talboys boated so skillfully that he and his intended would have been united without ceremony by Father Nep. at the bottom of the British Channel, but for David Dodd, who was hovering near in jealous anguish and a cutter. He saved them both, but in the doing of it missed his ship, and professional ruin faced him. Then good-hearted Lucy was miserable, and appealed to Mr. Bazalgette, and he managed somehow to get David made captain of the Rajah. The poor girl thought she had squared the account with David; but he refused the ship unless she would go halves, and while her egotists bullied and vexed her, he

wrought so upon her pity, and teased her so, that to get rid of his importunity she married him. In time she learned to love him ten times better than if she had begun all flames. Uncle and aunt cut her tolerably dead for some years; Uncle came round the first; some antiquarian showed him that Dodd was a much more ancient family than Talboys. "Why, sir, they were lords of sixteen manors under the Heptarchy, and hold some of them to this day." Mrs. Bazalgette, too, had long corresponded with her periodically, and on friendly terms.

The answers came on the same day, curiously enough. Uncle Fountain, ruined by railway speculation, was living on an allowance from creditors; but his house was at their service if they liked to live with him—and board themselves.

Mrs. Bazalgette's was the letter of a smooth woman, who has hoarded imperishable spite. She reminded her niece after all these years, that her marriage with David was an act of disobedience and ingratitude. She then enumerated her own heavy expenses, all but the 400*l.* a year she spent in bedizening her carcase, and finally, amidst a multitude of petty insults, she offered to relieve Mrs. Dodd of—Julia. Now Poetry has reconciled us to an asp in a basket of figs; but here was a scorpion in a bundle of nettles. Poor Mrs. Dodd could not speak after reading it. She handed it to Edward, and laid her white forehead wearily in her hand. Edward put the letter in an envelope, and sent it back with a line in his own hand declining all correspondence with the writer.

"Now then, dears," said he, "don't be cast down. Let this be a warning to us, never to ask favours of anybody. Let us look the thing in the face; we must work or starve: and all the better for us. Hard work suits heavy hearts. Come, have you any plan?"

"To be sure we have," said Julia cagerly. "I mean to go for a governess, and then I shall cost mamma nothing, and besides I can send her the money the people give me."

"A pretty plan!" said Edward sadly; "what, we three part company? Don't you feel lonely enough without that? I do, then. How can we bear our burdens at all, if we are not to be all together to cheer one another along the weary road? What, are we to break up? Is it not enough to be bereaved?"

He could say no more for the emotion his own words caused him; he broke down altogether, and ran out of the room.

However, he came back in an hour with his eyes red, but his heart indomitable; determined to play a man's part for all their sakes. "You ladies," said he, with something of his old genial way, that sounded so strange to one looking at his red eyes, and inspired a desire to hug him, "are full of talent, but empty of invention. The moment you are ruined, or that sort of thing, it is *go* for a governess, *go* for a companion, *go* here, *go* there, in search of what? In-

dependence? No; Dependence. Besides, all this *going* is bosh. Families are strong if they stick together, and if they go to pieces they are weak. I learned one bit of sense out of that mass of folly they call antiquity; and that was the story of the old bloke with his twelve sons, and fagot to match. 'Break 'em apart,' he said; and each son broke his stick as easy as shelling peas. 'Now break the twelve all tied together,' devil a bit could the duffers break it then. Now we are not twelve, we are but three; easy to break one or two of us apart, but not the lot together. No: nothing but death shall break this fagot, for nothing less shall part us three."

He stood like a Colossus, and held out his hands to them; they clung round his neck in a moment, as if to illustrate his words; clung tight, and blessed him for standing so firm and forbidding them to part.

Mrs. Dodd sighed, after the first burst of enthusiastic affection, and said: "If he would only go a step further and tell us what to do in company."

"Ay, there it is," said Julia. "Begin with me. What can I do?"

"Why, paint."

"What, to sell? Oh dear, my daubs are not good enough for that."

"Stuff! Nothing is too bad to *sell*."

"I really think you might," said Mrs. Dodd; "and I will help you."

"No, no, mamma, I want you for something better than the fine arts. You must go in one of the great grooves: Female vanity: you must be a dressmaker; you are a genius at it."

"My mamma a dressmaker," cried Julia: "oh, Edward, how can you? how dare you? poor, poor mamma!"

"Don't be so impetuous, dear. I think he is right: yes, it is all I am fit for. If ever there was a Heaven-born dressmaker, it's me."

"As for myself," said Edward, "I shall look out for some business in which physical strength goes further than intellectual attainments. Luckily there are plenty such. Breaking stones is one. But I shall try a few others first."

It is easy to settle on a business, hard to get a footing in one. Edward, convinced that the dressmaking was their best card, searched that mine of various knowledge, the "Tiser," for an opening: but none came. At last one of those great miscellaneous houses in the City advertised for a lady to cut cloaks. He proposed to his mother to go with him. She shrank from encountering strangers. No, she would go to a fashionable dressmaker she had employed some years, and ask her advice. Perhaps Madame Blanch would find her something to do. "I have more faith in the 'Tiser,'" said Edward, clinging to his idol.

Mrs. Dodd found Madame Blanch occupied in trying to suit one of those heart-breaking idiots, to whom dress is the one great thing, and all things else, sin included, the little ones. She had tried on a scarf three times; and it discon-

tented her when on, and spoilt all else when off. Mrs. Dodd saw, and said obligingly, "Perhaps were I to put it on you could judge better." Mrs. Dodd, you must know, had an admirable art of putting on a shawl or scarf. With apparent nonchalance she settled the scarf on her shapely shoulders so happily, that the fish bit, and the scarf went into its carriage; forty guineas, or so. Madame cast a rapid but ardent glance of gratitude Dodd-wards. The customer began to go, and after fidgeting to the door and back for twenty minutes actually went somehow. Then madame turned round, and said, "I'm sure, ma'am, I am much obliged to you; you sold me that scarf: and it is a pity we couldn't put her on your bust and shoulders, ma'am, then perhaps a scarf might please her. What can I do for you, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dodd blushed, and with subdued agitation told Madame Blanch that this time she was come not to purchase but to ask a favour. Misfortune was heavy on her; and, though not penniless, she was so reduced by her husband's illness and the loss of 14,000*l.* by shipwreck, that she must employ what little talents she had to support her family.

The woman explored her from head to foot to find the change of fortune in some corner of her raiment: but her customer was as well, though plainly, dressed as ever, and still looked an easy-going duchess.

"Could Madame Blanch find her employment in her own line? What talent I have," said Mrs. Dodd humbly, "lies in that way. I could not cut as well as yourself, of course; but I think I can as well as some of your people."

"That I'll be bound you can," said Madame Blanch dryly. "But dear, dear, to think of your having come down so. Have a glass of wine to cheer you a bit; do now, that is a good soul."

"Oh no, madam. I thank you; but wine cannot cheer me: a little bit of good news to take back to my anxious children, that would cheer me, madam. Will you be so good?"

The dressmaker coloured and hesitated; she felt the fascination of Dignity donning Humility, and speaking Music: but she resisted. "It won't do, at least here. I shouldn't be mistress in my own place. I couldn't drive you like I'm forced to do the rest; and, then, I should be sure to favour you, being a real lady, which is my taste, and you always will be, rich or poor; and then all my ladies would be on the bile with jealousy."

"Ah, madam," sighed Mrs. Dodd, "you treat me like a child; you give me sweetmeats, and refuse me food for my family."

"No, no," said the woman hastily. "I don't say I mightn't send you out some work to do at home."

"Oh, thank you, madam." N.B. The dressmaker half-dropped the Madam, so the lady used it now at every word.

"Now stop a bit," said Madame Blanch. "I know a firm that's in want. Theirs is easy work

by mine, and they cut up a piece of stuff every two or three days." She then wrote on one of her own cards Messrs. Cross, Fitchett, Copland, and Tylee, 11, 12, 13, and 14, Primrose-lane, City. "Say I recommend you. To tell the truth, an old hand of my own was to come here this very morning about it, but she hasn't kept her time; so this will learn her business doesn't stand still for lie-a-beds to catch it."

Mrs. Dodd put the card in her bosom and pressed the hand extended to her by Madame Zaire Blanch; whose name was Sally White, spinster. She went back to her children and showed them the card, and sank gracefully into a chair, exhausted as much by the agitation of asking favours as by the walk. "Cross, Fitchett, Copland? Why they were in the 'Tiser yesterday," said Edward: "look at this; a day lost by being wiser than the 'Tiser."

"I'll waste no more then," said Mrs. Dodd, rising quietly from the chair. They begged her to rest herself first. No, she would not. "I saw this lost by half an hour," said she. "Succeed or fail, I will have no remissness to reproach myself with." And she glided off in her quiet way, to encounter Cross, Fitchett, Copland, and Tylee, in the lane where a primrose was caught growing—six hundred years ago. She declined Edward's company rather peremptorily. "Stay and comfort your sister," said she. But that was a blind; the truth was, she could not bear her children to mingle in what she was doing. No, her ambition was to ply the scissors and thimble vigorously, and so enable them to be ladies and gentlemen at large. She being gone, Julia made a parcel of water-colour drawings, and sallied forth all on fire to sell them. But, while she was dressing, Edward started on a cruise in search of employment. He failed entirely. They met in the evening, Mrs. Dodd resigned, Edward dogged, Julia rather excited. "Now let us tell our adventures," she said. "As for me, shop after shop declined my poor sketches. They all wanted something about as good, only a little different: nobody complained of the grand fault, and that is their utter badness. At last one old gentleman examined them, and oh! he was so fat; there, round. And he twisted his mouth so" (imitating him) "and squinted into them so: then I was full of hope; and said to myself, 'Dear mamma and Edward!' And so, when he ended by saying 'No,' like all the rest, I burst out crying like a goose."

"My poor girl," cried Mrs. Dodd, with the tears in her own eyes, "why expose yourself to these cruel rebuffs?"

"Oh, don't waste your pity, mamma; those great babyish tears were a happy thought of mine; he bought two directly to pacify me; and there's the money. Thirty shillings!" And she laid it proudly on the table.

"The old cheat," said Edward; "they were worth two guineas apiece, I know."

"Not they; or why would not anybody else give twopence for them?"

"Because pictures are a Drug."

He added that even talent was not saleable unless it got into the Great Grooves; and then looked at Mrs. Dodd; she replied that unfortunately those Grooves were not always accessible. The City firm had received her stiffly, and inquired for whom she had worked. "Children, my heart fell at that question. I was obliged to own myself an amateur and beg a trial. However, I gave Madame Blanch's card: but Mr.—I don't know which partner it was—said he was not acquainted with her: then he looked a little embarrassed, I thought, and said the Firm did not care to send its stuff to ladies not in the business; I might cut it to waste, or— He said no more; but I do really think he meant I might purloin it."

"Why wasn't I there to look him into the earth? Oh, mamma, that you should be subjected to all this!"

"Be quiet, child; I had only to put on my armour; and do you know what my armour is? Thinking of my children. So I put on my armour, and said quietly, we were not so poor but we could pay for a piece of cloth should I be so unfortunate as to *spoil* it; and I offered in plain terms to deposit the price as security. But he turned as stiff at that as his yard measure; 'that was not Cross and Co.'s way of doing business,' he said. But it is unreasonable to be dejected at a repulse or two: and I am not out of spirits; not much." with this her gentle mouth smiled; and her patient eyes were moist.

The next day, just after breakfast, was announced a gentleman from the City. He made his bow and produced a parcel, which proved to be a pattern cloak. "Order, ladies," said he briskly, "from Cross, Fitchett, and Co., Primrose-lane. Porter outside with the piece. You can come in, sir." Porter entered with a bale. "Please sign this, ma'am." Mrs. Dodd signed a receipt for the stuff, with an undertaking to deliver it in cloaks at 11, Primrose-lane, in such a time. Porter retreated. The other said, "Our Mr. Fitchett wishes you to observe this fall in the pattern. It is new."

"I will, sir. Am I to trouble you with any money—by way of deposit, sir?"

"No orders about it, ma'am. Ladies, your most obedient. 'Good morning, sir.'"

And he was away.

All this seemed like a click or two of City clockwork: followed by rural silence. Yet in that minute commerce had walked in upon genteel poverty, and left honest labour and modest income behind her.

Great was the thankfulness, strange and new the excitement. Edward was employed to set up a very long deal table for his mother to work on, Julia to go and buy tailors' scissors. Calculations were made how to cut the stuff to advantage, and in due course the heavy scissors were heard snick, snick, snicking all day long.

Julia painted zealously, and Edward, without

saying a word to them, walked twenty miles a day hunting for a guinea a week; and finding it not. Not but what employment was often bobbed before his eyes: but there was no grasping it. At last he heard of a place peculiarly suited to him; a packing foreman's; in a warehouse at Southwark; he went there, and was referred to Mr. A.'s private house. Mr. A. was in the country for a day. Try Mr. B. Mr. B. was dining with the Lord Mayor. Returning belated, he fell in with a fire; and, sad to say, life was in jeopardy: a little old man had run out at the first alarm, when there was no danger, and, as soon as the fire was hot, had run in again for his stockings, or some such treasure. Fire does put out some people's reason; clean. While he was rummaging madly, the staircase caught, and the smoke cut off his second exit, and drove him up to a little staircase window at the side of the house. Here he stood, hose in hand, scorching behind and screaming in front. A ladder had been brought: but it was a yard short: and the poor old man danced on the window-ledge and dare not come down to a gallant fireman who stood ready to receive him at great personal peril. In the midst of shrieks and cries and shouts of encouragement, Edward, a practised gymnast, saw a chance. He ran up the ladder like a cat, begged the fireman to clasp it tight; then got on his shoulders and managed to grasp the window-sill: he could always draw his own weight up by his hands: so he soon had his knee on the sill, and presently stood erect. He then put his left arm inside the window, collared the old fellow with his right, and, half persuasion, half force, actually lowered him to the ladder with one Herculean arm amidst a roar that made the Borough ring; such a strain could not long be endured; but the fireman speedily relieved him by seizing the old fellow's feet and directing them on to the ladder, and so, propping him by the waist, went down before him, and landed him safe. Edward waited till they were down: then begged them to hold the ladder tight below; he hung from the ledge, got his eye well on the ladder below him, let himself quietly drop, and caught hold of it with hands of iron, and twisting round, came down the ladder on the inside hand over head without using his feet, a favourite gymnastic exercise of his learnt at the Modern Athens. He was warmly received by the crowd and by the firemen. "You should be one of us, sir," said a fine young fellow who had cheered him and advised him all through. "I wish to Heaven I was," said Edward: the other thought he was joking, but laughed and said, "Then you should talk to our head man after the business; there is a vacancy, you know."

Edward saw the fire out, and rode home on the engine. There he applied to the head man for the vacancy.

"You are a stranger to me, sir," said the head man. "And I'm sure it is no place for you; you are a gentleman."

"Well; is there anything ungentlemanly in saving people's lives and property?"

"Hear! hear!" said a comic fireman.

The compliment began to tell, though. Others put in their word. "Why, Mr. Baldwin, if a gentleman ain't ashamed of us, why should we be ashamed of him?"

"Where will ye get a better?" asked another; and added, "He is no stranger; we've seen him work."

"Stop a bit," said the comic fireman: "what does the dog say? just call him, sir, if you please; his name is Charlie."

Edward called the fire-dog kindly; he came and fawned on him; then gravely snuffed him all round, and retired wagging his tail gently, as much as to say, "I was rather taken by surprise at first, but, on the whole, I see no reason to recal my judgment."

"It is all right," said the firemen in chorus; and one that had not yet spoken to Edward now whispered him mysteriously, "Ye see that there dog he knows more than we do."

After the dog, a biped oracle at head-quarters was communicated with, and late that very night Edward was actually enrolled a fireman; and went home warmer at heart than he had been for some time. They were all in bed; and, when he came down in the morning, Julia was reading out of the *Tiser* a spirited and magniloquent description of a fire in Southwark, and of the heroism displayed by a young gentleman unknown, but whose name the writer hoped at so much the line would never be allowed to pass into oblivion; and be forgotten. In short, the *Tiser* paid him in one column for years of devotion. Now Edward, of course, was going to relate his adventure; but the journal told it so gloriously, he hesitated to say, "I did all that." He just sat and stared, and wondered, and blushed, and grinned like an imbecile.

Unfortunately looks seldom escaped the Doddesses. "What is that for?" inquired Julia, reproachfully. "Is that sheepish face the thing to wear, when a sister is reading out an heroic action? Oh, these are the things that make one long to be a man, to do them. What are you thinking about, dear?"

"Well, I am thinking the *Tiser* is pitching it rather strong."

"My love, what an expression!"

"Well, then, to be honest, I agree with you that it is a jolly thing to fight with fire and save men's lives; and I am glad you see it in that light; for now you will approve the step I have taken. Ladies, I have put myself in the way of doing this sort of thing every week of my life. I'm a fireman."

"You are jesting, I trust?" said Mrs. Dodd, anxiously.

"No, mamma. I got the place late last night, and I'm to enter on my duties and put on the livery next Monday. Hurrah!"

Instantly the admirers of fiery heroes at a distance overflowed with grief and mortification at the prospect of one in their own family. They could not speak at all at first: and, when they

did, it was only "Cruel! cruel!" from Julia; and "Our humiliation is now complete," from Mrs. Dodd.

They soon dashed Edward's spirits, and made him unhappy; but they could not convince him he had done wrong. However, in the heat of remonstrance, they let out at last that they had just begun to hope by dint of scissors and paint-brush to send him back to Oxford. He also detected, under a cloud of tender, loving, soothing, coaxing, and equivocating, expressions, their idea of a Man: to wit, a tall, strong, ornamental creature, whom the women were to cocker up, and pet, and slave for; and be rewarded by basking, dead tired, in an imperial smile or two let fall by their sovereign protégé from his arm-chair. And, in fact, good women have often demoralised their idols down to the dirt by this process; to be sure their idols were sorryish clay, to begin.

Edward was anything but flowery, so he paraded no manly sentiments in reply; he just bluntly ridiculed the idea of his consenting to prey on them; and he said humbly, "I know I can't contribute as much to our living as you two can—the petticoats carry the brains in our family—but, be a burden to you? Not if I know it."

"Pride! pride! pride!" objected Julia, lifting her grand violet orbs like a pensive Madonna.

"And such pride! The pride that falls into a fire-bucket," suggested prosaic mamma.

"That is cutting," said Edward: "but, *soyons de notre siècle*; flunkeyism is on the decline. I'll give you something to put in both your pipes:

Honour and rank from no condition rise.
Act well thy part; in that the honour lies."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Dodd, "only first choose your part: and let your choice be reasonable."

"Mine was Hobson's; who never chooses ill. Come, come," said he, and appealed calmly to their reason: by which means he made no impression at all. Then he happened to say, "Besides, I *must* do something; I own to you I am more cast down than I choose to show. Mother, I feel like lead ever since she died." Now on this, their faces filled with sympathy directly. So encouraged he went on to say; "but when I got my hand on that old duffer's collar, and lowered him to the ladder, and the fire shot roaring out of the window after him, too late to eat him, and the crowd cheered the fireman and me, I did feel warm about the waistcoat, and, for the first time this ever so long, life seemed not quite ended; I felt there was a little bit of good left, that even a poor dunce like me could do, and she could approve; if she can look down and see me, as I hope she can."

"There, there," said Mrs. Dodd tearfully, "I am disarmed. But, my darling, I do not know what you are talking about: stay; why Edward, surely—I hope—you were not the young gentleman in the paper: the one that risked his life so nobly; so foolishly if it was you."

"Why, mother, didn't I tell you it was me?" said Edward colouring.

"No, that you did not," said Julia. "Was it? was it? oh do be quick and tell one. There, it was."

"Well it was: ah, I remember now; that splendid account shut me up. Oh I say, didn't the 'Tiser pitch it strong?"

"Not at all," cried Julia; "I believe every word, and ever so much more. Mamma, we have got a hero: and here he is at breakfast with us, like an ordinary mortal." She rose suddenly with a burst of her old fire and fell upon him, and kissed him, and said earnestly how proud she was of him: "and so is mamma; she may say what she likes."

"Proud of him! ah that I am; very proud: and very unhappy. Heroes are my horror. How often, and how earnestly have I prayed that my son might not be brave like his father; but stay quietly at home out of harm's way."

Here remonstrance ended: the members of this family, happy by nature, though unhappy by accident, all knew when to yield to each other.

Unfortunately, in proportion as all these excitements great and small died, and her life became quiet and uniform, the depth of Julia's wound showed itself more and more. She never sang nor hummed, as she used to do, going about the house. She never laughed. She did burst out with fervid sentiments now and then; but very rarely: on the whole a pensive languor took the place of her lovely impetuosity. Tears rushed in a moment to her eyes with no visible cause. She often stole to the window, and looked all up and down the street: and, when she was out of doors, she looked down every side-street she passed; and sometimes, when a quick light step came behind them, or she saw a tall young gentleman at a great distance, her hand twitched her mother's arm or trembled on it. And, always, when they came home, she lingered a moment at the doorstep and looked all round before she went in.

At all these signs one half of Mrs. Dodd's heart used to boil with indignation, and the other half melt with pity. For she saw her daughter was looking for "the Wretch." Indeed Mrs. Dodd began to fear she had done unwisely in ignoring "the Wretch;" Julia's thoughts dwelt on him none the less; indeed all the more as it seemed: so the topic interdicted by tacit consent bade fair to become a barrier between her and Mrs. Dodd, hitherto her bosom friend as well as her mother. This was intolerable to poor Mrs. Dodd: and at last she said one day, "My darling, do not be afraid of me; rob me of your happy thoughts if you will, but oh, not of your sad ones."

Julia began to cry directly. "Oh no, mamma," she sobbed, "do not you encourage me in my folly. I know I have thrown away my affections on one who—I shall never see him again: shall I, mamma? Oh to think I can say those words, and yet go living on."

Mrs. Dodd sighed. "And if you saw him, would that mend the chain he has chosen to break?"

"I don't know; but if I could only see him, to part friends! It is cruel to hate him now he has lost his sister; and then I have got her message to give him. And I want to ask him why he was afraid of me; why he could not tell me he had altered his mind: did he think I wanted to have him against his will? Oh, mamma," said she imploringly, "he seemed to love me; he seemed all truth. I am a poor unfortunate girl."

Mrs. Dodd had only caresses to soothe her with. She could not hold out any hopes.

One day Julia asked her timidly if she might be a district visitor: "My dear friend was: and advised me to be one too; but I was wilful in those days and chose to visit by fits and starts, and be independent. I am humbled now a little: may I, mamma? Since she died every word of hers seems a law to me."

Mrs. Dodd assented cordially; as she would to anything else her wounded one had proposed.

This project brought Julia into communication with the new curate; and who should it prove to be but Mr. Hurd? At sight of him she turned white and red, and the whole scene in the church came back to her. But Mr. Hurd showed considerable tact for so young a man; he spoke to her in accents of deep respect, but confined his remarks strictly to the matter in hand. She told her mother when she got home; and expressed her gratitude to Mr. Hurd, but said she wished they did not live in the same parish with him. This feeling, however, wore off by degrees, as her self-imposed duties brought her more and more into contact with him, and showed her his good qualities.

As for Mr. Hurd, he saw and understood her vivid emotion at sight of him; saw and pitied; not without wonder that so beautiful a creature should have been jilted. And from the first he marked his sense of Alfred's conduct by showing her a profound and chivalrous respect, which he did not bestow on other young ladies in his parish; on the contrary, he rather received homage from them than bestowed it. By-and-by he saw Julia suppress if not hide her own sorrow, and go sore-hearted day by day to comfort the poor and afflicted: he admired and almost venerated her for this. He called often on Mrs. Dodd, and was welcome. She concealed her address for the present from all her friends except Dr. Sampson; but Mr. Hurd had discovered her; and ladies do not snub the clergy. Moreover, Mr. Hurd was a gentleman, and inclined to High Church. This she liked. He was very good-looking too, and quiet in his manners. Above all, he seemed to be doing her daughter good; for Julia and Mr. Hurd had one great sentiment in common. When the intimacy had continued some time on these easy terms, Mrs. Dodd saw that Mr. Hurd was falling in love with Julia, and that sort of love warm, but respectful, which soon leads to marriage, espe-

cially when the lover is a clergyman. This was more than Mrs. Dodd bargained for; she did not want to part with her daughter, and under other circumstances, would have drawn in her horns. But Mr. Hurd's undisguised homage gratified her maternal heart, coming so soon after that great insult to her daughter; and then she said to herself, "At any rate he will help me cure her of 'the Wretch.'" She was not easy in her mind, though; could not tell what would come of it all. So she watched her daughter's pensive face as only mothers watch; and saw a little of the old peach bloom creeping back.

That was irresistible: she let things go their own way, and hoped for the best.

VERMICULARITIES.

WORMS, on the Rhine, in Hessen Darmstadt, is not vermicular, but geographical. Neither are silk-worms, glow-worms, wire-worms, caddis-worms, worms at all, but the imperfect or the perfect forms of moths, beetles, weevils, and flies. A slow-worm is a snake or serpent. Every language, ancient or modern, exercises its own right to call worms what are not worms. In short, "worm," like many others, is an encroaching and aggressive word, claiming much which it has no right to. It is a feudal seigneur who shifts his landmark, so as to take in every tempting scrap of contiguous ground.

From a worm was produced the phoenix, of which there never was but one; and when she came to her end by burning, out of her ashes there arose another worm, which afterwards grew to be another phoenix. A silk-worm with the motto "*Sibi vincula nectit*" is a device of the courtier who makes himself a slave and spins his own chains, although they be silken. A worm figures the remorse of conscience. Naked as a worm, expresses the very extreme of nudity. The worm turning when trodden upon, is the protest of the feeble against injury and injustice. To draw the worms out of anybody's nose, is to get him to talk and betray his secrets. There are two Saints Ver or Verus—that is, Saints Worm.

It is hard to say which are the most remarkable, the doubtful white-worms, as big as one's little finger, bred in the snow on the mountains of Ararat and Caucasus, which, being crushed, give out a moisture colder than the snow itself; or the undoubted tropical guinea-worms which breed in people's feet and legs, and which, if not extracted whole, become extremely dangerous, and are consequently obliged to be reeled out on a little roller with the utmost care. The large marine-worm, which burrows in sand and is used by fishermen as bait, contrasts strongly, in its love of salt-water, with its cousin-german, the common earth-worm, to whom saline matters, beyond a certain strength of solution, are deadly poison. This latter, the worm best known to us, has a right to the honour of representing its group. M. Macé (in his *History of a Mouthful of Bread*) briefly describes it as a

tube open at both ends, to allow its aliment to enter and leave it.

The ruminant quadrupeds are fabricators of meat out of grass. Their office is to prepare food for human stomachs, by disengaging the albumen from coarse preparations in which it is lost, for us. The sad fate of several Australian explorers has shown what is the result of innutritious vegetable diet, however abundant the supply—starvation. But the ruminant has below him inferior workmen, who prepare his raw material ready to mouth—namely, the vegetables, who extract the elements of albumen from earth, air, and water, the ultimate sources of all nourishment. The earth-worm is also a preparer of nutritious material; but after the fashion of vegetables. It derives its sustenance and its substance in great measure directly from the earth itself.

In damp weather, you will see on your lawn, and, what is worse, on your garden walks, little lumps of moulded earth which resemble paste that has been squeezed through a tube. They are worm-casts. The worm causes moist earth to pass through its tube, for the sake of robbing it of the elements of fertility which it had held in reserve for the nourishment of vegetables. Much has been said about the good done by, the beneficial influence of, earth-worms; too much, perhaps. No doubt they have their assigned place and office in the grand scale of creation; at least they exist for their own private enjoyment of their vermicular life, such as it is. But certainly they rob plants of what would otherwise fall to their share. They are greedy rivals, appropriating the nutriment which properly belongs to leaves, flowers, and fruit. Why else do they resort to and fatten in the richest patches of garden-ground, the mellowest and most fertilising heaps of manure? The worm feeds on the fat of the earth, which it converts directly, without the medium of the vegetable, into azotised aliment, for the service of the mole, the hen, and the Chinaman. The Madagascariotes are also great helminthophagists. The Chinese kitchen, so largely hospitable, only admits the worm for want of better things; but the hen is passionately fond of it. We ourselves do not despise it, when it appears in the modified form of a poached egg, or a wing of roast chicken—the second avatar or transformation of the juices of the manure-heaps which have impregnated our garden-ground. Oil of worms is of good repute for many purposes, amongst others for tempering steel—an application which I give, as the French newspapers say, with every reservation. Albert the Great reveals, amongst his other secrets, that pounded earth-worms applied to cut or ruptured sinews, cause them to reunite in a very brief space of time.

We are told of certain savage tribes who, when hard pressed by famine, swallow lumps of clay to allay their hunger and cheat their stomachs. In the great Indian periods of scarcity, we have heard of hordes of starving wretches crowding down the rivers' banks to devour in quantities the fat rich mud from

which the magnificent vegetation of the country derives its development. It is a desperate application of the primitive mode of alimentation which succeeds perfectly with the worm, but which becomes a cruel mockery when applied to an organisation that exacts so much to sustain it as man's. The marine-worm, still robustier than the earth-worm, lives and thrives by swallowing sand with whatever small proportion of mud or organic refuse it may happen to contain.

Most of the ancients held the opinion that worms were spontaneously produced from corruption, without any eggs or other mode of generation. Sir Thomas Browne and Mr. Samuelson inform us that the worm is no exception to the general rule that every living creature comes from an egg. The baby-worm, however, is born sometimes with, sometimes without, its egg-shell, depending, we are told by Dr. Carpenter, on the nature of the soil which the worms are inhabiting: in a light and loose soil, the young quit the parent prepared to act for themselves; but in a tough clayey soil, they continue in the pupal form for some time, so as to arrive at a still higher development before commencing to maintain an independent existence.

There is a family of worms, the Gordians, whose history is spoken of as obscure, because nobody knows much about them. Their length is so great in proportion to their extreme slenderness, that they look like animated threads; whence the popular belief that a hair from a horse's tail will, under favourable circumstances, turn to a worm. They are mostly found in water; but it is questionable whether water be the constant or even the habitual habitat of all the species. They do not live long kept in a bottle of water. I have had them brought to me, from ditches, after heavy and sudden rains; and I have found them in my garden (which contains no pond or reservoir), but always after a thunder-shower, sometimes on the ground, but once climbing on the top of a lily-stem. Whether they issued from the earth, or came down with the rain-drops, I cannot tell.

The earth-worm takes the highest rank in its class, from being annulose, or made up of distinct rings, which in full-grown subjects vary from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty in number. It is the rings which give to this familiar creature its great physiological interest. They foreshadow an approach to the articulate animals [and the Norfolk peasantry make of it an articulate word, converting "worm" into "wur-rum"], prefiguring a division into segments or joints. They suggest the first idea of vertebrae, or bits of backbone, to which muscles may be attached, and from which limbs may spring. Mr. Samuelson tells you to lay a worm on the palm of your hand, and as it tries to crawl away you will feel a slight sensation of roughness. Take a pocket lens, and examine the under side of the worm's body, and you will perceive several rows of fine sharp hooks extending from one end to the other of the worm's body, each annulated division being furnished with four pairs of these hooks, which

are situated upon small protuberances on the creature's skin. These hooks cause the rough sensation alluded to; and that portion of the body on which they are placed corresponds to the abdomen of the higher animals, the hooks themselves being neither more nor less than rudimentary feet, to aid the worm in its progress. A centipede may be a worm in an advanced and more fully developed condition.

Internally, as well as externally, each of the earth-worm's rings (with the exception of the torquis, or swelled fleshy band, which looks like the scar of a wound) is the exact reproduction of all the rest; indeed, as the young worm increases in length, the number of its rings is augmented by the subdivision of those which it possessed at its birth. They are all formed of circular muscles, enclosed between two coats, which are prolonged and continued from one ring to the other. A series of nervous ganglions, running like a necklace through the whole length of the body, sets a-going, and gives warning to, this muscular system of rings, each of which has thus its own local centre of sensation and impulsion. How efficient they are, is proved by the rapidity with which worms, taking the air and seeking companionship on a moist electric summer's evening, dart back into their holes as your footstep approaches them.

Each ring is also fed on the spot by the nutritive fluids with which it is in contact, the interior tunic possessing the double property of secreting digestive juice, and absorbing digested juices. The result is veritable blood, which is concocted in all parts of the body at once. Sir Everard Home, in his Thirteenth Lecture on Comparative Anatomy, illustrated by Bower, shows that the earth-worm is provided with a central artery, shining through its semi-transparent skin like a fine crimson streak, with six bags or cells filled with red blood, on each side of it.

Each, therefore, of the earth-worm's rings is, all by itself, at once a little eating and digesting machine, and also a little walking machine—that is to say, a complete animal. Each ought, in strictness, to be able to suffice to itself and to live apart; which is proved by experiment to be the case, approximatively. Milne Edwards tells us that, if you cut an earth-worm transversely into two, three, ten, and even twenty pieces, each morsel can continue to live, after the creature's original and normal manner of life, so as to constitute a new individual.

Twenty fractions seems a great many to make of one unfortunate worm; because, according to most gardeners' summary observations, several rings need remain united in order to heal the bleeding wounds. But suppose you cut a worm only into halves with your spade: before the cutting, there was one being; after the cutting, there are two. But if there are two after the stroke of the spade, it must be because there were two before it. Moreover, there is no necessity for the operation being actually performed, in order to be assured of the particular and individual life of each single ring. There is a worm well known, at least by name

(for it is fortunately not met with every day), the tape-worm, which fixes itself in the human intestine, and feeds on chyme as the earth-worm feeds on garden mould. Now, the tape-worm, with its indefinite chain of rings, is no other than a long Indian file of perfectly distinct individuals—so distinct that, from time to time, rings are detached which fall off of themselves, like fruit arrived at maturity, and take their departure to live elsewhere and become the parents of a new band of parasites, provided some lucky chance introduce them to another intestine, the only place and climate which suits their delicate constitution. Enthusiastic persons have lived, who, in their zeal for the cause of science, have swallowed morsels of tape-worm, and have perfectly succeeded in rearing fine specimens in their own interior—and at their own expense, the cost nearly amounting to loss of life.

Man, we are told, is but a worm. And not only is man a worm himself, but he contains within him several worms. I do not allude to the internal parasites with which you may illustrate the numeration table—counting them by units, ten, hundreds, or thousands—from the mostly solitary species above alluded to, to the multitudinous ascaris; but to far more aristocratical representatives of things vermicular.

Did you ever watch a worm or a leech crawling across a plate or a table? 'On the surface of its body, a wave-like swelling passes from the tail to the head, as if some solid substance or ball was rolling forwards within the creature. If you could see your own œsophagus, or gullet, performing its functions, you would observe an exactly similar movement, which has been called *vermicular*, on account of its resemblance to a worm in motion.

You may strike off from your list of friends the man who heedlessly would set foot upon a worm, not merely for his cruelty but for his heedlessness. A miserable earth-worm can teach him more than enters into most men's philosophy. A worm has been defined to be an independent, creeping, digestive tube. The worm is the starting-point of a long ascensional animal scale. It is the rudimental form of all the complex organisations which come after it. What is it composed of? Of a tube, itself composed of rings. On this tube, as a foundation, the animal machine has been built; and these rings, developed and modified in a thousand ways, have given rise to the multiform creatures which drive classifiers to despair, because they will not understand that the animal creation must be one, since there is only one Creator. Animals higher than the worm are, therefore, digestive tubes—with additions and ornaments, and served by organs; but those ornaments and additions do not allow us to ignore the vermicular life which exists, however unfelt and unsuspected, within them.

Each of our organs is a distinct being, which has its own proper nature and its special function—its life apart, consequently. Our life is the sum total of all these united little lives melting together, by a mysterious combination,

into one single common life, which is everywhere in general, and nowhere in particular.

The worm, then, is a creeping digestive tube. Our digestive tube has never ceased to crawl and writhe from the moment when we came into the world. Hidden within us, invisibly crouched in its palace, like an Oriental despot who leaves his slaves to provide for all his wants, it is constantly replenished, not with coarse earth, but with delicate chyme extracted for it by its servants, the hands, the mouth, the teeth, the tongue, the throat, and the stomach. But the humble worm is the veritable primitive animal. The oyster has been regarded as a primitive animal; but it is, comparatively, of high degree; for, like man, it also contains a worm within itself.

Below the worm, the animal properly so called ceases. Zoophytes are animals, if you will, animated plants, if you prefer it. Their name has been expressly chosen to denote their double and ambiguous nature. Some of them, as the coral polypes, are the intersection or the point of junction between the three kingdoms of nature—the animal, vegetable, and mineral; namely, an animal vegetation giving as its result a mineral mass extracted from sea-water by an infinity of little living retorts, which continue to this day, beneath our eyes, their work commenced at the beginning of the world—which is no less than the fabrication of continents for the use of future generations. Such is the task incessantly performed by creatures who are the worm's inferiors.

DEPRAVATIONS OF ENGLISH.

OUR mother English is threatened with a deluge of barbarisms. We are extending its bounds so rapidly and recklessly that we shall soon be obliged to publish a new edition of our standard Dictionaries every year, as we do of our Directories, Peerages, and Parliamentary Guides. "Who's who in 1863?" is not so important a question as "What's what?" One cannot take up a paper without very quickly being brought to a stand-still by some new word for which we consult our Johnson in vain. Such words grow like mushrooms, or like riddles; and, as in the latter case, nobody seems to know where they come from, or who made them; for the authors, with singular modesty, never step forward to claim their laurels. Old words, too, are twisted into unwonted shapes; nouns do duty as verbs; the eccentricities of slang are adopted in grave discussions; and it is somewhat difficult for a man whose conception of the language was fixed twenty years ago to keep up with this wild masquerade of neologisms.

The national love of slang has a good deal to do with the growing depravation of our classical tongue. Slang, no doubt, has existed at all times, but never with such grave and respectable countenance as now. We find it in Shakespeare; but Shakespeare only wrote it dramatically, when depicting such characters as Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol. We find it in the pages of the Tatler and the Spectator, with the same

intention, and not as part of the essayist's own verbal stock. Waller lamented the dangers which English poets had to encounter in consequence of writing in "a daily-changing tongue;" but he attributed the evil, not to slang, but to the natural growth of the language:

Poets that lasting marble seek
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in sand; our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

In the present day, slang is assimilated with lamentable facility. It enters largely into the composition of parliamentary wit; it moves to laughter in the law courts; it helps to point the style and enforce the arguments of writers in the press. People now are not courageous—they are "plucky." Nothing is ever long—it is "lengthy." We form resolutions not immediately, but "right away;" we enter into engagements "on our own hook." The desire to write in a popular style is the cause of this, and the public encourage it. Slanginess is considered smart, and indicative of a knowledge of affairs and society. It is amusing to observe the complacency and quiet self-esteem with which most men will utter a cant phrase of the day, as if they had themselves invented it on the spot, and it were something superlatively brilliant and felicitous. "Neither you, nor I, nor any other man," has induced many a foolish fellow to think himself a born wit. "How's your poor feet?" a year ago cheated half the natives of Cockaigne into the belief that they were gifted with a special genius for repartee. The heaviest face kindled with unwonted light, the duldest voice chuckled with conscious fun, as the words came forth. And every one laughed, and was fully persuaded that he had heard the sarcasm for the first time, and was delightfully surprised at its readiness, point, and applicability. This, however, is a habit of the uneducated, and has not yet infected the higher classes of our periodical literature, though it is unpleasantly conspicuous in the cheap comic journals. In the better order of papers, what is chiefly to be complained of is the use of words and phrases which have no warrant and no real use, for the paltry purpose of appearing familiar with the town and its habits.

Most of the questionable expressions at the present day are borrowed from the Americans; and, fond as we are of rating our republican kinsmen for their vulgarity and uncouthness, it is wonderful to see the eager quickness with which we adopt any of their perversions of the language. Even well-educated people now use the word "expect" in the sense of "suspect." They will say that they "expect" a thing *was* so and so—which is a preposterous confusion of ideas. They caught a glimpse of some one in the City this morning, and they "expect it was Smith." This, we believe, was originally an importation from the United States, and came in, if we mistake not, about twenty years ago. People had been very well content until then to say suspect when they

meant suspect; but as soon as it was known that the Americans said "expect" instead, it became at once a smart and clever thing to say so too. It showed that you understood the age in which you lived—knew the kind of speech which society demanded, and were not an old "fogy." That the use of the word was ridiculously wrong, was a matter of supreme indifference; if it was the last new fashion from the West, that was sufficient. It might be supposed that such absurdities would live their brief season, and die out; but this is unfortunately not the case. Nothing is so permanent as established corruption. We have a greedy appetite for vulgarisms, especially when they are of transatlantic origin. "Go-ahead," used as an adjective, is now as common in England as in America; but it must be admitted that this is a much more expressive phrase, and therefore more capable of justification, than the great majority of our importations. "A fix," for a dilemma, or difficulty, is a stupid barbarism, which ought to be scouted out of the language; yet we find it frequently used in conversation, and even sometimes in respectable writing. The word "loafer," for idler, is making way with us, though perhaps somewhat slowly. "Posted up," in the sense of well-informed, on any current topic the aspects of which change from day to day, is now of frequent use. We have fallen so desperately in love with the American expression "*over* a thousand," that "*above* a thousand," which had the sanction of centuries, has almost disappeared. The new phrase may be as good as the old, and we do not mean to say that it is grammatically wrong or essentially vulgar; but the abandonment of any mode of expression which has formed part of the language for generations is always objectionable, unless there should be some positive advantage in the change. For some reason best known to themselves, the people of the United States choose to say "sun-down" for sunset. It is, we think, very questionable whether the compound is grammatically allowable; but at any rate it will be sad to find a beautiful expression, which has come down to us through countless generations of ancestors—which has its roots in five centuries of literature—which is linked with some of the most lovely passages in our poetry, and which, in fact, is part of the very poetry of common speech—giving way before a compound with no associations at all. Yet we have serious misgivings of such a result. "Sun-down" has of late made its appearance in some of our English newspapers; and, knowing from former experience with what senseless avidity our countrymen seize on the like corruptions, we are not without a fear that some years hence we shall see the setting of sunset.

English writers have also recently adopted the American trick of forming verbs out of nouns. We say that a certain act was "motivated" by this or that consideration; and a morning paper stated the other day in its leading columns that, in consequence of the Metropolitan Railway having come to an arrangement

with the Great Western in regard to the Bishop's-road station, the former company would continue "to function along the whole line." This may, for aught we know, be good railway directors' language, but we submit that it is not English. Many of these corruptions proceed from the commercial love of brevity—an instinct common to both hemispheres, though, like everything else, exaggerated to inordinate proportions in the Western. The Americans almost invariably omit the definite article before such titles as "Honourable" and "Reverend;" and we have recently taken to the same form of abbreviation. You need but glance at a daily paper to see, in the report of some meeting, a statement that "we observed on the platform Rev. Zachariah Jones and Hon. Adolphus Verisopht." The saving of time thus effected is not sufficient compensation for this inelegant clipping of our English; and even though parallel cases may be quoted, which have now received the sanction of time, it is always a desperate argument to defend one bad thing by another.

The almost universal knowledge of French, the constant translation of diplomatic documents from that language in our newspapers, and the frequent discussion of continental politics in parliament and the press, have also done a disservice to English by the introduction of a great many Gallic idioms. The danger, however, is less from this than from the American source of corruption. Our language has always had a tendency to throw out any French modes of expression which may have been temporarily adopted; whereas transatlantic interpolations are not only readily received, but generally retained. It is in this direction, therefore, that we ought to be especially on our guard.

Of course, no one would object to the introduction of new words and phrases where they are clearly required. Language has many of the characteristics of a vital organism; and it would be the merest pedantry, as ineffectual as pedantic, to say that the English tongue—a tongue spoken by the most vigorous and expanding race in the world—is not to throw forth fresh shoots when a legitimate demand arises. The railway system has introduced into general parlance, if it has not created, many new terms which are worthy additions to the vocabulary. "Stoke," "shunt," "siding," &c., are all perfectly legitimate words. So is "telegram," though, when it was first used, some over-particular scholars objected to its construction, as being questionable Greek. However that may be—and the point is doubtful—the word is now very good English, and we could not get on without it. All we quarrel with is purposeless innovation, made in the spirit of coxcombry and ignorance. A hundred and fifty years ago, Swift, lamenting the corruptions which were even then creeping into the language, proposed to Harley, Earl of Oxford, the then prime minister, to establish "a society or academy for settling and ascertaining the purity of our tongue; to set a mark on the improprieties which custom has made familiar; to throw out vicious phrases and

words, to correct others, and perhaps retrieve some others now grown obsolete; and to adjust the orthography, pointing, &c." Such a standard might be useful; but whether it would do much to check our national weakness for slang, is more than doubtful.

EATABLE GHOSTS.

AMONG the many supernatural annoyances which disturb the comfort of the Eibo-folk—that is to say, the population of Swedish origin that inhabits the northern coast and the islands of the Gulf of Riga—may be mentioned a formidable legion of semi-substantial ghosts, whose visits are anything but "few and far between." Like the ghosts of other nations, they are the spectres of deceased persons, and they have the generic quality of vanishing at cock-crow. But they are distinguished from the ghosts of the ordinary nurse's tale by certain powers and privileges peculiar to themselves. They can put on various shapes; they are not without a certain degree of acquisitiveness, and they can produce palpable effects, as though they were not altogether incorporeal.

Whatever be the vices of the ghosts who figure in our own village records, they are habitually honest. Nay, honesty is their characteristic quality, for even if they represent some defunct old sinner, who has hid his neighbour's gold under a hearthstone, the very object of their visit is to disclose the hidden treasure, that it may be restored to the lawful owner. So is it not with the ghosts of the Eibo-folk. In the island of Nucko—which, by the way, is a peninsula at low water—a respectable old gentleman once saw a tall white figure come out of a churchyard, and make a dash at some horses that were grazing hard by. Fortunately the horses were too quick for the ghost, and consequently were not to be caught. The same island furnishes us with an instance of a ghost that perfectly knew how to stand up for its rights. A certain woman was negligently buried without a cap, and as this was a sort of thing not to be tolerated, her ghost soon appeared in the house she had once inhabited, and by shouting "Bare-head! Bare-head!" conveyed a very intelligible hint. A council of friends was held, and it was decided that the grave of the deceased should not be opened, but that the next corpse buried in the same churchyard should be provided with an extra cap, to be handed over to its neglected neighbour. This decision was carried into effect, and there is every reason to believe that the newly-interred body honourably and promptly executed its trust, for the noisy ghost was never heard after the burial. Ghosts were not always so considerably treated. At a place called Katbeck, on the continent, an old fellow whose duty it was to burn charcoal, unluckily reduced all his stock of wood to ashes, and fearing the beating that was the ordinary consequence of such mishaps, hanged himself. The house was taken by another man of similar

vocation, but the ghost of the former occupant soon came back, with a rope in its hand, and made a terrible disturbance. This was not to be endured; so the new tenant, seeing the ghost standing at the door one fine moonlight night, took his opportunity. He cut a silver coin into nine pieces, and shot them through the head of the spectre, who vanished with a loud roar, and never was seen afterwards. It is worthy of observation that the marksman took care that the ghost's shadow did not fall upon him, since if it had done so, he would have been wholly in its power. For we must understand that the Eibo ghost is not only somewhat substantial, but that it casts a shadow. Possibly the fate of this twice-killed suicide came to the ears of another ghost, who appeared at Dirslett (nearer the isthmus which joins Nucko to the continent), and who was mischievous beyond the average, but showed a singular deficiency in personal courage. When the men were absent from home, this spectral nuisance would extinguish the lights, drive the women out of doors, let the cattle loose, and accompany all these enormities with a frightful uproar; but if a man was on the premises, it did not so much as show its face. Shall we harbour a suspicion that the women devised this timid ghost on purpose to make the men keep proper hours? The most unsatisfactory tale relates to the ghost of an old gentleman, who made a point of visiting his family every Thursday. Passing through the front room of the homestead, which includes the kitchen, he tapped at the door of the sitting-room until it was opened, and the eldest son was deputed to receive the restless father. The ghost explained the cause of its visitation, on the solemn promise of the son that it should not be revealed to any one else. This was a sad talk to the more curious members of the family, and very probably the enlightened son gave himself many conceited airs on the strength of his exclusive information. But the interview so far answered its purpose, that the Thursday visits were not repeated. In the importance given to the Thursday by the Eibo-folk, a reverence to the God Thor may be traced, and it is worthy of remark that the operations of grinding and spinning on Thursday afternoon are deemed unlucky, and likely to cause a disorder in the sheep. At Rälby, a village in the island of Worms, there was a strong-minded young man, who went so far as to shoot the ghost of his own father, with a silver coin cast into the form of a bullet. The ghost disappeared, and in its place was found a quantity of slime. Feeling something like remorse, the son mixed up the ghost's remains with some sand, in order to give them consistency, and wrapping them up in a cloth, piously deposited them in the churchyard. At Oesterby, in Nucko, there was a most ingenious ghost, which baffled all attempts to put it down. First it appeared on the stove, in the shape of a black dog, and when the unwelcome beast had vanished, a little grey man was seen to effect an entrance through the wall, just above the window, and hop about

maliciously on one leg. This form gave hopes of a capture, but no sooner was an attempt made to seize the mannikin, than, *hey presto!* he was converted into a fowl, which defied all pursuit. Still more daring was a ghost that, in the shape of a black he-goat, met a peasant of Rälby on his way home from a shooting expedition. The peasant levelled his gun at the animal, but it immediately changed into a black man, snatched the weapon out of his hands, and broke off the lock. A prayer caused the spectre to vanish, and the peasant ran away likewise; but the latter, on returning to the spot next day, found the fragments of the gun lying at a distance from each other. A ghost who met a man coming home to Kertell, in Dago, had an easier method of dealing with aggressors. Its form was that of a great hulking fellow, and it carried a huge leather sack. Into this the man must needs plunge his knife, when such a strong gust of wind came from the hole, that it knocked him down. In this instance the ghost seems to have had the right on its side, and there is no doubt that the man was a churlish lout, for when he met the spectre he had just been quarrelling with a neighbour, although it was Christmas-eve. Very harmless, too, was a white figure that came up to a peasant of Worms, who was driving home from the pastor's residence to his own home at Borby, in Worms. It seated itself behind him, and evidently intended no mischief, as it leaped down at the journey's end, but it had frightened the poor man out of his wits, as he afterwards proved by giving tobacco instead of corn to his chickens.

An old proverb tells us that the meat of one is the poison of another, and we are informed that ghosts, though generally esteemed an nuisance by the human inhabitants of the Eibo-district, are regarded as an exquisite delicacy by the wolves. A peasant who died at Kertell, in Dago, adopted the common bad habit of revisiting his old residence, and making a great noise, but this affliction might perhaps have been borne, if he had not beaten his widow, with whom he had lived on very bad terms. With his brother he attempted to curry favour, and finding him engaged in heating a lime-kiln in the mountains, offered to lend a helping hand. The brother, however, wanted no such assistance, but cried out to the intrusive spectre, "Have you forgotten whence you came? You ought to be under ground. Be off to the wolf." Perceiving that his affability was thrown away, the spectre retired, and proceeded to the house, but when he reached the stepping-stones of a brook, he was met by a wolf, who devoured him on the spot.

What ought a philanthropist to do if he unexpectedly comes upon a ghost that is in danger of being eaten up by a wolf? Certainly the ghost is more human in appearance, but as far as flesh and blood go the living quadruped would seem to be more nearly akin to us. The casuists of the Eibo-folk decide in favour of the wolf, if we may judge from the following incident. A ghost, seized with one of those fits of home-

sickness which are so little respected by the survivors, was on his way to his former residence, when he was suddenly assailed by a pack of wolves, and forced to take shelter on the top of a hayloft. The disappointed wolves stood howling below, and the ghost, becoming insolent from a sense of security, showed them his leg, and scoffingly asked them if that resembled a wolf's foot? Unluckily, he had reckoned without his host, in the most literal sense of the expression, for the peasant to whom the premises belonged thrust a pitchfork through the roof, ran him through the leg, and cast him among the wolves, who at once ate him up. On the following morning a few drops of blood were seen upon the spot. This story belongs to Worms, but the utility of wolves in devouring ghosts is so generally acknowledged among the Eibo-folk, that they have a proverb: If it was not for the wolves, the world would be full of goblins.

These ghosts of the Eibo-folk do not in general appeal very strongly to our moral sympathies; but there seems to have been one in the island of Worms of whom the temperance party might be proud. An ill-conditioned fellow, who was terribly fond of brandy, had a son so badly crippled that he could only walk on all-fours. Less fortunate than Tiny Tim, in the Christmas Carol, he gained by his deformity nothing but curses from his brutal parent, and was glad enough to die when he had attained his ninth year. Death, however, did not bring the poor little fellow as much rest as he had anticipated, for one Thursday evening he appeared to his brothers and sisters, perfectly cured of his deformity, and well planted on his feet, but with a very dismal countenance. When he had called several times, always seating himself on the threshold, and always departing without a word, the children made their father acquainted with the facts. That disreputable gentleman asked the little ghost what he wanted, and was informed that the heaviness of his curses prevented the poor child from sleeping in his grave. "That was my sin," said the repentant father; "depart in peace." The child vanished never to reappear, and the father thenceforward abstained from brandy. Might not this story furnish an illustration to the British Workman?

The inhabitants of the provinces adjoining the Gulf of Riga look back with horror to a great plague which visited them in the year 1710, and committed ravages from which it is said the population of Esthonia has not yet recovered. When we hear that of sixty-three preachers in this single province forty-eight perished, we may estimate the sufferings of the people in general. As might be supposed, the plague was attended with the usual revolting circumstances; the dead were buried without coffins or any mark of respect, the only care of survivors being to remove them as speedily as possible. As a singular instance of the despair that is common to these visitations, it is recorded that many of the people, abandoning all hope, put on their best clothes, and quietly sat in their houses awaiting the approach of the destroying

angel. Others fled into the woods, where they lived in huts, and it is said that relics of their sojourn are still to be found.

According to some of the traditions of the Eibo-folk, the immediate cause of the plague was a little grey man, who might be seen and heard at a distance, but whom no one could approach. If he intended to spare a house, he passed it by with the words, "Here I have nothing to do;" but otherwise he entered the dwelling and struck the residents with his staff, whereupon they immediately expired. The people of Runo he seems to have treated with a sort of cruel courtesy, as he rode about the island in a calash, with a three-cornered hat upon his head. It appears that the boatman who brought him to the island was the first to perish. The boatmen of Dago seem to have understood this form of visitation, for when they were returning from a foreign ship, which was moored near their island, and to which they had taken provisions, and a little boy three feet high, with a three-cornered hat on his head, leaped into their boat, they threw him overboard. However, he resumed his place, and thus the pestilence was brought to Kertell. The island Kyno was invaded in a more artful manner. There a man found an image on the coast that looked as if it had been broken off a ship. He took it home, and laid it against the wall. When the night came it began to whimper and groan, as if it was in pain, and he could neither quiet it nor remove it, but soon fell sick and died. It was afterwards taken out and thrown into the sea by persons stronger or cleverer than the original finder; but the mischief was already done, and nearly the whole village perished.

The supposition that an odd kind of goblin is the proximate cause of the plague, does not preclude the belief that he is the agent of a Higher Power. On one occasion the personified Pestilence visited a house at Kertell, where all were asleep except an elderly virgin. The pestilence touched them upon the bosom in turns with its staff, thus making a blue mark, which soon spread over the entire body. When all was dead except the old maid, she called on the pestilence to destroy her also, but was told that her name was not on the list, and she survived the visitation accordingly. A similar story is told of a visitation at Kerslatt, in Worms. Here, while the other inhabitants of a house were sleeping, a little grey man, carrying a staff, a candle, and a book, walked in, and was closely watched by an old gentleman, who sat awake by the stove. He touched the sleepers three times, but when he came to a cradle, in which there was a child, he looked at it, took out his book, turned over the leaves, and left the infant unscathed. The child lived, and so, also, did the old man, to tell the tale.

The Finns are born conjurers, which certainly does not seem to be the case with the Eibo-folk; and hence it is but natural that in the legends of the latter, magical victories over the plague are ascribed to their more astute neighbours. A Finnish servant-girl at Kertell contrived to lock

up the plague in an empty stable, but a stupid slut would sleep in the stall in spite of all warnings, and not only perished herself, but let loose the malady. So large a space as a stable was not required, for on another occasion the same Finnish girl bored a hole in the door-post, into which she thrust the pestilence, and then stopped up the aperture with a peg of juniper, which kept the prisoner fast for seven years, seven months, and seven days. A certain emperor seems to have driven the plague out of one of the villages by a magnificent coup d'état. He caused a ship, freighted with the sick and dead of the plague, and with the living Death (!) as one of the passengers, to sail upon the high seas, there to be set on fire. Who this particular emperor was we cannot say, but we suspect that he flourished a little before 1710.

If the grey man or boy is only an agent, it seems very clear that he likes his occupation. When the corpses were carried to the churchyard he was seen dancing about in the fields, with his three-cornered hat in his hand, evidently delighted with his own mischief.

Before taking leave of the strange goblins of the Eibo-folk, we may remark that the ghosts have a keen sense of the proper mode of wearing one's apparel. A cowherd of Kertell, who had been suddenly struck blind by a malignant spirit, recovered his sight immediately by turning his glove inside out. Similar stories are recorded among the Russians proper, and it is said that if one of these is assailed by the wood-spirit, and thereby loses his way, he takes off all his clothes and puts them on again with the inside out. If this process is found too tedious, it seems that a turned cap or stocking will answer every purpose.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN INDIA.

JANUARY in the Red Sea. Noon. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship *Nemesis* is making nine knots an hour through the bluest water I ever beheld. We left Suez yesterday, and begin to feel intensely Eastern, as overland passengers always do at this point. Those who had never made the journey before, appeared to expect that their Indian experiences would commence as soon as they left Southampton. By much reading of guide-books they brought their minds into a state which rendered it impossible to call their lunch anything but *tiffin*, or their cigars anything but *cheroots*; and I believe that but for the ruthless prohibition of the cold weather they would already have begun to don their white clothing, of which they had, with a prudence quite unnecessary, kept out a supply for impossible contingencies. By talking to the old Indians on board—who gave themselves airs of superiority—they had actually picked up whole phrases of Hindustanee in the first few days, which they aired remorselessly, to the confusion of appropriateness and the bewilderment of comprehension. They bought government *Manillas* (made in the Mi-

nories) of the stewards, by way of training, and realised in the beginning a no uncommon end, by making themselves thoroughly sick of the country to which they were bound.

It was by the second mail in December, 1853, that I traversed the overland route for the first time. In those days even the railway through France was incomplete. The railway from Paris dropped you at Châlons, and the steamer took you up at that point, along the Saône, to Lyons. The diligence carried you thence to Avignon, where the railway began again, taking you in triumphantly to Marseilles with the air of having brought you all the way. This mixed mode of travelling is certainly more picturesque and pleasant than being propelled the whole way by the same agency, with as few breaks as possible, and no rest to speak of. There were several English travellers making their way to catch the same mail as myself. I had met one of them before, at Dover, when he had asked me if I was going any further than Calais, and I had answered, "Just a little further—towards Caubul." We now fraternised of course, and the other overland people did the same, making up a little party of their own, and experiencing a foretaste of that strong characteristic of "Indians," a sense of that bond of union which, however they may quarrel among themselves, seems to separate them from the rest of mankind. Among those on board were two young gentlemen going out in the Civil Service; one free, the other in the custody of his father. The former was ready to bet any amount on anything, and play whist at impossible points; the only serious care he condescended to recognise, relating to the safety of three boxes of saddlery—including, I believe, a side-saddle or two for contingencies—which he was taking out with him in anticipation of that first-rate stud which he has probably found out by this time costs a great deal of money to keep, even in India. He presented a contrast in most respects to the second griff, who, besides being in custody, was treated like a criminal. Not for him were the adventurous bets, or the impossible points. For him no Mr. Peat had provided saddles upon improved principles, with English trees such as the Indian-made article can never match, and sound leather, such as even Cawnpore cannot supply; bits adapted to every kind of mouth, Arab, Caubul, Waler, or humble tattoo of Mofussil life; bridles that will hold anything, and spurs that are a delight to the heel. In the stead of these indulgences he was furnished with plenty of lectures upon the impropriety of gambling in any shape, and the ruinous consequence of keeping horses of luxury for any other purpose than carrying their owner whither he may want to go, for which object it must be admitted that some ten or twenty of those animals does seem an undue allowance. There was an old major (majors were not minors, then as they sometimes are now) who had been disappointed, as majors of the old school always are, who scowled upon his young allies, said un-

pleasant things touching what would have been their state and prospects "in his time," and did not hesitate to liken them to "young bears with all their troubles to come." There was also a subaltern officer who had been out to India sufficiently long not to like it, and to prefer being at home on sick leave, which a certain class of servants of the extinct East India Company appear to consider the natural and proper state of things in a civilised universe, and any invasion of which, even after three or four years spent in the most vigorous amusements at home, they consider a violation of their privileges.

At Marseilles we passed Christmas-day, upon which occasion the people of the hotel treated us to a French version of the pudding of Britain, which would possibly have been a very delightful production had it appeared in a solid instead of a liquid form; but for great travellers (in prospect) like ourselves it would have been inappropriate to have betrayed any insular prejudices, so we all sipped it philosophically, like citizens of the world. The following day saw our embarkation on board the *Vectis*, one of the swiftest of the P. and O. ships, employed expressly for the mail service between Marseilles and Malta. The conditions of this short voyage, like the rest of the sea route, were the same as in the present day; but the transit through Egypt varied considerably. The railway at that time was among the things that were to be, but was not; and the Nile boat was our means of passage to Cairo: a preliminary boat taking us to the Nile, along the canal as far as Atfeh. To any person looking upon these boats in the light of hotels, and attaching much importance to personal comfort, it must be confessed that the experience was decidedly unpleasant; and as the majority of the passengers did take this view of their claims upon the company in consideration of liberal passage-money paid beforehand, you may be sure that the grumbling was no joke, and that threats to write to the *Times* were the rule rather than the exception. But the more sensible minority took a philosophical view of the matter, made themselves independent of bad refreshments by undergoing a little temporary starvation, and of bad accommodation below by contenting themselves with the deck, and gave themselves up to the mental enjoyment of the new scenes by which they were surrounded. At Cairo came more change and new sensations in abundance; and the old mode of transit across the desert, in vans, had charms in the way of novelty and excitement compared with which the railway is tame indeed.

But all these things have passed away, and the journey through Egypt is now as prosaic as a trip from London to Liverpool by the express train. It is not until we get once more on ship-board, in the Red Sea, that we feel ourselves really in the East. And it is here that these reflections occur to me, while reclining under the awning on the raised fore-castle, whither sensible men retire to smoke,

and to get whatever amount of air is to be had, which is sure to be at the bows.

My fellow-passengers will most certainly find a great many things changed, besides the overland route. India to-day is not the same India that it was yesterday—yesterday being understood as a playful way of alluding to ten years ago. Yesterday the East India Company were the kings of the country. To-day, her Majesty reigns in her proper person. The old régime had its good side as well as its bad. The Company was a good master, at any rate, to those in its employ, who deplore its downfall with tears in their eyes, and a great deal less in their pockets than they had in the days of its prosperity. The Company's servants in those times had the loaves and fishes of the State all to themselves. Small chance was there then for the barrister of seven years' standing, or the interloper of any kind, to get a share of them. The Supreme Court judgeships, to be sure, were given to members of the British bar; but the judges of the Sudder, or Native Court of Appeal, were more highly paid, and were, besides, eligible for even more elevated appointments. As for the non-professional interloper, he had nothing to hope for but subordinate posts, which if not posts of honour were certainly posts of danger, for he was always exposed to the chance of being thrown out of employment at the caprice of his superiors, who were not bound to provide for him for life, as in the case of the patented, or covenanted, men. The outsiders, indeed, whatever their natural social position, belonged to a different class altogether—so separated by the official barrier that there could be no mingling of the two in private intercourse, except in very rare cases. In the military service the Company's officers enjoyed equally exclusive rights. For them, and for them only, were the great majority of staff appointments, the snug little things—and the snug great things too—in civil employ, always much coveted by military men in India, who in most cases seemed to take up the sword mainly as a means of carving their way to the pen. A Queen's officer got the command in chief, to be sure, and generally the presidential commands; but there was very little else within the grip of her Majesty's service, whose presence, even in the country, was looked upon almost in the light of an impertinence.

There are men—very good men, very sincere men, and by no means very foolish men—not quite so extinct as the dodo, who believed, and do believe, that the old system was a far better one than the new; that India was better governed under the Company than it is under the Crown; that the natives were more attached to our rule, and that we held the country under less hazardous conditions than in the present day. The very objection most frequently made to the old system, they consider to have been one of the main sources of our strength. The administration was given up to about a dozen families, who monopolised the nominations to the services, and by consequence monopolised everything else that preferment could procure. The more

fortunate, got appointed to the Civil Service, or, failing this in consequence of incapacity or misconduct at college, obtained cavalry commissions; so numerous were the plucked candidates for civil employ, who subsequently turned up in those pretty uniforms of grey and silver which have now faded like the light of other days, and were well known as the "Haileybury Irregulars." The next best thing to the Civil Service was the Artillery, always held in high honour in India, as it deserved to be; and for those who would not, or could not, aspire to this arm of the service, there was the Native Infantry. In this manner were "the families" distributed through the services; and the fact that few besides the said families were found on its rolls is still considered, as I have said, by persons whose opinions are entitled to respect, a benefit to England and to India, which must be placed on the losing side of the latter-day reforms. The natives, they say, believed in the old families; their names were hailed as a safeguard; a guarantee that the antiquas vias would still be preserved as standing ground; an assurance that old rights would be maintained, and—I am afraid I must add—that old wrongs would not be interfered with. The latter is the awkward point; granting it, the advocates of the old system were probably in the right. But what can be said for the permanency of a system which relied upon so brittle a basis? It might hold together for a time, but its breaking up was inevitable. It would be nonsense to suppose that there were no men out of the pale of "the families" competent to administer the government. The time came when this prejudice had to be broken down. The principle of nomination gave way to competition in the Civil Service and in the scientific branches of the army, the Artillery and the Engineers. In the Civil Service the old names are not lost sight of. The "Competition Wallahs" are not all new men: they include members of some of the best of the "old families," who have proved that they can fight their way as well as gain it by favour; but they also include others, whose families were never before heard of, who promise to be second to none in the race for distinction.

The amalgamation of the old "Company's army" with that of her Majesty has not, to say the least, been a measure of unmixed benefit. That it was a logical consequence of the accession of the direct government of the Crown is not to be denied. But there is no more reason why things in India should be reduced to their logical consequences than things at home, where we are cheerful and prosperous in the midst of anomalies which would drive a thoroughly consistent man to despair. The absorption of the Company's army into the army of the line—which is the real effect of the measure, the official term "amalgamation" being a misnomer—deprives the country of a local force, far less easy to create than to destroy. I here allude to the European army, as far as the men are concerned; but to the army, European and Native,

as far as the officers are concerned. The native force is necessarily local, but the officers, whether sent to native regiments or not, are all on the same footing with the officers of the line, except those who have been transferred to the staff corps, and who are therefore no longer eligible for regimental employ. The local European army was (with the exception of the additional regiments added to it a few years ago) a force composed of a better class of men, for the most part, than usually enlist in the line; men tempted by larger pay, and greater opportunities of promotion than exist at home, to embark their fortunes in the East; and who had sometimes good reasons for desiring to remain where they would be known in their new position. In the Artillery, in particular, there were frequently men of good position, who had exhausted their means, and offended their families, and desired nothing better than an obscurity which would be an obscurity at any rate, and from which they would have a chance of emerging into fame and fortune. Such men form materials for an army, which no great general has ever despised. The "Company's Europeans," moreover, were acclimatised men, not likely to die off like rotten sheep the first bad season; men who were prepared to make the country their home; men who, by acquiring the native language, in a greater or less degree, had gained some knowledge of the character of the natives, and who were therefore more likely to cultivate them as allies than kick them as "niggers." They did not, moreover, require to be brought home every few years, and so saved an immense expense to the State; the waste, not only of money but of life, in the local army, being held, by the best calculations, to be considerably less than among the troops of the line serving in India. The greater popularity of the old service over the new was sufficiently shown by the "White Mutiny" of 1859, when the majority of the men of the local force refused to serve on the new footing proposed to them, and insisted upon having their discharge.

The case of the officers was not so easily disposed of. They could not take their own parts exactly as the men had taken theirs; all they could do was to contend for the retention of their rights as to pay, promotion, &c., upon which they entered the service, and these were very handsomely guaranteed to them when the amalgamation measure passed the House of Commons. But the guarantee turned out mere moonshine. There are at the present moment many hundreds of officers of the old army out of employ—the State paying them a very large sum for doing nothing; but a very small sum compared with what they would receive if they were only allowed to earn it. This is more or less the state of the juniors; the seniors have for the most part complied with a very pressing invitation to retire upon "bonuses," which arrangement they loudly declare to mean nothing more than a liberal measure of starvation. The remains of the "Company's army," officers and men, will soon disappear; and all we can hope

is, that all the evils anticipated will not be brought about by the change.

This is not the only amalgamation of which we have to see the effects in India. The Supreme Court, and the Sudder (or Native Court of Appeal), have just been united, under the name of the High Court, of which there is one in each presidency. The Queen's judges and the Company's judges (natives among the latter) will henceforth sit upon the same bench and administer the same law. There are some objections to the plan, as the Company's judges have hitherto known nothing but Company's law, and the native judges are not supposed to be proof against prejudices of race, and may possibly look upon the Europeans brought before them in the same light as the Scotch doctor regarded his English patients, when he remarked upon their perversity in dying, by saying that it would be a long time before they made up for Flodden. But if the perfect equality of the two races is to be insisted upon as the spirit of the future government of India (in the letter it is impossible to carry it out), some plan of the kind is inevitable, and the present will doubtless answer the purpose. One advantage will most certainly be gained—that the "civilian" judges, as well as the barrister judges, must manage to understand the pleadings of the bar, or be driven from the bench; and that the former, as well as the latter, must of necessity undergo a special training for the purpose. A crying evil incident to the old state of things will thus be avoided. For the rest, it is considered by the philosophical advocates of the elevation of natives to the bench of the High Court, that if an European suffer any injustice at their hands, he will make such a noise about it as to prevent a recurrence of the scandal. So that the judge does not hang his man off-hand, this argument has perhaps some value; but as the question is principally interesting to persons about to commit crime, I may be pardoned for leaving its more comprehensive consideration to their care.

The constitution of the local government has undergone a change, as well as the legal administration. It is something less than ten years ago that the legislative council was first called into existence. Great hopes were entertained of the experiment; but it was soon found that the assembly was too large for conversation, and too small for debate; and another anomaly was also apparent in the fact that the members, being all public servants, the council included a paid opposition as well as a paid ministry: the power of the former becoming so great that the governor-general had to suspend the standing orders whenever a difficulty arose, and to carry his measures through by sheer force of bullying. The members most generally in opposition were the judges of the Supreme Court, who, being independent of the government of India, could venture to have opinions of their own. They did good service on more than one occasion; but there was no room for real independence in a council so constituted, where it was felt, moreover, that the forms of the House of Commons

were out of place, and only obstructive to business. So the legislative council was included in the last batch of reforms, and is now called the council of the governor-general. It includes the select number of gentlemen forming the old supreme council, who assist the governor-general in his more private deliberations; but in its legislative capacity it is much enlarged, and now contains non-official as well as official members, the former consisting of natives as well as Europeans. In the present council there are no members representing the different presidencies and provinces, as in the former. The presidencies and provinces have separate councils of their own, formed on a similar plan, which are likely to do their own work for themselves far better than they could get it done for them in Calcutta. The powers of these councils are not so great as those of their centralised predecessor. Their members are free to furnish as much information, advice, or even protestation, as they please, upon any measure of the government; but they are not competent to reverse it by their votes, and the governor-general, governor, or lieutenant-governor, as the case may be, has authority to decide for himself in the last resort, as if there were no such councils at all. This may seem rather like a retrograde movement for these enlightened days; but, after all, the powers of the former council were very like a sham. There is no pretence of making the present assembly a little House of Commons; and until India is ripe for representative institutions—which she will be before many years are over—it is better that such institutions should not be brought into contempt. The admittance of non-official members in the mean time is a great step, besides being an immense present advantage, both to the government and the public.

A paper currency adds another to the signs of the new times which are beginning to bewilder old Indians. For some years past, the notes of the bank of Bengal have been in circulation in Calcutta, and very convenient the Calcutta people have found them. It is no uncommon thing now, for ladies and gentlemen to go about with money in their pockets, which they never thought of doing under the régime of rupees. Even now the force of habit has not entirely spent itself, and people scrawl down their signatures in tradesmen's books for such little matters as a pair of gloves, an ice cream, or having their hair cut, when they would find it, if not more pleasant in the beginning, certainly more profitable in the end, to pay in cash. But the signature currency is not nearly so much in use as formerly in Calcutta, and notes are generally adopted as the medium of exchange. "Up the country," notes do not circulate, and the old system prevails. People cannot or will not carry rupees about them, and everything they buy is noted down at the time, and noted up as high as possible at the end of the month. Mr. Wilson, with the concurrence of Lord Canning, determined upon a scheme for a paper currency which was perfected by Mr. Laing; but the

home government, for some mysterious reason, will not allow it to extend to the whole of India, but has ordered that it be confined to Bengal. One would have thought, after the experience of the mutinies, when the plunder of the provincial treasuries provided the rebels with the means of carrying on the war many months after they must otherwise have collapsed for want of funds, that no means would have been neglected to avoid the necessity of sending large quantities of specie into the provinces; but it seems, greatly to Mr. Laing's disgust, and that of every Indian reformer, that the benefits of the new currency scheme are to stop at the very point where they are most required.

Among the most important political reforms which will greet the new comer in India, are those important measures in connexion with the sale of waste lands in fee simple; the permissive redemption of the land-tax, under certain restrictions, by a capitalised payment; and the extension of the permanent settlement, which has worked well in Bengal, to the North-West Provinces. The effect of these measures will be to give the British settler desiring to cultivate the soil, a footing in the country which he has never before obtained; and to render to the landowner, native as well as European, a degree of security calculated to give an immense stimulus to capital and industry, and to improve the condition of all classes of the people. Perhaps, however, I am reckoning without my host in anticipating these immediate benefits to India. It is true that Lord Canning sanctioned the scheme for the sale of waste lands, and the permissive redemption of the government demand upon other lands, and drew up the conditions upon which those measures were to be carried out; while he agreed to the principle of the extended permanent settlement, leaving only the details of the measure for after adjustment. Before he was added to the list of victims to the wear and tear of high office in India, he firmly believed that he had conferred these important benefits upon the country, and the thought, I can well believe, lessened the bitterness of death. For these services he was lauded in parliament and the press, as few men have ever been lauded; and so general was the concurrence in the wisdom of his later acts, that the most inveterate of his earlier opponents were content to forget past differences, and look to his policy in the future with a gratitude which none doubted to be deserved.

But scarcely are the earthly remains of the son of George Canning consigned to rest in Westminster Abbey, than ruthless hands are laid on his best works, and the measures which of all others are especially required at the present moment for the encouragement of the cotton cultivation in India—not to speak of the general benefits which they would confer—are postponed for an indefinite period by the home government, on the ground that the conditions proposed by the late governor-general are all wrong, and must be revised. This is especially vexatious in reference to the waste lands mea-

sure, which has been in actual operation for nearly a year: a number of grants having been made on Lord Canning's conditions, which were understood to have been long since approved at home. The main reasons given for the delay are, that the lands must be surveyed before they are sold: which means that they cannot be sold for years to come, if they are ever sold; and that whenever they are sold they shall be sold by public auction:—which means that after a man has expended time, labour, and money, in making himself acquainted with the suitableness of a certain locality, another man may wrest from him the fruits of his enterprise by out-bidding him, or running up the purchase-money to a ruinous amount. Lord Canning proposed that the lands should be sold at a certain rate per acre, and under this condition large tracts have been already allotted—to be resumed, it seems, until some very doubtful period when the whole question shall have been reconsidered. People in India are already very much incensed at this wanton interference with a measure which has been lauded by the best authorities as being everything that it should be, and I suppose I shall find on my arrival that Calcutta is in a state of greatly increased heat on the subject. The great defect complained of in the new Indian constitution, is, that it gives too great a power to the Secretary for India and his council at home, to the great prejudice of the local authorities, who find their best exertions wasted, and themselves abused in the eyes of the natives to a point at which government has become well-nigh impossible.

In material improvements, immense progress has been made between yesterday and to-day. Ten years ago there was no electric telegraph, and not a mile of railway open in either of the three presidencies. The post was the only means of communication, and the traveller who travelled as quick as the post did not accomplish much more than a hundred miles a day. Something under that amount was thought a very fair rate of proceeding, and a dāk journey was an exploit not to be lightly undertaken, even in the later days, when improved roads have permitted regular horse conveyance. When palankens were the ordinary mode of transit, it would be rash indeed to predict when the traveller would arrive at his journey's end. Since the mutinies, when the policy of opening up the country to British settlement has been recognised by the government, the railways have been pushed forward with great vigour; the great lines in the three presidencies are rapidly approaching completion; and branches are also progressing in several directions. The journey from Calcutta to Delhi, which took nine or ten days by the dāk, may now be accomplished in four; and when the line is completed throughout the distance, in about two. An equal—or nearly an equal—rate of progress has been made elsewhere; and in a few years there will be a network of railway communication all over the country, connecting all the important places. Who can estimate the progress

which this will effect in the condition, habits, and manners, of the people, as well as in the enterprise, industry, and comforts, of our own countrymen? Mr. Laing, who never takes a sanguine view of things except in a strictly business-like manner, told us lately that there are no bounds to the prosperity at which India is capable of arriving, if her resources are fairly brought into play; and almost every mail brings us news of some new road to wealth, or some old one not sufficiently traversed. A few years ago the China wars gave an impetus to the cultivation of tea; India already shares a considerable portion of the market, with the country which has hitherto supplied the world. A few years more, and she may render us independent of China altogether. The war broke out in America, and shut off the Southern States from the cotton market. It is from India that we have drawn much relief in the difficulty; and, with proper encouragement, the cultivation may be so extended in that country as to render it of little importance—as far as our cotton manufacture is concerned—if the North and the South go on fighting till doomsday. For the production of silk, too, India has a far greater field than has hitherto been employed; and in this article of manufacture she may easily be the rival of China in a few years.

As regards means of postal communication, India is in advance even of home. We pride ourselves upon our penny post. They have a three-farthing post in India, which extends anywhere between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin—through the whole length and breadth of the land. This is an improvement effected within the last ten years. There must be more roads and railways, however, before the department can be as efficient as it might be; and a great deal has to be done in canals, before the commerce of the country can be fairly developed. But these are only questions of time. The policy of pushing forward public works and opening India to all comers, being once determined on, the rest is easy enough; already the effects of the immense material progress made since the mutinies, is seen in the extraordinary rise in the revenue, which—combined with a judicious reduction of expenditure—has resulted in the transformation of an apparently chronic deficit into a surplus of which any Chancellor of the Exchequer might be proud.

What cannot fail to impress the new arrival are the social changes which have taken place in India during the last few years. Time was, when the traveller on arriving, say at Calcutta, was such an object of interest to the residents that he might proceed at once to almost anybody's house, and make it his castle as long as he pleased. The barest introduction was sufficient to ensure him a welcome. Now, nobody thinks of going to stay at a private house, unless it be that of a particular friend or connexion. There are monstrous hotels where any number of travellers may be put up, and may be as well accommodated as in Europe, and the new comer who presents a letter of introduction gets only the conventional

invitation to dinner—which is most likely to be à la Russe. Time was, when to this dinner (not then à la Russe) he would go dressed in white or nankeen jacket, waistcoat, and trousers of the same pleasant fabric. After that, came a period when a man was expected to go in a black coat, but was uniformly asked by the host or hostess if he would not have a white jacket instead, which he as uniformly said he would; and the arrangement became such a regular one that people who gave parties always provided jackets for their guests, some of whom, however, who were particular about fit, sent their own by their servants, and kept them furtively in the verandah until it was time to put them on. Now, everybody dresses for dinner as they do in Europe, and even white pantaloons are the exception instead of the rule. In past times, the hookah was the invariable companion of every male guest. Towards the conclusion of dinner a faint scent filled the air, which heralded the approach of the hookah-badars, of whom each placed the standing bowl of his master's pipe on a little piece of carpet behind his chair, brought the snake round conveniently, and insinuated the mouthpiece into its owner's hand. Then came such a hubble-bubbling as the new generation has never heard, and such a perfume as may be imagined from the composition of the chillum, which besides tobacco includes various perfumes, and condiments of a sweet character, among which I may mention the article of raspberry jam. Everybody was then supposed to be at the pinnacle of enjoyment—even the ladies liked the odour, and often, it is whispered, produced it for themselves when at home. Now, the scent of a hookah in a house is considered almost disreputable—more especially as it gives rise to surmises that it is not the only respect in which the master of the house accommodates himself to native habits. As for taking a hookah out to dinner, nobody ever dreams of such a thing. Some seven years ago, I saw such a proceeding on the part of one or two old Indians—privileged persons in houses where they were well known—and at the mess of a Native Infantry regiment, about the same time, they were sometimes introduced after dinner. But at the same station (this was in the provinces) a hookah which was brought by some innocent guest to the mess of a "Queen's" regiment, so scandalised the colonel that there was nothing for it but to take it away as fast as possible. Even up the country, where hospitality is more free than in Calcutta, there are hotels at every station—bad hotels to be sure, but still hotels—besides the government bungalows: so that no traveller need have an excuse for intruding upon his friends, unless they particularly wish to be intruded upon.

I have hinted at other native habits in connexion with hookahs—of course I mean the habit of having a zenana attached to the house for the accommodation of one or more native ladies. This is no longer a habit, I need scarcely say, with our countrymen, and if ever practised is scarcely ever known. Nor do old

Indians, when preferring an English alliance, get out their wives from Europe—ordering them of their agents like so much beer or brandy,—as they are accused of having done in the old days. The matrimonial market is now so well supplied in India that no man need go far to fix his affections—indeed, the general complaint among subalterns and other persons who are apt to suffer from what they call in Ireland “a pain in the pocket”—is, that their affections (confound them) fix themselves too soon. But granting this inconvenience, the change is decidedly a gain, and so is the new fashion, introduced of late years with considerable success—of leaving off drinking beer and brandy-panee before a point at which the consequences become disgraceful. Anglo-Indians in the present day are almost as sober as any class of persons I know. At dinner-parties people do not sit over their wine even so long as in England, and most of those who are able avoid beer altogether—substituting the lighter refreshment of champagne, which they take *ab ovo usque ad mala*—that is to say, from the soup to the coffee—thus avoiding that “mixing” which elderly gentlemen at home regard with much honour, and which few men in a tropical climate can long stand with impunity.

If any excesses are ever committed, it is by daring men just out from England—bachelors, perhaps, or some monsters of the kind—and as their proceedings would be much the same anywhere, their faults can scarcely be set down to the Anglo-Indians. Everywhere in society, the old character given to Anglo-Indians is fast becoming inapplicable. One hears as little of high play and debt, as of delirium tremens; and when our countrymen ill-treat the natives, we do hear of it—which accounts for two or three instances of late, which have not brought us into very good odour in that respect. A class of domestic scandals, usually including elopements, are also far less frequent than formerly; and as far as these are concerned, it can scarcely be said that Anglo-Indians are open to greater condemnation than their European neighbours.

On the whole, the change from Yesterday to To-day is decidedly for the better. What the new arrival will miss, is a class of people in the country who consider it as their home. The danger which we run is that of becoming *too* English; of depending upon ourselves too much, and considering the natives too little. Our political policy now, is, conciliation of the native princes and aristocracy, in order that we may employ them as our allies in improving the condition of the people. Our social policy should be of a similar kind. It is difficult, I know, to mingle much more with the natives than we do, in private life, and the difficulty arises principally on their side. But the attempt should be made, and I hope will be made, and with success, as the settlement of our countrymen extends. At present, nearly everybody lives in India with a view to “home;” all supply themselves from home, as far as is in their power, with every-

thing that they eat, drink, and wear; anything “native” is looked down upon with contempt; and the time is fast coming—unless a healthy change takes place—when we may meet with hundreds of persons who have been in India, but when we may look for an “Indian” in vain!

TIPPING THE TEAPOT.

Two years ago, the Lord Chancellor deprived us of the services of our friend the curate, by giving him a living which would just secure him bread. For this the Reverend Timothy Tritt, who is a grateful little round man, will never cease to bless his patron.

Tritt was always popular in Grumbleton: was liked better, indeed, than the rector. This, though, is commonly the case. Rectors are past romance, and curates are not too far gone—so, at least, say the ladies. Curates have nothing to do with parochial grievances in vestry; it is no business of theirs to compel recalcitrant members of the flock to yield their yearly allowance of fleece for the proper comfort of the rectorial body. Lastly, rectors are generally married, and curates are well disposed to follow the example.

So soon as it became confidentially known throughout the parish that the Rev. T. Tritt had got a living, all the ladies determined to get up a testimonial for him. How impressive was the presentation-day, graced by the beauties and virtues of Grumbleton, reckoning from Miss Virginia Stocke (such was her name then), bright Mary Gould, and the Misses Mynn, to the damsels last presented for confirmation, and who looked so deeply interested in all that was going to happen. Admiral Groggen was there, with his jolly nose and ear-trumpet; as an influential parishioner he had undertaken the duty of spokesman. Rector Drowse was there with all his belongings; the Grobey family, the Slobey family, old Mrs. Tittlemy, and the curate in full canonical apparel, were all there. It was an influential gathering of grateful parishioners, including every child in the parish above ten years old. We met on a hot July day, and the room was crammed to suffocation. There was a table in front of the rector, and on the table there was a shiny mahogany box. It shone nearly as much as Mr. Tritt's smooth pate, which he polished ever and anon with a white pocket-handkerchief, unmindful that it had long reached its maximum of radiance. He tried, meanwhile, to look as if he were not specially interested in what was going on. Report has been uncertain, wavering between the probability of his transplanting to the new soil Virginia Stocke or Jessie Mynn. He mustn't commit bigamy, but both girls have been enthusiastic in the matter of the Testimonial.

The schoolroom was garlanded with festoons and appropriate mottoes. One or two old devices had been retained: “Welcome the coming, speed the parting friend,” was thought too prettily done to be excluded, and not altogether inappropriate, although it certainly did

appear to have an eye to the new curate, as well as Mr. Tritt. Indeed, there was much curiosity about him. "May fortune shower her choicest gifts upon you," was another device, considered most ingenious and appropriate. We omit the Scriptural phrases which Grumbleton, not being an original, soon fell a quoting, as people do when they don't know what else to say. A pile of *carte de visite* portraits of the curate in full canonical apparel, was also on the table, to remind the sorrowing parishioners of their departed pastor when his voice should no longer be heard among them.

The harmonium and school children at a given signal struck up, and all joined in singing. Mr. Tritt's bass was audible, though rather hoarse, on the occasion. A bass voice, and a mild temper disposing him to coo with it, are the fortunate conjunctions for a curate. The model curate blends orchestrally the serpent (or the bassoon) with the dove.

Admiral Groggen's ears are deaf to the strain, and he stares out of window, ruminating oratory, while the music has possession of the public. When it has ceased, curiosity enforces instant silence, while the rector, a man who does common things well, and uncommon things not so well, briefly opens the proceedings by calling on Admiral Groggen to proceed to business. The gallant admiral would certainly have been more at home in laying his ship alongside his enemy, but we have all to do queer things sometimes, and must manage as well as we can. Speaking up, therefore, as if there were a strange craft in sight, and he had mislaid his speaking-trumpet, he informs the company that Mr. Tritt is about to leave them for a new scene of labours, to which he has been preferred by the Lord Chancellor. He is glad of his good fortune, but sorry to lose him. He believes he preaches excellent sermons, but, owing to deafness, is of course unable to judge. His deafness explained why he sometimes fell asleep during Mr. Tritt's sermons; a better apology, he would remind them, than some other folks had. Oh, they didn't sleep in church? He was glad to hear it; men ought to keep their eyes open when on duty, and women too (loud cheers), which the admiral could not hear, so that he had got well into the principal part of his speech when the noise subsided. Here however, he was a little at fault. "And this mahogany box," he repeated, taking it up and scanning it attentively, "varnished very nicely, Mr. Tritt." (Mr. T., in canonical apparel, bows assent.) "Jessie, mydear, where the deuce is the key?" A little titter and confusion among the ladies; meanwhile, Admiral Groggen proceeds: "Grateful recollection; good-hearted man; help the poor—none of you ladies know anything about the key?"

"The key," says Miss Virginia, very quietly, "is here, Admiral Groggen."

"Oh, oh," said the speaker. "Now, Mr. Tritt, we shall get on, sir! Yes, my dears," continued the admiral, quite blandly, and unlocking the chest as he went on, "it's all right. And now,

Reverend Mr. Tritt, A.M.," he continued, his eye catching sight of the inscription, "I have the honour to request, on behalf of the grateful parishioners of Grumbleton, your acceptance of *this teapot*," holding it aloft amid the applause of the company, and then handing it across the table to the curate, who took it nervously in both hands, opened the lid, looked in, and set it down on the table; "this cream ewer," which accordingly followed the teapot; "and this sugar-basin, sir, which, if it has no sugar in it at the present moment, has something where-withal to sweeten the cares of existence, and—and—to help keep the kettle boiling."

A heavy purse of gold was lifted from the basin by the gratified and greatly affected recipient, amidst loud applause from all, which the admiral could notice, if he could not hear.

"Bless you, my worthy friend!" said the admiral, shaking the curate's hand warmly; "get a good wife, Timothy, to make tea for you, as soon as you can."

A great many damp eyes sparkled in the schoolroom at that moment, but it is gratifying to state that Mr. Tritt was equal to the occasion.

Of course he shed tears. Of course he was overcome by his feelings. Of course he was taken by surprise. He would remember them in his prayers when he was far away; and he hoped they would remember him. He should never look at the teapot and the tea-service, without a charming reminiscence of dear Grumbleton. He might find many discouragements before him; rather expected he should; but the remembrance of this day's proceedings, the touching address of their gallant old friend—(Here Tritt raised his voice a little, to make the deaf man hear.) "That's right, give it 'em well," said Admiral Groggen, under the impression that the curate was improving the occasion. "Serve 'em right; Grumbleton folks good for nothing, as you say." Whereat everybody began to laugh, and nothing more could be said, sentimental or serious.

The rector asked everybody to luncheon, and the proceedings of the day closed with an affecting address to the school children, and a fire-balloon, which came down somewhere and did mischief.

The months rolled on in Grumbleton, Miss Stocke made a very good humdrum wife for Tritt, and the time soon came when the successor in the curacy was to give way to the son of the rector, who wanted a title. But nobody spoke of the former curate; his photograph was framed and hung up in some of the cottages, but I believe the Mynns had lost theirs. The wine merchant had one, but that came as a label on a case of returned empties from Grumbleton.

"It's no use," said Admiral Groggen, "giving Thews a tea-pot and a bag of money, you know. He's got plenty of money, so what will you do?"

"An inkstand," suggested Miss Rose Mynn.

"To get him to write his sermons, eh? A cricket-bat, I should say. Well, settle it among you. There's my mite, whenever you want it. Everybody does speak well of Thews, certainly."

On this occasion the Misses Mynn called into their councils the secretary of the Grumbleton cricket club, who, being considered a good man of business, immediately suggested the appointment of a committee, to consist of the ladies and gentlemen of the parish; the committee to meet for the purpose of considering what was to be done, and how to do it.

At the first meeting, Mr. Arthur Briare and Miss Rose Mynn were made honorary secretaries, and the committee was named. It consisted of eight young ladies, and as many gentlemen. After this the business was adjourned to that day week, for materials, book of minutes, and subscribers' names, which were to be inscribed on vellum. It was also agreed to meet at Mynn Villa. The proceedings closed; when the chairwoman, vacating the chair, was led to the piano, where a few songs and glees were sung, before the table was pushed aside for a carpet dance. The committee separated at a late hour, having established a precedent for committee meetings which is hereby recommended as an antidote to their usual dulness. Say, for a "Committee of the whole House," an equal number of gentlemen and ladies, and a chairman who can play the fiddle. Never was there such a committee as this in Grumbleton for punctual attendance, and subscribers' names came in apace. It beat the rector's weekly parochial, to pieces, and being held on the same evening, furnished everybody with a reason why they could not possibly go. The curate, of course, was supposed to know nothing of the proceedings, and therefore to his mitigated pleasure, but we hope his ultimate profit, was in attendance on the rector.

The report of the committee was voluminous, and cost the honorary secretaries a constant laying of their heads together. It is among the chronicles of Grumbleton, and may, all but an extract or two, be suffered to remain there. The handwriting is Miss Rose Mynn's, and the obliterations are noted down.

April 1, 1863.—On this lovely spring morning, after breakfast, the committee and the friends (and admirers obliterated) of Mr. Thews met together in the assembly-room. All (with one or two exceptions!) looked very happy, and Mr. Thews came with the rector and the family. Mr. Thews looked very well, and wore a white tie on the occasion. Among the company were Admiral and Mrs. Groggen, the Hon. Mrs. Briare, Mr. and Mrs. Grobey, Mr. and Mrs. Slobey, Mrs. Tittlemy, &c. &c. When the parties were arranged, the following address, adopted unanimously by the ladies and gentlemen of the committee, was read by the honorary secretary, Mr. Briare:

"Dear Sir,—We, the committee of parishioners of Grumbleton, beg to express our regret at the prospect of losing your services, mingled with our earnest hope that, with the blessing of Providence, you may be happy in your new sphere of duty. During the two years which you

have spent, among us, we can recal many traits of a pleasing kind developed in your career.

"We beg your acceptance of the accompanying salver and soup-ladle, as a slight but sincere mark of our esteem and regard, and subscribe ourselves,

"Dear Sir,

"Your sincere well-wishers and
"Affectionate friends."

Here follow the signatures of the eight young ladies and six gentlemen, on behalf of all Grumbleton, with the counter-signature of the hon. secretaries.

This document, with the plate, Mr. Thews received with a bow and a smile; if he did not make a long speech or shed any tears, it was because he was a muscular Christian, and couldn't do either the one or the other. Everybody went away, delighted at the proceedings, to a déjeuner at Mrs. Briare's. On this occasion, Admiral Groggen was persuaded to sing Lord Lovel, which he did with high good humour. At the verse of the briar and the rose twining together in a true lovers' knot, the whole company suddenly joined in the chorus—which gave considerable colour to the rumour that a knot would in due time be tied between the honorary secretaries.

Possessed of such attractions, it is impossible that clerical testimonials can ever lose their influence on the minds of grateful parishioners. In the hope, however, of reducing to a few general rules a subject not sufficiently systematised, the following will be found serviceable in a practical way:

In the case of a parish-going curate, an inkstand or salver, or both, may answer the purpose.

In the case of a man whose means are not large, gown and cassock, and bag of money; in that of a tea-table curate, teapot; also coffee-service, to do the thing handsomely, with suitable inscription, not omitting the M.A.

An illuminated farewell address, written on vellum, unless accompanied by something substantial, has been known to occasion disappointment, and cannot, therefore, be recommended.

In the case of a D.D., a piece of plate or a portrait is a suitable token of respect, but such are comparatively rare.

It must not be forgotten that testimonials are by no means confined to the clergy. It is now the custom to "recognise" in this way the merits of all persons who are fairly paid for doing their duty. It is wonderful how grateful the public is becoming.

"Why?" asked a railway passenger the other day of a country town tradesman—"why did you give your station-master a testimonial?"

"Why, sir, you see," was the reply, "these men can annoy us a good deal if they like."

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,

A New Series of Occasional Papers

By CHARLES DICKENS,

WILL BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 235.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE tenacity of a private lunatic asylum is unique. A little push behind your back and you slide into one; but to get out again is to scale a precipice with crumbling sides. Alfred, luckier than many, had twice nearly escaped: yet now he was tighter in than ever. His father at first meant to give him but a year or two of it, and let him out on terms, his spirit broken, and Julia married. But his sister's death was fatal to him. By Mrs. Hardie's settlement the portion of any child of hers dying a minor, or intestate and childless, was to go to the other children; so now the prisoner had inherited his sister's ten thousand pounds, and a good slice of his bereaved enemy's and father's income. But this doubled his father's bitterness,—that he, the unloved one, should be enriched by the death of the adored one!—and also tempted his cupidity: and unfortunately shallow legislation conspired with that temptation. For, when an Englishman, sane or insane, is once pushed behind his back into a madhouse, those relatives who have hidden him from the public eye, i.e. from the eye of justice, can grab hold of his money behind his back, as they certified away his wits behind his back, and can administer it in the dark, and embezzle it, chanting "But for us the 'dear deranged' would waste it." Nor do the monstrous enactments, which confer this unconstitutional power on subjects, and shield its exercise from the light and safeguard of Publicity, affix any penalty to the abuse of that power, if by one chance in a thousand detected. In Lunacy Law extremes of intellect meet; the British senator plays at Satan; and tempts human frailty and cupidity beyond what they are able to bear.

So behold a son at twenty-one years of age devoted by a father to imprisonment for life. But stop a minute; the mad statutes, which by the threefold temptation of Facility, Obscurity, and Impunity, ensure the occasional incarceration and frequent detention of sane but moneyed men, do provide, though feebly, for their bare liberation, provided they don't yield to the genius loci, and the natural effect of confinement plus anguish, by going mad, or dying.

The Commissioners of Lunacy had power to liberate Alfred in spite of his relations. And that power, you know, he had soberly but earnestly implored them to exercise.

After a delay that seemed as strange to him as postponing a hand to a drowning man, he received an official letter from Whitehall. With bounding heart he broke the seal, and devoured the contents. They ran thus:

"Sir,—By order of the Commissioners of Lunacy I am directed to inform you that they are in the receipt of your letter of the 29th ultimo, which will be laid before the Board at their next meeting.

"I am, &c."

Alfred was bitterly disappointed at the small advance he had made. However, it was a great point to learn that his letters were allowed to go to the Commissioners at all, and would be attended to by degrees.

He waited and waited, and struggled hard to possess his soul in patience; at times his brain throbbed and his blood boiled, and he longed to kill the remorseless, kindless monsters who robbed him of his liberty, his rights as a man, and his Julia: but he knew this would not do; that what they wanted was to gnaw his reason away, and then who could disprove that he had always been mad? Now he felt that brooding on his wrong would infuriate him; so he clenched his teeth, and vowed a solemn vow that nothing should drive him mad. By advice of a patient he wrote again to the Commissioners begging for a Special Commission to inquire into his case; and, this done, with rare stoicism, self-defence, and wisdom in one so young, he actually sat down to read hard for his first class. Now, to do this, he wanted the Ethics, Politics, and Rhetoric of Aristotle, certain Dialogues of Plato, the Comedies of Aristophanes, the first class Historians, Demosthenes, Lucrætiæ, a Greek Testament, Wheeler's Analysis, Prideaux, Horne, and several books of reference sacred and profane. But he could not get these books without Dr. Wycherley, and unfortunately he had cut that worthy dead in his own asylum.

"The Scornful Dog" had to eat wormwood pudding and humble pie. He gulped these delicacies as he might; and Dr. Wycherley showed excellent qualities; he entered into his maniac's

studies with singular alacrity, supplied him with several classics from his own shelves, and borrowed the rest at the London Library. Nor did his zeal stop there: he offered to read an hour a day with him, and owned it would afford him the keenest gratification to turn out an Oxford first classman from his asylum. This remark puzzled Alfred, and set him thinking; it bore a subtle family resemblance to the observations he heard every day from the patients; it was so one-eyed.

Soon Alfred became the doctor's pet maniac. They were often closeted together in high discourse, and indeed discussed Psychology, Metaphysics, and Moral Philosophy with indefatigable zest, long after common sense would have packed them both off to bed, the donkeys. In fact, they got so thick that Alfred thought it only fair to say one day, "Mind, doctor, all these pleasant fruitful hours we spend together so sweetly will not prevent my indicting you for a conspiracy as soon as I get out: it will rob the retribution of half its relish though."

"Ah, my dear young friend and fellow-student," said the doctor blandly, "let us not sacrifice the delights of our profitable occupation of imbibing the sweets of intellectual intercourse to vague speculations as to our future destiny. During the course of a long and not, I trust, altogether unprofitable, career, it has not unfrequently been my lot to find myself on the verge of being indicted, sued, assassinated, hung. Yet here I sit, as yet unimmolated on the altar of phrenetic vengeance. This is ascribable to the fact that my friends and pupils always adopt a more favourable opinion of me long before I part with them; and ere many days (and this I divine by infallible indicia), *your* cure will commence in earnest; and, in proportion as you progress to perfect restoration of the powers of judgment, you will grow in suspicion of the fact of being under a delusion—or rather I should say a very slight perversion and perturbation of the forces of your admirable intellect—and a proper subject for temporary seclusion. Indeed this consciousness of insanity is the one diagnostic of sanity that never deceives me: and, on the other hand, an obstinate persistence in the hypothesis of perfect rationality demonstrates the fact that insanity yet lingers in the convolutions and recesses of the brain, and that it would not be humane as yet to cast the patient on a world, in which he would inevitably be taken some ungenerous advantage of."

Alfred ventured to inquire whether this was not rather paradoxical.

"Certainly," said the ready doctor; "and paradoxicality is an indicial characteristic of truth in all matters beyond the comprehension of the vulgar."

"That *sounds* rational," said the maniac, very dryly.

One afternoon, grinding hard for his degree, he was invited down stairs to see two visitors.

At that word he found out how prison tries

the nerves. He trembled with hope, and fear. It was but for a moment: he bathed his face and hands to compose himself; made his toilet carefully, and went into the drawing-room, all on his guard. There he found Dr. Wycherley and two gentlemen; one was an ex-physician, the other an ex-barrister, who had consented to resign feelessness and brieflessness for a snug 1500*l.* a year at Whitehall. After a momentary greeting they continued the conversation with Dr. Wycherley, and scarcely noticed Alfred. They were there *pro formâ*; a plausible lunatic had pestered the Board, and extorted a visit of ceremony. Alfred's blood boiled, but he knew it must not boil over. He contrived to throw a short, pertinent remark in every now and then. This, being done politely, told, and at last Dr. Eskell, Commissioner of Lunacy, smiled and turned to him. "Allow me to put a few questions to you."

"The more the better, sir," said Alfred.

Dr. Eskell then asked him to describe minutely, and in order, all he had done since seven o'clock that day. And he did it. Examined him in the multiplication table. And he did it. And, while he was applying these old-fashioned tests, Wycherley's face wore an expression of pity, that was truly comical. Now this Dr. Eskell had an itch for the classics: so he went on to say, "You have been a scholar, I hear."

"I am not old enough to be a scholar, sir," said Alfred; "but I am a student."

"Well, well; now can you tell me what follows this line?"

Jusque datum sceleri canimus populumque potentem."

"Why, not at the moment."

"Oh, surely you can," said Dr. Eskell, ironically. "It is in a tolerably well-known passage. Come, try."

"Well, I'll *try*," said Alfred, sneering secretly. "Let me see:

*Mum—mum—mum—populumque potentem,
In sua victrici conversum viscera dextrâ."*

"Quite right; now go on, if you can."

Alfred, who was playing with his examiner all this time, pretended to cudgel his brains, then went on, and warmed involuntarily with the lines:

*"Cognatasque acies et rupto fœdere regni
Certatum totis concussi viribus orbis
In commune nefas; infestis que obvia signis
Signa, pares aquilas, et pila minantia pilis."*

"He seems to have a good memory," said the examiner, rather taken aback.

"Oh, that is nothing for him," observed Wycherley;

"He has Horace all by heart; you'd wonder: And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder."

The great faculty of Memory thus tested, Dr. Eskell proceeded to a greater; Judgment.

"Spirited lines those, sir."

"Yes, sir; but surely rather turned. 'The whole forces of the shaken globe?' But little poets love big words."

"I see; you agree with Horace, that so great

a work as an epic poem should open modestly, with an invocation."

"No, sir," said Alfred. "I think that rather an arbitrary and peevish canon of friend Horace. The *Æneid*, you know, begins just as he says an Epic ought not to begin; and the *Æneid* is the greatest Latin Epic. In the next place, the use of Modesty is to keep a man from writing an Epic Poem at all; but, if he will have that impudence, why then he had better have the courage to plunge into the Castalian stream, like Virgil and Lucan, not crawl in funk and holding on by the Muse's apron-string. But—excuse me—*quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt?* what have the Latin poets to do with this modern's Sanity or Insanity?"

Mr. Abbott snorted contemptuously in support of the query. But Dr. Eskell smiled, and said: "Continue to answer me as intelligently, and you may find it has a great deal to do with it."

Alfred took this hint, and said artfully, "Mine was a thoughtless remark; of course a gentleman of your experience can test the mind on any subject however trivial." He added, piteously, "Still, if you would but leave the poets, who are all half crazy themselves, and examine me in the philosophers, of Antiquity, surely it would be a higher criterion."

Dr. Wycherley explained in a patronising whisper, "He labours under an abnormal contempt for poetry, dating from his attack. Previously to that he actually obtained a prize poem himself."

"Well, doctor; and after that am I wrong to despise poetry?"

They might have comprehended this on paper, but spoken it was too keen for them all three. The visitors stared. Dr. Wycherley came to their aid: "You might examine my young friend for hours, and not detect the one crevice in the brilliancy of his intellectual armour."

The maniac made a face as of one that drinketh verjuice suddenly. "For pity's sake, doctor, don't be so inaccurate: say a spot on the brilliancy, or a crevice in the armour; but not a crevice in the brilliancy. My good friend here, gentlemen, deals in conjectural certificates and broken metaphors. He dislocates more tropes, to my sorrow, than even his friend Shakespeare, whom he thinks a greater philosopher than Aristotle, and who calls the murder of an individual sleeper the murder of sleep, confounding the concrete with the abstract, and then talks of taking arms against a sea of troubles; query, a cork jacket and a flask of brandy."

"Well, Mr. Hardie," said Dr. Eskell, rather feebly, "let me tell you those passages which so shock your *peculiar* notions, are among the most applauded."

"Very likely, sir," retorted the maniac, whose logic was up; "but applauded only in a nation where the floods clap their hands every Sunday morning, and we all pray for peace, giving as our exquisite reason that we have got the God of hosts on our side in war."

Mr. Abbott, the other commissioner, had endured all this chat with an air of weary indifference. He now said to Dr. Wycherley, "I wish to put you a question or two in private."

Alfred was horribly frightened: this was the very dodge that had ruined him at Silverton House. "Oh no, gentlemen," he cried, imploringly. "Let me have fair play. You have given me no secret audience; then why give my accuser one? I am charged with a single delusion; for mercy's sake go to the point at once, and examine me on that head."

"Now you talk sense," said Mr. Abbott; as if the previous topics had been chosen by Alfred.

"But that will excite him," objected Dr. Eskell: "it always does excite them."

"It excites the insane, but not the sane," said Alfred. "So there is another test; you will observe whether it excites *me*." Then, before they could interrupt him, he glided on: "The supposed hallucination is this: I strongly suspect my father, a bankrupt—and therefore dishonest—banker, of having somehow misappropriated a sum of fourteen thousand pounds, which sum is known to have been brought from India by one Captain Dodd, and has disappeared."

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Abbott. "Who knows it, besides you?"

"The whole family of the Dodds. They will show you his letter from India, announcing his return with the money."

"Where do they live?"

"Albion Villa, Barkington."

Mr. Abbott noted the address in his book, and Alfred, mightily cheered and encouraged by this sensible act, went on to describe the various indications, which, insufficient singly, had by their united force driven him to his conclusion. When he described David's appearance and words on his father's lawn at night, Wycherley interrupted him quietly: "Are you quite sure this was not a vision, a phantom of the mind heated by your agitation, and your suspicions?"

Dr. Eskell nodded assent, knowing nothing about the matter.

"Pray, doctor, was I the only person who saw this vision?" inquired Alfred, silyly.

"I conclude so," said Wycherley, with an admirable smile.

"But why do you conclude so? because you are one of those who reason in a circle of assumptions. Now it happens that Captain Dodd was seen and felt on that occasion by three persons besides myself."

"Name them," said Mr. Abbott, sharply.

"A policeman called Reynolds, another policeman, whose name I don't know, and Miss Julia Dodd. The policemen helped me lift Captain Dodd off the grass, sir; Julia met us close by, and we four carried Dr. Wycherley's phantom home together to Albion Villa."

Mr. Abbott noted down all the names, and then turned to Dr. Wycherley. "What do you say to that?"

"I say it is a very important statement," said

the doctor, blandly; "and that I am sure my young friend would not advance it unless he was firmly persuaded of its reality."

"Much obliged, doctor; and you would not contradict me so rashly in a matter I know all about and you know nothing about, if it was not your fixed habit to found facts on theories instead of theories on facts."

"There, that is enough," said Mr. Abbott. "I have brought you both to an issue at last. I shall send to Barkington, and examine the policemen and the Dodds."

"Oh, thank you, sir," cried Alfred with emotion. "If you once apply genuine tests like that to my case, I shall not be long in prison."

"Prison?" said Wycherley, reproachfully.

"Have you any complaint, then, to make of your treatment here?" inquired Dr. Eskell.

"No, no, sir," said Alfred warmly. "Dr. Wycherley is the very soul of humanity. Here are no tortures, no handcuffs or leg-locks, no brutality, no insects that murder Sleep—without offence to Logic. In my last asylum the attendants inflicted violence, here they are only allowed to endure it. And, gentlemen, I must tell you a noble trait in my enemy there. Nothing can make him angry with madmen; their lies, their groundless and narrow suspicions of him, their deplorable ingratitude to him, of which I see examples every day that rile me on his account; all these things seem to glide off him, baffled by the infinite kindness of his heart, and the incomparable sweetness of his temper; and he returns the duffers good for evil with scarcely an effort."

At this unexpected tribute the water stood in the doctor's eyes. It was no more than the truth; but this was the first man he had met intelligent enough to see his good qualities clearly and express them eloquently.

"In short," continued Alfred, "to be happy in his house all a man wants is to be insane. But, as I am not insane, I am miserable: no convict, no galley slave is so wretched as I am, gentlemen. And what is my crime?"

"Well, well," said Dr. Eskell kindly, "I think it likely you will not be very long in confinement." They then civilly dismissed him; and on his departure asked Dr. Wycherley his candid opinion. Dr. Wycherley said he was now nearly cured; his ability to discuss his delusion without excitement was of itself a proof of that. But in another month he would be better still. The doctor concluded his remarks thus:

"However, gentlemen, you have heard him: now judge for yourselves whether anybody can be as clever as he is, without the presence of more or less abnormal excitement of the organs of intelligence."

It was a bright day for Alfred: he saw he had made an excellent impression on the Commissioners, and, as luck does not always come single, after many vain attempts to get a letter posted to Julia, he found this very afternoon a nurse was going away next day. He offered her a

guinea, and she agreed to post a letter. Oh the happiness it was to the poor prisoner to write it, and unburden his heart and tell his wrongs. He kept his manhood for his enemies; his tears fell on the paper he sent to his forlorn bride. He had no misgivings of her truth: he judged her by himself: gave her credit for anxiety, but not for doubt. He concluded a long, ardent, tender letter by begging her to come and see him, and, if refused admission, to publish his case in the newspapers, and employ a lawyer to proceed against all the parties concerned in his detention. Day after day he waited for an answer to his letter; none came. Then he began to be sore perplexed, and torn with agonising doubts. What if her mind was poisoned too! What if she thought him mad! What if some misfortune had befallen her! What if she had believed him dead, and her heart had broken! Hitherto he had seen his own trouble chiefly: but now he began to think day and night on hers; and though he ground on for his degree not to waste time, and not to be driven mad, yet it was almost superhuman labour; sighs issued from his labouring breast while his hard, indomitable brain laboured away, all uphill, at Aristotle's Divisions and Definitions.

On the seventh day, the earliest the mad statute allowed, the two Commissioners returned, and this time Mr. Abbott took the lead, and told him that the policeman Reynolds had left the force, and the Dodds had left the town, and were in London, but their address not known.

At this, Alfred was much agitated. She was alive, and perhaps near him.

"I have heard a good deal of your story," said Mr. Abbott, "and coupling it with what we have seen of you, we think your relatives have treated you, and a young lady of whom everybody speaks with respect—"

"God bless you for saying that! God bless you!"

"—treated you both, I say, with needless severity."

Dr. Eskell then told him the result of the Special Commission, now closed. "I believe you to be cured," said he; "and Mr. Abbott has some doubts whether you were ever positively insane. We shall lay your case before the Board at once, and the Board will write to the party who signed the order, and propose to him to discharge you at once."

At this magnificent project Alfred's countenance fell, and he stared with astonishment. "What! have you not the power to do me justice, without soliciting Injustice to help you?"

"The Board has the power," said Dr. Eskell; "but for many reasons they exercise it with prudence and reserve. Besides, it is only fair to those who have signed the order, to give them the graceful office of liberating the patient: it paves the way to reconciliation."

Alfred sighed. The Commissioners, to keep up his heart, promised to send him copies of their correspondence with the person who had signed

the order. "Then," said Mr. Abbott kindly, "you will see your case is not being neglected." The following précis, though imperfect, will give some idea of the correspondence:

1. The Board wrote to Thomas Hardie, letting him know the result of the Special Commission, and requesting him to discharge his nephew.

Thomas quaked. Richard smiled, and advised Thomas to take no notice. By this a week was gained to Injustice, and lost to Justice.

2. The Board pointed out Thomas Hardie's inadvertence in not answering No. 1; enclosed copy of it, and pressed for a reply.

Thomas quaked, Richard smiled.

3. Thomas Hardie to the Board. From what he had heard, it would be premature to discharge Alfred. Should prefer to wait a month or two.

4. Alfred to Board warning them against this proposal. To postpone justice was to refuse justice, certainly for a time, probably for ever.

5. The Board to Thomas Hardie, suggesting that if not released immediately he ought to have a trial—i.e. be allowed to go into the world with a keeper.

6. Alfred to the Board begging that Dr. Sampson, an honest independent physician, might be allowed to visit him and report to them.

7. The Board to Alfred declining this for the present as unadvisable, they being in correspondence with the person who had signed the order—with a view to his liberation.

8. T. Hardie to the Board shuffling, and requesting time to make further inquiries.

9. The Board suggesting there should be some reasonable limit to delay.

10. T. Hardie asking for a month to see about it.

11. The Board suggesting a week.

12. Alfred Hardie asking permission to be visited by a solicitor with a view to protection of his liberty and property.

13. The Board declining this, pending their correspondence with other parties; but asking him for the names and addresses of all his trustees.

14. Thomas Hardie informing the Board he had now learned Alfred had threatened to kill his father as soon as ever he should get out, and leaving the Board to discharge him on their own responsibility if they chose after this warning: but declining peremptorily to do so himself.

15, 16, 17. The Board, by advice of Mr. Abbott, to Alfred's trustees, warning them against any alienation of Alfred's money, under the notion that he was legally a lunatic; and saying that a public Inquiry appeared inevitable, owing to Mr. T. Hardie's unwillingness to enter into their views.

18. To Alfred, inquiring whether he wished to encounter the expense of Chancery proceedings to establish his sanity?

19. Alfred to the Board, imploring them to use their powers and discharge him without further delay, and assuring them he meditated no violence on his liberation, but should proceed against all parties under legal advice.

20. The Board to T. Hardie, warning him that

he must in future pay Alfred's maintenance in Asylum out of his own pocket, and pressing him either to discharge the young man, or else to apply to the Lord Chancellor for a Commission de Lunatico Inquirendo, and enclosing copy of a letter from Wycherley saying the patient was harmless.

21. T. Hardie respectfully declining to do either, but reminding the Commissioners that the matter could be thrown into Chancery without his consent, only the expense, which would be tremendous, would fall on the lunatic's estate; which might hereafter be regretted by the party himself. He concluded by promising to come to town and visit Alfred with his family physician, and write further in a week.

Having thus thrown dust in the eyes of the Board, Thomas Hardie and Richard consulted with a notoriously unscrupulous madhouse keeper in the suburbs of London, and effected a masterstroke; whereof anon.

The correspondence had already occupied three months, and kept Alfred in a fever of the mind; of all the maddening things with which he had been harassed by the pretended curers of Insanity, this tried him hardest. To see a dozen honest gentlemen wishing to do justice, able to do justice by one manly stroke of the pen, yet forego their vantage-ground, and descend to coax an able rogue to do their duty and undo his own interest and rascality! To see a strong cause turned into a weak one by the timidity of champions clad by law in complete steel; and a rotten cause, against which Law and Power, as well as Truth, Justice, and Common Sense, had now declared, turned into a strong one by the pluck and cunning of his one unarmed enemy! The ancients feigned that the ingenious gods tortured Tantalus in hell by ever-present thirst, and water flowing to just the outside of his lips. A Briton can thirst for liberty as hard as Tantalus or hunted deer can thirst for cooling springs: and this soul-gnawing correspondence brought liberty, and citizenship, and love, and happiness, to the lips of Alfred's burning, pining, aching heart, again, and again, and again; then carried them away from him in mockery. Oh the sickening anguish of Hope deferred, and deferred:

The Hell it is in suing long to bide.

But indeed his hopes began to sicken for good when he found that the Board would not allow any honest independent physician to visit him, or any solicitor to see him. At first, indeed, they refused it because Mr. Thomas Hardie was going to let him out: but when T. Hardie would not move at their request, then, on a fresh application, they refused it, giving as their reason that they had already refused it. Yet in so keen a battle he would not throw away a chance: so he determined to win Dr. Wycherley altogether by hook or by crook, and get a certificate of sanity from him. Now a single white lie, he knew, would do the trick. He had only to say that Hamlet was mad. And "Hamlet was mad" is easily said.

Dr. Wycherley, you see, was a collector of mad people, and collectors are always amateurs, and very seldom connoisseurs. His turn of mind co-operating with his interests, led him to put down any man a lunatic, whose intellect was manifestly superior to his own. Alfred Hardie, and one or two more contemporaries, had suffered by this humour of the good doctor's. Nor did the dead escape him entirely. Pascal, according to Wycherley, was a madman with an illusion about a precipice; John Howard a moral lunatic in whom the affections were reversed; Saul a moping maniac with homicidal paroxysms and nocturnal visions; Paul an incoherent lunatic, who in his writings flies off at a tangent, and who admits having once been the victim of a photopsic illusion in broad daylight; Nebuchadnezzar was a lycanthropical lunatic; Joan of Arc a theomaniac; Bobby Burton and Oliver Cromwell were melancholy maniacs; Napoleon was an ambitious maniac, in whom the sense of impossibility became gradually extinguished by visceral and cerebral derangement; Porson an oinomaniac; Luther a phrenetic patient of the old demoniac breed, alluded to by Shakespeare:

One sees more devils than vast Hell can hold.
That is the madman.

But without any disrespect to any of these gentlemen, he assigned the golden crown of Insanity to Hamlet. To be sure this character tells his friends in the play he shall *feign* insanity, and swears them not to reveal the reason. And after this hint to his friends and the audience (it is notorious he was not written for readers) he keeps his word, and does it as cleverly as if his name was David or Brutus instead of Hamlet; indeed, like Edgar, he rather overdoes it, and so puzzles his, enemies in the play, and certain German criticasters and English mad doctors in the closet, and does not puzzle his bosom friend in the play one bit, nor the pit for whom he was created. Add to this his sensibility, and his kindness to others, and his eloquent grief at the heartrending situation, which his father's and mother's son was placed in and had brains to realise, though his psychological critics, it seems, have not; and add to all that the prodigious extent of his mind, his keen observation, his deep reflection, his brilliant fancy united for once in a way with the great Academic, or judicial, intellect, that looks down and sees all the sides of everything—and what can this rare intellectual compound be? Wycherley decided the question. Hamlet was too much greater in the world of mind than S. T. Coleridge and his German criticasters, too much higher, deeper, and broader than Esquirol, Pinel, Sauze, Haslam, Munro, Pagan, Wigan, Prichard, Romberg, Wycherley, and such small deer, to be anything but a madman.

Now, in their midnight discussions, Dr. Wycherley more than once alluded to the insanity of Hamlet; and offered proofs. But Alfred declined the subject as too puerile. "A man must exist before he can be insane," said the Oxonian

philosopher, severe in youthful gravity. But, when he found that Dr. Wycherley, had he lived in Denmark at the time, would have conferred cannily with Hamlet's uncle, removed that worthy relative's disbelief in Hamlet's insanity, and signed the young gentleman away behind his back into a lunatic asylum, Alfred began to sympathise with this posthumous victim of Psychological Science. "I believe the bloke was no madder than I am," said he. He got the play, studied it afresh, compared the fiction with the legend, compared Hamlet humbugging his enemies and their tool, Ophelia, with Hamlet opening his real mind to himself or his Horatio the very next moment; contrasted the real madness the author has portrayed in the plays of Hamlet and Lear by the side of these extravagant imitations, to save, if possible, even dunces, and dreamers, and criticasters from being taken in by the latter; and at their next séance pitched into the doctor's pet chimera, and what with logic, fact, ridicule, and the author's lines, knocked it to atoms double quick.

Now, in their midnight discussions Dr. Wycherley had always handled the question of Alfred Hardie's Sanity or Insanity with a philosophical coolness the young man admired, and found it hard to emulate; but this philosophic calmness deserted him the moment Hamlet's insanity was disputed, and the harder he was pressed, the redder, the angrier, the louder, the more confused the Psychological physician became; and presently he got furious, and burst out of the anti-spasmodic or round-about style, and called Alfred a d-d ungrateful, insolent puppy, and went stamping about the room; and, finally, to the young man's horror, fell down in a fit of an epileptic character, grinding his teeth and foaming at the mouth.

Alfred was filled with regret, and, though alarmed, had the presence of mind not to call for assistance. The fit was a very mild one in reality, though horrible to look at. The doctor came to, and asked feebly for wine. Alfred got it him, and the doctor, with a mixture of cunning and alarm in his eye, said he had fainted away, or nearly. Alfred assented coaxingly, and looked sheepish. After this he took care never to libel Hamlet's intellect again by denying his insanity; for he was now convinced of what he had long half suspected, that the doctor had a bee in his own bonnet; and Alfred had studied true insanity all this time, and knew how inhumane it is to oppose a monomaniac's foible; it only infuriates and worries him. No power can convince him.

But now he resolved to play on the doctor's foible. It went against his conscience; but the temptation was so strong. He came to him with a hang-dog air:

"Doctor," said he, "I have been thinking over your arguments, and I capitulate. If Hamlet ever existed, he was as mad as a March hare." And he blushed at this his first quibble.

Dr. Wycherley beamed with satisfaction.

"My young friend, this gives me sincere pleasure; not on my account, but on your own. There goes one of your illusions then. Now tell me—the 14,000! Have you calmly reconsidered that too?"

Alfred hung his head, and looked guiltier and guiltier.

"Why," said he, "that never amounted to anything more than a strong suspicion. It has long ceased to occupy my mind in excess. However, should I ever be so fortunate as to recover my liberty, I have no objection to collect the evidence about it pro and con., and then make you the judge instead of myself." This he delivered with an admirable appearance of indifference.

"Very well, sir," said the doctor drily. "Then, now, I have a piece of good news for you."

"Oh, doctor, what is that?"

"Your cure is complete; that is all! You are now a sane man, as sane as I am."

Alfred was a little disappointed at this piece of news; but recovering himself, asked him to certify that, and let him send the certificate to the Board. Dr. Wycherley said he would, with pleasure.

"I'll bring it to you when I make my round," said he.

Alfred retired triumphant, and went in at Plato with a good heart.

In about an hour Dr. Wycherley paid him the promised visit. But what may not an hour bring forth? He came with mortification and regret in his face to tell Alfred that an order of transfer had been signed by the proper parties, and countersigned by two Commissioners, and he was to go to Dr. Wolf's asylum that day.

Alfred groaned. "I knew my father would outwit my feeble friends somehow or other," said he. "What is his game? do you know?"

"I suppose to obtain a delay; and meantime get you into an asylum where they will tell the Commissioners you are worse again, and perhaps do something to make their words good. Dr. Wolf, between ourselves, will say or do almost anything for money. And his asylum is conducted on the old system; though he pretends not."

"My dear friend," said Alfred, "will you do me a favour?"

"How could I deny you anything at this sorrowful moment?"

"Here is an advertisement I want inserted in the Morning Advertiser."

"Oh, I can't do that, I fear."

"Look at it before you break my heart by refusing me."

Dr. Wycherley looked at it, and said it was innocent, being unintelligible: and he would insert it himself.

"Three insertions, dear doctor," said Alfred. "Here is the money."

The doctor then told him sorrowfully he must pack up his things. Dr. Wolf's keepers were waiting for him.

The moment of parting came. Then Alfred solemnly forgave Dr. Wycherley for signing

away his wits, and thanked him for all his kindness and humanity. "We shall never meet again, I fear," said he; "I feel a weight of foreboding here about my heart I never felt before; yet my trials have been many and great. I think the end is at hand." Dr. Wolf's keepers received him, and their first act was to handcuff him. The cold steel struck into him deeper than his wrist, and reminded him of Silverton Grove; he could not suppress a shudder. The carriage rolled all through London with him. He saw the Parks with autumn's brown and golden tints: he saw the people, some rich, some poor, but none of them prisoners. He saw a little girl all rags. "Oh, if I could be as ragged as you are," he said, "and free."

At last they reached Drayton House: a huge old mansion, fortified into a jail. His handcuffs were whipped off in the yard. He was ushered into a large, gloomy drawing-room. Dr. Wolf soon came to him, and they measured each other by the eye like two prize-fighters. Dr. Wolf's eye fell under Alfred's, and the latter felt he was capable of much foul play. He was one of the old bull-necked breed; and contained the bulldog and the spaniel in his single nature. "I hope you will be comfortable here, sir," said he, doggedly.

"I will try, sir."

"The first class patients dine in half an hour."

"I will be ready, sir."

"Full dress in the evening; there are several ladies." Alfred assented by a bow. Dr. Wolf rang a bell, and told a servant to show Mr. Hardie his room.

He had just time to make his toilet when the bell rang for dinner.

As he went down a nurse met him, held up something white to him as she came, lowered it quickly, and dropped it at his feet in passing.

It was a billet-doux.

It was twisted into a pretty shape, scented, and addressed to Mr. Hardie, in a delicate Italian hand, and in that pale ink which seems to reflect the charming timidity of the fair who use it.

He wondered; carried it into a recess; then opened it and read it.

It contained but this one line:

"Drink nothing but water at dinner."

These words in that delicate Italian hand sent a chill through Alfred. What on earth was all this? Was he to be poisoned? Was his life aimed at now instead of his reason? What was this mysterious drama prepared for him the very moment he set his foot in the place, perhaps before? A poisoner, and a friend! Both strangers. He went down to dinner: and contrived to examine every lady and gentleman at the table. But they were all strangers. Presently a servant filled his glass with beer; he looked and saw it was poured from a small jug holding only his portion. Alfred took his ring off his finger, and holding the glass up dropped his ring in.

"What is that for?" inquired one or two.

"Oh, my ring has a peculiar virtue, it tells me what is good for me. Ah! what do I see? my ruby changes colour. Fetch me a clean glass. And he filled it with water from a caraffe. "No," sir, leave the beer. I'll analyse it in my room after dinner; I'm a chemist."

Dr. Wolf changed colour, and was ill at ease. Here was a bold and ugly customer. However, he said nothing, and felt sure his morphia could not be detected in beer by any decomposer but the stomach. Still he was rather mystified.

In the evening Alfred came dressed into the drawing-room, and found several gentlemen and ladies there. One of the ladies seemed to attract the lion's share of male homage. Her back was turned to Alfred; but it was a beautiful back, with great magnificent neck and shoulders, and a skin like satin; she was tall but rounded and symmetrical, had a massive but long and shapely white arm, and perfect hand: and masses of thick black hair sat on her grand white poll like a raven on a marble pillar.

It was not easy to get near her; for the mad gentlemen were fawning on her all round; like Queen Elizabeth's courtiers.

However, Dr. Wolf, seeing Alfred standing alone, said, "Let me introduce you," and took him round to her. The courtiers fell back a little. The lady turned her stately head, and her dark eyes ran lightly all over Alfred in a moment.

He bowed, and blushed like a girl. She curtsied composedly and without a symptom of recognition—deep water runs still—and Dr. Wolf introduced them ceremoniously.

"Mr. Hardie—Mrs. Archbold."

DON'T KILL YOUR SERVANTS.

"I OVERHEARD, as I walked down a country lane, this pastoral dialogue between two shepherds, who were not attired in Leghorn hats with cherry-coloured ribbons, and who did not wear plush breeches, silk stockings, and dancing-pumps with yellow cheesecakes pinned over the toes:

"A shillin' apiece for twoads! He! he! ho! ho!"

"And a penny apiece for frogs! He! he! haw!"

"Ain't he a rum start?"

And I said to them, "Gentlemen, who is a rum start?"

"Squire!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Whoat for, Skinny?"

"Who is buying toads and frogs?"

"Squire!"

Bestowing upon each youth a penny, I requested that he would expend it upon schooling, and that neither of them would in future conversation address as Skinny a gentleman who happened to be slim. I believe that twopence a week is the payment made for education by young individuals of this class, and that the in-

troduction of the half-time principle, of which I have heard something in the House of Commons, would, in fact, would—just so.

It is very difficult for me to tell this bore of a story, but I dare say some fellow will make it right for me, and all that sort of thing. You see, the fact of the matter is, I don't know. Robin isn't a bad fellow in town, he certainly is very particular about his dinners; but when I had gone a little further down the lane, I found a little girl with a creature, that she called a hedgepig, wrapped up in her pinafore, and ascertained from her that this too was for the squire, and that he gave sixpence apiece for hedgepigs. From this little pig-dealer I further ascertained that the squire was my brother Robin, at whose house in Turmutshire I was, for the first time in my life, going to spend a month, and she said that he was "main foud o' twoads." Knowing too well that he was a good fellow with strong new-fangled notions, and that he had been to France, I very decidedly lost appetite. For he is just the sort of man who will not stop at frogs, when he has once convinced himself that frogs are eatable.

I had come down to enjoy the country, of which I see very little. My man, Jenkinson, went down the day before, with boxes and all that sort of thing. I had nothing but time on my hands, and there I was, sauntering down the lane three hours before I was expected. There was a great noise being made overhead, by flocks of what I believed to be blackbirds, but from information since received, know to be rooks. The day was warm, there was running water introduced by the side of the path, and some nicish little flowers had been set, with much skill, underneath the hedges. The whole effect of the lane was very good. It wanted breadth, and was in parts a little smudgy; still, I do not hesitate to say that it was well put together. Robin tells me that the effect all comes of itself; but I flatter myself that I know Beverley's work when I see it, and if Squire Robin hasn't had Beverley down to make the set scenes round about his place, he may have had Grieve or Fenton. In fact, he half confesses this; for, when I say that I expect to come upon his transformation scene some day, he tells me that if I want to see that, I must stop with him till Christmas.

When I had passed the lodge gate, there was a twittering and singing of birds, that reminded me strongly of the garden scene in the Huguenots. Presently I diverged from the path, to look at a stone tower, built upon a sort of high loo-table, which was also made of stone. The tower was full of holes, and every hole was a bird's-nest. Jenkinson, by the exercise of his own valuable instinct, had, by smell, sight, or a sixth sense proper to his calling, perceived me, though he was far away inside the house. I have since learnt that a snail has nearly the same sense of the ripening of an apricot. At the moment the lodge gate swung after me, he rose, I believe, from his beer in the kitchen, and made straight towards me, although shrubs,

trees, and the level of the ground, concealed me from his sight. He reached me when I was looking at the birds.

"Starlings, sir," he said. I always expect Jenkinson to find me every information.

"Is not that the bird mentioned in Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*?"

"I don't know, sir. But I will take care to ascertain. Mr. Robin, sir, builds these nests himself for the birds."

"Builds nests for the birds!"

"Yes, sir, and he's now making a owl's nest."

Not so, for Robin had spied me out, and with a tremendous view halloo was bearing down upon me. But he is fat, and the breath soon goes out of him. When he had welcomed me, as we walked on towards the house, he took out his handkerchief to wipe his forehead, and Jenkinson, who followed us, leaped with a great yell three feet high. For, out of Robin's handkerchief there fell a little snake.

"Ah," said my squire, "I forgot. Don't be alarmed, Mr. Jenkinson; it's only a blind-worm that I just now picked up in the wood. Don't let it glide away." Robin was down on it, caught it, and put his finger in its mouth. "It cannot bite you, you see; has only just got tooth enough to hold a slug; so perhaps you would not mind obliging me, Mr. Jenkinson, by carrying it at once into the walled garden yonder. Lay it on any of the flower-beds."

Jenkinson turned blue and gasped, but made no answer. "Why, it's only a lizard, man!" said Robin the bold. "Come, Richard, you and I will take the garden on our way." I was glad to find that, whether snake, lizard, or worm, the thing was going in the direction of the gardener, and not of the cook.

It was a very fresh and pretty garden that we went into—superior, indeed, to Margaret's in Gounod's Faust—walled all round, and in the entrance, when the door was open, there remained a pretty high slab of slate that served as a very odd sort of threshold, over which we had to step. It was a garden full of flowers and fruit, with little hedges and banks, and grottos and shaded nooks, and in one of the shadiest corners there was a shallow pan of water let into the earth. "That's for my frogs," said Robin.

"Are—are you very fond of frogs?"

"Very. But give me a good toad. He's worth a basketful of apricots!"

It seemed to me amazing that perversion of taste could extend so far. I groaned within myself. I wanted my lunch, and I dreaded my lunch, and now that Robin was in his garden knee-deep in his hobby, what chance was there that I should ever get my lunch?

"So a toad's worth a basketful of apricots," I said, deferentially.

"Yes. Why, Dick, do you know what he feeds upon? Slugs, man; moths, grubs, caterpillars. And how they fatten him! If you have any regard for delicacies of the season, it's a real pleasure to know that you've some good fat toads in the garden. It isn't only in the garden they're good. I've three now in the kitchen."

"But how does the cook——?"

"Well, I'd some trouble at first to make the maids like them, but they're getting fond of them now."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, they call them Blub, Squat, and Squiddle, and declare that the creatures know their names. I had a comfortable hole in the wall made for them under the dresser—nice and damp; there they keep out of harm's way in the daytime, and come out at night to eat the cockroaches."

Here was a relief to my mind; I felt rather more appetite for lunch. This, too, explained the hedgepigs, perhaps. "I have met with the fact," I said, "in some newspaper, or heard in some opera, that a hedgepig will feed upon blackbeetles."

"Yes, the little hedgehog will do that. But I like him here in the garden. There's a hedge here on purpose for him and the blind-worm. I like my little friends to feel at home. They can't get out, you see; we're walled all round, and the stone at the door is more than they can climb over. So I got up a good stock of frogs and toads, laid in a few hedgehogs and blind-worms, advertised apartments to let for a couple of brown owls, got very good tenants, leave all the birds of the air free to peck about, except that I balk them with a little netting over the best fruit, and now—see what fruit and flowers I have!"

"What do you mean by advertising apartments to let for owls? Do you mean that you advertised for somebody to sell you owls?"

"No. The birds themselves saw the advertisement and came, tried the lodgings, liked them, and agreed to stop. I always advertise for any birds I want. Didn't you see as you came in, how well my advertisement for starlings had been answered?"

"Now, I am not going to believe, Rob, that Turmutshire birds take in a local paper. You may think me a cockney, but I know better than that. And besides, what do you want with owls and starlings, and all that sort of thing? If you were to ask me just now what I want, I should say a bit of chicken."

"We'll go in to lunch this minute. But look at my tenants the owls. They're not afraid of us, you see." I fought after Robin through some bushes, and found in a dark corner two owls blinking on a perch in a hollow tree, who looked good naturedly at us, and displayed no trepidation. "I found the tree in the wood, and fixed the stump here, hollowed it, put in a comfortable perch, and left it undisturbed. After a few weeks these owls found it out, and took possession. We quite understand each other now."

"And what rent do your tenants pay?"

"They pay me in tulips and hyacinths, by catching all the mice, and it isn't only the bulbs that the mice nibble. Wherever I can, in garden or farm, I make a comfortable corner for the owls. It cost me some trouble to make a place here that a weasel would be snug in, but with a little trouble I have managed that. I dare say a weasel is not a safe neighbour to

poultry, but here in the garden—yonder's his hole—there is not a rat, mouse, or mole, who is safe while the weasel is my day watchman and the owls are my night watchmen against the little felons. The mole's a capital chap in his way, but when his way in a garden is under flower-beds or up and down a lawn, then I thank the weasel for being fond of him. I would keep the shrew-mouse here if I could, for he is not a mouse, and feeds on insects, but I doubt whether my rat and mouse police would recognise the zoological distinction. The kestrel is a famous mouser, by the way, besides eating the fat moths and beetles that sow grubs over the garden. I advertised for kestrels, and have several good families."

"Well, but such highflyers are not to be tempted with tree-stumps. You don't mean to say that you get up a tree to build a kestrel's nest?"

"If a boy could do that, Dick, he'd be of more use to his neighbours than when he climbs a tree to take a nest. No. Luckily for us the kestrels never mean to ruin themselves by house-building. They like to take a nest on a tree-top, that has been left empty by the crows. I secure them some commodious crows' nests in an airy situation, and in due season haven't to wait long before they come. Of course, too, it is to my advantage that the birds know where they are safe. The bird I won't eat, I don't kill."

"But you draw such crowds of birds into your place that I wonder the farmers hereabouts don't prosecute you. What a lot they must eat! Those towers full of starlings, for example."

"Yes. The farmers used to slay the starlings, but now they know better. To see them picking the ticks off the sheep, and the grubs out of the grass, and think that not many years ago the very men whose wealth they were guarding murdered them by wholesale! Even now, there are farmers who will say that they suck pigeons' eggs, because they like the look of a dove-cote, and go in to see their friends the pigeons."

"Then that stone tower of yours is a starling-cote?"

"Just so. After the plan of Mr. Waterton's, at Walton Hall, where all the birds are advertised for, and the crops and flowers are always in sound health. I build it upon a stone table, that no cat, rat, or weasel, can jump on or climb; I make holes all over it by leaving out stones, narrow the way into each hole so that there is room for a starling to go in and out, but not room enough for a rook, magpie, or jay; and there's the cot that contents them. My gardener is going to believe in all the birds, by the year eighteen seventy. At present he believes in half of them, but thinks we must make up for lost work of the birds of prey that civilisation has cleared out of the land, by killing a certain number of the little birds, if it is only just to keep them under."

"That sounds sensible."

"Nevertheless it's a fallacy. For, you see, civilisation, while it has thinned the ranks of their enemies has increased enormously our want of the service of those little birds. The

more the wild land is cultivated, the more is our need of sharp little eyes and beaks to clear the caterpillars from the leaves of herb and tree, to pick away the wire-worms, the cockchafer grubs, and all the other creatures that prevent the earth from yielding to man all her increase. Look at the cockchafer. Every cockchafer that flies has lived for three years underground as a great fat grub, gorging itself on the roots of our grass and vegetables. It lays eggs without end, and ruins lawns, meadows, corn-fields. When you are angry with the rooks for pecking up your lawn—"

"My dear Bob, we have no lawns in Piccadilly."

"I say, Dick, when my gardener tells me that the rooks make the lawn ragged, I tell him to roll it, and bless them for having taken so much pains to clear it of cockchafer grubs. They follow the plough, grub-picking, as industriously as if each were paid by the farmer for his day's work, and meant to earn his wages. In one place, where the rooks had all been massacred, the farmers were obliged to pay women to follow the plough, and to do imperfectly for hire what the birds did perfectly well for nothing. Near Blois, after the birds had been massacred, the children had to do their work, and made so little head against the insects, that cockchafers and their grubs were caught and measured by the bushel. Whole crops are destroyed by wire-worm, the underground grub of the little skip-jack beetle. There's hardly a little bird that doesn't occupy much of its time in picking the ground clear of wire-worm, so the birds do for man what he cannot do for himself. Even the heaviest iron rollers passed over the land leave the wire-worm unhurt."

"Certainly. Exactly. I see all that you mean to say. On cultivated land up with the birds, and down with all the insects."

"No, Dick, not all the insects." My venture was an unlucky one. "Not all the insects. We have friends among them. There's a beetle just now at your foot that I can't have too many of. He's the golden ground-beetle, and he slays my enemies without touching my plants. He's a fierce hunter of cockchafers. The French know his worth, and call him the gardener. Then I have set up a colony of glow-worms, for the glow-worm feeds on snails; and, if it were possible for a dead mouse to lie here, a couple of sexton beetles would get under him and bury him neatly in little more than a day, taking him out of sight, and clearing him off by laying their eggs where the grubs would eat up his body. Another famous friend of ours among the insects is the ladybird. The ladybirds will come in swarms to save the hop-crop when it is much afflicted with aphides, or green blight. In hops that is called the fly, and sometimes does damage enough to make a difference of two hundred thousand pounds to the hop duty. In the midst of the aphides, wherever she finds them, the ladybird lays her eggs, and the larvae born among them eat them up for us so greedily that thousands and thousands of the green

aphides are cleared off by the family of one small ladybird. It should be high treason to kill a ladybird in a flower-garden. The French knew also the value of this insect before they found out the uses of the birds, and in some parts of the country their gardeners will take pains to put ladybirds on green-house plants that they particularly cherish. So you see, Dick—

The dear fellow was off like a schoolboy after a white butterfly. With a good deal of puffing he caught it neatly under his wide-awake, and killed it on the spot.

"Well," I said, "it's worse than bird-murder to kill an innocent creature like that."

"Innocent! How many fat devouring caterpillars is a creature like that able to fill my garden with, when she sows two crops in a year! It's so much meat lost to the sparrows, but there is plenty left for them. How cleverly those little birds pick over a tree! No trouble to them to stoop, no difficulty of reaching. Now they are down at the root, now they are up on the tree-top, now they are searching with their bright little eyes far in among the branches. You can't buy such hand-picking. And they nip mischief in the bud—yes, you will say, and the bud with it—"

"No, I won't, Robin. I won't say anything until I see my lurch."

"Well, come along then; but if you do see a little bird breaking your fruit-buds to get at the insects, don't be too sure that it's all mischief. He wants that which hurts the bud, and if the bud were not broken it would, probably, fall fruitless, while being found infested and picked off at once, the tree gets time to throw out more healthy blossom. I won't deny that a bullfinch or a titmouse may do an ounce of mischief as against its pound of good. But, depend upon it, what is said of the sparrow is true generally of all these little fellows—that if he eats a bushel of corn in a year, he gives a quarter in exchange for it. One thing before we go in, Dick. I should very much like you to see a frog feeding. If you'd lie down with me in this trench under the hedge, so that we should be quite unobserved, you'd see the frogs hunting the insects, and might even be so fortunate as to see the blind-worm eat a slug."

"Not now; not now."

"Well, you are right. The best time is after dark. We will come out after dinner—and, dear me, it wants but half an hour of dinner-time—we'll come out after dinner, Dick, with a bull's-eye lantern. All the slugs and grubs come up then, and the moths are about, and we shall see how the toad shambles after them and eats them up."

"It's almost dinner-time, Robin, as you say. I had a presentiment when I came here that I should have to lurch on frogs and toads, and I have done so. But now let us dine."

As we went out of the walled garden, and Robin locked the door, he wished me to observe that he chose to wall in his preserves, in order that he might keep up a more exact balance of life

in favour of the fruits and flowers; but if one were only just to one's small friends, and got rid of the mean spirit of grudge, against boys as well as against birds, there was no reason why the whole land should not abound with fruit and flower. Hundreds, thousands of miles of highway and railway line might be planted, like many a continental road, with hardy fruit trees. "And it was preposterous," he said, "that the whole country should go without the wealth and comfort of a great annual fruit harvest, in order that boys—who would after all also be so far fed by what they took—should not have the opportunity of knocking a few bushels down from the trees, or pocketing the windfalls."

To which my only reply was, that I did not myself object to abundance of food, and that I heard the dinner-bell.

COMPETITION WALLAHS.

THE neat little statements I have forwarded as to my age, health, and morals, have satisfied that Board of Commissioners with whom I have become familiar by reason of the correspondence I have had the honour to hold with them, and whom I have come to regard with quite a filial reverence; and I am now on my way to be examined at Boilington House as a candidate for the C—l S—e of H—r M—y in I—a (obvious reasons preventing being more explicit). In common with all other sensible people, I disapprove of the competitive system, but that is no reason why I should not profit by it if possible. I enter the court-yard, and straightway find myself among many wallahs of various degrees and aspects. There are anxious wallahs, swell wallahs, seedy wallahs, confident wallahs, desponding wallahs, careless wallahs, and many other species of wallahs. These are prowling about singly or in couples, waiting for the dread hour to strike when they must enter on their highly unpleasant ordeal. Some hold books and bits of paper scrawled all over, out of which they are cramming up to the last moment. These are the anxious wallahs. Ever and anon they dive deep into their books or notes, and on emerging again are seen to mutter to themselves, and smile with satisfaction as they fix a date or conjugation in their already overloaded brains, whence it is pretty sure to slip and be missing when wanted. The swell wallahs stand about in elegant postures, tapping the ground with their canes, and mentally criticising the peg-tops of other wallahs with an occasional glance of approval at their own. These wallahs are above cramming. The seedy wallahs (of whom I am sorry to see so large a proportion) strike defiant attitudes, and endeavour to seem at their ease: an attempt in which they signally fail. The confident wallahs—whose name is anything but Legion—wear a most aggravatingly satisfied and well-crammed look, and I, not being at all confident or well crammed, immediately hate them all: The desponding wallahs look doleful

in the extreme, and make convulsive efforts to cram up just a little more before they go in, and then give it up as useless, till a fresh conviction of their desperate situation urges them on to a fresh trial. The careless wallahs (chiefly those who are under the maximum age for candidates, and who, if plucked this time, have more chances left) walk about vaguely, and seem to think the whole thing a bore. I notice two Parsees and a Hindoo (all included by the other wallahs under the somewhat contemptuous designation of "niggers"); the former in their own proper Oriental costume, the latter looking incongruous in an European suit of black. The general opinion of the wallahs seems to be that these niggers have no business here, and that their impudence in coming up for exam is a gross outrage, and a thing which ought not to be.

While I am making these observations, I see a man who has been to the same grinder's as myself, and I go up to him. He is cramming out of a book, but that doesn't matter, because if I can stop his cramming, and drive out of his head what he has just put into it, so much the less chance will he have of beating me in the exam. So I stiek to him till it is time to go in, and I receive from him fabulous accounts of the number of men who have come up. "Two hundred and fifty, by Jove! and only sixty appointments going!" I am terrified to hear what a number of wonderful geniuses there are among them. "One man is certain to pass first in mathematics. There he is, leaning against the pillar there, with a green umbrella." (I could devour him, umbrella and all.) "That's young Brown of Pembroke, who is sure to make full marks in classics." (I should like to see the portico fall and crush young Brown of Pembroke.)

The clock strikes, and a shudder runs through the crowd, and we slowly and mournfully enter the hall prepared for our reception. Giving our numbers, we are directed to our places, and sit down, all in a flutter. Presently the examiner enters, and the printed questions are distributed. Some of us are rather surprised and disgusted to find that the subject is the History of the Laws and Constitution of a certain Country. Many of us had trusted that this subject would come on at a later stage, and had not properly crammed for it; but there's no help for it, so we go to work and make the best of it. Some of the questions I found I could do, and did. Others I found I could not do, but did all the same: acting on the principle, useful in all exams, of "making shots" at everything on the chance of hitting something. And here, I regret to say, I was compelled to be guilty of a slight hypocrisy. We were required to write the life of a certain historical personage whom I detest; I wrote, not a withering satire, but a fervid eulogium on him! Well, the competitive system is chargeable with it, that's all I know.

Looking round from time to time, I was able to see how the other wallahs were getting on, and became well or ill affected towards them accord-

ingly. If I saw a wallah writing rapidly, but steadily and continually, I knew he was "well up," and could have crushed him. If I saw a wallah burying his fingers in his hair, and making use of his pen as if it were something to eat, I bore him no malice, and would have done him no harm. Now and then, a wallah would arrive at the end of his stock of knowledge, would deliver up his papers, and walk out of the room; as the number of departing wallahs increased, so also did the satisfaction of those who remained. Curious to see how the niggers fared, I watched them whenever I had nothing else to do. They wrote away like madmen. He in the European costume appeared to be in a perpetual state of delight and bright idea. After musing awhile, he would suddenly grin from ear to ear (a considerable distance), and dash down on paper the sentiments that had occurred to him.

The performances were varied by little excursions made by divers wallahs to the presiding examiner, for the purpose of asking insane questions on the questions, and getting, if possible, some clue to their answers. But I was too old a stager at examinations for this kind of thing. The only purpose for which I would approach an examiner, would be to hold my paper close up before his eyes, to conceal some little operation going on between confederate examiners. This I have seen practised with success: otherwise I would advise wallahs to keep their places.

Such as I have described was the course of most days of the paper exam. Most subjects came too soon upon the wallahs, and it was sometimes laughable to see the frank acknowledgment of their ignorance made by these young persons. No one was allowed to leave the room until after the expiration of half an hour from the time fixed for the commencement of the examination. Every day, a few left as soon as the half hour was up, but on one day in particular this desire for an early departure was very conspicuous. It was the day for, let us say, ancient Coptic, and we had an exceedingly stiff paper on Coptic history and literature. The instant the half-hour struck, about twenty wallahs rose as one wallah, seized their hats and sticks, and rushed off, to the surprise and delight of the rest. As the exam proceeded, I came to find out the peculiarities of different wallahs, and was able to form a rough estimate of their chances of passing. I generally found that those who talked loudest, knew least, and that those who displayed the profoundest contempt for our tyrants, the examiners, took the greatest pains to stand well in the sight of those magnates. One wallah proclaimed to an admiring circle that if old Dash expected him to put the vowel points to his Hebrew composition, old Dash would find himself mistaken. And yet I saw this very wallah, who sat just before me, painfully and laboriously distributing the despised points he had vowed to neglect.

It is wonderful what mistakes one makes in an examination, through hurry or carelessness, without discovering them until one has sent in all one's papers, and left the room. Thus I com-

mitted the inconceivable blunder of translating the ancient British clwldry as if it were clwldry: a most heinous fault, as any one acquainted with that language (hem!) will see at once. On the other hand, I was consoled by finding that I had made some capital "shots," and that others had made blunders as bad as, if not worse than, mine. Our work in the morning lasted from ten till one; in the afternoon from three till six. After coming from the room, great was the comparison of notes among wallahs uncertain of the correctness of their answers, and anxious to see if other wallahs had given the same.

I was not sorry when the paper work was over, and the vivâ voce began. It was my first vivâ voce exam, and I was rather in doubt as to my coming off with flying colours. However, my first day's experience reassured me a little. Going to the appointed place, I entered a large room marked Waiting-Room, and furnished with two large tables, and with many hard chairs for the repose of the wallah body: also with several morning papers for the solace and improvement of the wallah mind. Gradually the wallahs dropped in, and the examiners also made their appearance: flitting to their separate rooms, there to await their victims. I thanked my stars that I was the first summoned to be examined on a certain science, for the examiner's temper would be unruffled by the perversity or stupidity of previous wallahs, and he would therefore be more likely to deal mildly with me. He asked me to be seated, and I seated myself accordingly at a little table opposite him, and waited with palpitation for what he had to say. He asked me what I had read on the science, and I said I had read the works of Professors Buggins, Muggins, and Juggins. I was then given a good many stiff questions from the books of those distinguished authors, and on the whole, answered them well. In about a quarter of an hour I was dismissed, well pleased with the result of my first vivâ voce.

When I re-entered the waiting-room, I was received by divers wallahs with the questions "Where have you been?" "What did he ask you?" "Was it hard?" and so forth. Satisfying those perturbed wallahs to the best of my ability, I waited for my next vivâ voce, which did not come on until the afternoon; in the mean time, I was rejoiced to hear from a wallah who had heard it from undoubted authority, that the mathematical papers (for which I had not gone in) had been fearfully stiff, and would be sure to bring many a wallah to grief. As with the paper work, so with the vivâ voce, one day was very like another; but the bragging wallahs were now more bragging than ever in their accounts of the merciless way in which they had either browbeaten and intimidated, or flattered and cajoled, the luckless examiners.

At last, it was all over, and after about ten days of worry and hard work, I took myself off to enjoy a little country air and laziness. Whether I passed or did not pass, is *my business*; but this outline of the proceedings at what

it is the pleasure of competition wallahs to call "exam," is very much at the service of all whom it may or may not concern.

THE GLOW-WORM.

SOME Apes found a Glow-worm
Shining in the night;
A little drop of radiance
Tenderly alight.

Ho! ho! chattered they,
Grinning all together,
We'll make a fire to warm us—
'Tis jolly cold weather.

With dry sticks and dead leaves
All the Apes came,
Piled a heap, and squatted round,
To blow it into flame.

But fire wouldn't kindle so;
Vain their wasted breath!
Only they put out the glow—
And the worm to death.

Glow-worms are meant to shine!
Apes can't blow them hot,
Just to warm their foolish hands,
Or boil the flesh-pot.

Thus the world would use the poet
With his light of love;
Probably his worth may be
Better known above.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

By the side of most railways out of London, one may see Alms-Houses and Retreats (generally with a Wing or a Centre wanting, and ambitious of being much bigger than they are), some of which are newly-founded Institutions, and some old establishments transplanted. There is a tendency in these pieces of architecture to shoot upward unexpectedly, like Jack's beanstalk, and to be ornate in spires of Chapels and lanterns of Halls, which might lead to the embellishment of the air with many castles of questionable beauty but for the restraining consideration of expense. However, the managers, being always of a sanguine temperament, comfort themselves with plans and elevations of Loomings in the future, and are influenced in the present by philanthropy towards the railway passengers. For, the question how prosperous and promising the buildings can be made to look in their eyes, usually supersedes the lesser question how they can be turned to the best account for the inmates.

Why none of the people who reside in these places ever look out of window, or take an airing in the piece of ground which is going to be a garden by-and-by, is one of the wonders I have added to my always-lengthening list of the wonders of the world. I have got it into my mind that they live in a state of chronic injury and resentment, and on that account refuse to decorate the building with a human interest. As I have known legatees deeply injured by a bequest of five hundred pounds because it was not five thousand; and as I was once acquainted with a

pensioner on the Public to the extent of two hundred a year, who perpetually anathematised his Country because he was not in the receipt of four, having no claim whatever to sixpence: so perhaps it usually happens, within certain limits, that to get a little help is to get a notion of being defrauded of more. "How do they pass their lives in this beautiful and peaceful place!" was the subject of my speculation with a visitor who once accompanied me to a charming rustic retreat for old men and women: a quaint ancient foundation in a pleasant English county, behind a picturesque church and among rich old convent gardens. There, were but some dozen or so of houses, and we agreed that we would talk with the inhabitants, as they sat in their groined rooms between the light of their fires and the light shining in at their latticed windows, and would find out. They passed their lives in considering themselves mulcted of certain ounces of tea by a deaf old steward who lived among them in the quadrangle. There was no reason to suppose that any such ounces of tea had ever been in existence, or that the old steward so much as knew what was the matter;—he passed *his* life in considering himself periodically defrauded of a birch-broom by the beadle.

But it is neither to old Alms-Houses in the country, nor to new Alms-Houses by the railroad, that these present Uncommercial notes relate. They refer back to journeys made among those common-place smoky-fronted London Alms-Houses, with a little paved court-yard in front enclosed by iron railings, which have got snowed up, as it were, by bricks and mortar; which were once in a suburb, but are now in the densely populated town; gaps in the busy life around them, parentheses in the close and blotted text of the streets.

Sometimes, these Alms-Houses belong to a Company or Society. Sometimes, they were established by individuals, and are maintained out of private funds bequeathed in perpetuity long ago. My favourite among them is Titbull's, which establishment is a picture of many. Of Titbull I know no more than that he deceased in 1723, that his christian name was Sanipson, and his social designation Esquire, and that he founded these Alms-Houses as Dwellings for Nine Poor Women and Six Poor Men by his Will and Testament. I should not know even this much, but for its being inscribed on a grim stone very difficult to read, let into the front of the centre house of Titbull's Alms-Houses, and which stone is ornamented atop with a piece of sculptured drapery resembling the effigy of Titbull's bath-towel.

Titbull's Alms-Houses are in the east of London, in a great highway, in a poor busy and thronged neighbourhood. Old iron and fried fish, cough drops and artificial flowers, boiled pigs'-feet and household furniture that looks as if it were polished up with lip-salve, umbrellas full of vocal literature and saucers full of shell-fish in a green juice which I hope is natural to them when their health is good, garnish the paved side-

ways as you go to Titbull's. I take the ground to have risen in those parts since Titbull's time, and you drop into his domain by three stone steps. So did I first drop into it, very nearly striking my brows against Titbull's pump, which stands with its back to the thoroughfare just inside the gate, and has a conceited air of reviewing Titbull's pensioners.

"And a worse one," said a virulent old man with a pitcher, "there isn't nowhere. A harder one to work, nor a grudginer one to yield, there isn't nowhere!" This old man wore a long coat, such as we see Hogarth's Chairmen represented with, and it was of that peculiar green-pea hue without the green, which seems to come of poverty. It had also that peculiar smell of cupboard which seems to come of poverty.

"The pump is rusty, perhaps," said I.

"Not *it*," said the old man, regarding it with undiluted virulence in his watery eye. "It never were fit to be termed a pump. That's what's the matter with *it*."

"Whose fault is that?" said I.

The old man, who had a working mouth which seemed to be trying to masticate his anger and to find that it was too hard and there was too much of it, replied, "Them gentlemen."

"What gentlemen?"

"Maybe you're one of 'em?" said the old man, suspiciously.

"The trustees?"

"I wouldn't trust 'em myself," said the virulent old man.

"If you mean the gentlemen who administer this place, no, I am not one of them; nor have I ever so much as heard of them."

"I wish I never heard of them," gasped the old man: "at my time of life—with the rheumatics—drawing water—from that thing!" Not to be deluded into calling it a Pump, the old man gave it another virulent look, took up his pitcher, and carried it into a corner dwelling-house, shutting the door after him.

Looking around and seeing that each little house was a house of two little rooms; and seeing that the little oblong court-yard in front was like a graveyard for the inhabitants, saving that no word was engraven on its flat dry stones; and seeing that the currents of life and noise ran to and fro outside, having no more to do with the place than if it were a sort of low-water mark on a lively beach; I say, seeing this and nothing else, I was going out at the gate when one of the doors opened.

"Was you looking for anything, sir?" asked a tidy well-favoured woman.

"Really, no; I couldn't say I was.

"Not wanting any one, sir?"

"No—at least I—pray what is the name of the elderly gentleman who lives in the corner there?"

The tidy woman stepped out to be sure of the door I indicated, and she and the pump and I stood all three in a row with our backs to the thoroughfare.

"Oh! His name is Mr. Battens," said the tidy woman, dropping her voice.

"I have just been talking with him."

"Indeed?" said the tidy woman. "Ho! I wonder Mr. Battens talked!"

"Is he usually so silent?"

"Well, Mr. Battens is the oldest here—that is to say, the oldest of the old gentlemen—in point of residence."

She had a way of passing her hands over and under one another as she spoke, that was not only tidy but propitiatory; so I asked her if I might look at her little sitting-room? She willingly replied Yes, and we went into it together: she leaving the door open, with an eye as I understood to the social proprieties. The door opening at once into the room without any intervening entry, even scandal must have been silenced by the precaution.

It was a gloomy little chamber, but clean, and with a mug of wallflower in the window. On the chimney-piece were two peacock's feathers, a carved ship, a few shells, and a black profile with one eyelash; whether this portrait purported to be male or female passed my comprehension, until my hostess informed me that it was her only son, and "quite a speaking one."

"He is alive, I hope?"

"No, sir," said the widow, "he were cast away in China." This was said with a modest sense of its reflecting a certain geographical distinction on his mother.

"If the old gentlemen here are not given to talking," said I, "I hope the old ladies are?—not that you are one."

She shook her head. "You see they get so cross."

"How is that?"

"Well, whether the gentlemen really do deprive us of any little matters which ought to be ours by rights, I cannot say for certain; but the opinion of the old ones is they do. And Mr. Battens he do even go so far as to doubt whether credit is due to the Founder. For Mr. Battens he do say, anyhow he got his name up by it and he done it cheap."

"I am afraid the pump has soured Mr. Battens."

"It may be so," returned the tidy widow, "but the handle does go very hard. Still, what I say to myself is, the gentlemen *may* not pocket the difference between a good pump and a bad one, and I would wish to think well of them. And the dwellings," said my hostess, glancing round her room; "perhaps they were convenient dwellings in the Founder's time, considered *as* his time, and therefore he should not be blamed. But Mrs. Sargers is very hard upon them."

"Mrs. Sargers is the oldest here?"

"The oldest but one. Mrs. Quinch being the oldest, and have totally lost her head."

"And you?"

"I am the youngest in residence, and consequently am not looked up to. But when Mrs. Quinch makes a happy release, there will be one below me. Nor is it to be expected that Mrs. Sargers will prove herself immortal."

"True. Nor Mr. Battens."

"Regarding the old gentlemen," said my

widow, slightly, "they count among themselves. They do not count among us. Mr. Battens is that exceptional that he have written to the gentlemen many times and have worked the case against them. Therefore he have took a higher ground. But we do not, as a rule, greatly reckon the old gentlemen."

Pursuing the subject, I found it to be traditionally settled among the poor ladies, that the poor gentlemen, whatever their ages, were all very old indeed, and in a state of dotage. I also discovered that the juniors and new comers preserved, for a time, a waning disposition to believe in Titbull and his trustees, but that as they gained social standing they lost this faith, and disparaged Titbull and all his works.

Improving my acquaintance subsequently with this respected lady, whose name was Mrs. Mitts, and occasionally dropping in upon her with a little offering of sound Family Hyson in my pocket, I gradually became familiar with the inner politics and ways of Titbull's Alms-Houses. But I never could find out who the trustees were, or where they were: it being one of the fixed ideas of the place that those authorities must be vaguely and mysteriously mentioned as "the gentlemen" only. The secretary of "the gentlemen" was once pointed out to me, evidently engaged in championing the obnoxious pump against the attacks of the discontented Mr. Battens; but I am not in a condition to report further of him than that he had the sprightly bearing of a lawyer's clerk. I had it from Mrs. Mitts's lips in a very confidential moment, that Mr. Battens was once "had up before the gentlemen" to stand or fall by his accusations, and that an old shoe was thrown after him on his departure from the building on this dread errand;—not ineffectually, for, the interview resulting in a plumber, was considered to have encircled the temples of Mr. Battens with the wreath of victory.

In Titbull's Alms-Houses, the local society is not regarded as good society. A gentleman or lady receiving visitors from without, or going out to tea, counts, as it were, accordingly; but visitings or tea-drinkings interchanged among Titbullians do not score. Such interchanges, however, are rare, in consequence of internal dissensions occasioned by Mrs. Sargers's pail: which household article has split Titbull's into almost as many parties as there are dwellings in that precinct. The extremely complicated nature of the conflicting articles of belief on the subject prevent my stating them here with my usual perspicuity, but I think they have all branched off from the root-and-trunk question, Has Mrs. Sargers any right to stand her pail outside her dwelling? The question has been much refined upon, but roughly stated may be stated in those terms.

There are two old men in Titbull's Alms-Houses who, I have been given to understand, knew each other in the world beyond its pump and iron railings, when they were both "in trade." They make the best of their reverses, and are looked upon with great contempt. They are

little stooping blear-eyed old men of cheerful countenance, and they hobble up and down the court-yard wagging their chins and talking together quite gaily. This has given offence, and has, moreover, raised the question whether they are justified in passing any other windows than their own. Mr. Battens, however, permitting them to pass *his* windows, on the disdainful ground that their imbecility almost amounts to irresponsibility, they are allowed to take their walk in peace. They live next door to one another, and take it by turns to read the newspaper aloud (that is to say, the newest newspaper they can get), and they play cribbage at night. On warm and sunny days they have been known to go so far as to bring out two chairs and sit by the iron railings, looking forth; but this low conduct being much remarked upon throughout Titbull's, they were deterred by an outraged public opinion from repeating it. There is a rumour—but it may be malicious—that they hold the memory of Titbull in some weak sort of veneration, and that they once set off together on a pilgrimage to the parish churchyard to find his tomb. To this, perhaps, might be traced a general suspicion that they are spies of “the gentlemen:” to which they were supposed to have given colour in my own presence on the occasion of the weak attempt at justification of the pump by the gentlemen's clerk; when they emerged bare-headed from the doors of their dwellings, as if their dwellings and themselves constituted an old-fashioned weather-glass of double action with two figures of old ladies inside, and deferentially bowed to him at intervals until he took his departure. They are understood to be perfectly friendless and relationless. Unquestionably the two poor fellows make the very best of their lives in Titbull's Alms-Houses, and unquestionably they are (as before mentioned) the subjects of unmitigated contempt there.

On Saturday nights, when there is a greater stir than usual outside, and when itinerant vendors of miscellaneous wares even take their stations and light up their smoky lamps before the iron railings, Titbull's becomes flurried. Mrs. Saggars has her celebrated palpitations of the heart, for the most part on Saturday nights. But Titbull's is unfit to strive with the uproar of the streets in any of its phases. It is religiously believed at Titbull's that people push more than they used, and likewise that the foremost object of the population of England and Wales is to get you down and trample on you. Even of railroads they know, at Titbull's, little more than the shriek (which Mrs. Saggars says goes through her, and ought to be taken up by Government); and the penny postage may even yet be unknown there, for I have never seen a letter delivered to any inhabitant. But there is a tall straight fallow lady resident in Number Seven, Titbull's, who never speaks to anybody, who is surrounded by a superstitious halo of lost wealth, who does her household work in house-maid's gloves, and who is secretly much deflected to, though openly cavilled at; and it has obscurely leaked out that this old lady has a

son, grandson, nephew, or other relative, who is “a Contractor,” and who would think it nothing of a job to knock down Titbull's, pack it off into Cornwall, and knock it together again. An immense sensation was made by a gipsy-party calling in a spring van, to take this old lady up to go for a day's pleasure into Epping Forest, and notes were compared as to which of the company was the son, grandson, nephew, or other relative, the Contractor. A thick-set personage with a white hat and a cigar in his mouth, was the favourite: though as Titbull's had no other reason to believe that the Contractor was there at all, than that this man was supposed to eye the chimney-stacks as if he would like to knock them down and cart them off, the general mind was much unsettled in arriving at a conclusion. As a way out of this difficulty, it concentrated itself on the acknowledged Beauty of the party, every stitch in whose dress was verbally unripped by the old ladies then and there, and whose “goings on” with another and a thinner personage in a white hat might have suffused the pump (where they were principally discussed) with blushes, for months afterwards. Herein Titbull's was to Titbull's true, for it has a constitutional dislike of all strangers. As concerning innovations and improvements, it is always of opinion that what it doesn't want itself, nobody ought to want. But I think I have met with this opinion outside Titbull's.

Of the humble treasures of furniture brought into Titbull's by the inmates when they establish themselves in that place of contemplation for the rest of their days, by far the greater and more valuable part belongs to the ladies. I may claim the honour of having either crossed the threshold, or looked in at the door, of every one of the nine ladies, and I have noticed that they are all particular in the article of bedsteads, and maintain favourite and long-established bedsteads and bedding, as a regular part of their rest. Generally an antiquated chest of drawers is among their cherished possessions; a tea-tray always is. I know of at least two rooms in which a little tea-kettle of genuine burnished copper, vies with the cat in winking at the fire; and one old lady has a tea-urn set forth in slate on the top of her chest of drawers, which urn is used as her library, and contains four duodecimo volumes, and a black-bordered newspaper giving an account of the funeral of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte. Among the poor old gentlemen there are no such niceties. Their furniture has the air of being contributed, like some obsolete Literary Miscellany, “by several hands;” their few chairs never match; old patchwork coverlets linger among them; and they have an untidy habit of keeping their wardrobes in hat-boxes. When I recal one old gentleman who is rather choice in his shoe-brushes and blacking-bottle, I have summed up the domestic elegances of that side of the building.

On the occurrence of a death in Titbull's, it is invariably agreed among the survivors—and it is the only subject on which they do agree—

that the departed did something "to bring it on." Judging by Titbull's, I should say the human race need never die, if they took care. But they don't take care, and they do die, and when they die in Titbull's they are buried at the cost of the Foundation. Some provision has been made for the purpose, in virtue of which (I record this on the strength of having seen the funeral of Mrs. Quinch), a lively neighbouring undertaker dresses up four of the old men, and four of the old women, hustles them into a procession of four couples, and leads off with a large black bow at the back of his hat, looking over his shoulder at them airily from time to time, to see that no member of the party has got lost, or has tumbled down; as if they were a company of dim old dolls.

Resignation of a dwelling is of very rare occurrence in Titbull's. A story does obtain there, how an old lady's son once drew a prize of Thirty Thousand Pounds in the Lottery, and presently drove to the gate in his own carriage, with French Horses playing up behind, and whisked his mother away, and left ten guineas for a Feast. But I have been unable to substantiate it by any evidence, and regard it as an Alms-House Fairy Tale. It is curious that the only proved case of resignation happened within my knowledge.

It happened on this wise. There is a sharp competition among the ladies respecting the gentility of their visitors, and I have so often observed visitors to be dressed as for a holiday occasion, that I suppose the ladies to have besought them to make all possible display when they come. In these circumstances much excitement was one day occasioned by Mrs. Mitts receiving a visit from a Greenwich Pensioner. He was a Pensioner of a bluff and warlike appearance, with an empty coat-sleeve, and he was got up with unusual care; his coat-buttons were extremely bright, he wore his empty coat-sleeve in a graceful festoon, and he had a walking-stick in his hand that must have cost money. When, with the head of his walking-stick, he knocked at Mrs. Mitts's door—there are no knockers in Titbull's—Mrs. Mitts was overheard by a next-door neighbour to utter a cry of surprise expressing much agitation; and the same neighbour did afterwards solemnly affirm that when he was admitted into Mrs. Mitts's room, she heard a smack. Heard a smack which was not a blow.

There was an air about this Greenwich Pensioner when he took his departure, which imbued all Titbull's with the conviction that he was coming again. He was eagerly looked for, and Mrs. Mitts was closely watched. In the mean time, if anything could have placed the unfortunate six old gentlemen at a greater disadvantage than that at which they chronically stood, it would have been the apparition of this Greenwich Pensioner. They were well shrunken already, but they shrank to nothing in comparison with the Pensioner. Even the poor old gentlemen themselves seemed conscious of their inferiority, and to know submissively that they

could never hope to hold their own against the Pensioner with his warlike and maritime experience in the past, and his tobacco-money in the present: his chequered career of blue water, black gunpowder, and red bloodshed for England home and beauty.

Before three weeks were out, the Pensioner reappeared. Again he knocked at Mrs. Mitts's door with the handle of his stick, and again was he admitted. But not again did he depart alone; for, Mrs. Mitts, in a bonnet identified as having been re-embellished, went out walking with him, and stayed out till the ten o'clock beer, Greenwich time.

There was now a truce, even as to the troubled waters of Mrs. Saggars's pail; nothing was spoken of among the ladies but the conduct of Mrs. Mitts and its blighting influence on the reputation of Titbull's. It was agreed that Mr. Battens "ought to take it up," and Mr. Battens was communicated with on the subject. That unsatisfactory individual replied "that he didn't see his way yet," and it was unanimously voted by the ladies that aggravation was in his nature.

How it came to pass, with some appearance of inconsistency, that Mrs. Mitts was cut by all the ladies and the Pensioner admired by all the ladies, matters not. Before another week was out, Titbull's was startled by another phenomenon. At ten o'clock in the forenoon appeared a cab, containing not only the Greenwich Pensioner with one arm, but, to boot, a Chelsea Pensioner with one leg. Both dismounting to assist Mrs. Mitts into the cab, the Greenwich Pensioner bore her company inside, and the Chelsea Pensioner mounted the box by the driver: his wooden leg sticking out after the manner of a bowsprit, as if in jocular homage to his friend's sea-going career. Thus the equipage drove away. No Mrs. Mitts returned that night.

What Mr. Battens might have done in the matter of taking it up, goaded by the infuriated state of public feeling next morning, was anticipated by another phenomenon. A Truck, propelled by the Greenwich Pensioner and the Chelsea Pensioner, each placidly smoking a pipe, and pushing his warrior-breast against the handle.

The display on the part of the Greenwich Pensioner of his "marriage-lines," and his announcement that himself and friend had looked in for the furniture of Mrs. G. Pensioner, late Mitts, by no means reconciled the ladies to the conduct of their sister; on the contrary, it is said that they appeared more than ever exasperated. Nevertheless, my stray visits to Titbull's since the date of this occurrence, have confirmed me in an impression that it was a wholesome fillip. The nine ladies are smarter, both in mind and dress, than they used to be, though it must be admitted that they despise the six gentlemen to the last extent. They have a much greater interest in the external thoroughfare too, than they had when I first knew Titbull's. And whenever I chance to be leaning my back against the pump or the iron

railings, and to be talking to one of the junior ladies, and to see that a flush has passed over her face, I immediately know without looking round that a Greenwich Pensioner has gone past.

WONDERFUL MEN.

ROGER BACON says, he has spoken with several persons worthy of credit, who knew a man aged nine hundred years! This man reached this age by means of a sovereign preservative. The truth of this fact is established by evidence, doubt of which is not permissible, for the man obtained a certificate of the fact, in the year 1200, from Pope Alexis the Third, necessarily and officially infallible. The Sibyl Erythraea, according to Phlegon—*De Mirabilibus et Longævis*—lived ten hundred years. Matthew Paris has recorded, in his *History of England*, that Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew, was recognised in this country in the year 1229. Less strong food for faith than these narratives from English history may be obtained from the annals of Portugal. Lopez de Castenada, King of Portugal, being, in the year 1585, Viceroy of India, a man was brought to him, who, it was proved by testimony, had already lived three hundred and thirty-five years. This tercentenarian had renewed his youth several times from hoary age, and had thrice changed his hair, his teeth, and his complexion. His name was Hugo de Acuna. A physician, who felt his pulse, testified that he had all the vigour, as he had the black hair and black beard, of a young man, in his three hundred and thirty-fifth year. If we could but get back this lost secret of growing young again, we all might have the pleasure of believing in Acuna, Erythraea, and Cartaphilus!

Meanwhile, we may turn to personages whose longevity is of less difficult belief, although taxing credulity very heavily. A dozen persons might be picked out from the pages of serious authors on Longevity, whose united ages would equal the eighteen hundred and sixty-three years of the Christian era. It is, indeed, recorded that one Mac Cream died in England in 1696, aged two hundred. However deficient this group of cases may be in satisfactory proofs, there is no scientific improbability connected with them. The Science of Life knows nothing of any sovereign preservative of youth, or of any elixir for making the old young, but it compares the periods of gestation, of growth in height, and in breadth, and of decay among the mammals, and concludes that man is a mammal built to last some ninety or a hundred years: and who, in favourable circumstances, may last there is no saying how long, beyond his natural term. Physiology, in a word, furnishes no grounds for doubting the existence of men of nearly two hundred years. Haller, Duferand, and Flourens, the authorities on the subject of Longevity, indeed, allege reasons for expecting their appearance in favourable circumstances. Thomas Parr may have done penance

in a church porch for a fault of youth in his one hundred and fortieth year, and died by accident when he was one hundred and fifty-two; Henry Jenkins may have led a horse laden with arrows to the battle of Flodden when twelve years old, and may have lived through the struggles of the Reformation and the Revolution, dying at the age of one hundred and sixty-nine, when the political constitution which remains to the present day was finally set up; and Kintigern, better known as Saint Mungo of Scotland, may have died when one hundred and eighty-five years old. But belief in these and similar instances of marvellous longevity, is only a pleasing exercise of imagination which is not forbidden by any warnings of scientific improbability.

When public honours have been paid to centenarians of this category, there is some excuse for credulity. Parr lies in Westminster Abbey. Jenkins was buried by national subscription. The poor old woman to whom the Empress-Queen of Germany paid a visit—no doubt with an eye to pictorial effect, because her Majesty heard she was sorry she had become too infirm to go out to see her sovereign—was probably a genuine centenarian. Philippe Herbelot was, it may be believed, one hundred and fourteen, when, as a centenarian pensioner, he presented Louis the Fourteenth with a bouquet on his birthday. "What have you done," asked the king, "that you have reached so great an age?" "From the age of fifty, please your majesty, I have shut my heart and opened my cellar." The sarcasm was so merited, that if it never were spoken it ought to have been. In despotic governments one of the arts of governing is the art of getting up shows and scenes; and in France, where the party uppermost has always been despotic, there have occurred some theatrical displays of reverence for extreme old age. On the 23rd of October, 1789, the National Assembly was sitting with M. Frereau in the chair, when it was announced that "a man, aged one hundred and twenty years, wished to see the assembly which had freed his country from the bonds of slavery." The Abbé Gregoire proposed that out of respect for age the members of the assembly should rise up on his entering: a proposal which passed with acclamation. The centenarian was led in by his family, and the members rose. Amidst great applause he walked up to an arm-chair in front of the secretaries' table, and he was requested to put on his hat. He produced his certificate of baptism, proving that he was born at Saint Sorbin, of Charles Jacques and Jeanne Bailly, on the 10th of October, 1669. He had maintained himself by his labour, and had fulfilled all the duties of his station, until he was in his one hundred and fifth year, when the king gave him a pension of two hundred livres. The assembly voted him a contribution; and the author of a plan of national education suggested that the august old man should be lodged in the Patriotic School and waited upon by the pupils of all ranks, especially by the children whose fathers were killed in attacking the Bastille. "Do whatever

you like with him," exclaimed M. de Mirabeau, "but leave him free." The president then said to the old man, "The assembly is afraid lest the length of the sitting should fatigue you, and therefore you may now withdraw. May you long enjoy the sight of your country become entirely free."

Napoleon Bonaparte, when First Consul, decorated two centenarians with the medal of the Legion of Honour, before a large assembly in the nave of the Hotel of the Invalides. The First Consul placed them near himself, and took them home to dine with him.

The restored Bourbons did not of course forget the effect of these scenes upon an imaginative nation. On the 25th of August, 1822, the equestrian statue of Louis the Fourteenth was inaugurated upon the Place of Victories. In front of the statue, an arm-chair was placed for Pierre Huet, the Father of the French army. He was dressed in the uniform of the regiment in which he had served, the Royal Cavalry. The expression of his countenance was venerable and handsome, and he wore a long white beard, and his voice was strong and sonorous. In his hundred and seventeenth year he had preserved all his faculties; and his conversation was very agreeable. The Prefect of the Seine, on presenting him with a cross of honour in the name of Louis the Eighteenth, said:

"Contemporary of Louis the Fourteenth receive this symbol of honour! The king decorates in you the Father of the French army. Born a subject of the great king, you have seen the generations succeed each other, and you are a witness that his reign, like his glory, is immortal."

The old man said he felt deeply an occurrence so glorious, in such a long life. Then walking across the place with a firm step to the platform of the ministers and marshals, he received their congratulations: "My sons, my dear sons," he said, "live long, live as long as I have done, to love and serve France." These shows of respect for age are characteristic of the art of governing by scenes.

Our own registrars regularly publish reports and population tables which tell us how many centenarians have recently died, and how many were in a certain year alive among us. For instance, a newly published blue-book says there were of us English folks, in the year 1861, including us all, babies and grandpas, eighteen million nine hundred and fifty-four thousand four hundred and forty-four. There were of us, fifty men and one hundred and twenty-seven women, over a hundred years old. The Welsh folk numbered in that year one million one hundred and eleven thousand seven hundred and eighty; and five men and nineteen women among them were over a century old. London, with more than twice the population of Wales, had three fewer centenarians; or twenty-one to twenty-four. But these statements, notwithstanding their official authority, and although they are quoted by writers and orators as if they were their articles of faith, are somewhat deficient in logical weight. The evidence for them is mere

hearsay. The registrars tabulate whatever they are told; their informants write down what they are told; and thus hearsay is added to hearsay—none of the parties knowing in general anything accurate about the matter; for registries of baptism are rarely consulted, and do not include records of birth, so that he is a wise child who knows his own birthday. Nobody in England and Wales even pretended in 1861 to be a single decade over a hundred years old.

Paragraphs are perpetually appearing in the newspapers recording the deaths of centenarians. For several years I used occasionally to write to the newspapers which circulated these stories—suggesting how desirable it would be to obtain and publish proofs of the dates of birth or baptism; but in no instance were these forthcoming. I have personally known three centenarians and several nonogenarians; but I have not yet found the wise child among them who could prove the date of his birth or baptism. An old Scotch woman, whom I knew in 1833, in Ellon, Aberdeenshire, could only prove her age by saying she well remembered seeing the soldiers marching north to fight the battle of Culloden, in 1745, "when she was a gay bit lassie o' ten or twal." A Scotch shipowner, believed to be ninety-two, whom I knew twenty years ago, was always led by hearing my name to pour forth the rials of his anti-patronage wrath upon the memory of an illustrious namesake of mine who led the unpopular side in the Kirk Courts of ninety or a hundred years ago; but he disliked talking about his age, said nothing respecting the date of his birth, and cut the subject short by declaring wearily and querulously, "I sometimes think God has forgotten me." An Aberdeenshire woman of ninety-three, began life as a servant in the household of my great-grandfather, and, after spending sixty years in service in Doctors' Commons, London, returned to her native place to live upon her savings. My grandfather and father she knew little or nothing about, but her eyes sparkled and her voice laughed when she told tales of her first master,—what a grave man he was when standing in his Sunday's best and broad bonnet as an elder beside the begging plate. As for the date of her birth, I might find it in the books of the parish; she only knew what she had been told. A man in his ninety-seventh year, who is resident on the south coast of England, once gave me an insight into the changes which may happen to a man who has never left the spot on which he was born during the lapse of a century. Seeing him looking sadly at the sea, I asked him "what he was looking at?" and he said to me, "I am looking where I was born." "What! were you born in the sea?" "Yes, there, where the sea is now, in a house which the sea has swept away. The well was hereabouts, somewhere, but I cannot see it now. They change everything. The parish itself has been taken away with all its books." And this is literally true, for the parish church is a ruin of crumbling walls, and the parish contains but one inhabitant, who is

the keeper of the toll-bar. The register of the baptism of this man may be found in the keeping of a clergyman of a neighbouring parish. One more illustration of the rarity of the proofs of birth or baptism I have derived from a centenarian who is still alive. The captain of an East Indianman who has long retired from active life, said to me two years ago, "I'm ninety-nine, and I mean to see the two oughts." His wife is not yet in weeds, and he has therefore not only seen the two ciphers twice over, but the second turned into a one. This gentleman knew nothing whatever to prove the date of his birth, believing only that he was born somewhere in Whitechapel ninety-nine years before my conversation with him.

Hearsays, then, form the bases of the records of centenarians in the census and in the reports. An intelligent legislature, aware of the vastly important bearings of this subject on questions of physiology and pathology, health and disease, life and death, may one day appoint an officer whose special duty it shall be to sift the hearsays and search out the missing proofs.

Two cases supplying the requisite proofs have, however, recently come under my notice. In Memorials of the Town, Parish, and Cinque Port of Scaford, by Mr. Mark Antony Lower, I found the following notice: "Mr. John Banks, who died in the early part of 1854, had reached the patriarchal age of ninety-nine. He left about one hundred and fifty descendants, including his eldest son, familiarly known as 'young' John Banks, a vigorous lad closely verging on fourscore! who has long held the office of serjeant-at-mace to the corporation." When I was last at Scaford, young John Banks was in his eighty-ninth year, infirm, not from age, but from a severe fall. Asking him what proofs he had of the date of birth of his father, he answered, "My grandfather was clerk of the parish of East Blatchington, and you will find the register of the baptism of my father in my grandfather's handwriting." The rector of East Blatchington, Lewes, having submitted to me the volume of the parish register for the period, I there read in a fine bold old-fashioned hand: "1755, Feb. 9. Bap. John, son of John and Ann Banks." This John Banks had always heard from his parents that he was many months old when he was baptised. When more than ninety, he ran a race with a retired captain or skipper, who was between fifty and sixty years of age. John Banks was, even up to his death, tetchy at being called old.

The second case is the most complete in the annals of longevity. Dr. Barnes, a physician and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, contributed to the fourth volume of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal a sketch of Mr. Robert Bowman, of Irthington, Cumberland, who completed his hundred and fifteenth year in 1820. Dr. Barnes examined his register of baptism in the parish church of Hayton. His name, his birthplace, and the year 1705, are very legible, but, from being at the foot of the page, the month and day are worn out. The baptism

just before his, took place on the 23rd of September; and the baptism recorded just after his, occurred on the 28th of October. Robert Bowman was, therefore, certainly baptised in September, or October, 1705. He believed himself, that he was born at Bridgewoodfoot—a small farm-house near the river Irthing, and about two miles from his residence at Irthington—about Christmas-time, and some years before his baptism, which he remembered. He was of middle height, and well built, with a large chest. When young, he was rather stout and very strong, considering himself a good wrestler. He was fond of amusements, and rather partial to cock-fighting. His parents both died when he was very young, but he remembers them. He said he recollected the rebellion of 1715, had heard much about it, and seen some men running away. When trying his memory, Dr. Barnes asked him "if he had ever heard of the battle of Waterloo, or of Bonaparte?" He answered that "he had heard too much of Bonaparte; that he was a bad character, and at best only a coward; for, as soon as he found himself in danger, he ran away." Dr. Barnes having heard that he had worked in the trenches around Carlisle during the Rebellion of 1745, and escaped from them, reminded him that he had himself done the same thing. Laughing heartily, he confessed that he remained among the soldiers only one night, and ran away as soon as he could. He remembered when barley was sold at three shillings the Carlisle bushel, and oats at eighteenpence; when butter was threepence a pound, and eggs were a penny the dozen. Wheat and potatoes had not, he thought, been then brought into Cumberland. Meat and tea were then luxuries for wealthy tables. Farmers and yeomen on market-days did their business in public-houses, drinking glasses of ale or spirits over their bargains.

Mr. Robert Bowman was always a "top-worker" on a sober diet. He had no regular hours, retiring and rising sometimes at one hour and sometimes at another, just as he felt sleepy; and some nights he was never in bed at all. As he slept when sleepy, he ate when hungry, omitting a meal one day, and on another eating four or five meals. Milk, hasty-pudding, potatoes, bread, broth, an egg, a bit of meat, anything his family were taking, formed his food. He was always plainly but warmly and comfortably clad. His common drink was water, seldom tasting wine or spirits; but he did not dislike a glass of good ale. He never took tea or coffee. He was never drunk but once in his life, and that was at a wedding, when his friends deceived him in regard to the strength of his liquor. He never took snuff or smoked tobacco. He was twice ill during the course of his life, once when very young, and he had the measles; a second time when over a hundred, when he had the whooping-cough along with one of his grandchildren who slept with him. Although he suffered several times from severe accidents, he never had a medical attendant, and never took a dose of medicine, in his life.

Bowman did not spare himself what would generally be deemed excessive and imprudent exposure and fatigue. He prided himself, as I have said, on being what he called "a top-worker." Having often occasion to go for lime or coals, he generally on these occasions slept in the open air all night. Even when eighty years of age he worked daily, during part of the summer season, in a peat moss a few miles from Irthington, and, rather than lose time by returning home, he would let his horse loose upon the common and sleep through the night in his cart. The story is told of a Scotch Highlander who had been persuaded by his women-folks to buy an umbrella, and was met in a shower of rain with it carefully kept out of the wet under his coat. This Cumberland farmer must have cared as little for the rain as the Scotch Highlander. If he got wet in the field or on the road, he seldom changed his clothes, taking to some hard work, such as thrashing in the barn, until they got dry. When in the one hundred and eighth year of his age, he still applied himself to all kinds of farm labour, hedging, reaping, haymaking, gathering, and mounting stacks of corn and hay. In his hundred and ninth year he walked to Carlisle from Irthington and back again in one day with his staff under his arm: a distance of about sixteen miles.

Bowman married at the age of fifty. When asked why he was so late in marrying, he answered, "I never thought much about getting a wife, and how I got one I do not know. I think it was by mere accident." By his marriage at the age of fifty he had six sons, and lived to see them all old enough to be themselves grandfathers. He had himself three great-grandchildren. His wife was twenty-one years younger than himself, and died at the age of eighty-one, when he was one hundred and two. On his marriage he took a small farm, for which he paid a rent of five pounds a year, and, by dint of working hard, and saving hard, he scraped together money enough to buy a small estate, upon which he lived the remainder of his life.

For forty years before his death Bowman had not a tooth in his head. Septuagenarians whom I have known have been dreadfully alarmed on losing their teeth, becoming despondent, and persuading themselves more and more that without teeth they could not masticate their food, and that unmasicated food is indigestible. They forget that mastication is not needed for a considerable variety of food, including, among other excellent things, milk, eggs, soup, and gravy. When one hundred and fifteen, the brown hair of Bowman had become white, but his skin was soft and delicate, neither wrinkled nor shrivelled, and his face appeared plump, round, and rather florid. His sight was so good that he never wore glasses. Of a very limited education, he had not worn his eyes much by reading; on the contrary, feeding his mind on the news of his village and neighbourhood, the changes and improvements going on around him, walking to see the foundation

laid of the new bridge, and inquiring particularly about the canal, at Carlisle. Failing sight, like the loss of teeth, being one of the causes of the despondency of persons in the decline of life, it may be well to record here that no instrument in the human machine has such powers of recovering itself as the organ of vision. I was once driven by a shower of rain into a cabaret on the banks of the Seine. The only guests were myself and an octogenarian who was reading the newspaper without glasses. I congratulated him on the excellence of his eyes. He replied, "I am eighty-six, my eyesight decayed many years ago from excessive reading by artificial light, and I used every kind of spectacles I could get, until at last I could not see to read with any. For many years I never tried to read. At last one day, about ten years ago, I chanced to look upon a newspaper, and, to my great surprise, I could see the print. I have read ever since: and I can see as well as ever I could." This case is far from being a solitary case of sight recovered by rest. Bowman's hearing was so good, that when he was one hundred and fourteen he could hear the ticking of a watch which hung in the window several yards off. His sense of smell was extremely acute. This circumstance is of far greater importance than might be supposed, for it would make him a man always careful to avoid foul air, and anxious to breathe pure air.

An account of Bowman's latter years and death was contributed to a recent number of the *Border Magazine* by Dr. Barnes, forty years after the publication of his first sketch in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*. Mr. Bowman slept well during the night, and sometimes during the day. A Salisbury physician, who died last year over ninety, and Father of the Royal Society, answered, when asked what he had done to live so long, "I have always slept all the sleep I could get done." Thirty years ago a book on the *Duty and Advantages of Early Rising* had some vogue, containing the most pernicious views on sleep, as if it were a sort of sensual indulgence, like drunkenness or gluttony. But, during sleep, the nerves derive their nourishment from the blood; and the great nervous centres, and the brain especially, are sound or unsound in proportion as they are nourished by sleep.

Mr. Bowman enjoyed his life in his ordinary good health during the three years preceding his death, no particular change taking place until the last three months. His life was less long than it would have been, had it not been shortened by severe accidents. An injury which he received on his right shoulder-joint caused the fingers of his right hand to contract very much, and compelled him to use his left hand in eating.

In his one hundred and ninth year the cold of a severe winter made him take to his bed, and after six years' confinement to it (although all his limbs were free from complaint with the exception of his right hand) he became incapable of walking without the assistance of two

persons. Once every year he was visited by his six sons, his numerous grandchildren, and his great-grandchildren, who were joined by his friends and neighbours in getting up a feast-day, which was always to him "a day of great rejoicing."

Dr. Barnes "has seldom been in the company of any one, whether old or young, who enjoyed better spirits." Mr. Bowman was a happy man. Old folks, finding their own senses and faculties impaired and deadened, generally complain of the disagreeable changes and growing degeneracy of the times. Bowman did nothing of the kind; being cheerful, good humoured, and easily satisfied. The perfect state of his senses and faculties kept him from finding fault with the habits or manners, or with the changes of the successive generations he saw around him. And this is the universal remark respecting all very old men. All these five or sixscore men have been merry men. They pass their century joking.

Your merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad one tires a mile—a.

A good conscience is the soul of a right cheerful tongue. It is doubtful, from the differences of testimonies, whether they have all been sober in eating and drinking, or well regulated in their social instincts; but the evidence is without a flaw or an exception, which proves them to have been men who slept soundly and laughed heartily.

In taking the important steps of his life, Bowman evinced the sterling quality of common sense. In 1745, when but thirty years of age, he worked in the trenches of Carlisle, staying, however, only one night with the soldiers. No Will-o'-the-Wisp enthusiasm for either king, for Charlie, or for Geordie, prevented him from doing the thing best for himself. Contrast this Cumberland farmer with the Burnses. The grandfather and grand-uncles of Robert Burns the poet were out in the '45, risking their lives and ruining their families for the Stuarts. William Burns was obliged to go from Kincardineshire to Ayrshire, where the disloyalty of his family was unknown, to get employment, but where the man superior to his station could not succeed in making both ends meet. The poet Burns, taking Ellisland, a farm offered by a patron, and recommended by friends, "judges of land," and with a soil composed, as he found, "of the riddlings of creation," and confiding the work on it to servants—"lasses who did nothing but bake bread, and lads who sat by the fireside eating it warm with ale"—the swift end was ruin, misery, and death. For it was neither the punch-bowl nor his poetical genius which wrecked Burns. His ruin was caused by a deficiency of selfishness, by an amiability which yields the sway to flattering friends and fawning servants, and allows generosity to usurp the place of justice. The poems of Burns brought him a thousand pounds, and they obtained for his sons commissions in the civil and military service: it was, therefore, the unselfish and unsolid action of his

mind in reference to his business as a farmer, which by worry, by despondency, by despair, and by disease, shortened his life. Robert Burns was probably born with as good a constitution as Robert Bowman, and it is important to note the reasons why the one life was at least a period of one hundred and seventeen years, and the other only a span of thirty-seven.

No veil need be drawn over the closing scene of the life of this notable man. Not from indisposition, but for comfort, he took to his bed several years before his death, during the cold of a severe winter; and he kept it because he was better there than anywhere else. He resided with one of his sons upon his own estate, the fruit of his industry. Three months before his death, without any cause, he began to fancy that his family were less attentive to him than formerly. His bodily health continuing good until the last day or two, his mental faculties declined gradually, and then rather suddenly; without pain and without suffering, the powers of life gave way, and he died on the evening of Friday, June 18, 1823. He died one hundred and seventeen years and eight months after his baptism; an event which he remembered, and he was therefore, most probably, at least in his one hundred and twentieth year.

An oak, said to be six hundred years old, the oldest tree in Cumberland, and the last of Ingleswood Forest, fell by a strange coincidence upon the day on which Mr. Robert Bowman died; the oldest tree and the oldest man fell together.

IRON PIGS AT A PIC-NIC.

Not all who know Coblenz are also acquainted with the lovely country in its immediate neighbourhood. Occasionally a tourist goes out of the regular route "up the Rhine," and makes a détour along the banks of its tributary, the Lahn, to Ems; but they are few who venture to turn aside so far, and Ems is held in the season principally by the Russian, German, and Polish gamblers, who are permitted by the Nassau government to carry on their game here unmolested. Any one who has been fortunate enough thus to deviate from his course, will remember the magnificent scenery through which the road to Ems—either rail or turnpike—passes, skirting the rapid little Lahn as it turns and twists through the deep mountain defile. The banks of the river are inhabited by a population of miners, not large in number, but here and there clustering into villages, composed of very small tumble-down looking houses, among which the conical chimneys of smelting-furnaces are to be seen. Large heaps of ore are frequently visible on the river-side, of a dark red colour, while the miners themselves, stained by contact with the ochreous soil, have more the appearance of Red Indians than of civilised Teutons.

It was near one of these mining stations, in a beautiful wood full of moss-grown rocks, ferns, creepers, and here and there a clear

space overgrown with short velvet grass, that we pitched our camp for a day. We had started from Coblenz in the early morning, a merry party of some thirty individuals. By means of waggonettes and such like contrivances, we had reached a point on the opposite bank of the river not far from this spot. Thence we had walked down to the river-side where one of the queer flat-bottomed wherries had conveyed us across the Lahn, and at twelve o'clock mid-day we found ourselves about to encamp, or in other words pic-nic. The party consisted of Mr. Alison, an English resident of Coblenz, and his family, Mr. Barton and family—who were doing the "grand tour"—seven young ladies guarded by two fierce elderly "duennas," who were supposed to instruct them in all the languages and sciences under heaven, three Cambridge undergraduates (a reading party), and a few others of both sexes, who were indebted to Mr. Alison's hospitality for their introduction to the party, among whom I may reckon myself. Not far from our pic-nic ground stood an old and ruinous house, of considerable size, inhabited by no one, save ghosts and jackdaws; but, nevertheless, containing a large banquetting-hall or ball-room in a tolerable state of preservation. The use of this house had been very graciously granted to our party by the German baron who owned the property in the neighbourhood, and it was understood that a dance in the ancient mansion would close the proceedings of the day.

Dinner progressed favourably, amidst a general clatter of knives, forks, and tongues. Pigeon-pies, sausage-rolls, sandwiches, cold fowls, a kettle full of hot potatoes, peaches, apricots, grapes and jellies, were quickly demolished, whilst the popping of the corks securing Moselle, and the gurgling of the "Rhein wein" from long-necked bottles, showed that the gentlemen were attentive in that quarter, and formed a pleasant accompaniment to the general confusion.

We adjourned to our ball-room. A capital ball-room too, though there was no glass in the windows, but that was so much the better for ventilation. Of course there was no carpet on the floor, but there was a capital oaken pavement; there was also a capital crop of hay sprouting out between the paving-stones, and we noticed that much of the house had been removed, the material doubtless rendering excellent service towards the production of the little hovels of the neighbouring village. Dancing proceeded to the tune of a German fiddler, or violinist I should say, whose services had been secured at Coblenz for the occasion. Quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, galops, crowded one upon the other. The two elderly ladies began to cast wistful glances at their young charges, and at last openly declared that they thought it was getting rather late, and that they were afraid we should not reach Coblenz before dark. Accordingly their wishes were acceded to, and we slowly made our way in twos and threes to the ferry-boat, on the river-side. We found our Charon (a morose old fellow, who seemed

to live entirely to himself, and by himself, in a little hut on the river-side) ready to take us; two or three ladies and gentlemen were punted across, and Mr. Alison, with his son and daughter, were about to follow, when two Germans, who, from their dress and general appearance, evidently belonged to the mining population of the district, stepped up to my friend and demanded, in their native tongue, to see the gentleman who had invited the pic-nic party to this spot. "I am he," replied Mr. Alison, rather surprised. "Then perhaps you will instantly hand over five-and-twenty thalers (three pounds ten shillings) for the use of that room." Mr. Alison replied that he should do no such thing, and in rather strong language ordered the fellows off.

"You won't pay us!" cried the men; "we shall see. Heigh! Karl—Bernard—Wilhelm." One seized Alison by the collar, another took his son by both arms, and all, accompanied by other ruffians who had responded to the summons, led off our friends in the direction of the smelting furnace. Miss Alison, meanwhile, had started off with a speed which only fear can give, towards the ferry-boat, and in a few minutes startled us all by her sudden appearance and terrified looks and words. We quickly determined that the ladies, with a strong guard of gentlemen, should cross the river, while five of the party, of whom I was one, should proceed to the rescue of Mr. Alison and his son.

We rushed through the wood in the direction Mary Alison had pointed out, breaking brambles, branches, and climbers on our way, and at length found ourselves at the door of the smelting-house. There seemed to be some unusual excitement within, and the sound of Alison's voice was drowned in the clamorous jargon of the savage creatures who surrounded him. The smelting-house was a large square building, with four entrances, sufficient to admit of the passage of a cart and horse; at one end was the furnace, apparently then reducing ore, and blazing with great ferocity; sand was arranged on the floor to receive the molten stream when it should be let out of its prison; and one of the upper doors in the furnace was open, through which the flames could be seen leaping up, mingled with smoke. On entering, we found our friends stripped of their clothes; the son tied to a beam which formed a support to the roof; the father pinioned, and about to be fastened to a chain suspended from a crane, which was probably used for shifting the metal when cast. The Germans, six in number, were in a state of great excitement, and seemed to anticipate an excellent joke. It was evidently their intention to hoist our poor friend, by means of the crane, in front of the open door of the furnace, and to roast him, while they watched his struggles from below. It is hardly credible that these ruffians should have contrived such a diabolical outrage on an unoffending person; but I write the exact truth, and can only suppose that the men, being free from work that day, had partaken rather too freely

of their favourite "Kirsch," and, maddened by its influence, were acting like demons. We first liberated young Alison; and then proceeded to encounter the men who surrounded his father. Two brawny Germans were soon sprawling on the sandy floor, and each of us was now opposed to his man, for the two had been only temporarily disposed of. Our object was to keep the miners from the doorway, in order that Alison might escape, trusting to ourselves to save ourselves.

Our opponents seemed to have no notion of letting us go, and rushed on us with great ferocity. Twice I felled a man, for I found that by keeping him at a respectful distance and practising the English science, I had a great advantage: he, however, nothing daunted, rose from the dust and repeatedly endeavoured to close with me. Once in the grasp of those powerful arms, I knew I should be at their owner's mercy, so I kept wide of them and lit out. I perceived that my friends were adopting a similar course, and I was hoping that we might come to a parley, when I heard a cry from Alison, behind me, and saw him stretched on the ground. A burly miner, with yellow hair and a shaggy beard and moustache of the same colour, stood over him, holding in his hand a bar of iron some three feet long, and as thick as his own arm. I afterwards learnt that my friend had vainly endeavoured to make his way past this fellow, who guarded the doorway, and appeared from his general manner and huge size to be the leader of the party. At last, enraged at the immobility of his opponent, he had launched out a well directed blow at his nose, which staggered him, and served to open a passage for escape. He rushed forward, and turning round to observe the state of affairs, had just time to perceive the fellow raising the iron bar above his head. He held up his arm to break the force of the blow, and remembered nothing else when he told the story.

Matters seemed now to be taking a still more desperate turn; for the other miners, perceiving the success which had attended their leader's prowess with the iron "pig," proceeded to help themselves to similar weapons, which lay in a large pile at one corner of the smelting-room, ready for carting. I felt that the only thing to be done, was, to attempt to wrest the bar from my opponent. The man who had stunned Alison was now employed in rifling his pockets, regardless of the blood which streamed from his arm and head. Soon young Alison joined his father on the floor, felled by a fearful blow from one of those same iron bars. In struggling with my man, who was fast getting the better of me, I slipped, stumbled, and fell. I expected to be murdered and robbed, and I had given up hope,

when I heard a shot, and almost at the same moment my adversary, who was kneeling on me, dropped the bar from his hand on to my leg, and giving a cry of "Och mein Got!" placed his left arm to his shoulder where a bullet had entered.

The smell of gunpowder had a wonderful effect on all of them, and soon, to my great joy, I perceived them skulking off behind the furnace. I quickly gained my legs, and found our friend Mr. Barton, who had stayed by the river with the ladies, standing at one of the entrances, revolver in hand. Mr. Barton was a cool hand at anything of this sort, and, finding we did not return, had followed our trail: little doubting that the small weapon he had that day purchased at Coblenz would effectually scare the miners.

"I didn't think I should make this use of you to-day!" said he, apostrophising the pistol. "But what's this? Is Alison dead? Ah! Only stunned, I see. Pick up father and son, and bring them down to the river. I'll cover your retreat." And then he warned the miners, in the usual style, that the first man who moved might consider himself dead. Slowly we carried poor Alison and his son towards the river: our own limbs almost giving way at each step we took, after the fearful excitement we had gone through. We were all more or less injured; one had a black eye; another was suffering from a severe blow in the back, administered by one of the bars of iron; as for myself, I felt dreadfully shaken by my last fall, and, moreover, was temporarily crippled by a blow on the leg. After crossing the river, we poured cool water on the faces of the injured men, and soon brought them round sufficiently to show us that they were still living. On reaching the main road, which was at some distance from the river, we found the party awaiting us, and we all proceeded back as quickly as circumstances would permit. Mr. Alison was laid up for a month: both the bones in his fore-arm being fractured, and a broad wound six inches in length inflicted on his scalp: he has never since been the man he was. His poor son had an attack of brain fever, the effects of which are still upon him. Large sums of money have been spent in endeavouring to trace the men who attacked us, but they appear, soon after the occurrence, to have decamped. The Prussian police shirked the business, and declared that the responsibility rested with the government of Nassau, who in their turn referred the matter back to the authorities at Coblenz. Between the two no redress has yet been obtained, nor have the men been captured. This is a specimen of the activity of the local police authorities acting under the direction of the excellent Government!

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 236.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XLIII.

ON Alfred's leaving Silverton, Mrs. Archbold was prostrated. It was a stunning blow to her young passion, and left her weary, desolate.

But she was too strong to lie helpless under disappointed longings. Two days she sat stupified with the heartache; after that she bustled about her work in a fervour of half-crazy restlessness, and ungovernable irritability, quenched at times by fits of weeping. As she wept apart, but raged and tyrannised in public, she soon made Silverton House Silverton Oven, especially to those who had the luck to be of her sex. Then Baker timidly remonstrated: at the first word she snapped him up and said a change would be good for both of them: he apologised; in vain: that very day she closed by letter with Dr. Wolf, who had often invited her to be his "Matron." Her motive, half hidden from herself, was to be anywhere near her favourite.

Installed at Drayton House, she waited some days, and coquetted woman-like with her own desires, then dressed neatly, but soberly, and called at Dr. Wycherley's; sent in a note explaining who she was, with a bit of soft sawder, and asked to see Alfred.

She was politely but peremptorily refused. She felt this rebuff bitterly. She went home stung and tingling to the core. But Bitters wholesome be: offended pride now allied with strong good sense to wither a wild affection; and, as it was no longer fed by the presence of its object, her wound healed, all but the occasional dull throbbing that precedes a perfect cure.

At this stage of her convalescence Dr. Wolf told her in an off-hand way that Mr. Hardie, a patient of doubtful insanity, was coming to his asylum, to be kept there by hook or by crook. (She was entirely in Wolf's confidence, and he talked of these things to her in English.) The impenetrable creature assented outwardly, with no sign of emotion whatever, but one flash of the eye, and one heave of the bosom swiftly suppressed. She waited calmly and patiently till she was alone; then yielded to joy and triumph; they seemed to leap inside her. But this very thing alarmed her. "Better for me never to see

him again," she thought. "His power over me is too terrible. Ah, good-by to the peace and comfort I have been building up! He will scatter them to the winds. He has."

She tried not to think of him too much. And, while she was so struggling, Wolf let out that Alfred was to have morphia at dinner the first day; morphia, the accursed drug with which these dark men in these dark places coax the reason away out of the head by degrees, or with a potent dose stupify the victim, then act surprise, alarm; and make his stupor the ground for applying medical treatment to the doomed wretch. Edith Archbold knew the game, and at the word morphia Pity and Passion rose in her bosom irresistible. She smiled in Dr. Wolf's face, and hated him; and secretly girt herself up to baffle him, and protect Alfred's reason, and win his heart through his gratitude.

She received him as I have related, to throw dust in Dr. Wolf's eyes: but she acted so admirably that some went into Alfred's. "Ah," thought he, "she is angry with herself for her amorous folly; and, with the justice of her sex, she means to spite poor me for it." He sighed; for he felt her hostility would be fatal to him. To give her no fresh offence, he fell into her manner, and treated her with a world of distant respect. Then again, who else but she could have warned him against poison? Then again, if so, why look so cold and stern at him? He cast one or two wistful glances at her; but the artful woman of thirty was impenetrable in public to the candid man of twenty-one. Even her passion could not put them on an equality.

That night he could not sleep. He lay wondering what would be the next foul practice, and how he should parry it.

He wrote next morning to the Commissioners that two of their number, unacquainted with the previous proceedings of the Board, had been surprised into endorsing an order of transfer to an asylum bearing a very inferior character to Dr. Wycherley's; the object of this was clearly foul play. Accordingly, Dr. Wolf had already tried to poison his reason, by drugging his beer at dinner. He added that Dr. Wycherley had now signed a certificate of his sanity, and implored the Board to inspect it, and discharge him at once, or else let a solicitor visit him at once, and take the requisite steps towards a public inquiry.

While waiting anxiously for the answer, it cost him all his philosophy to keep his heart from eating itself. But he fought the good fight of Reason: he invited the confidences of the quieter mad people, and established a little court, and heard their grievances, and by impartial decisions and good humour won the regard of the moderate patients, and of the attendants, all but three; Rooke, the head keeper, a morose burly ruffian; Hayes, a bilious subordinate, Rooke's shadow; and Vulcan, a huge mastiff that would let nobody but Rooke touch him; he was big as a large calf, and formidable as a small lion, though nearly toothless with age. He was let loose in the yard at night, and was an element in the Restraint System; many a patient would have tried to escape but for Vulcan. He was also an invaluable howler at night, and so co-operated with Dr. Wolf's bugs and fleas to avert sleep, that vile foe to insanity and all our diseases, private asylums included.

Alfred treated Mrs. Archbold with a distant respect that tried her hard. But that able woman wore sweetness and unobtrusive kindness, and bided her time. At last he gave her an opportunity, and it will be seen whether she took it.

In Drayton House the keepers eclipsed the keepers in cruelty to the poorer patients. No men except Dr. Wolf and his assistant had a pass-key into their department, so there was nobody they could deceive, nobody they held worth the trouble. In the absence of male critics they showed their real selves, and how wise it is to trust that gentle sex in the dark with irresponsible power over females. With unflinching patience they applied the hourly torture of petty insolence, needless humiliation, unreasonable refusals, to the poor madwomen; bored them with the poisoned ginlet, and made their hearts bleeding pincushions. But minute cruelty and wild caprice were not enough for them, though these never tired nor rested; they must vilify them too with degrading and savage names. Billingsgate might have gone to school to Drayton House. Inter alia they seemed in love with a term that Othello hit upon; only they used it not once, but fifty times a day, and struck decent women with it on the face, like a scorpion whip; and then the scalding tears were sure to run in torrents adown their silly, honest, burning cheeks. But this was not all; they had got a large tank in a flagged room, nominally for cleanliness and cure, but really for bane and torture. For the least offence, or out of mere wantonness, they would drag a patient stark naked across the yard, and thrust her bodily under water again and again, keeping her down till almost gone with suffocation, and dismissing her more dead than alive with obscene and insulting comments ringing in her ears, to get warm again in the cold. This my ladies called "tanking."

In the ordinary morning ablutions they tanked without suffocating. But the immersion of the whole body in cold water was of itself a severe trial to those numerous patients in whom the

circulation was weak; and, as medical treatment, hurtful and even dangerous. Finally these keepers, with diabolical inscience and cruelty, would bathe twenty patients in this tank, and then make them drink that foul water for their meals.

"The dark places of the land are full of horrible cruelty."

One day they tanked so savagely that Nurse Eliza, after months of sickly disapproval, came to the new redresser of grievances, and told.

What was he to do? He seized the only chance of redress; he ran panting with indignation to Mrs. Archbold, and blushing high, said imploringly, "Oh, Mrs. Archbold, you used to be kind hearted—" and could say no more for something rising in his throat.

Mrs. Archbold smiled encouragingly on him, and said softly, "I am the same I always was—to you, Alfred."

"Oh, thank you; then pray send for Nurse Eliza, and hear the cruelties that are being done to the patients within a yard of us."

"You had better tell me yourself, if you want me to pay any attention."

"I can't. I don't know how to speak to a lady of such things as are done here. The brutes! the cowardly she-devils! Oh, how I should like to kill them."

Mrs. Archbold laughed a little at his enthusiasm (fancy caring so what was done to a pack of women), and sent for Nurse Eliza. She came, and being questioned told Mrs. Archbold more than she had Alfred. "And, ma'am," said she, whimpering, "they have just been tanking one they had no business to touch; it is Mrs. Dale, her that is so close on her confinement. They tanked her cruel they did, and kept her under water till she was nigh gone. I came away; I couldn't stand it."

Alfred was walking about in a fury, and Nurse Eliza, in making this last revolting communication, lowered her voice for him not to hear; but his senses were quick. I think he heard, for he turned and came quickly to them.

"Mrs. Archbold, you are strong and brave—for a woman; oh, do go in to them and take them by the throat and shake the life out of them, the merciless, cowardly beasts! Oh that I could be a woman for an hour, or they could be men, I'd soon have my foot on some of the wretches."

Mrs. Archbold acted Ignition. "Come with me both of you," she said, and they were soon in the female department. Up came keepers directly, smirking and curtsying to her, and pretending not to look at Adonis. "Which of you nurses tanked Mrs. Dale?" said she, sternly.

"'Twasn't I, ma'am, 'twasn't I."

"Oh fie!" said Eliza to one, "you know you were at the head of it."

She pointed out two as the leaders. The Archbold instantly had them seized by the others—who, with treachery equal to their cowardice, turned eagerly against their fellow-culprits, to

make friends with Power—and inviting all the sensible maniacs who had been tanked, to assist or inspect, she bared her own statuesque arms, and, ably aided, soon plunged the offenders, screaming, crying, and whining, like spaniel bitches whipped, under the dirty water. They swallowed some, and appreciated their own acts. Then she forced them to walk twice round the yard with their wet clothes clinging to them, hooted by the late victims.

"There," said Alfred, "let that teach you men will not own hyenas in petticoats for women."

Poor Alfred took all the credit of this performance; but in fact, when the Archbold invited him to bear a hand, he showed the white feather.

"I won't touch the blackguardesses," said he, haughtily, turning it off on the score of contempt. "You give it them! Again! again! Brava!"

Mosaic retribution completed, Mrs. Archbold told the nurses if ever "tanking" recurred she would bundle the whole female staff into the street, and then have them indicted by the Commissioners.

These virtuous acts did Edith Archbold for love for a young man. Whether mad women or sane women pregnant, or the reverse, were tanked or not, she cared at heart no more than whether sheep were washed or no in Elfrick's distant dale. She was retiring with a tender look at Alfred, and her pulse secretly unaccelerated by sheep-washing of she-wolves, when her grateful favourite appealed to her again:

"Dear Mrs. Archbold, shall we punish and not comfort? This poor Mrs. Dale!"

The Archbold could have boxed his ears. "Dear boy," she murmured tenderly, "you teach us all our duty." She visited the tanked one, found her in a cold room after it, shivering like ague, and her teeth chattering. Mrs. Archbold had her to the fire, and got her warm clothes, and a pint of wine, and probably saved her life and her child's—for love of a young man.

Why I think Mrs. Dale would otherwise have left this shifting scene, Mrs. Carey, the last woman in her condition they tanked and then turned into a flagged cell that only wanted one frog of a grotto, was found soon after moribund; on which they bundled her out of the asylum to die. She did die next day, at home, but murdered by the asylum; and they told the Commissioners she died through her friends taking her away from the asylum too soon. The Commissioners had nothing to do but believe this, and did believe it. Inspectors, who visit a temple of darkness, lies, cunning, and hypocrisy, four times a year, know mighty little of what goes on there the odd three hundred and sixty-one days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and fifty-seven seconds.*

"Now, Alfred," said Mrs. Archbold, "I can't be everywhere, or know everything; so you come

to me when anything grieves you; and let me be the agent of your humanity."

She said this so charmingly he was surprised into kissing her fair hand; then blushed, and thanked her warmly. Thus she established a chain between them. When he let too long elapse without appealing to her, she would ask his advice about the welfare of this or that patient; and so she cajoled him by the two foibles she had discerned in him—his vanity and his humanity.

Besides Alfred, there were two patients in Drayton House who had never been insane; a young man, and an old woman; of whom anon. There were also three ladies and one gentleman, who had been deranged, but had recovered years ago. This little incident, Recovery, is followed in a public asylum by instant discharge; but, in a private one, Money, not Sanity, is apt to settle the question of egress. The gentleman's case was scarce credible in the nineteenth century: years ago, being undeniably cracked, he had done what Dr. Wycheley told Alfred was a sure sign of sanity; i.e. he had declared himself insane: and had even been so reasonable as to sign his own order and certificates, and so imprison himself illegally, but with perfect ease; no remonstrance against that illegality from the guardians of the law! When he got what plain men call sane, he naturally wanted to be free, and happening to remember he alone had signed the order of imprisonment, and the imaginary doctor's certificates, he claimed his discharge from illegal confinement. Answer: "First obtain a legal order for your discharge." On this he signed an order for his discharge. "That is not a legal order." "It is as legal as the order on which I am here." Granted; but, legally or not, the asylum has got you; the open air has not got you. Possession is ninety-nine points of Lunacy law. Did your own illegal prisoner, and let your kinsfolk eat your land, and drink your consols, and bury you in a pauper's shroud. All that Alfred could do for these victims was to promise to try and get them out some day, D.V. But there was a weak-minded youth, Francis Beverley, who had the honour to be under the protection of the Lord Chancellor. Now a lunatic or a Softy protected by that functionary is literally a lamb protected by a wolf, and that wolf ex-officio the cruellest cunningest old mangler and fleecer of innocents in Christendom. Chancery lunatics are the richest class, yet numbers of them are flung among pauper and even criminal lunatics, at a few pounds a year, while their committees bag four-fifths of the money that has been assigned to keep the patient in comfort.

Unfortunately the protection of the Chancellor extends to Life and Reason, as well as Fleece; with the following result:

In public asylums about forty per cent are said to be cured.

In private ones twenty-five per cent at least; most of them poorish.

* Of Chancery Lunatics not five per cent.

* Arithmetic of my boyhood. I hear the world revolves some minutes quicker now.

Finally, one-third of all the Chancery Lunatics do every six years exchange the living tombs they are fleeced and bullied in for dead tombs, where they rest; and go from the sham protection of the Lord Chancellor of England to the real protection of their Creator and their judge.

These statistics have been long before the world, and are dead figures to the Skimmer of things, but tell a dark tale to the Reader of things: so dark, that I pray Heaven to protect me, and all other weak inoffensive persons, from the protection of my Lord Chancellor in this kind.

Beverley was so unfortunate as to exist before the date of the above petition; and suffered the consequences.

He was an aristocrat by birth, noble on both sides of his house, and unluckily had money. But for that he would have been a labouring man, and free. My Lord Protector committed him with six hundred pounds a year maintenance money to the care of his committee, the Honourable Fynes Beverley.

Now this corporate, yet honourable, individual, to whom something was committed, and so Chancery-lane called him in its own sweet French the thing committed, was a gentleman of birth, breeding, and intelligence. He undertook to take care of his simple cousin: and what he did take care of was himself.

THE SUB-LETTING SWINDLE.

1. The Honourable Fynes Beverley, Anglo-French committee, or crown tenant, sub-let Francis for 300*l.* a year, pocketed 300*l.*, and washed his hands of Frank.

2. Mr. Heselton, the sub-tenant, sub-let the Softy of high degree for 150*l.*, pocketed the surplus, and washed his hands of him.

3. The 150*l.* man sub-let him to Dr. Wolf at 60*l.* a year, pouched the surplus, and washed his hands of him.

And now what on earth was left for poor Dr. Wolf to do? Could he sub-embuzzle a Highlander's breeks? Could he subtract more than her skin from off the singed cat? Could he peel the core of a rotten apple? Could he pare a grated cheese rind? Could he flay a skinned flint? Could he fleece a hog just after Satan had shaved it as clean as a bantam's egg?

Let no man dare to limit genius; least of all the genius of extortion.

Dr. Wolf screwed comparatively more out of young Frank than did any of the preceding screws. He turned him into a servant of all work and half starved him: money profit, 45*l.* out of the 60*l.*, or three-fourths, whereas the others had only bagged one-half. But by this means he got a good servant without wages, and on half a servant's food, clearing 22*l.* and 12*l.* in these two items.

Victim of our great national vice and foible Vicariousness, this scion of a noble house, protected in theory by the Crown, vicariously sub-protected by the Chancellor, sub-vicariously sub-

sham-protected by his kin, was really flung unprotected into the fleece market, and might be seen—at the end of the long chain of subs, pros, vices, locos, shams, shuffles, swindles, and lies—shaking the carpets, making the beds, carrying the water, sweeping the rooms, and scouring the sordid vessels, of thirty patients in Drayton House, not one of whom was his equal either in birth or wealth; and of four menials, who were all his masters and hard ones. His work was always doing, never done. He was not the least mad nor bad, but merely of feeble intellect all round. Fifty thousand gentlemen's families would have been glad of him at 300*l.* a year, and made a son and a brother of him. But he was under the protection of the Lord Chancellor. Thin, half-starved, threadbare, out at elbows, the universal butt, scoffed at by the very lunatics, and especially ill treated by the attendants whose work he did gratis, he was sworn at, jeered, insulted, cuffed, and even kicked, every day of his hard, hard life. And yet he was a gentleman, though a soft one; his hands, his features, his carriage, his address, had all an indefinable stamp of race. How had it outlived such crushing, degrading usage? I don't know, Charles; how does a daisy survive the iron roller? Alfred soon found him out, and, to everybody's amazement, especially Frank's, remonstrated gently but resolutely and eloquently, and soon convinced the majority, sane and insane, that a creature so meek and useful merited especial kindness, not cruelty. One keeper, The Robin, alias Tom Wales, an ex-prizelighter, was a warm convert to this view. Among the maniacs only one held out, and said contemptuously he couldn't see it.

"Well," said Alfred, "lay a finger on you after this, and I'll lay a hand on you, and aid your intellectual vision."

Rooke and Haynes treated remonstrance with open and galling contempt. Yet the tide of opinion changed so, they did not care to defy it openly: but they bullied poor Beverley now and then on the sly, and he never told. He was too inoffensive for this world. But one day, as Alfred was sitting with his door ajar, writing a letter of earnest expostulation to the Commissioners, who had left his first unanswered, he heard Hayes at the head of the stairs call roughly "Frank! Frank!"

"Sit," replied the soft little voice of young Beverley.

"Come, be quick young shaver."

"I'm coming sir," and up ran Beverley.

"Here take this tray down stairs."

"Yes, sir."

"Stop, there's a bit of bread for you." And Hayes chucked him a crust, as one throws it to another man's dog.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Beverley, stooping down for it, and being habitually as hungry as a ratecatcher's tyke, took an eager bite in that position.

"How dare you eat it there," said Hayes brutally: "take it to your own crib: come,

nuzzle." And with that lent him a contemptuous kick behind, which owing to his position sent him off his balance flat on the tray; a glass broke under him; poor young Mr. Beverley uttered a cry of dismay, for he knew Hayes would not own himself the cause; Hayes cursed him for an awkward idiot, and the oath went off into a howl, for Alfred ran out at him brimful of Moses, and with a savage kick in the back and blow on the neck administered simultaneously hurled him headforemost down the stairs. Alighting on the seventh step, he turned a somersault, and bounded like a ball on to the landing below, and there lay stupified. He picked himself up by slow degrees, and glared round with speechless awe and amazement up at the human thunder-bolt, that had shot out on him and sent him flying like a feather. He shook his fist, and limped silently away all bruises and curses, to tell Rooke, and concert vengeance. Alfred, trembling still with ire, took Beverley to his room (the boy was as white as a sheet), and encouraged him, and made him wash properly, brushed his hair, dressed him in a decent tweed suit he had outgrown, and taking him under his arm, and walking with his own nose haughtily in the air, paraded him up and down the asylum, to show them all the best man in the house respected the poor soft gentleman. Ah what a grand thing it is to be young! Beverley clung to his protector too much like a girl, but walked gracefully and kept step, and every now and then looked up at Alfred with a loving adoration, that was sweet yet sad to see. Alfred marched him to Mrs. Archbold, and told his tale; for he knew Hayes would misrepresent it, and get him into trouble. She smiled on the pair; gently deplored her favourite's impetuosity, entreated him not to go fighting with that great monster Rooke, and charmed him by saying, "Well, and Frank is a gentleman, when he is dressed like one."

"Isn't he," said Alfred eagerly. "And whose fault is it he is not always dressed like one? Whose fault that here's an evil's nephew boots in Hell?"

"Not yours, Alfred, nor mine," was the honeyed reply.

In vain did Mr. Hayes prefer his complaint to Dr. Wolf. The Archbold had been before him, and the answer was, "Served you right."

These and many other good deeds did Alfred Hardie in Drayton House. But, as the days rolled on, and no answer came from the Commissioners, his own anxiety, grief, and dismay, left him less and less able to sympathise with the material but smaller wrongs around him. He became silent, dejected.

At last he came to Mrs. Archbold, and said sternly his letters to the Commissioners were intercepted.

"I can't believe that," said she. "It is against the law."

So it was: but law and custom are two.

"I am sure of it," said he; "and may the eternal curse of Heaven light on the cowardly

traitor and miscreant who has done it. And he stalked gloomily away.

When he left her, she sighed at this imprecation from his lips; but did not repent. "I can't part with him," she said despairingly; "and, if I did not stop his poor dear letters, Wolf would:" and the amorous crocodile shed a tear, and persisted in her double-faced course.

By-and-by, when she saw him getting thinner and paler, and his bright face downcast and inexpressibly sad, she shared his misery; ay, shed scalding tears for him; yet could not give him up; for her will was as strong as the rest of her was supple: and hers was hot love, but not true love like Julia's.

Perhaps a very subtle observer seeing this man and woman wax pale and spiritless together in one house, might have divined her secret. Dr. Wolf then was no such observer, for she made him believe she had a rising penchant for him. He really had a strong one for her.

While Alfred's visible misery pulled at her heart-strings, and sometimes irritated, sometimes melted her, came curious complications; one of which requires preface.

Mrs. Dodd then was not the wife to trust blindly where her poor husband was concerned; she bribed so well that a keeperess in David's first asylum told her David had been harshly used by an attendant. She instantly got Eve Dodd to take him away: and transfer him to a small asylum nearer London, and kept by a Mrs. Ellis. "Women are not cruel to men," said the sagacious Lucy Dodd.

But, alas! if women are not cruel where sex comes in and mimics that wider sentiment Humanity, women are deadly economical. Largely gifted with that household virtue, Mrs. Ellis kept too few servants, and, sure consequence in a madhouse, too many strait-jackets, hobbles, muffs, leg-locks, body-belts, &c. &c. Hence half her patients were frequently kept out of harm's way by cruel restraints administered not out of hearty cruelty, but female parsimony. Mrs. and Miss Dodd invaded the house one day when the fair economist was out, and found seven patients out of the twelve kept out of mischief thus: one in a restraint chair, two hobbled like asses, two chained like dogs, and two in strait-waistcoats, and fastened to beds by webbing and straps; amongst the latter David, though quiet as a lamb.

Mrs. Dodd cried over him as if her heart would break, and made Miss Dodd shift him to a large asylum, where I believe he was very well used. But here those dreadful newspapers interfered; a prying into sweet secluded spots. They diversified Mrs. Dodd's breakfast by informing her that the doctor of this asylum had just killed a patient; the mode of execution bloodless and sure, as became fair science. It was a man between sixty and seventy; an age at which the heart can seldom stand very much shocking, or lowering, especially where the brain is diseased. So they placed him in a shower-bath, narrow

enough to impede respiration, without the falling water, which of necessity drives out air. In short, a vertical box with holes all round the top.

Here the doctor ordered him a cold shower-bath of unparalleled duration; half an hour. To be followed by an unprecedented dose of tartar emetic. This double-barrelled order given, the doctor went away. (Formula.)

The water was down to forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Half an hour's shower-bath at that temperature in a roomy bath would kill the youngest and strongest man in her Majesty's dominions.

For eight-and-twenty mortal minutes the poor old man stood in this vertical coffin under this cold cascade. Six hundred gallons of icy water were in that his last hour, his last half-hour, discharged upon his devoted head and doomed body.

He had to be helped away from this death-torrent he had walked into in high spirits, poor soul.

Even this change awakened no misgivings, no remorse; though you or I, or any man or woman picked at hazard out of the streets, would at once have seen that he was dying, he was duly dosed by the fire with four spoonfuls of antimonial tincture—to make sicker. But even the "Destructive Art of Healing" cannot slay the slain. The old man cheated the emetic; for, before it could hurt him, he died of the bath; and his body told its own sad tale; to use the words of a medical eye-witness, it was "A PIECE OF ALABASTER." The death-torrent had driven the whole circulation from the surface.*

Mrs. Dodd was terrified, and, in spite of Sampson's assurance that this was the asylum of all others they would not settle another patient in until the matter should have blown over, got Eve Dodd to write to Dr. Wolf, and offer 300*l.* a year if he would take David at once, and treat him with especial consideration.

He showed this letter triumphantly to Mrs. Archbold, and she, blinded for a moment by feeling, dissuaded him from receiving Captain Dodd. He stared at her. "What, turn away a couple of thousand pounds?"

"But they will come to visit him; and perhaps see him."

"Oh, that can be managed. You must be on

* This mode of execution is well known in the United States. They settle refractory prisoners with it periodically. But half an hour is not needed; twenty minutes will do the trick. Harper's Weekly, a year or two ago, contained an admirable woodcut of a negro's execution by water. In this remarkable picture you see the poor darkie seated powerless, howling and paying his life away under the deadly cascade: and there stands the stolid turnkey, erect, formal, stiff as a ramrod, pulling the deadly string with a sort of drill exercise air, and no more compunction nor reflection, than if he himself was a machine constructed to pull strings or triggers on his own string being pulled by butcher or fool. A picture well studied, and so worth study.

your guard: and I'll warn Rooke. I can't turn away money—on a chance."

One day Alfred found himself locked into his room. This was unusual: for, though they called him a lunatic in words, they called him sane by all their acts. He half suspected that the Commissioners were in the house.

Had he known who really was in the house, he would have beaten himself to pieces against the door.

At dinner there was a new patient, very mild and silent, with a beautiful large brown eye, like some gentle animal's.

Alfred was very much struck with this eye, and contrived to say a kind word to him after dinner. Finding himself addressed by a gentleman, the new comer handled his forelock, and made a sea scrape, and announced himself as William Thompson; he added with simple pride, "Able Seaman;" then, touching his forelock again, "Just come aboard, your honour." After this, which came off glibly, he was anything but communicative. However, Alfred contrived to extract from him that he was rather glad to leave his last ship, on account of having been constantly impeded there in his duties by a set of lubbers, that clung round him and kept him on deck whenever the first lieutenant ordered him into the top.

The very next day, pacing sadly the dull gravel of his prison yard, Alfred heard a row; and there was the able seaman struggling with the Robin and two other keepers: he wanted to go to his duties in the foretop: to wit the fork of a high elm-tree in the court-yard. Alfred had half a mind not to interfere. "Who cares for *my* misery?" he said. But his better nature prevailed, and he told the Robin he was sure going up imaginary rigging would do Thompson more good than harm.

On this the men reluctantly gave him a trial, and he went up the tree with wonderful strength and agility, but evident caution. Still Alfred quaked when he crossed his thighs tight over a limb of the tree forty feet from earth, and went carefully and minutely through the whole process of furling imaginary sails. However, he came down manifestly soothed by the performance, and, singular phenomenon, he was quite cool; and it was the spectators on deck who perspired.

"And what a pleasant voice he has," said Alfred; "it quite charms my ear: it is not like a mad voice. It is like—I'm mad myself."

"And he has got a fiddle, and plays it like a hangel, by all accounts," said the Robin; "only he won't touch it but when he has a mind."

At night Alfred dreamed he heard Julia's sweet, mellow voice speaking to him; and he looked, and lo! it was the able seaman. He could sleep no more, but lay sighing.

Ere the able seaman had been there three days, Mrs. Dodd came unexpectedly to see him: and it was with the utmost difficulty Alfred was smuggled out of the way. Mrs. Archbold saw

by her loving anxiety these visits would be frequent, and, unless Alfred was kept constantly locked up, which was repugnant to her, they would meet some day. She knew there are men who ply the trade of spies, and where to find them; she set one of them to watch Mrs. Dodd's house, and learn her habits, in hopes of getting some clue as to when she might be expected.

Now it so happened that looking for one thing she found another which gave her great hopes and courage. And then the sight of Alfred's misery tried her patience, and then he was beginning half to suspect her of stopping his letters. Passion, impatience, pity, and calculation, all drove her the same road, and led to an extraordinary scene, so impregnated with the genius of the madhouse—a place where the passions run out to the very end of their tether—that I feel little able to describe it; I will try and indicate it.

One fine Sunday afternoon then she asked Alfred languidly would he like to walk in the country.

"Would I like? Ah, don't trifle with a prisoner," said he sorrowfully.

She shook her head. "No, no, it will not be a happy walk; Rooke, who hates you, is to follow us with that terrible mastiff, to pull you down if you try to escape. I could not get Dr. Wolf to consent on any other terms; Alfred, let us give up the idea. I fear your rashness."

"No, no, I won't try to escape—from you. I have not seen a blade of grass this six months."

The accomplished dissembler hesitated, yielded. They passed through the yard and out at the back door, which Alfred had so often looked wistfully at; and by-and-by reached a delicious pasture; a light golden haze streamed across it; Nature never seemed so sweet, so divine, to Alfred before; the sun as bright as midsummer, though not the least hot, the air fresh, yet genial, and perfumed with Liberty and the smaller flowers of earth; Beauty glided rustling by his side, and dark eyes subdued their native fire into softness whenever they turned on him; and scarce fifty yards in the rear hung a bully and a mastiff ready to tear him down if he should break away from Beauty's light hand, that rested so timidly on his. He was young, and stout-hearted, and relished his peep of liberty and nature, though blotted by Vulcan and Rooke. He chatted to Mrs. Archbold in good spirits. She answered briefly, and listlessly.

At last she stopped under a young chestnut-tree as if overcome with a sudden reflection, and turning half away from him leaned her head and hand upon a bough and sighed. The attitude was pensive and womanly. He asked her with innocent concern what was the matter; then faintly should he take her home. All her answer was to press his hand with hers that was disengaged, and, instead of sighing, to cry.

The novice in woman's wiles set himself to comfort her—in vain: to question her—in vain at first, but by degrees she allowed him to learn that it was for him she mourned; and so they

proceeded on the old, old plan, the man extorting from the woman bit by bit just so much as she wanted all along to say, and would have poured in a stream if let quite alone.

He drew from his distressed friend that Dr. Wolf for reasons of his own had made special inquiries about the Dodds; that she had fortunately or unfortunately heard of this, and had questioned the person employed, hoping to hear something that might comfort Alfred. "Instead of that," said she, "I find Miss Dodd is like most girls; out of sight is out of mind with her."

"What do you mean?" said Alfred, trembling suddenly.

"Do not ask me. What a weak fool I was to let you see I was unhappy for you."

"The truth is the truth," gasped Alfred: "tell me at once."

"Must I? I am afraid you will hate me; for I should hate any one who told me your faults. Well, then—if I must—Miss Dodd has a beau."

"It is a lie!" cried Alfred furiously.

"I wish it was. But she has two in fact, both of them clergymen; however, one seems the favourite; at least they are engaged to be married; it is Mr. Hurd, the curate of the parish she lives in. By what I hear she is one of the religious ones: so perhaps that has brought the pair to an understanding."

At these words a cold sickness rushed all over Alfred, beginning at his heart. He stood white and stupified a moment: then, in the anguish of his heart, broke out into a great and terrible cry: it was like a young lion wounded with a poisoned shaft.

Then he was silent, and stood stock still, like petrified despair.

Mrs. Archbold was prepared for an outburst; but not of this kind. His anguish was so unlike a woman's that it staggered her. Her good and bad angels, to use an expressive though somewhat too poetical phrase, battled for her. She had an impulse to earn his gratitude for life, to let him out of the asylum ere Julia should be Mrs. Hurd, and even liberty come too late for true love. She looked again at the statue of grief by her side: and burst out crying in earnest.

This was unfortunate. Shallow pity exuding in salt water leaves not enough behind to gush forth in good deeds.

She only tried to undo her own work in part; to comfort him a little with common-places: she told him in a soothing whisper there were other women in the world besides this inconstant girl, others who could love him as he deserved.

He made no answer to all she could say, but just waved his hand once impatiently. Petty consolation seemed to sting him.

Then she began to feel impatient, angry. "How he clings to that fickle girl," she said. "I might as well make love to a stone."

Then they stood both of them apart in sombre silence awhile.

His mood changed; she moved noiselessly towards him, and, standing half behind him, laid

her hand softly on his shoulder, and poured hot passion in his ear. "Alfred," she murmured, "we are both unhappy; let us comfort one another. I had pity on you at Silverton House, I pity you now: pity me a little in turn; take me out of this dreadful house, out of this revolting life, and let me be with you. Let me be your housekeeper, your servant, your slave. This news that has shocked you so has torn the veil from my eyes; I thought I had cooled my love down to friendship and tender esteem; but no, now I see you as unhappy as myself, now I can speak and wrong no one, I own I—oh Alfred my heart burns for you, bleeds for you, yearns for you, sickens for you, dies for you."

"Oh, hush! hush! Mrs. Archbold. You are saying things you will blush for the next moment."

"I blush now, but cannot hush; I have gone too far. And your happiness as well as mine is at stake. No young girl can understand or value such a man as you are: but I, like you, have suffered; I, like you, am constant; I, like you, am warm and tender; at my age a woman's love is bliss to him who can gain it; and I love you with all my soul, Alfred; I worship the ground you walk on, my sweet, sweet boy. Say you the word, dearest, and I will bribe the servants, and get the keys, and sacrifice my profession for ever to give you liberty (see how sweet the open face of nature is, sweeter than anything on earth, but love); and all I ask is a little, little of your heart in return. Give me a chance to make you mine for ever; and, if I fail, treat me as I shall deserve; desert me at once; and then I'll never reproach you; I'll only die for you; as I have lived for you ever since I first saw your heavenly face."

The passionate woman paused at last, but her hot cheek and heaving bosom and tender convulsive hand prolonged the pleading.

I am afraid few men of her own age would have resisted her, for voice and speech and all were burning, melting, and winning: and then, so reasonable, lads; she did not stipulate for constancy.

But Alfred turned round to her blushing and sorrowful. "For shame!" he said, "this is not love: you abuse that sacred word. Indeed, if you had ever really loved, you would have pitied me and Julia long ago, and respected our love; and saved us by giving me my freedom long ago. I am not a fool: do you think I don't know that you are my jailer, and the cunningest and most dangerous of them all?"

"You ungrateful wretch," she sobbed.

"No; I am not, ungrateful either," said he, more gently. "You have always come between me and that kind of torture which most terrifies vulgar souls; and I thank you for it. Only, if you had also pitied the deeper anguish of my heart, I should thank you more still. As it is, I forgive you for the share you have had in blinding my happiness for life; and nobody shall ever know what you have been mad enough in an unguarded moment to say; but for pity's sake talk no more of love, to mock my misery."

Mrs. Archbold was white with ire long before he had done this sentence. "You insolent creature," said she; "you spurn my love; you shall feel my hate."

"So I conclude," said he, coldly: "such love as yours is hard by hate."

"It is," said she: "and I know how I'll combine the two. To-day I loved you, and you spurned me; ere long you shall love me and I'll despise you; and not spurn you."

"I don't understand you," said Alfred, feeling rather uneasy.

"What," said she; "don't you see how the superior mind can fascinate the inferior? Look at Frank Beverley; how he follows you about and fawns on you, like a little dog."

"I prefer his sort of affection to yours."

"A gentleman and a man would have kept that to himself; but you are neither one nor the other; or you would have taken my offer, and then run away from me the next day, you fool. A man betrays a woman; he doesn't insult her. Ah, you admire Frank's affection; well, you shall imitate it. You couldn't love me like a man; you shall love me like a dog."

"How will you manage that, pray?" he inquired, with a sneer.

"I'll drive you mad."

She hissed this fiendish threat out between her white teeth.

"Ay, sir," she said, "hitherto your reason has only encountered men. You shall see now what an insulted woman can do. A lunatic you shall be ere long, and then I'll make you love me, dote on me, follow me about for a smile: and then I'll leave off hating you, and love you once more, but not the way I did five minutes ago."

At this depraved threat Alfred ground his teeth, and said: "Then I give you my honour that the moment I see my reason the least shaken, I'll kill you: and so save myself from the degradation of being your lover on any terms."

"Threaten your own sex with that," said the Archbold, contemptuously; "you may kill me whenever you like; and the sooner the better. Only, if you don't do it very quickly, you shall be my property; my brain-sick, love-sick, slave."

APPARITIONS.

THE ærial phenomena known as the mirage and the Fata Morgana, as well as spectral illusions arising from morbid conditions of the mind, are now classed under the term apparitions. Supernatural appearances in the air, particularly at sea, early gave rise to those superstitions which prevailed respecting phantom ships; and aerial spectres, such as those seen on the Brocken, the loftiest of the Hartz Mountains in the Hanoverian States, were long associated with the marvellous. The giant of that range is merely the image of a man on the summit, seen at sunrise, raised into gigantic proportions by reflexion from the clouds above. The traveller has even seen his own shadow, moving as a

spectre of monstrous size on the lofty granite rocks, or standing, as it were, on a large pedestal in the clouds, suddenly disappear, for the phantom is only visible when the sun is at such an altitude as to throw its rays upon the body in a horizontal direction. Germany has ever been the nursing mother of spiritual creations. Goethe selected the Hartz forest as the scene to which he represents the spirit Mephistopheles as having conducted his pupil Faustus, and the highly imaginative superstition of the Wild Huntsman originated in aerial illusions, combined with auricular deceptions, caused by the variety of sounds which arise in the dark recesses of its pathless woods and rocky cliffs. The aerial illusion of the Fata Morgana in the Straits of Messina is supposed by the natives to be a spectacle produced by the queen of the fairies, the Morgana La Fay, the Fairy Morgana of popular legends. Images of men and houses are seen from the coast in the air, in the water, or on its surface, and similar appearances have been observed in the narrow sea which separates the island of Rathlin from the mainland of Antrim. During the warmer period of the summer, after the sea and air have been agitated, if a calm succeeds, the spectator is astonished, as the dawn breaks, to observe the representations of scenes suspended in the air, the same object frequently presenting two appearances, one in the natural, the other in an inverted position, and often repeatedly multiplied; but imagination generally magnifies these dioptric appearances. The daylight setting in gradually produces an indistinctness of the vision, which, as the sun rises, vanishes altogether. The term mirage, now adapted into our language, was applied by the French to similar appearances witnessed by their army in Egypt; and to the weary traveller, traversing the desert and enduring the sufferings of thirst, the deceitful prospect of an aerial abundance of water presented to his eyes is a distressing delusion. The phenomena has been accounted for on the principle of two distinct strata or layers of air, the density of the lower one being diminished in the desert by its proximity to the heated sand; and over the sea, by holding in solution a larger quantity of aqueous vapour. In this state, as every variation of density occasions a deviation in their path, the rays of light do not pass freely through both media of the atmosphere, they being of different temperatures, but are broken by refraction on the verge of the horizon, and the sky itself joins in completing the illusion, its own image being sometimes reflected from the surface of the water. Humboldt describes the marvellous effects of the mirage in South America, having seen fishing-boats swimming in the air over the well-defined line of the sea, and the inverted images of horses and cows suspended above. The most remarkable phenomena of aerial images are those described by Mr. Scoresby as the enchanted islands of the Arctic regions, the general telescopic appearance of which was that of an ancient and extensive city, with ruins of castles, churches, obelisks, and

monuments. Some of the hills seemed, at least in the fervid imaginations of the spectators, to be surmounted by turrets, battlements, spires, and pinnacles, many of the objects occasionally fringed with the prismatic colours; but the whole exhibition was a grand phantasmagoria, for scarcely could any particular portion be sketched, before it changed its appearance and assumed a totally different form.

We leave to physiologists to trace the causes of spectral apparitions, but there are recorded instances of their appearance in all ages to men, even of intrepid courage and of high intellectual superiority. The anticipation of a dubious battle, the uncertainty of the event, and the conviction that a disastrous result would involve his own fate, naturally conjured up to the anxious mind of Brutus, in his tent, the apparition of his former friend and patron, "the first bald Cæsar," in whose assassination he had been so active an accessory. The classic spectre that admonished "the last of the Romans" they would meet again at Philippi, probably suggested to Byron the scene in which he beautifully describes the vision of Manfred:

I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
Like an infernal god from out the earth,
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds.

Doctor John Donne, Dean of Saint Paul's, whose rough but expressive satirical rhymes even Pope condescended to retouch, accompanied Sir Robert Drury, the brother of his wife, to Paris, leaving that lady in London. Having dined together, Donne remained alone in the room; in about an hour afterwards Sir Robert entered and found his friend so altered in his countenance, as to excite amazement. To an anxious question what had befallen him in the interval, the divine replied: "I have seen a dreadful vision, I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms." "This," said the baronet, "was merely a dream; forget it, for you are now awake." Donne answered, "I cannot be more sure that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you, and am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped, looked me in the face, and vanished." The poet's biographer, old Izaak Walton, informs us that a messenger was at once despatched to Drury House, from which Drury-lane derived its name, who brought information that Mrs. Donne was very sad and sick in bed, after having given birth to a dead child on the same day, and at the same hour, that the spectral impression occurred.

In his graphic historical description of the assassination plot against the life of William the Third, Lord Macaulay introduces as a prominent character, a Roman Catholic officer of the name of Thomas Pendergrass, who in a Jacobite insurrection to restore the exiled Stuarts would probably have been foremost, but who shrunk with horror from a wicked and shameful deed. The plot was frustrated by the disclosures he then made, and

Sir John Friend, with his accomplices, forfeited their guilty lives on the scaffold. The name was subsequently changed to Prendergast, its possessor was rewarded by royal gratitude with a grant of considerable forfeited estates in Ireland, became colonel of the 22nd Regiment of Foot, and attained the rank of brigadier-general in the army of Marlborough. The general stated as certain to his companions that he would die on a particular day, the 31st of August, 1709, a day on which victory crowned the English arms on the bloody field of Malplaquet. After the battle, Prendergast was still alive, and his brother officers jeeringly inquired of him, where was his confident prediction? He gravely answered, "I shall die notwithstanding what you see!" Shortly after, a cannon-ball came from one of the enemies' batteries, which the order for the cessation of hostilities had not reached, and carried off his head. Colonel Cecil, into whose hands his papers came, found in his pocket-book the following solemn entry, "Dreamt or"—the words probably were, was told by an apparition—"Sir John Friend meets me!" The anecdote is traditional in the noble family which descended from him and inherited his estates.

The last hours of the profligate Lord Littleton, to whom a clever essayist in the Quarterly Review has of late years ingeniously but erroneously attributed the authorship of Junius, produced a deep sensation at the time, and the event was associated with the supernatural. He had dreamed that he saw a dove fluttering at his chamber window, and afterwards a female figure clothed in white appeared; the room was unusually bright, and the objects distinctly visible. The form approached his bed, and pointing to the dial of a clock on the mantelpiece, announced to the appalled and terror-stricken peer, "Prepare to die! you will cease to exist in three days!" It was midnight, his eye glanced upon the dial, the hand of which pointed to twelve o'clock; the warning spirit had disappeared, and all around was involved in darkness. The supernatural summons, calling him to an untimely tomb, produced an intense impression on his spirits, and at breakfast on the morning of the predicted day he observed, "If I live over night, I shall jockey the ghost, for this is the third day." He dined at five and retired to bed at eleven. Being afterwards about to take some rhubarb and mint-water mixed, and perceiving his valet stir the mixture with a toothpick, in an upbraiding tone he directed the servant to bring a teaspoon. On the almost immediate return of the man, he found his master quite dead, and the hand stood on the dial at twelve. The apparition had been that of a lady, whom he had betrayed and deserted; agonised at his desertion, she had committed suicide, and it was her figure that, on awaking, he had seen in the aperture of the window from which the fluttering sound had proceeded. Part of the mystery was subsequently cleared up: a lady in the house had lost a favourite bird, and all the domestics had

been engaged in a vain chase for its recovery. Consciousness of his faithless perfidy, remorse at the fate of his victim, and weariness of life from the reflection of great talents abused, had predetermined him to take poison; his mind, affected by an association of omens, had selected the hour, and thus enabled him to fulfil the anticipation of his own dream. A family picture subsequently represented the incidents of the visitation.

It was a remark of Doctor Johnson that many who had denied the belief in apparitions with their tongues, confessed it with their fears. Spectral delusions were peculiarly prevalent in England after the civil wars, and were, in a great measure, traceable to the gloomy imaginations of the Puritans. The happy and cheerful hearths in the mansions of ancient families had become dismal and desolate, and frightful tales were circulated of their Cromwellian oppressors by discarded retainers. Every rustic village had its sheeted ghost from the graveyard, and those who visited the higher orders were invariably represented as pale in colour, and of a misy or cloudy semblance. Lord Clarendon pauses in his history to inform us that the ghost of Sir George Villiers, father of the Duke of Buckingham, gave three previous warnings of his son's assassination by Felton; but, strange to say, the phantom only carried its errand to an officer of his wardrobe. Court etiquette required him, after the third visit, to request an interview, in order to communicate the information in person to the intended victim. The duke was observed to be very melancholy afterwards; but, as his father's spirit did not come directly to himself, the hint was too mysterious and remote to enable him to provide against the danger. Even in days past we have a remarkable instance of the cool common sense with which a supernatural visitor was received. The sturdy assessor to the Westminster assembly had his rest disturbed by the arch fiend, whom he treated with such sovereign contempt as must have astonished the dignity of his Satanic Majesty. Observing the devil standing on a bright night by his bedside, he considered for a while whether he should address him. This he did at length by coolly observing, "If thou hast nothing to do, I have!" so turned himself to sleep.

When the mind is loaded with a sense of guilt, reproaching voices frequently disturb the imagination. Shakespeare, the deepest observer of human nature, recalled the apparitions of his murdered victims to Richard of Gloucester, in his tent, on the feverish night he passed before he met his fate at Bosworth field:

Oh! coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me.

The solitary hours of Charles the Eleventh of France were rendered horrible by the constant repetition of the shrieks and agonies which assailed his ears during the frightful massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Terror has produced similar impressions on the timid; many witnesses, eminently trustworthy, who had survived the horrors of the Irish rebellion of 1641, solemnly

deposed to meeting the apparitions of persons who had been murdered rising and walking on the surface of the waters. Sense of deep responsibility has affected a sensitive and nervous temperament: the accoucheur on whom the duty devolved of attending the Princess Charlotte of Wales in her fatal confinement, fancied, while he hurried to his royal patient, that her figure in white preceded his carriage as it passed through the streets, a sad presage of the calamity that awaited "the fair-haired daughter of the Isles." Two young friends in France—mentioned by Saint Pierre—Bezucl and De Fontaines, the eldest, Bezucl, only fifteen years of age, bound themselves by a solemn compact—which, to render more sacred, they signed with their blood—that whoever should die first would visit the survivor. Two years afterwards, one of them was drowned in the river at Caen, and such was the influence of nervous emotion on his friend Bezucl, who suffered from fainting-fits, that he accurately described their interview on the following day. The phantom minutely detailed the particulars of his death, as well as the efforts made to save him, and although his spiritual companion was visible only to Bezucl himself, his friends heard him speaking in the manner of one who was asking and answering questions. If the fainting-fits were epileptic, celestial sights and constant attendants of that infirmity, and even syncope has been known to give rise to spectral appearances. The spirit was described as bareheaded, with his natural fine light hair, but only a half length or kitten size was visible, seemingly a frequent failing with ghosts. We read of two elderly ladies, who resided in distinct mansions at some distance from each other, and that on a formal visit paid by one of the sybils, she observed to her acquaintance, "I constantly perceive the bust of a man in my room distinctly visible down to the waist." "I," replied the other, "have the rest of him in my chamber, and I could not until this moment imagine how the head and shoulders were disposed of." We presume that the division was explained to the satisfaction of both!

A definition of dreams has long been a philosophical puzzle, but we accept that expressed in the nervous couplets of Dryden:

Dreams are the interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes,
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobblers, or a mob of kings.

A belief in their prophetic power was universal amongst the ancients, and still to a great extent prevails, but the phantasies that pass for predictions are merely imperfect and fading recollections of previous thoughts, either hopeful or apprehensive, floating on the brain. A singular instance is recorded of a dream having been made evidence of reality on a criminal trial. A small innkeeper had dreamed that he met two men at a particular green spot on a neighbouring mountain, and that one of them murdered the other. The circumstances were so distinct

that he was affected by them, and he related the particulars next morning to his wife and to several of his neighbours. On the following day he was startled to see two strangers enter his house, one of them a small delicate person, the other strong and robust, perfect resemblances of those he had seen in his dream. Believing that the smaller man had money, and fearing that some fatality might await him, he endeavoured to dissuade him from accompanying his fellow-traveller, but the other declared that as they had long travelled together, they would not part. In the lonely spot which had appeared in the dream the delicate man was, on the same day, found dead, and his companion was at the ensuing assizes tried for the murder. The innkeeper proved that the two men had been together at his house, and he accurately described the dress of both. The prisoner, in cross-examination, shrewdly asked from the dock whether it was not strange that he who kept a public-house, frequented by many wayfaring people, should take such minute notice of two accidental strangers? The witness replied that he had a particular reason, which he was ashamed to mention. The court having required him to disclose it, he gave a circumstantial narrative of the dream, and the other persons, who before the event had heard the story from his lips, having corroborated him, the prisoner was convicted and executed.

The raising of ghosts was a favourite exploit of the necromancers of old; the fame of Torralva, the Spanish magician, has been immortalised in Don Quixote. The demons that the celebrated Italian artist, Benvenuto Cellini, describes as having seen when he got within the conjuror's circle, and which amazement magnified into several legions, are now believed to have been merely figures produced by a magic lantern; and their appearing in an atmosphere of perfumes is accounted for by the burning of odiferous woods, in order to dim the vision of the spectators. When the Emperor Charles the Fourth was married to the Bavarian Princess Sophia, in the city of Prague, the father of the bride brought with him a wagon-load of magicians to assist in the festivities. Two of the chief proficient in the art—Zytho the Bohemian sorcerer, and Guion the Bavarian—appeared as rivals in an extraordinary trial of skill before an exalted assembly. After superhuman efforts to astonish, Zytho opened his jaws from ear to ear and swallowed his competitor until his teeth touched his shoes, which he spat out, because, he said, they had not been cleaned. The admiration of the audience was succeeded by feelings of horror, but Zytho calmed their apprehensions by restoring the abashed Guion in his perfect corporeal proportions to life—a triumph of art inexplicable except perhaps to those who have seen the Haunted Man at the Polytechnic.

We are indebted to Mr. Dicks for the modern introduction of well-dressed and well-bred ghosts, who create no alarm amongst old or young maids, so that the name will henceforth

cease to be a source of terror even to nursery children. This gentleman, perhaps unwilling to be considered the professor of an occult art, fully explained, in a paper read before the physical section of the British Association at Leeds, in 1858, his apparatus for exhibiting optical illusions of spectral phenomena. He had many years before discovered an arrangement of unsilvered glass that, by a mere darkened ground, or dark chamber behind it, answered the purposes of what is popularly termed a mirror; and having observed that an opaque body could be so placed as to represent the appearance of a transparent one, he found that the principle of his former discovery was an important element in producing the illusion. The apparatus described by Mr. Dircks was on a small scale fitted only for a private room; both mechanical skill and scientific ingenuity have been applied by Professor Pepper in adapting the principle of the discovery to a public exhibition. A vertical plate-glass partition divides the spectators from the stage, which is darkened, but a subdued light from the front is so regulated as to pass through the glass screen or partition, which enables the figure of the person on the stage to be visible. The ghost, or apparition, is simply the reflexion in the same glass partition of a person in a compartment beneath the stage, placed at an angle below the line of vision, and so contrived that the reflected figure is thrown up through an aperture in the floor left for the purpose, to a level with the person on the stage. A strong lime-light produced in a concealed chamber is cast from behind upon the person whose figure as well as movements are intended to be reflected. The intensity of this brilliant illumination heightens the effect of the reflexion, rendering the visionary figure complete; but when the lime-light is shut off, the reflexion becomes so indistinct as to be invisible to the spectators. The mind imagines that both images are equally material so long as the illusion is undisturbed; the solid and visionary figures may be brought side by side, one may even pass through or envelop the other—and the dramatic effect admits of many variations—but it is a popular error to suppose that looking-glasses are employed, the plate-glass being the transparent medium through which the objects are seen, as well as the reflecting or mirror surface which produces the illusion. It is a saying as old as the days of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun, and the right to a patent for this process of producing ghosts has been resisted, on the part of the theatres, on the ground of want of novelty. To oppose the claim, and to prove that the magicians of old raised ghosts by a similar arrangement, the recondite volumes of Giovanni Battista Porta, a learned Neapolitan who died in 1515, and whose work on natural and artificial magic was translated and published in England in 1658, together with those of the German Jesuit Gaspar Schott, have been dragged from the dusty shelves on which they had long reposed. As the con-

troversy is becoming lively, it is not improbable that exhibitions of rival ghosts may yet disturb the gravity of our superior courts of law.

KING AND QUEEN.

1.

Arise, and away with me,
My lady, my love, my own!
For two spirits have led me to thee,
By the light of the stars alone.

2.

For the sake of thy dear dark eyes
I have given my soul to these twain,
Who have sworn to secure me the pizzo
That I die if I fail to obtain:

3.

Yet they are not spirits acurst,
But each is a delicate sprite,
And Sleep is the name of the first,
And the name of the second is Night.

4.

Away, my Queen! Our horses
Are waiting for thee and for me,
More fleet than the wind in his courses,
More strong than the hurricanes be:

5.

They shall bear us, nor ever tire,
Over hollow, and hill, and stream,
For the name of the one is Desire,
And the name of the other is Dream.

6.

Away, my Queen! Be mine,
As I am all thine, dear heart!
From afar I have brought thee sweet wine
To make merry before we depart,

7.

And a harp that all night to my lay
Maketh melody loud and low,
For music along the way,
Since we have yet far to go;

8.

The harp is of delicate fashion;
The wine is tender and bright;
The name of the wine is Passion,
The name of the harp is Delight.

9.

On the strand I have anchor'd my boat;
It is builded to live in all seas;
We have only to set it aloft,
It will bear us wherever we please;

10.

For so light is the bark that, in sooth,
'Twill not sink, tho' we load it with treasures,
And the name of the helmsman is Youth,
And the crew that sail with him are Pleasures.

11.

But linger not now, for 'tis late,
And we have the world to go thro'
Poor world! 'tis in such a sad state,
It surely hath need of us two.

12.

Oh, the world, it shall do us sweet duty,
As royally thro' it we move;
For thou art a Queen,—thou art Beau
And I am a King,—I am Love.

13.

France, Italy, Germany, Spain:
—Shall we visit the Kaiser, our brother?
In Burgundia, Alsatia, Lorraine,
Our Barons are fighting each other.

14.

Spain, with its pale olive groves,
Germany's oak-forests brown,
France, where the Graces and Loves
For their pleasure have built Paris town.

15.

Italy, feminine fair!
Where the mountains are liquid with light,
And solid with splendour the air,
And laden with odour the night.

16.

Italy,—fairest of all!
Like that sad Trojan slave, when they bound her,
In the camp of the Greeks, mid the brawl
Of her conquerors wrangling around her:

17.

All these are, to-night, all our own:
Where shall we choose to abide?
Shall our court be in cloudy Cologne?
Or in Florence the sunny? Decide!

18.

The lord of the broad Trevisan
(With the Margrave new come to his court)
Is fighting the Duke of Milan:
Which side shall we please to support?

19.

To Innspruck the Kaiser is led:
The Spaniard's in Naples at bay:
The people are pining for food:
The princes are prowling for prey.

20.

Sin and Satan are throwing the dice
In Rome for the old triple crown;
And meanwhile the Witch's lean niece
Have eaten her scarlet gown.

21.

There is much that needs setting to rights,
Massacre, murder, and war, . . .
But how sweet are these midsummer nights!
Shall we let things remain as they are?

22.

Yet 'tis fit that we travel in state,
Since a King and a Queen are we.
Let us scatter our largesse afloat,
And be lavish as monarchs should be.

23.

Before us our herald shall go,
And all cities their gates shall set ope,
When they hear him his clarion blow,
For the name of our herald is Hope:

24.

Our almoner cometh behind,
Singing a saintly hymn,
He is gentle, and wise, and kind,
And Memory men call him:

25.

The owl in the hollow oak-tree
Is our seneschal wary and old;
The glow-worms our chamberlains be;
And our minstrels the nightingales bold;

26.

The Summer's our palace; the star
Is our throne; while, below and above,
Earth and Heaven our monarchies are;
And our wealth is immense,—for we love.

A NEW STAGE STRIDE.

It is probable that most of us who have been in the habit of going much to "the Play," have often felt it to be time that something was done to render the illusion of the stage more complete. Those who have ever sat in a stage—or even in a side box—must have over and over again felt that they could see a great deal too much of what was going on "behind." We have all of us probably felt dissatisfied with those mysterious side-scenes or wings by which the stage has hitherto been bounded on the right and left. By means of those wings the characters on the stage have up to this time been in the habit of making their entrances and exits, leaving us in an unpleasant state of uncertainty as to whether they were supposed to walk straight through the wall of a banquetting-room—for instance—or whether the banquetting-room had been left, for the sake of ventilation, with no walls at all at the sides. By what mysterious and unaccountable exits the guests used to clear out when Lady Macbeth gave them notice to quit in the banquet scene!

And there was another defect connected with those side-scenes. It seemed impossible to get those which were not in use, at the moment, sufficiently out of the way. Thus it would continually happen that in the midst of a dark forest, a hundred miles from any human habitation, we were rendered unbelieving, and our young illusions were rudely checked, by a glimpse of a bit of pilaster with a gorgeous curtain which had figured in the palace scene a minute before, or by the merest fragment of a light-comedy breakfast-room to be revealed in all its glory in the coming farce.

And then with regard to ceilings and skies, is it not a fact that there are free-thinkers among us who have never been satisfied with those strips of canvas which, hanging in parallel lines across the top of the stage, have so long waved before the doubting eyes of many generations of play-goers? In trying *not* to think that those strips of linen were suggestive of a washing-day, in trying *not* to see those gilded bits of cornice gleaming among the trees of the forest, in resolutely ignoring the man with the paper cap and carpenter's apron, standing ready for action at the wing, we who have sat occasionally at the side of the theatre have had to put such severe restraints upon ourselves, and have altogether had to fight so furiously in resisting the testimony of our senses, that much of our pleasure and interest in the play enacting before us has been sacrificed.

In a word, there has been, up to this time, a certain roughness, a want of finish and completeness, about what may be called the boundary lines of the stage. And in these days, when in

every profession human ingenuity is racked to the utmost to satisfy the fastidiousness of a critical public, we have a right to require that the stage machinist shall not lag behind in the universal struggle after perfection.

Now, as far as this country is concerned, it must be reluctantly confessed that stage machinery has hitherto not advanced as other things have advanced; and it is, therefore, with the greater satisfaction that we now put it on record that at length a plan for working the machinery of the stage, the efficaciousness of which has been for years tested at the principal Parisian theatres, has at length found its way (with improvements suggested by experience) over here, where it seems more than probable that it will speedily become naturalised. The light of modern civilisation has at last even found its way "behind the scenes." The Spirit of Progress, a fairy, doubtless, properly attired in muslin and spangles, has descended on a certain stage not far from Wellington-street, Strand, and with one wave of her glittering wand has inaugurated a new system whose laws are dictated by Reason and Common Sense, banishing such an accumulation of obstructive conventional rubbish, that one would expect the price of firewood to be lower for months to come.

In plain English, Mr. FECHTER has recently caused to be constructed in Great Britain, and out of materials supplied by the British timber-merchant, a stage upon a principle entirely different from any previously tried in this country. It is a most ingenious piece of mechanism, which astonishes you first by its apparent intricacy, and then as you pass from the examination of its various parts to the consideration of it as a whole, by its singular unity and simplicity.

As it is probable that the great proportion of the public will see nothing of this stage except the effects to be produced upon it, and will have no knowledge of the machinery by which those results are brought about, perhaps some attempt to describe it, and the manner of its working, will not be uninteresting.

The proscenium, and the row of foot-lights, technically called the "float," divide the audience part of a theatre from what may be called the actors' part. Supposing that region appropriated to spectators to be in its ordinary state, and supposing that other region behind the proscenium to be entirely empty of all fittings, gutted of stage, of scenery, and of the mechanical contrivances thereto belonging—supposing this condition of affairs, the spectator, sitting we will say in the dress circle, would see on the other side of the proscenium, a vast empty space bounded by bare walls, and he would observe, that besides being much larger in its area and extent than the audience part of the house, it was excavated downward to a depth considerably exceeding that of the floor of the stalls, while in the matter of height, he would remark that this enormous empty enclosure rose to a much greater altitude than the ceiling on the public side of the proscenium.

It is in this great empty enclosure that the manager of the Lyceum Theatre has caused to be placed a certain huge and complicated structure, which entirely fills the whole space at command, yet which has all been put together in small separate parts; and just as it has been fitted together like the pieces in a child's puzzle, so it could be taken to pieces again, and removed with perfect ease, did occasion require it. Of this structure, of course for all practical purposes the principal part is the "Stage." All that surrounds that, is subservient to it, and made to minister to it. It extends from side to side, and from end to end, of what we have called the actors' part of the theatre, and is supported by vertical pillars of timber descending to the foundations. Beneath the stage is another stage, at a distance of about seven feet, and beneath this again, at about the same distance, is the lowest floor of the theatre, or in other words the excavated ground. A great many of the effects which are got upon the stage, require this depth for their development. It is, however, between the first and second stages, between the real stage on which the play is acted, and the second stage, that the more important part of the machinery for working the scenes is to be found. This is, indeed, a very busy place, and reminds one forcibly of the "between-decks" on board ship; and here it may be remarked that all the arrangements connected with this new stage and its appliances, do continually remind one of a ship, and that but for the blessed circumstance that there is no rolling or pitching, one might almost believe, in going over the structure we are describing, that one really was enclosed within some of the wooden walls of old England. Here, are windlasses, pulleys, ropes, companion-ladders, at every turn; and the facilities afforded for knocking, first your hat, and then your head, off, serve to carry out the illusion in a manner that is truly marvellous.

We must keep at present to the main-deck—the stage that is visible to the public when a play is acted. The first thing that strikes you in examining this, is, that it is traversed completely from side to side by certain narrow slits, through which you can see down into the second stage below. There are two dozen of these slits in parallel lines. Having observed them, and wondered what they are for, you notice a number of strong upright poles rising out of the stage, where the wings are ordinarily placed; going up to one of them you see, on examination, that though it is a pole above the stage, it has a broader lower member—part and parcel of it—which descends through one of those slits already described, into the "between-decks" below. Descending a companion-ladder, you post off to see what becomes of it after it has passed through the slit, and then one glance reveals the simple plan by which the scenes are pushed backwards or forwards to their positions on the stage. That broad flat piece is received in a travelling crane below, which runs on wheels along an iron tramway, and moves so easily that a child might move it with but

little exertion. These iron tramways are laid along the floor of the second stage, exactly underneath the slits above; it will be obvious that the pole which descends through the slit may, by means of the travelling crane which runs along the tramway, be pushed to any part of the stage where it (the pole) is wanted.

Here, then, is the formidable operation of scene-shifting reduced to the most simple of proceedings. Formerly, all that will now be done under the stage was done *on* the stage. There were grooves—raised grooves on the stage—into which the scene was lifted in two halves by staggering carpenters; then other grooves descended from above, into which the tops of the two halves of the scene fitted—not without a very visible crack up the centre. The reader has often from his place at the side of the theatre seen those upper rows of grooves fall over with a flop when they were wanted. The scene at length got successfully, though not without much resistance, into these grooves, and was pushed forward noisily and awkwardly by the carpenters, and was generally successful in retaining a perpendicular position, and not showing *much* of the bare lights and general shipwreck behind. Under the new system no such pushing, struggling, splitting, and joining, will ever be beheld; and among its many advantages, one may specially be mentioned. The old necessity of having raised grooves on the stage, in which the bottom of the scene might slide, prohibited the possibility of pushing any scene or object more than a certain distance from the side. These grooves could never be carried far on to the stage, lest the actors should tumble over them. Now this is not the case, according to the new system. Slits, unlike raised grooves, can be carried completely across the stage, and, accordingly, any scene or piece of a scene can be pushed anywhere. It may be mentioned, by the way, that those slits, or portions of slits, which are not required for any particular performance, are filled up with wooden slides prepared for the purpose, so that no flaw whatever appears on the stage's surface. And while speaking of the "boards," it may also be here set down that this new stage is not cut up and disfigured by trap-doors. Owing to the numerous supports which uphold it from beneath, and which are placed at very short intervals, it has been rendered possible to divide the planking of the stage into short lengths. It is, in fact, all in pieces, perhaps six feet long by four or five wide, any one or all of which can be taken up at any moment with perfect ease: so that, in fact, there are trap-doors in every part of the stage, which are available when they are wanted, and which, when they are *not* wanted, do not appear, disfiguring the stage and impairing those illusions which we go to the play to cultivate.

And, still keeping to this question of trap-doors, it is necessary to add that, whenever such things are required under this new arrangement, their working will be greatly facilitated by the counter-weight system. Attached

to the trap will be a set of ropes, and these, passing through pulleys, will have an amount of weight attached to them exactly proportioned to that which the trap is intended to carry. Thus, supposing that a trap is to descend with a person of a certain weight standing upon it, the counter-weight attached to the ends of the cords by which the trap is lowered, will be the least bit in the world lighter than the individual to be let down, and vice versa if the individual is to be raised.

Up to this time we have, in examining this stage machinery at the Lyceum, tied ourselves, so to speak, down to earth; we have kept to the stage itself: that wonderful platform, that small epitome of the great world whereon we "play our parts." We have also taken a peep below the surface, exploring the dark places from which the bad spirits, the earth-demons, and the ghosts of the "sheeted dead" arise. It is time now that we should soar upward a little, and see what has been done in that ethereal region from which the clouds descend: the head-quarters of those more benignant spirits which counteract the workings of the demons in the cellarage.

On either side of that great enclosed space which we have called the actors' part of the theatre, standing out from the side-walls are two strongly-constructed wooden galleries, one above the other. They are raised high above the stage, high above the top of the proscenium, and are of course entirely invisible from the front of the house. As you look up at them from the stage, you observe that they traverse its whole depth from front to back; they strike you, moreover, as resembling to some extent the galleries of a Swiss chalet. Ascending a sort of well-staircase made in the wall of the theatre, you at length emerge into these galleries, and find yourself again on board ship, and surrounded by spars, ropes, and pulleys. The two galleries communicate first of all by means of the well-staircase spoken of above, for the use of land-lubbers; and also by means of short perpendicular ladders, by which daring professionals can spring up from one to the other in a cat-like manner, and in less than a quarter of the time consumed by those who go round by the stairs. Nor is this all. Numerous light plank-bridges, guarded by a handrail, and suspended from the roof of the theatre by iron rods, are carried at a height far above the ken of the audience, completely across the stage from the range of galleries on the right to those on the left, and back again. By means of these bridges and the ladders already mentioned, the quickness of communication between the different parts of the theatre is facilitated to a remarkable degree, and since of course by means of this facility of communication one individual may be in many places within a very short space of time, it follows that a much smaller staff of carpenters and scene-shifters will suffice for the working of a piece, than was required under the ancient system.

From these galleries, ranged, as has been said, high up, on each side of the stage, the

raising and lowering of such pieces of scenery as can be worked only from above, is effected with infinite ease and quickness. Those pieces which represent distance, for instance, and which close in the scenery on the stage at the back, are let down by ropes, which, after passing through pulleys, are brought to the galleries and there handled with the greatest ease by the men on duty. From these regions, too, the clouds descend, and, if necessary, the Queen of the Fairies among them: only in that case, as her majesty is less ethereal than the gauzy vapours that surround her, it will be necessary to have recourse again to that system of counter-weight which is in use everywhere in the theatre, and so to balance her gilded car as that its descent may be effected smoothly, and without any of that jerky movement which is fatal to the dignity of airy potentates. Mounting higher yet to the top of all things, called the "Grid-iron," you find yourself—still in the ship—surrounded by a prodigious array of wooden capstans, by which—to take the example just given—the descent of that gilded car containing the Fairy-Queen—yes, and a retinue of attendant sprites weighing their eight stone apiece into the bargain—is regulated inch by inch with elaborate accuracy. And here, too, is that important apparatus, by means of which, and in strict obedience to the prompter's signal, the immortal green-curtain slowly descends, and suggests to the audience that it is time to go home to bed.

It is unnecessary to speak of the carpenters' shop which is up on this high level, and extends above the pit and over the great chandelier, because that is the ordinary situation of carpenters' shops in theatres; neither is it needful—though the subject is a tempting one—to enter the painting-room where the scenes are prepared, there being no particular difference between the painting-room at the Lyceum and the same kind of studio elsewhere. The novelties connected with the Lyceum stage, the particulars in which it differs from anything of which we have any knowledge in this country, are our present subject.

At the commencement of this paper an endeavour was made to give to the reader an idea of the size of that great enclosed space on the other side of the foot-lights, in the middle of which that platform, which we call the stage, is erected; and this was done in order to show what enormous surroundings, above, below, and on either side, are needed, in order to make that comparatively small enclosure which the spectator sees, what it is every evening from seven o'clock till midnight. Beneath the stage, those two stories or floors, with their iron tramways, with carriages running along them, socketed to receive the upright pieces which hold the scenes above—on either side, those two rows of galleries, with communications between them, with bridges thrown across from one to another—over all, that great loft where the machinery for effecting all that has to be done above the stage, stands always ready,—these things are all needed, in

order that the scene which nightly moves the tears or laughter of the audience may be presented to the public with due effect. If there were not much higher considerations to claim our sympathy for the stage, one could hardly help respecting an entertainment, for the proper production of which so much elaborate ingenuity is indispensable.

From a description of the main structure of the new stage one may turn to a consideration of one or two details. In every part of the "behind the scenes," except, of course, the acting stage itself, the flooring is constructed somewhat on the principle observed in the Great Exhibition: a space about an inch wide being left between each of the planks and its neighbour. This materially facilitates communication between the different floors, so that when anything threatens to go wrong, or any object is wanted to make things go right, the men on duty can speak to each other instantly, instead of having to run up or down stairs in order to do so. It is possible—and this may be, under some circumstances, most desirable—to see through these apertures: so that men can work in concert at a common object, each seeing when the other is ready. It may be that light and air are diffused over these parts of the building by means of these openings, and it is certain that it will be easier to keep the place clean through their agency. The dust and dirt, of which there is a good deal "behind," will be swept through from floor to floor, and be very easily collected at the lowest point, for the benefit of the dust-contractor.

A change has been made—which will probably turn out a great improvement—in the foot-light arrangements of this theatre. These lights hitherto have been too literally *foot* lights, throwing indeed such a glare upon the feet, and lower limbs of the performers, that the upper portions of their figures suffered in consequence, and their faces were shadowed. It is to counteract this, that the float has been lowered some inches—lowered, indeed, the least in the world beneath the level of the stage, which is sloped down gradually towards the light. By this means the feet of the actors, and, indeed, the stage itself, will receive a kind of half light, and the greater blaze will be concentrated on the faces and upper extremities of the different characters whose movements and words we are observing. The view from the stalls, especially those next the stage, is also much improved. Some remarkable and patented improvements connected with the action of the float itself have also been introduced, by means of which the red or green lights can be turned on in place of what is called the ordinary daylight, or those, in turn, can be substituted for the others: the change being effected by the most delicate gradations, or in a flash, at will. Nor is it a small thing that in case of the breaking of a glass, or of its being necessary to substitute glasses of one colour for those of another, the whole float can be sunk at a moment's notice into the regions below, and the change effected without the

services of a stage-servant being called into requisition, or the audience knowing anything of what is going on.

The banishing from the boards of that abnormal personage, the stage-footman, with his red breeches and white stockings, is an improvement on which we cannot but congratulate the manager of the Lyceum Theatre. It was not pleasant to sit and watch the proceedings of these gentry during a pause in the drama, though it must be owned that they appeared to know their business better than the footmen of ordinary life. With what precision they used to place the table, on which the deed was to be signed, in its exact place; the sofa, again, never had to be removed an inch after it was once put down; the very footstools seemed to be attracted to their right places as if by magnetic force. Still, those footmen used to give one a shock, and bring one's imagination down to the realities of life whenever they appeared, and it is agreeable to think that in future their work will be accomplished by means of trap-doors and other simple contrivances.

Many beautiful and interesting effects again will no doubt be achieved on this new stage by means of what may be called "closed in" scenes. It will be possible to try such effects, not only in the case of an interior shut in above with a ceiling, but in representations of out-door scenery. It is in contemplation at this theatre to dispense entirely with the use of those horizontal strips of canvas which were alluded to somewhat disparagingly at the commencement of this notice, and which are technically called "borders," or at most only to employ them in scenes so nearly covered in with foliage that they will not appear. In open out-door scenes, where, for instance, the open country, or perhaps the open sea, extends far away into the distance, the sky will close the scene in overhead, an unbroken canopy extending from a certain point behind the proscenium and high above it, over the stage, and away to where, at the extreme backward limit of the theatre, it mingles softly with the horizon. One may, without being too sanguine, believe that this great arched canopy, spanning the stage from side to side, and from front to back, will lend itself to all sorts of beautiful and truthful effects. With trees, or rocks, or whatever else may be needed at the sides—not, indeed, pushed on in flat pieces parallel to the proscenium, like the separated joints of a screen, but planted here and there, as Nature plants, carelessly and irregularly—it will be possible so to close in an out-door scene, as that there shall be really no flaw or weak place about it, no unfinished gaps to which the scrutinising eye can wander in the confident hope of ascertaining "how the trick was done."

This personage with the scrutinising eye who is always on the look-out for loose screws, who attends places of entertainment in a spirit by no means friendly to the performance at which he has chosen to assist, but rather spitefully inimical to it; this dreadful individual will, to use

a common phrase, be utterly "done" when he visits the Theatre Royal Lyceum. It is impossible to see "off," as it is called. Our glimpses of beer-drinking, our visions of prompter's boxes, of flopping rows of grooves, of ladies waiting to go on, of seedy females holding shawls, are over, and done away with. The arrangement of the side-pieces, slanting obliquely away from the audience, and appearing to mingle together in masses rather than to stand carefully separated into regular entrances, renders it quite impossible that any member of the audience situated in any part of the house, should see anything not intended to be seen as part of the illusion. Sufficient entrances for all needful purposes are left among these side-pieces, but they are most carefully masked, and the actor is not seen—unless it is requisite that he should be seen—until he emerges clear upon the stage. As to the cunningly contrived entrances by mountain-paths and rocky descents from the back, those, the most agreeable, because the most natural of all, we may safely leave to Mr. FECHTER, who, an accomplished artist as well as a fine actor, is not likely to lose sight of the picturesque in any such matters of stage-arrangement.

There are many minor advantages connected with the curious mechanical contrivances behind the Lyceum scenes, on which we might enlarge, but we must be content with a brief allusion to only one of them. That minute subdivision of this new stage into small separate pieces which has been already spoken of, has another advantage besides that of placing a prodigious number of traps at the manager's disposal. For, these subdivisions being all numbered, an accurate plan can be made of every scene, which, though temporarily put aside, may be wanted some day again. A drawing may be made, so accurate, that a set of carpenters who never were in the theatre before, could by its aid set up the scene in question at any time, exactly as it was originally, with every shrub and piece of rock-work in its place to an inch. Such drawings of all the different scenes occurring in any given play will be laid up in the archives of the theatre along with the prompt copy, and by such means the play can at any time be put on the stage again with the greatest exactness.

It is one of the privileges of success that he who attains it gains, not only advantages for himself, but confers some lasting benefit on the profession to which he belongs. He raises it a step. He infuses some new element into it. He makes some great improvement, which is soon generally adopted. The man who has only sought to distinguish himself; who has aimed alone at winning fame and fortune, but has done nothing for his profession; who has gone into it, made money and reputation by it, and come out of it, leaving it where he found it; such a man is, with reason, charged with selfishness. There is no danger of such an accusation lying at MR. FECHTER'S door; for even if he had not done what he has already done towards clearing the stage of conventionality, he would still have effected a very great

thing in being the first to set up this model stage, with all its beautiful resources and devices, within the walls of an English theatre.

SILENT HIGHWAY-MEN.

It does not require one to be much of a philosopher broadly to define that we have our partialities as well as our dislikes, and that we are generally as irrational in one as the other. As the wildest of madmen will talk with perfect sense and fluency until asked what has become of Julius Cæsar, or what soft soap is made of, when he will suddenly break out into rabid fury and incoherent bellowings, so can I listen with placid smiles to the narrated idiosyncrasies of my friends, meeting each account with placid smile or acquiescent shrug; but if by ill chance the subject of *The Silent Highway* be touched upon offensively, I break forth and lose my head at once. The Thames is my mania, my love for it the absorbing passion of my life. It is the only one weapon with which I beat my provincial acquaintances and foreign visitors. They come and stay with me and abuse my place of abode. The provincial says he cannot breathe, the Frenchman says he has the spleen, the German inflates his many-plaited shirt-front, and bellows, "Ach Gott! was für eine Luft!" and the Italian sighs heavily, and pantomimically searches for the sun. When I show them St. Paul's, they shrug, muttering of Notre-Dame, of the Cologne Dom, of St. Peter's at Rome, of Il Duomo at Milan; when I take them through Trafalgar-square, they roar, immediately instituting comparisons between that monstrous national disgrace and the glorious Place de la Concorde of Paris, the Unter den Linden, or the Schloss Platz of Berlin, the St. Stephen's Platz of Vienna, the Piazza di St. Pietro at Rome, the Piazza del Granduca at Florence, or the Piazza S. Marco at Venice. The Monument is a standing joke for them, and all the London statues are exquisite themes for ribaldry. They sneer at our theatres, they laugh at our church-architecture, they are impressed with nothing at all, except it be Madame Tussaud's waxwork, until I take them on the Thames. Then I hold them!

Dirty is Father Thames, I grant! thick, yellow, turbid, occasionally evil smelling; but I love him none the less. I know him where he is pure and cleanly, at near-lying Richmond and lock-bound Teddington; at decorous Hampton and quaint old-fashioned Sunbury and Chertsey; by pretty Maidenhead and quaker Staines; at Pangbourne, Goring, and Streightly, than which three there are not, I opine, any lovelier spots in this lovely country; at monastic Medmenham, and red-faced Henley, far away down to the spot where the banks echo with the time-kept strokes of the racing eight, and the river runs merrily past old Oxford town. I know him throughout; but I love him best in his own special territory, frowned upon by the great gaunt black warehouses, the dreary river-side public-houses, the

huge brewery palaces, the shot-towers, the dock-houses, the dim grey Tower of London, the congregationless City churches, the clanging factories, the quiet Temple, the plate-glass works, the export Scotch and Irish merchants, the cheese-factors' premises, the cement wharves, the sugar consignees' counting-houses, the slimy slippery landing-places, the atmosphere of which is here sticky with molasses, there dusty with flour, and a little way further off choky with particles of floating wool. Make your embankments, if you like; lay down your level road duly granited and palisaded off from the river, and lined with buildings of equal height and of the same monotonous architecture; but, before you do that, you will have to clear away hundreds of little poky dirty streets of a peculiar speciality nowhere else to be met with—streets which arc as thoroughly maritime as Hamilton Moore's *Treatise on Navigation*, or the bottom of a corvette that has been for three years on the West India station—streets filled with outfitters, sail-makers, ship-chandlers; bakers of ship biscuit, makers of ship chronometers, sextants, and quadrants; sellers of slop Guernseys, and pea-jackets, and sou'-westers; lenders of money on seamen's advance-notes; buyers of parrots and cockatoos, thin Trichinopoly cheroots, guava jelly, and Angostura bitters from home-returning Jack.

Look at my Thames, Historicus! and you will have little difficulty in calling before your mind's eye the old days when she was the Silent Highway for all, from the monarch taking water at Westminster, to the prisoner floating in at Traitor's Gate; when Richard the Second, floated in his tapestried barge, and seeing Gower the poet, called him on board, and bade him "make a book after his best," whence arose the *Confessio Amantis*; when Wolsey, giving up York Place, "took his barge at his privy stairs, and so went by water to Putney;" when Sir Thomas More, abandoning his chancellorship and his state, gave up his barge and his eight watermen to Sir Thomas Audley, his successor; when James the Second, flying from his throne, embarked at Whitehall, as old Evelyn records in his *Diary*: "I saw him take barge—a sad sight." Time after time the oars cleave the waters, the swift wherries hurry towards the water postern of the Tower, the warder stands erect in the bows flouting the thick darkness with his flaming torch, the bearded guards lean negligently on their halberds, and in the midst sit the prisoners; now, courtly Essex, or grave-faced Raleigh; now, Northumberland, or vacillating Dudley, or gentle Lady Jane Grey. The Traitor's Gate opens, and the Constable of the Tower receives them at the stairs; then the hurried trial, the sentence, and the early morning when the black-visored headsman does his work.

As in a dissolving view, gone is the grim old Traitor's Gate; and, in its place, rises a rotunda with a Doric portico, an arcade, and a gallery outside, a Venetian pavilion in the centre of a lake, and grounds planted with trees and allées verts. This is Ranelagh, and the Silent Highway

is silent no longer, bearing the chattering company thither on its bosom. "The prince, princess, duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, are there." My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it, that he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither. Dr. Arne composes the music for a concert; fireworks and a mimic Etna are introduced. A mask taps Sir Roger de Coverley on the shoulder, and begs to drink a bottle of mead with him; and Dr. Johnson—surly Sam himself—delivers that "the coup d'oeil is the finest thing he has ever seen." The Silent Highway itself is broad, and clear, and wholesome, covered by gay wherries manned by jolly young watermen, all of whom are "first oars," with those fine City ladies who go to Ranelagh and Vauxhall, and all of whom row so neat and scull so steadily (albeit thinking of nothing at all), that the maidens all flock to their boats, and they are never in want of a far.

But the prompter's bell sounds, and through the Venetian pavilion, already half faded, I see the outline of Hungerford pier, with the ticket-sellers' boxes and the advertisement hoarding; in place of the trees and the allées verts, are the black or chequered funnels of steamers, mincing conversation of beaux and belles is drowned in a roar of "Grinnidge, Woolidge—this way for Nine Ellums!" The rapidly decomposing heads and dresses of the jolly young watermen dwindle down into the small whole-length of a wiry boy, who, with his eye on the captain's pantomimic finger, shrieks out with preternatural shrillness, "Turn a' starn!"

Yes! this is what it has all come to! The ancient Britons and their coracles, the middle ages and their rounce of black boats and halberdiers and prisoners, and torches and Traitor's Gate, the Queen Anne times of hoops and powder, periwigs and cocked-hats, rapiers and Ranelagh, all come down to a pea-soup atmosphere, a tidal sewer edged with bone-boiling and tallow-melting premises, and lashed into dull yellow foam by the revolving paddles of the iron steam-boats of the Waterman and Citizen Companies, plying every three minutes. The jolly young waterman, who used to row along thinking of nothing at all, is now compelled to think a good deal of the management of his craft, lest she should come in contact with others, or with bridge piers, and be incontinently sunk. Enormous barges, so helpless and unwieldy that one doubts the possibility of their ever being got home, still cumber Thames's broad bosom; light skiffs dot the surface from Putney to Twickenham; pretty yachts dodge about the Erith and Greenhithe reaches; snorting little tugs struggle frantically as they drag big East Indiamen down to the Nore; but still the real Silent Highwaymen, now-a-days, are the passenger steamers.

The river steam-boat traffic may be divided into the above and below bridge; for, though some of the Greenwich boats proceed as high as Hungerford, the chief portion of their trade lies between London-bridge and their point of destination, while none of the Chelsea boats are seen

south of London-bridge. The above bridge traffic is conducted by the boats of the Citizen and the Iron Steam-boat Company, working in harmony and sharing "times." Their management is, I believe, excellent, but in this paper I shall confine myself to speaking of the Waterman Company's fleet, which is the largest and the longest established on the river. Forty years ago, when the inhabitants of Greenwich had occasion to visit London, they were conveyed to and fro in boats with covered awnings, rowed by a pair of oars, in which, at a charge of sixpence each, they were brought to Tower stairs: those going by land had the privilege of paying eightpence for a ride in a slow and very stuffy omnibus, while Woolwich residents had to get to Greenwich as best they could, and thence proceed either by land or water conveyance. As Greenwich extended and the power of steam became known, the watermen of Greenwich formed themselves into a company, and started one or two steam-boats, one opposition company did the same, a fraternity at Woolwich followed in the track, and the opposition became tremendous. All these boats started from the same piers at the same time, and the happy captain was he who could cleverly cut into his adversary, knock off her paddle-box, and thus disable her for several days' trip. This state of things could not last long, the Greenwich Company "caved in," the Waterman and the Woolwich Company entered into amicable arrangement, and thenceforward ran in concord.

These two companies own thirteen boats each; the total number of river steam-boats plying on the Thames between Gravesend and Richmond being about sixty. The boats belonging to the Waterman's Company average about ninety tons each, each measures about a hundred and sixteen feet in length, fourteen feet in width, and eight feet in depth. All are built of iron, manufactured in the company's own yard at Woolwich, where about seventy artificers are in constant employment: in addition to which force, the company has about sixty men afloat, and eighteen collectors of tickets or supervisors. Each boat has a crew consisting of a captain, a mate, two men, a call-boy, an engineer, and a stoker. With the exception of the engineers and stokers, all these men must be free watermen (an act of parliament accords to the Waterman's Company the privilege of demanding that all the crews of passenger-carrying vessels must be watermen), and all work up, in regular rotation, from the post of call-boy to that of captain. This alone secures that intimate knowledge of the river, and that incessant vigilance, which is absolutely necessary for the protection of life; the call-boy is apprenticed to the captain generally, and rises by gradual steps from the bottom of the paddle-box to the top of it, from watching the captain's fingers and explaining his pantomime to the engineer, to twiddling his own fingers and commanding the boat. Everywhere, except in the engine-room, the captain is supreme, and even the engineer is bound implicitly to obey the captain's orders as to the

speed and direction of the vessel. Liberal wages are paid: the captain receives two guineas a week, the engineer the same, the mate has thirty shillings, the men six-and-twenty, the boy seven—and this is not too much, when it is remembered that about fourteen hours daily is the average attendance required of each.

The expenses attendant on the management of such a company are very large. In addition to the weekly wages just detailed, it may be reckoned that the primary cost of each boat, exclusive of repairs, is five thousand pounds, while the pierage dues are enormous. At the piers held by the Thames Conservancy the company have to pay sums averaging from one penny to sixpence for every time their boats call, while at other piers they are charged amounts varying from four shillings and sixpence to seven shillings and sixpence for every hundred passengers landing. Thus they disburse between three and four thousand a year in pier dues; the rent of the Greenwich landing stage, which belongs to a company, is alone two thousand pounds a year. With all these disbursements the company pay a dividend of five per cent. A complaint of drunkenness or incivility against those employed by them, is unknown, and such good feeling exists, that the masters now invite the men to an annual supper, at which great conviviality reigns, and the highest mutual respect is expressed.

Here is a little bit of the history of my modern silent highway-men. Come, Monsieur, Herr, or Signor, and show me anything like it in the countries where you dwell.

A COMPLETE GENTLEMAN.

EXCELLENT Mr. Henry Peacham, M.A., sometime (about two centuries and a half since) of Trinity College in Cambridge, not satisfied with directing the classical studies of the truly Noble and Most Hopefull Mr. William Howard, third sonne to the then Earl Marshall of England, determined to launch that hopeful scion into the great world, "fashioned absolute in the most necessarie and commendable Qualities concerning Minde or Bodie, that may be required in a Noble Gentleman."

Rightly conceiving that the Most Hopefull, just entering fashionable life, would be likely to yield but lax attention to a long dry discourse upon education and manners, worthy Mr. Peacham adopts a lively anecdotic style, and to this circumstance the remarkable longevity of his work is perhaps owing.

His respect for the Nobility is founded upon the singular fact, well known to all human naturalists, that there are "certain sparkes and secret seeds of vertue in the children of Noble Personages, which, if carefully attended in the Blossome, will yield the fruit of Industry and glorious action, not only above the strength of the Vulgar, but even before the time Nature (who is evidently weaker than Nobility) hath appointed." The essential qualities of gentle-

manhood to which Mr. Peacham proposes to invite the attention of the Most Hopefull, are fourteen in number:

1. Of a Gentleman's Carriage in the Unversitie. 2. Of his Stile. 3. Of his Cosmography. 4. Of his memorable observations in Survey of the Earth. 5. Of his Geometry. 6. Of his Poetry. 7. Of his Musike. 8. Of his limning and painting in Oyle. 9. Of his Armory, and Blazing Armes. 10. Of Exercise of Bodie. 11. Of his Reputation and Carriage. 12. Of his Travaille. 13. Of his Warre. 14. Of his—fishinge.

Mr. Peacham writes from his house at Hogsdon, by London, May, sixteen hundred and twenty-seven, that, "Being taken with a Quarlane Fever, that leasure I had, as I may truly say by *fits*," (ha! ha!) "I employd vpon this Discourse, for the private use of a Noble young Gentleman, my Friend, not intending it should ever see light." (Oh, Peacham, Peacham!) "Howsoever, I have done it, and if, iudicious reader, thou shalt find herein anything that may content thee, I shall be encouraged to a more serious Pecece. If not, but out of a malignant humour, thou disdain what I have done, I care not. I have pleased myself, and long since learned Envie, together with her sister Ignorance, to harbour only in the basest and most degenerate Breast."

With this agreeable understanding, writer and reader start fair, and the former devotes his first chapter to a careful refutation of his own theory—that the nobly descended have "certain sparkes and secret seeds of vertue" above the strength of the vulgar—dealing it a succession of well-planted blows, in the examples of Sphicrates, who "stopt the furie of Epaminondas, and became Lieutenant-General to Artaxerxes, yet but the sonne of a poore cobbler." Of Eumenes, the sonne of an Ordinarie Carter. Of Dioclesian, the sonne of a Scrivener. Of Hugh Capet, sonne of a Butcher in Paris, who carried himself and his businesse so that he got the Crowne from the true heir, Charles, the Vncle of Lewis.

Moreover, our Author quotes that speech of Sigismund the Emperour to a Doctor of Civil Law, who, on receiving knighthood, forthwith cut the other LL.D.s, and consorted only with knights, which piece of old-world snobishness the Emperour observing, smiling, said unto him, "Foole, who preferrest knighthood before learning and thy degree, I can make a thousand knights in one day, but not one Doctor in a thousand years."

The circumstance of having been tutor to the Most Hopefull third son of an earl, was the source of considerable embarrassment to good Mr. Peacham in settling his views concerning the inherent rights and qualities of nobility. To do him justice, he was evidently not wanting in sense nor "vertue," and it must have been a problem as difficult as any he had ever solved at the Unversitie, to reconcile the lives at that period habitually led by the youthful aristocracy with any principles commonly supposed to bear

upon the making of a true gentleman. On what plea should the dishonourable young scamp of the day, who notoriously possessed nothing of nobility except its badge, preserve his claim to the deference of better men? There appeared to Mr. Peacham but one loophole of escape for the Most Hopefulls, and they were not a few, who happened to be in this predicament. Nobility is acquired and held by the title of "vertue." Good. The corruptions of our times make vices virtues. Good again. Then Nobility *is* virtuous, and retains its rights.

The question whether povertie impeacheth nobilitie is definitively set at rest by the fact that Curius and Fabricius were (a singular coincidence) both engaged upon a poore Dinner of Turneps and Water-cresses, when called to the command of the armies of conquering Roine.

As touching the nobility of profession, it must be satisfactory to the British bar to know that, though they be not commonly lords, advocates hold a commendable place in the commonwealth, ought to be freed of mulcts, publicke charges, and impositions, and to be written and sent vnto, as vnto persons of especial worth and dignitie.

Concerning physick—although the state and title of M.D. is not that most coveted by the highest aristocracy—it is an Art noble and free. Kings and queens have enjoyed a considerable practice among their subjects: witness Mithridates of Pontus, whose antidote still bears his name; Artemisia of Caria, who found the vertue of Mugwort; Gentius of Illyricum, who immortally liveth in the herbe gentian; and, above all, our own Edward the Confessor, to whom was first given the curing of the King's Euile, whence it hath been derived to our soveraigns his successors, and was no doubt assiduously practised by our excellent George the Fourth. "I heere intend," cautiously adds the aristocratic sage, "no common Chyrurgians, Mountebancks, vulttered Empericks, and Women-Doctors (of whom there is more danger than of the worst disease), whose practise is mechanique and base."

The fruit and use of Nobilitie, which fruit are as the apples of Hesperides, golden and out of the vulgar reach, are, according to our author, these:

Nobles ought to bee preferred in fees and offices before the common people, to bee admitted about the person of the Prince, to bee of his Counsell in Warre, and to hear his standard.

We ought to give credit to a noble before any of the inferior sort. (The Most Noble the Marquis of Looseshish, who deceased not long since, leaving three hundred thousand pounds of debt, gave his unqualified adhesion to this doctrine.)

He must not be pleaded against, upon cozenage. (May swindle ad lib.)

Wee must attend him, and come to his house—not hee to ours.

He ought in all sittings, meetings, and salutations, to have the upper hand. (Somewhat vague, but a genuine flunkeyism will cover the requisition handsomely.)

In criminal causes, Noblemen may appeare by

their Attorney. (And still avail themselves of the privilege, where the presence of that useful officer sufficeth.)

They ought to take their recreations of hunting, hawking, &c., freely, without controule in all places. (Farmers, down with your fences!)

They may eat the best and daintiest meate that the place affordeth; to wear at their pleasure Gold, iewels, the best Apparrell, and of what fashion they please. (A privilege most unwarrantably usurped by the well-to-do commonalty of our day.)

Finally, it many times procureth a good marriage. (As the Morning Post, towards the close of every season, doth abundantly testify.)

In France, Mr. Peacham considers, everybody aims at Nobilitie—all persons, from the King downwards, answering to "Mounseer," a title (especially during the season of cheap excursion trains from London) still familiar to the Gallic ear. Our author concludes this noble chapter with an anecdote apparently rather opposed to his wonted respect for distinctive honours: "Euripides, when his father told him he was knighted, uttered this reply: 'Good father, you have that which every man may have for his money.'"

In a short parenthetical Discourse on the duty of masters, Mr. Peacham records the singular practice of his own pedagogue, who by no entreatie would teach any Scholler further than his father had learned before him. Had the sire's studies begun and terminated at the horn-book, there were the son's inexorably pulled up. His reason was that they would else prove sawney rogues, and controule their Fathers; a doctrine which even that thorough-paced conservative, Mr. Peacham, regards with some suspicion.

We approach the hallowed precincts of Alma Mater. Readers, whether they be themselves bound for the Unversitie or not, will please to stand apart, for, "Mr. William Howard, give mee leave," says Mentor, "to direct my Discourse wholly to yourselfe." Which, having regard to the prefatory invitation to the "judicious" reader to come and be taught, is somewhat scant politeness. We decline to go. Peachams are not to be had every day. We *will* know what is, or ought to be (or ought to have been), our carriage at the Unversitie. Heretofore we know only that tandems were confinement to gates, and drags rustication.

Well, well, to avoid unseemly disputing, which might annoy the Most Hopefull, Mr. Peacham nods to us to remain, uncovered, and we then find that our—or rather Mr. William Howard's—first care, "even with pulling off the Boots, let it bee the choice of acquaintance and Company. For the companions of your recreation, comforte yourselfe with Gentlemen of your owne ranke and Qualitie, for to be free and familiar with inferiours, argues a basenesse of spirit, and begetteth contempt."

As touching a minor matter in Unversitie life—studies—it will be found "aduisable to referre those most serious and important vnto

the morning," as, we believe, is occasionally done; and, as every maxim has its example, we are reminded of a gentleman whose sayings and doings have been not unfrequently the subject of quotation—Julius Caesar—who, "having spent the day about his military affairs, divided the night also, for three severall uses—one part for his sleepe, a seconde for the publike businesse, the third for his booke and studies."

The Discourse of Stile and Historic, truth to say, offereth not much for the edification of the modern student, who has been, no doubt, apprised of the identity of "Tullie" with Cicero, that Titus Livius could write, that Virgil penned a flowing line or two, that Tacitus was "copious in pleasing brevity"—though, at school, a still greater brevity would have made him yet more pleasing—while, as for Historic, "let me warne you," says our Gamaliel, "ne sis peregrinus domi—do not be as a stranger at home, which is a common fault of English travellers in forreyne lands, who (as a grante Peere of France once told me) know nothing of their own Country, though Second to None."

The old Lord Treasurer Burleigh—if any came for a licence to *travaille*—would first examine him of England. If he found him ignorant, would bid him stay at home and know his own country first—a recommendation seldom, now-a-days, given in Downing-street, on application for that delusive document—the passport.

History, let it not be forgotten, has among its other "uses" a sanitary effect. Bodin tells of some who have recovered their healths by the reading of history; and it is credibly affirmed of King Alphonsus, that only reading of Quin. Curtius cured him of a dangerous fever. "If I could have beene so rid of my late quattune ague," says the playful sage, "I would have said with the same good king, Valeat Aricenna, vivat Curtius." But then we should not have had this book. For general reading, we are commended to Richard the Third, by Sir T. More; the Arcadia of the Noble Sir Philip Sidney; Mr. Hooker's Policie; and the writings of the last Earle Northampton, which are (a dubious compliment) "past mending."

As touching Cosmography, the importance to a compleat Gentleman of its terrestrial portion, is shown clearly enough by the mishap which befel "unfortunate Cyrus," who, from sheer ignorance of geography, was defeated with the tidy loss of two hundred thousand men. Now Alexander, when about to annex another kingdom or two, would first cause a "mappe" to be drawn in colours, showing where were the safest entrance—how pass that river—where most commodiously give battayle. Indeed, it is possible that similar cosmographical precautions associated themselves, not indirectly, with the success of Waterloo.

As for the Celestial portion, here is a couplet which, like the immortal lyric "Thirty days hath September," is calculated, both by truth and melody, to retain a firm hold of the youthful mind:

Would you know the Planets soone?
Remember S.I.M.S.V.M. and the moone.

These being the initials of the six planets of Peacham's day—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, and Mercury. These are old acquaintance, and their aspect and movements not unfamiliar, but every student is not aware that the ninth, or Crystalline Heaven, moveth by force of the first mover (tenth heaven) first from east to west, then from west to east, upon his own poles, and accomplisheth his revolution in thirty-six thousand years. And, "this revolution finished, Plato was of opinion that the world should bee in the same state as it was before, I should live and print my booke again, and you read it in the same age and the same apparrell;" a discouraging prospect for the advocates of progress, but which is enlivened by a "merry tale of two poore Schollars and their Hoste, which Schollars, having lain long at an Inn, and spent their money, told their Host how that, that time thirty-six thousand years, the world should be again as it was, and they should be at the same Inn, so desired him to trust them till then. Quoth mine Host, 'I believe it to be soe, for I remember six-and-thirty thousand years ago you were here, and left just such a reckoning unpaid. I pray you, gentlemen, discharge that first, and I will trust you for the next.'"

The Most Hopefull must have been somewhat startled to find, in the course of his observations in survey of the earth, that the population of the ocean-depths comprises not only the likeness of all land creatures—elephants, horses, dogs, calves, hares, snails, and fowls of the air, as hawks, swallows, and vultures, but men and women, and even professions, the monk being notably pre-eminent. But hereof see Junius, in his "Batania" and, if you please (rather if you can get him), Alex. de Alexandris. At all events, "at Swartwale, near Brill, in Holland, is to be seene a Mermaide's dead Body, hanging up." That is well; to have suspended the shy and sensitive creature *alice* would have been gross inhumanity. With regard to the singular changes of the face of the earth, the idea that the mountain might possibly wait upon Ma-pomet was not so extravagant after all, inasmuch as in the consulship of Lucius Marcius "two mountains met, and ioyned themselves together."

Poetry, according to Strabo the first philosophy that ever was taught, must not be omitted from the Most Hopefull's completeness, and far, indeed, be it from us, his humble copypils, to wish it otherwise. Like History, it is not only soothing but medicinal; witness its important effect on Telesilla, that noble Ladie, who, being sicke, was by the oracle recommended to apply her mind to the Muse, which she observing, recovered in a short space, and, inspired by her own strains, grew so sprightly courageous, that, having fortified Argos with divers women only, herself and companions sallying out, entertained Cleomenes with such a Camisado, that he was faine to show his back!

What a lucky fellow was that Chartian, and how happily timed the little nap he was taking in the king's ante-chamber, when the Lady Anne of Brittain, passing through, stooped down

and openly kissed him, saying pleasantly, "Wee must honor with our kisse the mouth from which so many sweet and golden verses have proceeded."

For later poets, have we Sir Thomas Chaloner, himself bred at the Unversitie, sometime embassador in Spain, where, at his leisure, he compiled ten elegant Bookes in Latin verse, supervised after his death by Malim, dedicated to my Lord Burghley, and since happily mislaid.

That kings may not only patronise but even create poets, is evidenced by the circumstance, so honourable to the literary taste of the time, that Gower, "being very gracious with King Henry the Fourth, carried the name of the onely poet, albeit his verses were poore and plaine." In the time of the sixth Edward lived Sternhold, "made groome of the Bedchamber for turning of certain of David's Psalms into verse." And after him flourished Doctor Phaer, who purposed to translate Virgil's *Æneid*, but didn't. "Thus much of Poetrie."

Musicke craveth our acquaintance next, and, as our instructor truly remarks, never wise man questioned the lawful use thereof, since it is for the praise and honour of the Creator, and the solace of sorrowful and careful man. Moreover, music, like her sister Muses, is medicinal to the body, a great lengthener of life. "Besides, the exercise of singing openeth the breast and pipes, is an enemy to melancholy, which St. Chrysostom truly calls the 'Devel's Bath,' yea, a curer of some diseases, for, at Apuglia, in Italy, it is most certain that those who are stung with the Tarantula, are cured only by Musicke. And I myself have known many children who have been holpen in their stammering by it.

"Let it be remembered, however, by the Most Hopefull, that persons of Quality and of high station, must not give themselves too warmly to the study of this or any art, but take warning by Eropus, king of Macadonia, who took pleasure only in making of Candles." (The illustrious Garibaldi did a little in that line, before lighting the torch of freedom.) "Ptolomy was an excellent Basket-maker. Domitian, his recreation was to catch and kill flies, and could not be spoken with in so serious employment; and Rodolph, the late emperor, delighted himself in making Watches."

Of linning and painting, since Aristotle numbers it among the generous practices of youth in a well-governed commonwealth, Mr. Peacham "gives it in charge" to all of us, as a quality most commendable, and many wayes usefull to a Gentleman. In the palmy days of Greece, this noble art was allowed to be taught only to the noble. Let us be grateful to the liberal spirit of later ages, that has conceded the colour-box and palette to every common individual in whom taste and genius reside.

Mr. Peacham, who was himself "addicted to the practice hereof," relates a touching anecdote of his childhood, which cannot be omitted: "I remember one master I had (yet living not farre from St. Alban's) took me one time drawing with my pen a pear-tree and boyes throwing at it, at

the end of my Latin Grammar, which he perceiving in a rage, strooke mee with the greates end of the rodde, and rent my paper, swearing it was the onely way to teache mee to robbe orchards."

Of one Hans Holbein, and another obscure person called Michael Angelo, something has, perhaps, already reached us; but probably the story of Quintin Matsys has not often been told more concisely than by Mr. Peacham, but it is too well known to be repeated here.

Pass we quickly to a yet more serious and salutary consideration—the due exercise of a complete Gentleman's Body. And here, on the very threshold of the subject, we once more encounter the inevitable *Cæsar*. "*Julius Cæsar* vsed the exercise of riding, and hereby became so active and skilful, that he would lay his hands behind him, put his horse to ful career, make him on the suddaine take hedge or ditch, and stop him." That *Julius* was good across country may be readily believed. The "stopping" his nag with his hands behind him is a different matter.

There are certain difficulties connected with this branch of completeness. It is clear that not a few forms of exercise are accompanied with an amount of danger, as well as vulgarity, entirely unsuited to the thews and muscles of Nobility. "For throwing and wrestling, I hold them exercises not well becoming nobility, but rather souldiers in a campe, or a prince's guard, neither have I heard of any prince or Generall commended for wrestling, save Epaminondos Achnat," whose solitary example is insufficient to nobilise the sport. Running and agility of body may be held commendable, forasmuch as even Nobles may find themselves in positions to render the nimble use of legs desirable. Roman soldiers were selected for their running, and the omnipresent *Cæsar* pops in to inform us that strokes are surer laid on by motion in the striker—a fact utterly undeniable. Running is also excellent for the lungs.

"Sertorius, a brave commander, to cure the smallness of his voice, would vsually run vp a hill."

Leaping, although its practice in chambers at the Unversitie might be unacceptable to the Most Hopefull's immediate neighbours, is healthful for the Body, in the Morning. "Vpon a full stomach—on to Bedward—it is dangerous, and in no wise to be exercised." Let diners at Blackwall or the Mansion House take note of this.

Swimming is very requisite, inasmuch as Horatius Cocles, "by the benefit of swimming, saved his country"—a fact of which we were not before aware. And Scævolo, who came with our excellent friend *Cæsar* to Britain, "having made good, a whole day, a mighty Roche against the Brittaines, cast himself into the deepe, and swam safe to *Cæsar* and the fleete." And, albeit such chanees may not fall to the lot of Mr. William Howard, there is no harm in being prepared for them.

The very first virtue—the "Mother of vertues"—that a gentleman has to cultivate, is,

frugality. "As soone as you are able, looke into your estate, laboring not merely to conserve it entire, but to augment it" (there was the hand of the Earl Marshal in this) "by a wise fore-thought, marriage, or some other thriftie means."

"Be not so rash as to refuse good Counsell, as Cæsar" (we cannot get on an inch without him) "did, when he refused the booke of a poore Scholler, wherein the intended plot was discovered."

The gentleman must fail not of thrift in his Apparell; yet not be basely parsimonious, so as to incur the ridicule attaching to a monarch of France, in whose Exchequer accounts, yet remaining, appeareth: "Item—so much for red Satten to sciere the King his old Doublet. Item—a halfpenny for liquor for his Boots."

As touching our Diet, we must remember that health, as well as gentility, is imperilled by excess in eating and drinking, and also in Tobacco taking—videlicet, Smoking. Avoid superfluity and waste, and do not, like our ubiquitous friend Cæsar, who, "in regard of his Lybian triumph, filled, at one banquet, two-and-twenty thousand rooms with ghests!" and, what is more, actually paid the bill. Nor was this all, for, besides entertaining this select circle of say two hundred and twenty thousand, the immortal Julius gave to every Roman citizen ten bushels of wheat, ten pounds of oil, and three pounds two-and-six in cash. This is hospitality indeed. Excepting when an American gentleman of our own day entertained a chosen party of eight hundred at dinner, and bade four thousand more to supper, we know of no such private feasting, and it is very doubtful whether the largest wine-party ever given by the Most Hopefull at the Unversitie, ever approached such proportions. But what shall we say of a gentleman named "Snyndrides," who was, shocking to relate, so given to feasting, that he saw not the sunne rise, nor set, in twenty years?

It is entirely due to those wicked Dutch, that intoxication is occasionally noticed in England. A drunken man was quite a curiosity in this our sober isle, until we "had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands," and therein learned the virtue of Hollands, and the reprehensible custom of pledging healths.

In the important matter of conversation, "let your discourse be free and affable, with a swete and liberall manner, seasoning your talk, among grave discourses, with concepts of wit and pleasant invention, as ingenious Epigrammes, Emblems, Anagrammes, merry tales, Mistakings, as a Melancholy Gentleman, sitting one day at table, started vp, vpon the sudden, and, meaning to say, '*I must goe buy a dagger*,' by transposition of the letters, said, '*I must goe dye a beggar*,'" which afforded the company the highest satisfaction.

Have a care ever to speake the truth. The Persians had a law that whoever had been thrice convicted of falsehood, should never speak his whole life afterwards. And Plato remarketh that it is only permitted to physicians to lie.

As regards the complete gentleman's Travaille, that point having been already touched upon in his memorable observations on survey of the earth, it is only necessary to warn you, before entering upon such observations, to do what is systematically omitted by travellers from the land of Cockaigne—"seeke the language, that you may be fit for conference, furnishing yourself with the discreetest and most able master. . . . Now, as well for neighbourhood's sake as that the French tongue is chiefly affected by our nobility, it being a copious language and a sweete, I wish you (the Most Hopefull) first of all to see France. You shall find the French free and courteous . . . full of discourse, quick-witted, sudden in action, and generally light and inconstant, which Cæsar (the indefatigable) implies when he calls their determinations sudden and ill considered."

Spain and France being but one continent, we may be permitted to cross the "Pyrenean hills," in the suite of the Most Hopefull, and, having accomplished this feat, shall find a decided scarcity of victuals, the folk being by constitution hot and dry, and not able to digest good roast beef, and, consequently, subsisting chiefly upon sallets and marmalade, a "dyet" ineligible for British stomach. We shall find the ladies both black and little, but well-favoured, and for discourse admirable.

In Warre we can derive but little practical wisdom from good Mr. Peacham; for so much as "pykes," as instruments of strife, are nearly obsolete, halberds scarce, and that description of musquet which required no less than thirty-four distinct movements before the final "give fire," hath undergone simplification.

And now, with one exception—his fyslunge—behold our gentleman complete. Our teacher, himself a zealous angler, will by no means dispense with this "honest and patient recreation for vacant howers." "For angling there be divers kinds, but the most vsfull are but two—either at the topp of the water with a flye, or at the bottome with bayts. For lynes, they must be framed according to the fish where you angle, but, for small Fysl, vse three good hayres pluckt from the tayl of a good cart-horse that is lusty and in flesh, for your poor lade's hayre is not so good. . . ."

The most enthusiastic watcher of the float will acquiesce in the opinion with which good Mr. Peacham concludes his admirable Discourses, that heigh Winds, great Raynes, Snow and Hayle, Thunder and Lightning, Storms, or any violent wind that cometh from the East, are, very decidedly, "naught to Angle in."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 237.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XLIV.

AFTER a defiance so bitter and deadly, Alfred naturally drew away from his innamorata. But she, boiling with love and hate, said bitterly, "We need not take Mr. Rooke into our secrets. Come, sir, your arm!"

He stuck it out ungraciously, and averted his head; she took it, suppressed with difficulty a petty desire to pinch, and so walked by his side; he was as much at his ease as if promenading jungles with a panther. She felt him quiver with repugnance under her soft hand; and prolonged the irritating contact. She walked very slowly, and told him with much meaning she was waiting for a signal. "Till then," said she, "we will keep one another company;" biting the word with her teeth as it went out.

By-and-by a window was opened in the asylum, and a tablecloth hung out. Mrs. Archbold pointed it out to Alfred; he stared at it; and after that she walked him rapidly home in silence. But, as soon as the door was double-locked on him, she whispered triumphantly in his ear:

"Your mother-in-law was expected to-day; that signal was to let me know she was gone."

"My mother-in-law!" cried the young man, and tried in vain to conceal his surprise and agitation.

"Ay; your mother-in-law, that shall never be: Mrs. Dodd."

"Mrs. Dodd here!" said Alfred, clasping his hands. Then he reflected, and said coolly: "It is false; what should she come here for?"

"To see your father-in-law."

"My father-in-law? What, is he here, too?" said Alfred, with an incredulous sneer.

"Yes, the raving maniac that calls himself Thompson, and that you took to from the first: he is your precious father-in-law—that shall never be."

Alfred was now utterly amazed, and bewildered. Mrs. Archbold eyed him in silent scorn.

"Poor man," said he, at last; and hung his head sorrowfully. "No wonder then his voice went so to my heart. How strange it all is? and how will it all end?"

"In your being a madman instead of an insolent fool," hissed the viper.

At this moment Beverley appeared at the end of the yard. Mrs. Archbold whistled him to her like a dog. He came running zealously. "Who was that called while I was out?" she inquired.

"A polite lady, madam: she said sir to me, and thanked me."

"That sounds like Mrs. Dodd," said the Archbold, quietly.

"Ah, but," continued Frank, "there was another with her: a beautiful young lady; oh, so beautiful!"

"Miss Julia Dodd," said the Archbold grimly. Alfred panted, and his eyes roved wildly in search of a way to escape and follow her; she could not be far off.

"Anybody else, Frank?" inquired Mrs. Archbold.

"No more ladies, madam; but there was a young gentleman all in black; I think he was a clergyman; or a butler."

"Ah, that was her husband that is to be; that was Mr. Hurd. She can go nowhere without him, not even to see her old beau."

At these words, every one of them an adder, Alfred turned on her furiously, and his long arm shot out of its own accord, and the fingers opened like an eagle's claw. She saw, and understood, but never bleached. Her vindictive eye met his dilating flashing orbs unflinchingly.

"You pass for a woman," he said, "and I am too wretched for anger." He turned from her with a deep convulsive sob, and, almost staggering, leaned his brow against the wall of the house.

She had done what no man had as yet succeeded in; she had broken his spirit. And here a man would have left him alone. But the rejected beauty put her lips to his ear, and whispered into them: "This is only the beginning." Then she left him, and went to his room and stole all his paper, and pens, and ink, and his very Aristotle. He was to have no occupation now, except to brood, and brood, and brood.

As for Alfred, he sat down upon a bench in the yard, a broken man: up to this moment he had hoped his Julia was as constant as himself. But no; either she had heard he was mad, and with the universal credulity had believed it, or perhaps not hearing from him at all, believed herself forsaken; and was consoling herself with a clergyman. Jealousy did not as yet infuriate Alfred. Its first effect resembled that of a heavy blow.

Little Beverley found him actually sick, and ran to the Robin. The ex-prizefighter brought him a thimbleful of brandy: but he would not take it. "Ah no, my friends," he said, "that cannot cure me; it is not my stomach; it is my heart. Broken! broken!"

The Robin retired muttering. Little Beverley knelt down beside him, and kissed his hand with a devotion that savoured of the canine. Yet it was tender, and the sinking heart clung to it. "Oh, Frank!" he cried, "my Julia believes me mad, or thinks me false, or something, and she will marry another before I can get out to tell her all I have endured was for loving her. What shall I do? God protect my reason! What will become of me?"

He moaned, and young Frank sorrowed over him, till the harsh voice of Rooke summoned him to some menial duty. This discharged, he came running back; and sat on the bench beside his crushed benefactor without saying a word. At last he delivered this sapient speech: "I see. You want to get out of this place."

Alfred only sighed hopelessly.

"Then I must try and get you out," said Frank. Alfred shook his head.

"Just let me think," said Frank, solemnly: and he sat silent looking like a young owl: for thinking soon puzzled him, and elicited his intellectual weakness; whereas in a groove of duties he could go as smoothly as half the world, and but for his official, officious, Protector, might just as well have been Boots at the Swan, as Boots and Chambermaid at the Wolf.

So now force and cunning had declared war on Alfred, and feebleness in person enlisted in his defence. His adversary lost no time; that afternoon Rooke told him he was henceforth to occupy a double-bedded room with another patient.

"If he should be violent in the middle of the night, sing out, and we will come, if we hear you," said the keeper with a malicious smile.

The patient turned out to be the able scaman. Here Mrs. Archbold aimed a double stroke; to shake Alfred's nerves, and show him how very mad his proposed father-in-law was. She thought that, if he could once be forced to realise this, it might reconcile him to not marrying the daughter.

The first night David did get up and paraded an imaginary deck for four mortal hours. Alfred's sleep was broken; but he said nothing; and David turned in again, his watch completed.

Not a day passed now but a blow was struck. Nor was the victim passive; debarred writing materials, he cut the rims off several copies of the Times, and secreted them: then catching sight of some ink-blots on the back of Frank's clothes-brush, scraped them carefully off, melted them in a very little water, and with a toothpick scrawled his wrongs to the Commissioners; he rolled the slips round a half-crown, and wrote outside, "Good Christian, keep this half-crown, and take the writing to the Lunacy Commis-

sioners at Whitehall, for pity's sake." This done, he watched, and when nobody was looking flung his letter, so weighted, over the gates: he heard it fall on the public road.

Another day he secreted a spoonful of black currant preserve, diluted it with a little water, and wrote a letter, and threw it into the road as before: another day, hearing the Robin express disgust at the usage to which he was now subjected, he drew him apart, and offered him a hundred pounds to get him out. Now the ex-prizefighter was rather a tender-hearted fellow, and a great detester of foul play. What he saw made him now side heartily with Alfred; and all he wanted was to be indemnified for his risk.

He looked down and said, "You see, sir, I have a wife and child to think of."

Alfred offered him a hundred pounds.

"That is more than enough, sir," said the Robin; "but you see I can't do it alone. I must have a pal in it. Could you afford as much to Garrett? He is the likeliest; I've heard him say as much as that he was sick of the business."

Alfred jumped at the proposal: he would give them a hundred apiece.

"I'll sound him," said the Robin; "don't you speak to him, whatever. He might blow the gaff. I must begin by making him drunk: then he'll tell me his real mind."

One fine morning the house was made much cleaner than usual; the rotatory chair, in which they used to spin a maniac like a teetotum, the restraint chairs, and all the paraphernalia, were sent into the stable, and so disposed that, even if found, they would look like things scorned and dismissed from service: for Wolfe, mind you, professed the non-restraint system.

Alfred asked what was up, and found all this was in preparation for the quarterly visit of the Commissioners; a visit intended to be a surprise; but Drayton House always knew when they were coming, and the very names of the two thunderbolts that thought to surprise them.

Mrs. Archbold communicated her knowledge in off-hand terms. "It is only two old women; Bartlett and Terry."

The gentlemen thus flatteringly heralded arrived next day. One an aged, infirm man, with a grand benevolent head, bald front and silver hair, and the gold-headed cane of his youth, now a dignified crutch; the other an ordinary looking little chap enough: with this merit; he was what he looked. They had a long interview with Mrs. Archbold first, for fear they should carry a naked eye into the asylum; Mr. Bartlett, acting on instructions, very soon inquired about Alfred; Mrs. Archbold's face put on friendly concern directly. "I am sorry to say he is not so well as he was a fortnight ago; not nearly so well. We have given him walks in the country, too; but I regret to say they did him no real good; he came back much excited, and now he shuns the other patients, which he used not to do." In short she gave them the impression that Alfred was a moping melancholiac.

"Well, I had better see him," said Mr. Bartlett, "just to satisfy the Board."

Alfred was accordingly sent for, and asked with an indifferent air how he was.

He said he was very well in health, but in sore distress of mind at his letters to the Commissioners being intercepted by Mrs. Archbold or Dr. Wolf.

Mrs. Archbold smiled pityingly. Mr. Bartlett caught her glance, and concluded this was one of the patient's delusions. (Formula.)

Alfred surprised the glances, and said, "You can hardly believe this, because the act is illegal. But a great many illegal acts, that you never detect, are done in asylums. However, it is not a question of surmise; I sent four letters in the regular way since I came. Here are their several dates. Pray make a note to inquire whether they have reached Whitehall or not."

"Oh, certainly, to oblige you," said Mr. Bartlett, and made the note.

Mrs. Archbold looked rather discomposed at that.

"And now, gentlemen," said Alfred, "since Mrs. Archbold has had a private interview, which I see she has abused to poison your mind against me, I claim as simple justice a private interview to disabuse you."

"You are the first patient ever told me to walk out of my own drawing-room," said Mrs. Archbold, rising white with ire and apprehension, and sweeping out of the room.

By this piece of female petulance she gave the enemy a point in the game; for, if she had insisted on staying, Mr. Bartlett was far too weak to have dismissed her. As it was, he felt shocked at Alfred's rudeness: and so small a thing as justice did not in his idea counter-balance so great a thing as discourtesy; so he listened to Alfred's tale with the deadly apathy of an unwilling hearer. "Pour on: I will endure," as poor Lear says.

As for Dr. Terry, he was pictorial, but null; effete; emptied of brains by all-scooping Time. If he had been detained that day at Drayton House, and Frank Beverley sent back in his place to Whitehall, it would have mattered little to him, less to the nation, and nothing to mankind.

At last Mr. Bartlett gave Alfred some hopes he was taking in the truth; for he tore a leaf out of his memorandum-book, wrote on it, and passed it to Dr. Terry. The ancient took it with a smile, and seemed to make an effort to master it, but failed; it dropped simultaneously from his finger and his mind.

Not a question was put to Alfred; so he was fain to come to an end; he withdrew suddenly, and caught Mrs. Archbold at the keyhole. "Noble adversary!" said he, and stalked away, and hid himself hard by: and no sooner did the inspectors come out, and leave the coast clear, than he darted in and looked for the paper Mr. Bartlett had passed to Dr. Terry.

He found it on the floor: and took it eagerly

up; and full of hope, and expectation, read these words:

WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE STUFF THE MATRON'S GOWN IS MADE OF? I SHOULD LIKE TO BUY MRS. BARTLETT ONE LIKE IT.

Alfred stood and read this again, and again: he searched for some hidden symbolical meaning in the words. High-minded, and deeply impressed with his own wrongs, he could not conceive a respectable man, paid fifteen hundred a year to spy out wrongs, being so heartless hard as to write this single comment during the earnest recital of a wrong so gigantic as his. Poor Alfred learned this to his cost, that to put small men into great places is to create monsters. When he had realised the bitter truth, he put the stony-hearted paper in his pocket, crept into the yard, and sat down, and, for all he could do, scalding tears ran down his cheeks.

"Homunculi quanti sunt!" he sobbed; "homunculi quanti sunt!"

Presently he saw Dr. Terry come wandering towards him alone. The Archbold had not deigned to make him safe; senectude had done that. Alfred, all heart-sick as he was, went to the old gentleman out of veneration for the outside of his head—which was Shakespearian—and pity for his bodily infirmity; and offered him an arm. The doctor thanked him sweetly, and said, "Pray young man have you anything to communicate?"

Then Alfred saw that the ancient man had already forgotten his face, and so looking at him with that rare instrument of official inspection, the naked eye, had seen he was sane; and consequently taken him for a keeper.

How swiftly the mind can roam, and from what a distance gather the materials of a thought! Flashed like lightning through Alfred's mind this line from one of his pets, the Greek philosophers:

Και τούτο μεγίστης ἐστὶ τέχνης ἀγαθὰ ποιεῖν τὰ κακά.

"And this is the greatest stroke of art, to turn an evil into a good."

Now the feebleness of this aged Inspector as an evil: the thing then was to turn it into a good. Shade of Plato behold how thy disciple worked thee! "Sir," said he, sinking his voice mysteriously, "I have: but I am a poor man; you won't say I told you: it's as much as my place is worth."

"Confidence, strict confidence," replied Nestor, going over beaten tracks; for he had kept many a queer secret with the loyalty which does his profession so much honour.

"Then, sir, there's a young gentleman confined here, who is no more mad than you and I; and never was mad."

"You don't say so."

"That I do, sir: and they know they are doing wrong, sir: for they stop all his letters to the Commissioners; and that is unlawful, you know. Would you like to take a note of it all, sir?"

The old fogie said he thought he should, and

groped vaguely for his note-book : he extracted it at last like a loose tooth, fumbled with it, and dropped it : Alfred picked it up fuming inwardly.

The ancient went to write, but his fingers were weak and hesitating, and by this time he had half forgotten what he was going to say. Alfred's voice quavered with impatience ; but he fought it down, and offered as coolly as he could to write it for him : the offer was accepted, and he wrote down in a feigned hand, very clear,

"Drayton House, Oct. 5. A sane patient, Alfred Hardie, confined here from interested motives. Has written four letters to the Commissioners, all believed to be intercepted. Communicated to me in confidence by an attendant in the house. Refer to the party himself, and his correspondence with the Commissioners from Dr. Wycherley's : also to Thomas Walcs, another attendant ; and to Dr. Wycherley : also to Dr. Eskill and Mr. Abbott, Commissioners of Lunacy."

After this stroke of address Alfred took the first opportunity of leaving him, and sent Frank Beverley to him.

Thus Alfred, alarmed by the hatred of Mrs. Archbold, and racked with jealousy, exerted all his intelligence and played many cards for liberty. One he kept in reserve ; and a trump card too. Having now no ink nor colouring matter, he did not hesitate, but out penknife, up sleeve, and drew blood from his arm, and with it wrote once more to the Commissioners, but kept this letter hidden for an ingenious purpose. What that was my reader shall divine.

CHAPTER XLV.

WE left Julia Dodd a district visitor. Working in a dense parish she learned the depths of human misery, bodily and mental.

She visited an honest widow, so poor that she could not afford a farthing dip, but sat in the dark. When friends came to see her they sometimes brought a candle to talk by.

She visited a cripple who often thanked God sincerely for leaving her the use of one thumb.

She visited a poor creature who for sixteen years had been afflicted with a tumour in the neck, and had lain all those years on her back with her head in a plate ; the heat of a pillow being intolerable. Julia found her longing to go, and yet content to stay : and praising God in all the lulls of that pain, which was her companion day and night.

But were I to enumerate the ghastly sights, the stifling loathsome odours, the vulgar horrors upon horrors this refined young lady faced, few of my readers would endure on paper for love of truth, what she endured in reality for love of suffering humanity, and of Him whose servant she aspired to be.

Probably such sacrifices of selfish ease and comfort are never quite in vain ; they tend in many ways to heal our own wounds : I won't say that bodily suffering is worse than mental but it is realised far more vividly by a spectator.

The grim heart-breaking sights she saw arrayed Julia's conscience against her own grief ; the more so when she found some of her most afflicted ones resigned, and even grateful. "What," said she, "can they, all rags, disease, and suffering, bow so cheerfully to the will of Heaven, and have I the wickedness, the impudence, to repine?"

And then, happier than most district visitors, she was not always obliged to look on helpless, or to confine her consolations to good words. Mrs. Dodd was getting on famously in her groove. She was high in the confidence of Cross and Co., and was inspecting eighty ladies, as well as working ; her salary and profits together were not less than five hundred pounds a year, and her one luxury was charity, and Julia its minister. She carried a good honest basket, and there you might see her Bible wedged in with wine, and meat, and tea and sugar : and still, as these melted in her round, a little spark of something warm would sometimes come in her own sick heart. Thus by degrees she was attaining, not earthly happiness, but a grave and pensive composure.

Yet across it gusts of earthly grief came sweeping often ; but these she hid till she was herself again.

To her mother and brother she was kinder sweeter, and dearer if possible, than ever. They looked on her as a saint ; but she knew better ; and used to blush with honest shame when they called her so. "Oh don't, pray don't," she would say with unaffected pain. "Love me as if I was an angel ; but do not praise me ; that turns my eyes inward and makes me see myself. I am not a Christian yet, nor anything like one."

Returning one day from her duties very tired, she sat down to take off her bonnet in her own room, and presently heard snatches of an argument, that made her prick those wonderful little ears of hers that could almost hear through a wall. The two concluding sentences were sufficiently typical of the whole dialogue.

"Why disturb her?" said Mrs. Dodd. "She is getting better of 'the Wretch ;' and my advice is, say nothing : what harm can that do?"

"But then it is so unfair, so ungenerous, to keep anything from the poor girl that may concern her."

At this moment Julia came softly into the room with her curiosity hidden under an air of angelic composure.

Her mother asked after Mrs. Beecher, to draw her into conversation. She replied quietly that Mrs. Beecher was no better, but very thankful for the wine Mrs. Dodd had sent her. This answer given, she went without any apparent hurry and sat by Edward, and fixed two loving imploring eyes on him in silence. O, subtle sex ! This feather was to turn the scale, and make him talk unquestioned. It told. She was close to him too, and mamma at the end of the room.

"Look here, Ju," said he, putting his hands in his pockets, "we two have always been friends as well as brother and sister ; and somehow it

does not seem like a friend to keep things dark: then to Mrs. Dodd: "She is not a child, mother, after all; and how can it be wrong to tell her the truth, or right to suppress the truth? Well then, Ju, there's an advertisement in the 'Tiscer,' and it's a regular riddle. Now mind, I don't really think there is anything in it; but it is a droll coincidence, very droll; if it wasn't there are ladies present, and one of them a district visitor, I would say, d—d droll. So droll," continued he, getting warm, "that I should like to punch the advertiser's head."

"Let me see it, dear," said Julia. "I dare say it is nothing worth punching about."

"There," said Edward. "I've marked it."

Julia took the paper, and her eye fell on this short advertisement:

AILEEN AROON.—DISTRUST APPEARANCES.

Looking at her with some anxiety, they saw the paper give one sharp rustle in her hands, and then quiver a little. She bowed her head over it, and everything seemed to swim. But she never moved: they could neither of them see her face, she defended herself with the paper. The letters cleared again, and, still hiding her face, she studied and studied the advertisement.

"Come, tell us what you think of it," said Edward. "Is it anything? or a mere coincidence?"

"It is a pure coincidence," said Mrs. Dodd, with an admirable imitation of cool confidence.

Julia said nothing; but she now rose and put both arms round Edward's neck, and kissed him fervidly again and again, holding the newspaper tight all the time.

"There," said Mrs. Dodd: "see what you have done."

"Oh, it is all right," said Edward cheerfully. "The British fireman is getting hugged no end. Why what is the matter? have you got the hic-cough, Ju?"

"No; no! You are a true brother. I knew all along that he would explain all if he was alive: and he *is* alive." So saying she kissed the 'Tiscer' violently more than once; then fluttered away with it to her own room, ashamed to show her joy, and yet not able to hide it.

Mrs. Dodd shook her head sorrowfully: and Edward began to look rueful and doubt whether he had done wisely. I omit the discussion that followed. But the next time his duties permitted him to visit them Mrs. Dodd showed him the 'Tiscer' in her turn, and with her pretty white taper finger pointed grimly to the following advertisement:

AILEEN AROON.—I *do* DISTRUST APPEARANCES. But if you ever loved me explain them at once. -I have something for you from your dear sister.

"Poor simple girl," said Mrs. Dodd, "not to see that, if he could explain at all, he *would* explain, not go advertising an enigma after acting a mystification. And to think of my innocent

dove putting in that she had something for him from his sister; a mighty temptation to such a wretch!"

"It was wonderfully silly," said Edward; "and such a clever girl, too; but you ladies can't stick to one thing at a time; begging your pardon, mamma."

Mrs. Dodd took no notice of this remark.

"To see her lower herself so!" she said, "O my son, I am mortified." And Mrs. Dodd leaned her cheek against Edward's, and sighed.

"Now don't you cry, mammy," said he, sorrowfully. "I'll break every bone in his skin, for your comfort."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Dodd anxiously; "what, are you not aware she would hate you?"

"Hate me! her brother!"

"She would hate us all, if we laid a finger on that wretch. Pray interfere no more, love; foolish child, talking to me about women, and it is plain you know nothing of their hearts: and a good thing for you." She then put on maternal authority (nobody could do it more easily) and solemnly forbade all violence.

He did not venture to contradict her now; but cherished his resolution all the more, and longed for the hour when he might take "the Wretch" by the throat, and chastise him, the more publicly the better.

Now, the above incident that revealed Julia's real heart, which she had been hiding more or less all this time from those who could not sympathise with her, took eventually a turn unfavourable to "the Wretch." So he might well be called. Her great and settled fear had always been that Alfred was dead. Under the immediate influence of his father's cunning, she had for a moment believed he was false; but so true and loving a heart could not rest in that opinion. In true love, so long as there is one grain of uncertainty, there is a world of faith and credulous ingenuity. So, as Alfred had never been seen since, as nobody could say he was married to another, there was a grain of uncertainty as to his unfaithfulness, and this her true heart magnified to a mountain.

But now matters wore another face. She was sure he had written the advertisement. Who but he, out of the few that take the words of any song to heart, admired Aileen Aroon? Who but he out of the three or four people who might possibly care for that old song, had appearances to explain away? and who but he knew they took in the Morning Advertiser? She waited then for the explanation she had invited. She read the advertising column every day over and over.

Not a word more.

Then her womanly pride was deeply wounded. What; had she courted an explanation where most ladies would have listened to none; and courted it in vain!

Her high spirit revolted. Her heart swelled against the repeated insults she had received: this last one filled the bitter cup too high.

And then her mother came in and assured her he had only inserted that advertisement to keep her in his power. He has heard you are recovering, and are admired by others more worthy of your esteem.

Julia cried bitterly at these arguments, for she could no longer combat them.

And Mr. Hurd was very attentive and kind. And, when he spoke to Julia, and Julia turned away, her eye was sure to meet Mrs. Dodd's eye imploring her secretly not to discourage the young man too much. And so she was gently pulled by one, and gently thrust by another, away from her first lover and towards his successor.

It is an old, old story. Fate seems to exhaust its malice on our first love. For the second the road is smoother. Matters went on so some weeks, and it was perfectly true that Mr. Hurd escorted both ladies one day to Drayton House, at Julia's request, and not Mrs. Dodd's. Indeed, the latter lady was secretly hurt at his being allowed to come with them.

One Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Dodd went alone to Drayton House by appointment. David was like a lamb, but, as usual, had no knowledge of her. Mrs. Archbold told her a quiet, intelligent, patient had taken a great fancy to him, and she thought this was adding much to his happiness. "May I see him to thank him," asked Mrs. Dodd. "Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Archbold; "I'll inquire for him." She went out, but soon returned, saying, "He is gone out for a walk with the head keeper: we give him as much air and amusement as we can; we hope soon to send him out altogether, cured." "Truly kind and thoughtful," said Mrs. Dodd. Soon after, she kissed Mrs. Archbold, and pressed a valuable brooch upon her: and then took leave. However, at the gate she remembered her parasol. Mrs. Archbold said she would go back for it. Mrs. Dodd would not hear of that: Mrs. Archbold insisted, and settled the question by going. She was no sooner in the house, than young Frank Beverley came running to Mrs. Dodd, and put the missing parasol officiously into her hand. "Oh, thank you, sir," said she; "will you be so kind as to tell Mrs. Archbold I have it." And with this they parted, and the porter opened the gate to her, and she got into her hired cab. She leaned her head back, and, as usual, was lost in the sorrowful thoughts of what had been, and what now was. Poor wife, each visit to Drayton House opened her wound afresh. On reaching the stones, there was a turnpike. This roused her up: she took out her purse and paid it. As she drew back to her seat, she saw out of the tail of her feminine eye the edge of something white under her parasol. She took up the parasol, and found a written paper pinned on to it: she detached this paper, and examined it all over with considerable curiosity. It consisted of a long slip about an inch and a quarter broad, rolled like tape, and

tied with packthread. She could not see the inside, of course, but she read the superscription: it was firmly but clearly written, in red ink apparently.

Of the words I shall only say at present that they were strong and simple, and that their effect on the swift intelligence and tender heart of Mrs. Dodd was overpowering. They knocked at her heart; they drew from her an audible cry of pity more eloquent than a thousand speeches: and the next moment she felt a little faint; for she knew now the appeal was not in red ink, but in something very fit to pass between the heart of woe and the heart of pity. She smelt at her salts, and soon recovered that weakness: and now her womanly bosom swelled so with the milk of human kindness that her breath came short. After a little struggle, she gushed out aloud, "Ah, that I will, poor soul; this very moment." Now, by this time she was close to her own house.

She stopped the cab at her door, and asked the driver if his horse was fresh enough to carry her to the Board of Lunacy: "It is at Whitehall, sir," said she. "Lord bless you, ma'am," said the cabman, "Whitehall? why my mare would take you to Whitechapel and back in an hour, let alone Whitehall."

Reassured on that point Mrs. Dodd went in just to give the servant an order: but, as she stood in the passage, she heard her children's voices, and also a friend's; the genial, angry tones of Alexander Sampson, M.D.

She thought, "Oh, I *must* just show them all the paper, before I go with it;" and so after a little buzz about dinner and things with Sarah, mounted the stairs, and arrived among them singularly apropos, as it happened.

Men like Sampson, who make many foes, do also make stauncher friends than ever the Hare does, and are faithful friends themselves. The boisterous doctor had stuck to the Dodds in all their distresses; and, if they were ever short of money, it certainly was not his fault: for almost his first word, when he found them in a lodging, was, "Now, ye'll be wanting a Chick. Gimme pen and ink, and I'll just draw ye one; for a hundre." This being declined politely by Mrs. Dodd, he expostulated. "Mai—dear—Madam, how on airth can ye go on in such a place as London without a Chick?"

He returned to the charge at his next visit, and scolded her well for her pride. "Who iver hard of refusing a chick? a small inoffensive chick, from an old friend like me? Come now, behave! Just a wee chick: I'll let y' off for fifty."

"Give us your company and your friendship," said Mrs. Dodd; "we value them above gold: we will not rob your dear children, while we have as many fingers on our hands as other people."

On the present occasion Dr. Sampson, whose affectionate respect for the leading London phy-

sicians has already displayed itself, was inveighing specially against certain specialists, whom, in the rapidity of his lusty eloquence, he called the Mad Ox. He favoured Julia and Edward with a full account of the manifold enormities he had detected them in during thirty years' practice; and so descended to his present grievance. A lady, an old friend of his, was being kept in a certain asylum month after month because she had got money and relations, and had once been delirious. "And why was she delirious? because she had a brain fever: she got well in a fortnight." This lady had thrown a letter over the wall addressed to him; somebody had posted it: he had asked the Commissioners to let him visit her; they had declined for the present. "Yon Board always sides with the strong against the weak," said he. So now he had bribed the gardener, and made a midnight assignation with the patient; and was going to it with six stout fellows to carry her off by force. "That is my recipe for alleged lunacy," said he. "The business will be more like a megalval knight carrying off a namorous nun out of a convent, than a good physician saving a patient from the Mad Ox. However, Mrs. Sampson's in the secret; I daunt say sh' approves it; for she doesn't. She says, 'Go quietly to the Board of Commissioners.' Sis I, 'My dear, Boards are a sort of cattle that go too slow for Sampson, and no match at all for the Mad Ox.'"

At this juncture, or soon after, Mrs. Dodd came in with her paper in her hand, a little flurried for once, and, after a hasty curtsy, said,

"Oh, Doctor Sampson, oh, my dears, what wickedness there is in the world! I'm going to Whitehall this moment; only look at what was pinned on my parasol at Drayton House."

The writing passed from hand to hand, and left the readers looking very gravely at one another. Julia was quite pale and horror-stricken. All were too deeply moved, and even shocked, to make any common-place comment; for it looked and read like a cry from heart to hearts.

"If you are a Christian, if you are human, pity a sane man here confined by fraud, and take this to the Board of Lunacy at Whitehall. Torn by treachery from her I love, my letters all intercepted, pens and paper kept from me, I write this with a toothpick and my blood on a rim of 'The Times.' Oh direct it to some one who has suffered, and can feel for another's agony."

Dr. Sampson was the first to speak. "There," said he, under his breath: "didn't I tell you? This man is sane. There's sanity in every line."

"Well, but," said Edward, "do you mean to say that in the present day—"

"Mai—dearr—sirr. Mankind niver changes. Whativer the muscles of man can do in the light,

the mind and conscience of man will consent to do in the dark."

Julia said never a word.

Mrs. Dodd, too, was for action not for talk. She bade them all a hasty adieu, and went on her good work.

Ere she got to the street door, she heard a swift rustle behind her; and it was Julia flying down to her, all glowing and sparkling with her old impetuosity, that had seemed dead for ever. "No, no," she cried, panting with generous emotion; it is to me it was sent. I am torn from him I love, and by some treachery I dare say: and I have suffered, oh you shall never know what I have suffered. Give it me, oh pray, pray, pray give it me. I'll take it to Whitehall."

AMONG THE MORMONS.

WHILE passing through the streets of St. Louis one lovely Sunday evening in June, luxuriating in a fragrant cigar and cool breezes rising at the close of an intensely hot and dusty day, I stood under the shadow of a Primitive Methodist church, long closed and advertised for sale, but which was now relighted and opened for public worship. The town was quiet, people were at church; no sound was heard save the caliope, which, miles distant on the river, was solemnly playing the Old Hundredth psalm. Suddenly, I heard a great commotion in the church, much clapping of hands, buzzing of voices, and shuffling of feet, and, to my astonishment, a miserable band of five instruments struck up Hail Columbia very vigorously and discordantly, making the whole neighbourhood resound with its abominable music. A brief silence ensued. The band again essayed The Star Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle. At the conclusion of the service a vast crowd flocked out; some with baskets, books, musical instruments, &c., and the greatest good-fellowship seemed to prevail during the ceremony of hand-shaking. "Good night, brother." "Farewell, sister." "Good-by, elder," were passing from mouth to mouth. "Give my love to Brother Brigham and all the Saints." "Happy journey." "Cheer up for the Promised Land, sister." "We start to-morrow; the train waits at Fort Laramie; one thousand Saints in all; plenty of oxen, lots to eat," &c. Such were the snatches of conversation which fell upon my ear, as I stood gazing on the crowd of laughing and joking worshippers who thronged forth from the building.

What changes had that old church seen! The last occupants had been Primitive Methodists of the genuine ranting type. There had been no silence nor hypocrisy among them; they were not ashamed to confess their sins in public, as I could testify; for I have frequently heard Brother Smith and Sister Jones bellowing forth their sins and failings so loudly to the public at large, accusing themselves of all manner of backslidings, short-comings, infidelities, and—till then—hidden iniquity, that I thought it would be a matter of Christian accommodation

and compassion to call a constable, have them locked up, and afterwards punished in the manner they themselves so loudly called for. The basement of the church was used for tri-weekly prayer-meetings, love-feasts, and other religious observances. Monday night seemed to be the "grand extra night" with them. The basement was crowded with sobbing sinners, who thumped benches, turned over tables, shook their heads, beat their breasts, and groaned, gasped, and shrieked out—"men!"—"lujah!" "Glowry!" "A-a-men!" and other devotional exclamations, until I began to think Boreas had lent his lungs to the chief prayerer, and that the State Asylum deputed some few score lunatics to assist at these Monday evening assemblies. These "sinners"—a name in which they seemed to delight—created so much uproar over their devotions, so many windows had been shaken out, chairs broken, and tables dislocated during their screaming ecstasies or groaning agonies, while crowds of unrescued "brands from the burning" tittered outside, obstructing the side-walk, that a meek-looking deputation of "respectable householders, shopkeepers, and vestrymen" waited upon the congregation, and politely gave them notice to quit, with four weeks' grace to rent some other place for their enthusiastic religious outpourings.

Those previous tenants delighted in calling themselves "sinners;" but the present ones ran into the opposite extreme, and claimed to be Saints. Many of them were so much glorified, elders informed me, that they put on their night-gowns and nightly went to roost among their beatified brethren in "the seventh heaven." At what hour these privileged ones descended to their customary coffee and rolls in the morning none could tell, but tidings which they brought from the other world were sometimes startling. "Were you favoured by the Lord last night, brother?" asked one of another. "I *was*, elder." "And how is sister Jenks?" "Oh, she's all right. She has gone up from the first to the fourth heaven since my last visit, and is now in the fifth! She was sitting beside our holy prophet, Joe Smith."

All these "saints"—clean shaven, rotund, radiant and immaculate—had full liberty to make flying visits to any of the seven heavens whenever convenience suited. No burden of sin and iniquity encumbered their shoulders, like the former proprietors of the building, but they were so light of heart and jolly, that their band usually opened service with one of Labitsky's waltzes, or the grand march in Norma.

There was nothing peculiar in the church itself; but the basement was now used for an intelligence office, printing-press, and general depository of beds, bedding, pots, pans, stoves, agricultural implements, boots, shoes, and a thousand et cætera, deposited there for safe keeping by saints from all parts of the world in transit to the Great Salt Lake Valley.

During spring and autumn large crowds of these Mormon emigrants, or "Latler-Day

Saints," swarmed into St. Louis, from the east, where ship-loads disembarked from all quarters of the Old World. Germans, with long hair, long pipes, fearful beards, small caps, and much gurrulity, sat upon their bales of bedding and iron-clasped provision-chests, gesticulating and conversing: short, stumpy, thick-set men from Holland, in wooden shoes, and small jackets with large plate-like buttons sewed on near their armpits: females of the same countries, perfect fac-similes of "buy-a-broom" women in London—with short dresses, bare arms, wrinkled faces, and heads tied up in handkerchiefs: while not a few mechanics, or sturdy smock-frocked and "navvy"-booted rustics from England, filled up the picture daily to be seen around the basement of this Mormon tabernacle. Proselytes from every nation were Westward bound. Boats for the head waters of the Missouri river were heavily freighted with candidates for the "promised land," while brothers and elders industriously pushed about in all directions, advising, counselling, and arranging for the long trip across the plains.

Ever bent on the acquisition of knowledge, I frequently strolled into these head-quarters of Mormonism, and entered into social chat with various brethren present; but could never elicit positive information regarding their religious, political, or social organisation. All seemed to be profound mystery. Men, for the most part, were pale-faced, long-haired, bright twinkling-eyed enthusiasts and dreamers, who knew nothing definite of Mormonism save what they had caught from rhapsodical descriptions, and sophistical discourses of raving emissaries scattered through Europe, but all agreed that it was "a patriarchal system," which, though dead for many centuries, had been reinstated by express command of Providence for the benefit of "elected saints," through the instrumentality of their prophet, Joe Smith. Of material, worldly prosperity, and "the divine institution of plurality in wives," they spoke largely, and with much enthusiasm. These two subjects seemed the all-absorbing ambition of their lives; hence it did not at all surprise me to find that the first and only things seriously considered in all outfits for the "promised land," were large supplies of beds, blankets, and pillows!

At the close of a long discussion on the morality of their views, which, though young, I maintained against them with some success, I whispered into the ear of an interesting young wife, upon the point of departing with her husband, "And what do *you* think of the plurality of wives?" Her face instantly coloured with indignation as she replied, promptly and haughtily, "I should like to see him try it, when he gets there, that's all!"

As my tour of observation on the Western Continent included the Mormon country, I sought the first available opportunity to prosecute my travels; and, after some negotiation, effected arrangements with a government train proceeding to Utah Territory and beyond. We started from Westport, Missouri,

with ten waggons of eight mules each, exclusive of spare animals, and some dozen saddle-horses, which made a very pleasant and safe party for traversing many hundreds of miles of prairie, and sufficiently strong to resist any red-skinned gentlemen who might wish to molest us, or lay violent hands on government property.

Of our travels over that vast expanse of territory, of the numerous and fragrant wild flowers carpeting our route for miles; of floating waggons over streams; of "break downs;" buffalo hunts on a small scale; of Indians met with on our line of travel; night alarms; scarcity of wood and water; deaths and burials in our party, &c.; of all these things I cannot now speak, but return to the "Saints," and of observations made among them, during a brief but instructive sojourn of two short weeks in the Great Salt Lake Valley of Utah.

Clouds, and long lines of dust, daily ascending over the wide expanse of ocean-like prairie, told us that rapid as had been our journey, we had scarcely overtaken the vast spring train, which, a few miles distant, seemed like a black and endless snake crawling through the grass. It was our grand object to get into Salt Lake City sooner than any of the advance-guard of the other trains, and secure accommodations; or otherwise we should have to lodge in the streets, or be compelled to camp out. We knew that their passage through the mountains would be long and tedious, and therefore whipped up our mules, and travelled far into the night so as to gain a fair start of every one.

We had not proceeded far before we met a large deputation of saints from the city, who, with bands of music and waggons of fresh provisions, had already come more than fifty miles to meet the coming train. This was a usual practice with them. Without giving any notice whatever, parties of the saints usually went forth to meet any large body of proselytes advancing; and, staying in the mountain passes, screened from view until the trains approached, suddenly opened heavy batteries of brass bands upon them, which made hills and mountains re-echo again with their boisterous sounds. To weary travellers, many indeed fresh from a toilsome journey of several thousand miles, the distant sounds of music fell upon the ear like a welcome from angelic spirits, while the sudden appearance of men on horseback with flags and banners flying in the wind, sent a thrill of joy into every heart.

These deputations had many objects in view. They first ascertained what the train contained, and opened negotiations for purchasing goods, without informing sellers of the latest market prices, or possible demand: they could also scrutinise all new comers, and make engagements for labourers or artisans; dispose of clothing, fresh provisions, or whatever else their waggons contained, and be the first in the market to invite settlement in their various districts, and, to dispose of lands. But many of these apparently disinterested saints had other objects in view; if they discovered prepossessing females un-

cumbered, they would immediately proffer homes to them, and thus enrich or enlarge their harems to any extent, with the cream of the market.

When we arrived near the city the train was halted and camped some two miles out; chiefs of the party, with myself, trotting into town. It was like all American Western-border cities, and looked as if it might have sprung up in a single night, like a mushroom. The streets were wide, and crossed each other at right angles. Except some few buildings of brick and stone, the majority were of wood, and all betokened industry and comfort.

"I'm going to introduce you to Elder Flipper," said my friend. "He keeps some sort of hotel. I would advise you to ask but few questions, to govern your eyes and ears; not to laugh at, or find fault with, anything which may appear strange, and I guess you'll find comfortable lodgings there."

"There it is," said my friend, as we rode up to a square wooden building of two stories, standing in a wilderness of uncultivated garden on a dozen wooden plops, with a verandah on three sides, with green blinds. I read on a poorly printed signboard, "Promised Land Hotel, by H. Flipper. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars." We tied up our horses and walked in. After a few moments of conversation with Flipper, my friend left me alone, and mine host began boring me with questions about things "in the States." I gave him two newspapers, and, mounting his spectacles, he was soon lost in their perusal. H. Flipper, Esq., "Elder of the Mormon Church, proprietor of the 'Promised Land,' and Justice of the Peace," was a short, thick-set, flabby-looking person, five feet five in height, given to obesity, and about forty-five years of age. His face was round, pock-marked, and large—the mouth particularly so. With little hair on his head, and face clean shaven (once a week), he sat rocking himself in the arm-chair, scratching his head, and squirting tobacco-juice into the empty fireplace, grunting over the news with great content and complacency. His body was large, and legs so small, that sitting curled up in the chair, he looked like a large turtle turned on end. It seemed impossible to me that any woman in creation could have seen anything in him to admire; yet, if rumour spoke truly, he was the happy ruler of a household consisting of three children, and not less than five wives. The "hotel" seemed a wilderness of scantily-furnished rooms; no apartment could boast of more furniture than a wooden bedstead, indifferent bedding, one chair, a table, wash-bowl, and towel; and although the passages and staircase were clean, the close rooms smelt damp and mouldy, as if the old establishment had seldom received a thorough cleansing. "Here, Nina!" shouted Flipper. "Show this gentleman to—to No. 10; it is near my own apartments, and as you are a little deaf, it will suit exactly."

A greasy-looking German girl appeared at the summons, and meekly said: "Vy not de udder

vooman help? I wash and cook, and dey ish not goot as me."

To pacify his rising feelings, Flipper went into the bar, took a "big drink," and went forth waddling to the kitchen. "Here, look here, some of you women; come up here and make yourself useful. Here, Rachel, lend Nina a hand."

After much grumbling, Rachel and Nina carried up my saddle-bags and bundles to No. 10, slammed the door in great anger, and went into Flipper's room, next to mine, relieving their feelings with a long outburst of anger.

"What next, I wonder!" I could distinctly hear Rachel indignantly exclaim; "are we to be all cart-horses? It wasn't so before that little minx Emily was brought home! His 'dear Emily,' indeed. She can be the 'fine lady,' and dress and galivant about, or play with that sewing-machine in the parlour, while we are scrubbing, and washing, and toiling every day worse than niggers. Lace-worked borders to her petticoats, too!—well, it won't last long." Rachel began to cry, and sobbed out, "I wish I was in England again out of this wretched place. I wish I had died on the road—that I do!" "Dat ish vat I say—ve works all de day, and ish never tanked; while dat udder young voomans does nuttings but combs her hair, and lies on de sofa, rollin' her eyes about, and laughing mit de young mens—I too vish I vas in Sharmany! Dere ish some vone vhat call Rachel." "Oh, let Margaret and Lizzie get dinner; I ain't going to touch a thing to-day." She had scarcely spoken, when I heard some hard-breathing person stride along the passage, and push open the door. "Ain't you two good-for-nothing gals ever coming down stairs?" asked the squeaking, cracked voice of Margaret, as she panted and gasped out her words. "What next, I wonder—it's near one o'clock, and no taters peeled, or cabbage boiled—I'll let you know who's going to be misses here! There's one lady too many in the house already; but if you're going to eat bread you must earn it; that you shall; come down *directly*." Amid these angry words and sobs, Flipper broke in, "Si-lence, you women, and get down stairs quick, or I'll make you, you quarrelsome cats!"

The women had gone. Flipper opened my door and looked in. "Asleep," he said, and retired. After some time, I went below and found Mr. Flipper in the parlour, who, with radiant face, was playing gallant to a gaily-attired young woman lying full length on the sofa. Although her feet were exposed, she made no effort to cover them, but played with a palm-leaf fan in the most approved manner. This was Emily. She rose and left the room, having previously bestowed upon the enraptured Flipper a sounding kiss. I was reading at the window; and, drawing his chair close to mine, the host opened his heart to me thus: "Ah, my young friend, I'm glad to hear you have such a liking for the Mormons, and desire to be fully informed, for you see, in this

wicked and bigoted world, just men following the laws of God cannot expect to receive a fair hearing. The 'system,' my young friend, is exactly suited to the wants of man, and works to a charm, as you'll see if you stay in Utah long. I was a lawyer, myself, in Waterloo, Illinois, when I first heard of the 'Latter-Day Saints' at Nauvoo, and I never had an hour's true peace until I joined them, and now see how well I'm fixed! I have no servants—my wives do all that, and everything goes on smoothly and easily like wheels in a clock. I was married to Margaret, my First, twenty years before I became a Saint. When I went to Nauvoo she began to get weak, and I took Lizzie to wife, in order to assist in the household. She was young, it is true, but then that was all the better, because she could work. I had offspring by her. She and Margaret began to quarrel; so, when we came to Utah a few years ago, I met with Nina, a German lass, and took her to wife. She has proved a capital work-girl, and assisted matters wonderfully in a hotel and boarding-house which I then started."

I ventured to remark that he might have been contented with this number of wives, and stopped at Nina. But he did not heed my interruption.

"Going out with some of the brethren to meet a long train," he continued, "and to get a few things cheap, I saw Rachel, and, like Jacob of old, saw her but to love her. But in all these and such like transactions, I consulted the Lord, and in a vision was commanded to take Rachel to wife. She refused for a long time, and treated me unkindly; but brethren advised and told her how wicked it was in woman to oppose the commands of God directly given in a vision. She consented, and I was happy—supremely happy. This continued; all my wives worked hard for the common good, and we prospered in the Lord, until one day a party of Gentiles on their way to the States stopped at my house, since which time Rachel has never been the same. I groaned and complained to the Lord in prayer, and in a vision was caught up to the first heaven, where I learned from one of our departed saints that the vile image of some young Gentile and sinner had filled her mind and corrupted her heart. I did not wish to report her to the Church, but informed her that God was displeased with her frowning face, and that if she did not return to meekness and duty, he would turn the heart of his Elder against her, and that his affection would be given to another. The Lord commanded me to go and meet the train. I did so. I saw Emily seated under a tent—her hair all loose; my heart was smitten, and I heard a voice which said, 'Elder Henry, that is she of whom I spoke; take her to thy home, love and cherish her!' Thus you see how grand our system is—one is in the kitchen, and another assists; two attend to the house; and Emily, poor, young, frail thing, receives and entertains company—she is not fit for housework."

To study still further the workings of Mormonism in the household, I remained until the "second table" bell rang for dinner, and went below. All the wives were present—Flipper at the head of the table, with Emily (No. 5) on his right. All were engaged in vigorously disposing of pork and beans, bacon, corn-bread, and cabbage—the usual dishes to be found on all hotel tables westward of Eastern cities—and, from close scrutiny, I could perceive that, under an apparent quietness, there were smouldering flames which must break forth ere long with terrific violence. "Hen-e-r-y, my dear," squeaked wife No. 1, "I'll trouble you, love, for the pota-to-es." "Liz, hand Peg the taters. Emily, my darling" (sotto voce), "let me prevail upon you; allow me to assist you again with a few more beans; do, my love!" Rachel, Lizzie, and Nina exchanged glances of eloquent meaning; Margaret appeared to be choking with rage; but all dissembled until the meal was over. "Who's going to clear away the things?" she asked. "Not I," said Rachel, flouncing out of the room; "perhaps sister Emily will assist you." "Nor I," added the others; "we are not going to make slaves of ourselves for other folks' pleasure." I know not what then transpired, but, when passing to my room I heard a great commotion on the kitchen stairs, a sudden smashing of plates and dishes, and a tumult of voices. The women were in desperate combat. Flipper rushed to the rescue, but missed his footing and tumbled down stairs. There were sounds of chairs and tables turning over, crockery broken, and confusion of tongues.

This, to some extent, was the state of things in every household when more than one wife was admitted, and, disguise it as they might, bickerings, heart-burnings, jealousy, anger, dissimulation, and distrust, filled the breasts of all. They were there, could not get away, and must make the best of it; for thousands of miles of desert debarred all departure either eastward or westward. They had embraced a system which advocated worldly advancement and unlimited sexual intercourse. Services in the tabernacle or other meeting-houses were nothing but practical discourses on the art of farming, or nonsensical narrations of supposed visions, prophecies, &c., interspersed with secular music from the band. Such a community, living on the richest lands on earth, and isolated from all the world, must necessarily prosper from the super-fecundity of the soil; but the system itself is a rotten one. Some households are more comfortable than others; and, when proprietors could afford to keep servants, numerous wives contented themselves with passing the time in listlessness, without soiling their hands; and, from the mere want of ambition and true religion, fast degenerate into dreamers and visionaries, even more extravagant than Mormon leaders themselves.

The Great Salt Lake Valley has been rapidly peopled by thousands of emigrants from Europe, whose main thought has been to se-

cure for themselves a home and an abundance of food. Of religion they seldom thought; their lot in life had been hard enough, and any religion was acceptable which presented few moral obligations or restrictions to passion. The nearer it could be to no-religion, with the name of one, the more palatable it was; hence the observer could plainly see that they seldom attended meeting at all except for curiosity or pleasure, and not then, indeed, without it was whispered that some eloquent saint, fresh from vision or trances, would narrate his celestial travels, or hold forth savagely upon the politics of Gentiles.

Where emigrants find abundance to eat and to wear, few trouble themselves seriously regarding other things, for the system of labour to which they have been subjected from childhood has so ground out of them all mental or spiritual ambition, that they have morally and insensibly degenerated into human cart-horses. Hence, in scanning the settlements of Utah, it will be found they are for the most part peopled by classes over-worked and ill-fed in Europe, but who, now luxuriating in superabundance, have no higher thought but to indulge in the degrading instincts of animals.

The system is a monstrous one—volumes could be written regarding its workings, past and present—but it is to the future that they look, and it is for the future that they are now preparing. No one can reside among them who does not embrace their tenets; if he opposes them, or endeavours to shield or shelter any of the many disenchanted ones, he disappears! Without remorse, without fear of punishment hereafter, these saints are bent upon conquest, and the first object in view is population. Isolated as they are from choice, their many wants have stimulated invention, and thus for the most part they are a self-producing people, whose necessities and superfluities are found at home. Military affairs have ever been one of their chief studies, and experiments in all arms are of frequent occurrence. They have superabundant talent: that which was wanting in the saints has been freely paid for among sinners; so that to-day they have highly educated officers, the best of machinists and mechanics; flocks and herds are numerous, harvests superabundant, population fast increasing, natural resources of the country unsurpassed by any quarter in the globe, and all obedient to the simple nod of their spiritual chief.

Philosophers who delight in gazing into futurity have here a subject for their meditations: a vast country, luxuriant and fruitful, of unsurpassed resources and self-supporting, far away in the Western world; a numerous, robust, and fast increasing male population, growing up with unbridled passions, without a moral check—a nation of sinewy, muscular, and enthusiastic dreamers, whose creed is that they are all fore-ordained to happiness hereafter, and whose mission is the extermination of Gentiles. What can be said of the future of such men, the eloquence of whose emissaries is

yearly leading thousands westward, and the word of whose Chief, both in temporals and spirituals, is omnipotent?

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

THE project of forming a national collection of portraits of great and remarkable Englishmen, of getting together a nucleus of such portraits as were to be had, and adding to them as opportunity offered, was undoubtedly a good one. Hunger for a sight of the countenance of an illustrious individual of any kind, being an appetite strongly developed in all human beings, the attempt to gratify it, by providing a National Portrait Gallery, accessible to everybody, is a move in the right direction.

We shall best form an estimate of the young National Collection of Portraits, by taking a glance round the rooms in Great George-street, Westminster, in which the pictures already collected are for the present exhibited. And let us hope that it will not be much longer that the collection remains buried in these most inconvenient and ill-lighted apartments. The pictures could not be seen to less advantage; indeed, some of them can not be seen at all, either by reason of the dark corners in which they are placed, or through their being so ingeniously lighted that their surfaces reflect the different objects in the gallery with such fidelity, that you can see all the pictures in the room except the one you are looking at. This is pre-eminently the case with the portraits of John Wesley and William Shakespeare: in looking at either of which you get a very much better idea of your own proportions than of those of the preacher or the poet.

The portraits, at present got together, are one hundred and sixty-four in number. The catalogue is arranged on a most inconvenient principle, but one manages to find out, that of this illustrious one hundred and sixty-four, there are twenty-six politicians: twenty-five professors of religion: fifteen authors: as many artists: fourteen poets: ten courtiers or diplomatists: the same number of soldiers: seven lawyers: six naval heroes: six doctors or surgeons: four engineers: one philosopher: one representative of science: one musician: three great revolutionists: two explorers: two philanthropists: and one professor of education. The rest are monarchs, or persons whom it is impossible to classify.

Before we look about us, let us bestow a passing word of remark on that curious disproportion in the numbers of each profession or calling indicated by the figures given above. If with the politicians proper, who number twenty-six, we class Hampden, Cromwell, and Ireton, and if we add to these the list of persons engaged in diplomacy, we bring the number of the politicians up to thirty-nine; an immense preponderance over the other professions here represented. Classing, again, the army and navy together, we find that the profession of arms has sixteen representatives

in this collection, and so we get to the conclusion that the politicians, the professors of religion, and those who make war, are the three classes which muster strongest.

Authors and artists have been generally much mixed up in social life; and this, no doubt, has led to the former in many cases sitting to the latter as a matter of friendly feeling on both sides. The artists, too, have continually, and naturally enough, painted each other's likenesses, and not unfrequently, by the aid of the looking-glass, their own. Hence, the proportion of portraits of authors and artists is greater than that of men engaged in other pursuits. The small number of engineers and scientific men represented in this gallery, is remarkable; but one must remember that under both heads popular development and appreciation have been comparatively recent. It is to be regretted that there are only two philanthropists here—John Howard and Elizabeth Fry; and it is a sufficiently remarkable fact that in this *National Portrait Gallery* there is only one musical genius, and he is a German.

The place of honour in the National Portrait Gallery—the No. 1 over the chimney-piece of the principal room—is given to the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare. Beside it, is a rude engraving of the poet. The mask taken from the bust on the tomb at Stratford is close by. It is difficult to have much faith in any one of these. The engraving is rude and puerile, but the cast—the well-known mask set on a slab of black marble—has perhaps a better claim on our respect than any other portrait of Shakespeare. *We know* something about it. In the first place we know that it was intended for Shakespeare; we know that it was set up within seven years of his decease; and we know that it was placed in the church of the town where he was born, where he lived, and was known. There seems good reason to believe that until Malone had the bust in the Stratford church, daubed over with white paint, it was coloured after life, the eyes light hazel, the hair and beard auburn.

The Chandos portrait is that of a very dark man—he might be an Italian, or a Spaniard—a little sharp dark man, with earrings, black hair, and a thin short beard covering the whole of the lower part of the face—not shaved off at the sides as in other portraits. The legend attached to this picture is, that it was left by John Taylor (by whom, or by Richard Burbage, it was painted) to Sir William Davenant, who is reported, when a child under ten years of age, to have had many opportunities of seeing and associating with Shakespeare. The pedigree of the picture, after it got out of Sir W. Davenant's possession, is satisfactorily traced; but the first part of its history is obscure. Altogether, one would rather trust to the bust than to this portrait, but at best we seem to be almost as uncertain about Shakespeare's appearance as about everything else connected with him. A general idea of a man with a forehead somewhat bald, and

(like Scott's) more conspicuous for its height than its breadth, with long hair curling rather behind the ears, with a small moustache and a pointed beard, is our nearest approach to exactness.

If we had only such a portrait of Shakespeare as that of John Hunter, standing so provokingly near the Chandos picture, we might be satisfied. Even this copy by Jackson of the original Reynolds is a glorious study, and puts the sharp clear-headed healthy-minded surgeon before one marvellously.

There is in this room, in which the Chandos picture holds the place of honour, a remarkable arrangement of three portraits one above another. These are pictures of Wolsey, of Richard the Third, and of Henry the Eighth. The portrait of Wolsey is well known—a profile with regular features, and with a keen eager eye, which entirely counteracts the heaviness of the lower part of the face. There is no such redeeming feature to do as much for the gross heavy countenance of Henry, and the impressions left on the mind by the two fat men are, consequently, widely different. But it is the third portrait, which divides these two, that seizes the attention most forcibly. The picture may or may not be genuine. The internal evidence is strong in favour of its authenticity. The restless misery of this face of Richard absolutely excites a feeling of pity. There is almost deformity in the features of this great criminal; the eye and the mouth are drawn up on the left side, all the parts of the face are contracted in an excess of peevish irritability, which is also expressed with remarkable force in the very peculiar action of the small woman-like hands—tell-tale extremities always. The king has screwed the ring nearly off his right little finger, working the trinket backwards and forwards in nervous anguish with the forefinger and thumb of his left hand.

There is a noble contrast to this painful picture, close beside it. The portrait of the Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the illustrious philosopher. There is no fidgety uncasiness about this Sir Nicholas Bacon. He is considerably fatter than Henry the Eighth; his face is of a kind of clay colour all over, lips—which are turned inside out—included; and his little eyes have a twinkle in them which makes it easy to believe "that he was remarkable for his apt sayings and his ready wit." It is, moreover, said of this jolly old gentleman, that because of his fat he walked with difficulty, and that, "after taking his seat upon the bench, he used to give three taps with his staff on the floor, as a sign that he had recovered his breath, and that business might proceed." The artist has represented Sir Nicholas with his staff in his hand, lifted as in the act of administering the three taps to the floor. Take the staff away, and change the costume, and the lord keeper would look not unlike one of the three fat men, who always appear like a jury seated behind a counter in the entrance of a French theatre.

In this same Shakespeare-room is a portrait of

Sir Walter Raleigh, which, if it be a good likeness, shows that he had a very sly and unprepossessing expression about the eyes. Indeed, in the account given of this picture in the authorised catalogue, there is a quotation from an old writer, who, describing it, says of Raleigh, that "he had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long-faced, and sour eie-lidded, a kind of pigge-eie." It would be difficult to give a better description of the hero of the velvet cloak, as he is here represented.

Are there not a few pictures admitted into the collection which are hardly needed in a National Portrait Gallery? As the numbers of the really valuable portraits increase, it will be advantageous to weed the collection a little, removing certain pictures, which neither as works of art, nor because of any public interest attaching to the originals, are in the slightest degree interesting. No doubt the trustees have plenty of difficulties to contend with, first in acquiring good and authentic likenesses of illustrious men, and afterwards in keeping clear of pictures that are not good, and which represent gentlemen who are by no means illustrious. When Miss Blenkinsop, of Clapham-rise, sends to the National Portrait Gallery a bad portrait of her father, the distinguished philanthropist who had so large a share in the establishment of the Pickington Mechanics' Institute, and who took the chair and delivered an able speech on the occasion of its inauguration, the trustees cannot but feel considerable embarrassment in declining the tempting offer, and sending the work of art back to Clapham to adorn once more that commanding situation over the sideboard in the dining-room, of which it has been the glory for years. The fourth rule of the institution, which provides that "no portrait shall be admitted by donation unless three-fourths at least of the trustees present at a meeting shall approve it," has clearly not been introduced into the code without reason.

It is to be supposed that one ought, after a visit to this collection, to be able to arrive at certain physiognomical conclusions of some value. Yet this is, in reality, not the case. What a blow, for instance, is administered to the science of physiognomy—considered as a science—by the well-known profile-portrait of Wolfe exhibited in this gallery. What would Camper, the Dutch physiognomist, have said to this facial angle? From the extreme tip of a little mean turn-up nose, the line of the profile recedes, at full gallop, to where the still retreating forehead is lost in the cocked-hat: while the lower part of the face falls away almost more violently from that same point of departure, the end of the nose. The upper-lip recedes from the nose, the under-lip recedes from the upper-lip, and the chin is so small and so retreating, that it is, as a feature, almost wanting; it might be one of the folds of skin about the neck. And this is Wolfe—Wolfe the heroic, the wise—the man whose judgment and discretion were so early proved, that he

was entrusted, at the age of thirty-four, with that great and important expedition against Quebec, in the successful crisis of which he, to use his own words, "died contented."

Another remarkable instance of a head calculated to surprise the student of physiognomy, is the portrait of Jeffreys—Chancellor Jeffreys, the cruel and unjust judge. This cruel, violent, drunken judge, has, at first sight, the countenance of a highly sensitive reflective person, with regular handsome features, and an expression of refined melancholy. Close scrutiny, however, reveals something cruel as well as melancholy in the heavy eyes.

These, however, are exceptional cases; in most instances, the portraits in the collection are wonderfully true to the preconceived idea of the persons represented. Take, for instance, the beautiful terra-cotta bust of Hampden. It would be difficult to imagine anything finer. Indeed, the head is almost ideal in its splendour. This bust of Hampden is placed as a pendant to one of Cromwell, and it is interesting to study the difference between the two men, allied in a common cause. The energy expressed in the bust of Cromwell—which was modelled from life—is so intense that you almost expect the cold clay to burst into action as you look at it. To stand before it, is like being near a loaded Armstrong gun; a steam-engine waiting for the twist of a handle to tear along the iron road; a race-horse held back at the starting-place. To change the destinies of a great country, to convulse it from end to end, and from side to side, seems too small a work for the thousand-man power of such a giant. Hampden's face and head are of a different type. With less of energy than Cromwell's—though with enough too, Heaven knows—there is more of refinement, more feeling. He looks a true gentleman, in courage not second even to Cromwell, in honour and integrity unimpeachable. When one takes with these two the portrait of Ireton, also in this collection, Ireton "taciturn and reserved," the man who was "never diverted from any resolution he had taken," one can wonder at nothing which their united efforts were able to achieve. It would be a curious thing to compare these three heads of the men who headed an English revolution, with those of the chief actors in the French Reign of Terror.

Widely different from these portraits of Cromwell and Hampden, is a painting of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, the author of those renowned letters to his son, which were once thought to embody the perfection of (worldly) wisdom. In one respect, this portrait is allied to those of Hampden and Cromwell, for it carries out one's previously formed idea of the man as completely as each of theirs does. Those refined symmetrical features, the dark eyebrows contrasting with the powdered hair, the cold courteous composed countenance, could belong scarcely to nobody but this man, distinguished in literature, in the senate, and in the drawing-room; the prince of courtiers.

There is—again corroborative of physiognomy as an instinct—a bust of Hogarth in this same room, executed by neat-handed Roubiliac, and a masterpiece of modelling and truthfulness.

We want nothing better than this to put before us the sharp mobile, observant, pleasantly-audacious face of the man who sketched the Calais Gate, with the French sentries looking on suspiciously. The bust is placed in a kind of painter's corner, where are portraits, mostly painted by the artists themselves, of Reynolds, Opie, Wilkie, Northcote, and Wright of Derby. There are two rather curious phenomena connected with the exhibition-frequenting public, which any one who chooses to plant himself in this painter's corner, may observe. Sir Joshua has painted himself turning his head away from the easel, at which he sits, and looking eagerly at his model; and, in order that he may not be dazzled by the strong light in the room, he shades his eyes with his hand. This shadow of the worthy knight's hand cuts straight across his face, and is painted with infinite skill; and it is upon this that the general visitors fix. They do not seem much to care about seeing a likeness of Sir Joshua Reynolds, showing what the great painter was like, and having the additional interest of being a picture from his own hand. They fasten upon that shadow. It is so "natural." How in the world is it done? The second phenomenon appertains to Wright of Derby, a portrait-painter of some standing in his day, but very little known at this day; here is his portrait; an uninteresting picture of a not remarkable person; but then it is hung in an obscure corner out of the way, and it is necessary to squeeze the digestive organs quite flat over a wooden barrier, in order to get a glimpse of it; consequently, everybody is determined to see it. There is a portrait of Oliver Goldsmith close beside this of Wright of Derby, which, because it is in a better light, and can be seen without personal anguish and twisting of the spinal column, few will look at. Poor, dear, delightful Goldsmith! Even here he is placed upon the ground, and is slighted by his company.

In a room close to this are two portraits of two distinguished religious professors, which somehow or other are not quite delightful. Here is, first of all, William Huntington, S.S. This personage, who was a great preacher, and also a great coal-heaver, might pass, as far as appearance goes, for a convict, but that he looks too concealed. The vitality and strength of his constitution are fearful to behold, and it is certain that he looks better fitted for coal-heaving than for religious oratory. The initials appended to his name are thus explained by himself: "As I cannot get at D.D. for want of cash, neither can I get at M.A. for the want of learning; therefore I am compelled to fly for refuge to S.S., by which I mean Sinner Saved." The reader would, perhaps, like to read his works, in twenty volumes.

Immediately beneath the portrait of S.S. hangs a picture of a gentleman in a black gown,

and enclosed in a very tight pulpit, denouncing three individuals gathered round his rostrum, whose heads alone appear above the edge of the frame. One of these, an idiotic woman in a straw hat, is gazing up at the preacher in an ecstasy. Behind her, is half the countenance of a feeble personage, much frightened; behind him, again, is a ferocious ruffian, on whom the preacher's eloquence is entirely thrown away. The preacher is George Whitefield, the coadjutor of Wesley, and one of the founders of the Methodist persuasion. His appearance is not in his favour. His arms are stretched out like a vulture's wings, and he seems to be hovering over his audience like a bird of prey, glaring down upon his victims, with a squint and a smile combined, in a manner calculated to fill the spectator with dismay. There is no doubt that George Whitefield, and John Wesley too, whose portrait is in another room, did a great deal of good in their generation, but their faces are not much more prepossessing than those of the field-preachers of our own day.

The portrait of Cardinal York, the son of the Pretender, the last descendant of the royal line of the Stuarts, dead only in 1807, is a lively real-featured attentive countenance, and a good instance of the difference between a handsome face and a trustworthy face. It is the perfect embodiment of a worldly priest. Close to it hangs one of James Watt, the engineer, and it is curious that as you look at the two together you cannot help being reminded of that renowned speech on the government of the mind, made the other day by Cardinal Wiseman on the occasion of the opening of a certain literary and scientific institution, in which a system of repression and suppression of all the wilder and more fanciful flights in which the human mind indulges, was strongly urged. The cardinal even bids us, when we find one thought, or train of thought continually returning, and occupying our minds in undue proportion, to root it out and cast it ruthlessly away. Advice good and salutary enough when such thought, or train of thought, is foolish, wicked, or unwholesome, but intensely narrow and illiberal, otherwise. Look at that portrait of Watt; observe the man's attitude and bearing; mark the utter distraction shown in the fixed gaze of the eye, which looks without seeing, and say if the man is not the victim of a fixed idea. Think of this Watt pondering over the tea-kettle, and testing idly and listlessly—as a Cardinal bystander might think—the condensation of steam against a polished surface, and say whether it was not a disproportionate train of thought, fondled in the imagination night and day, months and years, that ended in the invention of the steam-condenser?

One is tempted, when visiting a collection of this kind, to generalise. That strong tendency to classify which lurks in most minds comes out with special force in a National Portrait Gallery, and you try to reduce the multitude of physiognomies represented, into something like order. All the heads of

inventors, for instance, should have such and such characteristics; the martial character, again, should be represented thus; the artist type should be of this kind; the poetical of that—but it will not do. You go round the rooms, catalogue in hand, and all your favourite theories are confuted at every turn. Foreheads, eyes, noses, and chins, set themselves against you quite malignantly. But if you were asked what was the leading characteristic, the pervading peculiarity, of the countenances of all the most truly notable and distinguished men portrayed, probably your reply would be, **ENERGY**. The indisputable intellectual qualities of all these men may be difficult to trace according to rules of physiognomy, or phrenology; but that other characteristic—energy, purpose, or whatever else it may be called—is proclaimed on every face, and written in a character so legible that no man can mistake it.

The blackened engineers who drop into these rooms for an hour from the works hard by, and the other intelligent mechanics who find their way here on Saturday afternoons, are probably stimulated by the sight of the self-made men who have risen to the distinction of having their portraits hung in a National Portrait Gallery. There is no doubt that one of the noblest uses of such a collection is to foster a rational ambition. "Here," says the workman, "is a man who began at the very bottom of the ladder, who placed his foot upon its lowest round, and looking up with resolute eye, undaunted by the prospect of a task which would leave him little time for rest or leisure, has mounted step by step to the very topmost place, and got to be associated with those of whom it may be said that they have done the State service and given to their fellow-citizens some boon whose value all men must admit." And so the man goes away (all the Cardinals on earth, except the cardinal virtues, notwithstanding) with one incentive more to active exertion, and armed a little more than before against the dangerous seductions of the gin-shop and Saint Monday.

It has been said that there are portraits even in this small collection which are wanting in interest, and which may in time be replaced by others of greater value in every sense of the word. Sir Isaac Newton is not represented here, nor Sir Philip Sydney. There is no portrait of Johnson, of Burke, of Fielding. Bacon's father is here, but the great philosopher himself is not here. Nay, even Arthur, Duke of Wellington, is not commemorated on the walls in George-street. No doubt all these deficiencies will be supplied in time, as well as others which might be named. And supposing that happy moment to arrive when this national collection shall have room to expand in, would it not be good to negative that second rule of the institution which declares that no portraits of living people shall be admitted, and to have a supplementary room in which there should be a chosen collection of photographic portraits, representing such distinguished living persons as

might be deemed worthy of admission into the company of the illustrious dead? If this were done, and the other portraits arranged with more attention to chronology than is at present observed, the interest attaching to the collection would be greatly increased.

IRISH STEW.

PLATE I.

I AM not, so to say, a very old woman, yet here am I, the last of a good old stock, alone among strangers. I am not a very old woman, yet when my tongue runs on the things I remember, I can plainly see that I am mentally set down as an old woman by my hearers. It is true that my principal recollections have to do with scenes and actors now passed away: so much so, that to my very self I seem to belong to the past, not to the present. Ah! those good old times when I was young! The world was a different world from what it is to-day; and the people that were in it were a distinct race from the cold-hearted calculating degenerate generation occupying it at present. How they can be at all related to the grand old people I knew long ago, is what puzzles me.

The other evening I was tempted to go and witness the performance of the Colleen Bawn, here in our little temporary theatre, by a company of strolling actors, who had managed to enlist a couple of our Dublin stars among them. I was sorry for having gone. The English girl who played poor Eily O'Connor's part couldn't get her tongue round "the Irish words;" she called Colleen "*Cooleen*." She wasn't a Colleen *Bawn* either, for that matter, but a real Colleen *Dhu*, brown-skinned, raven-locked, and black-eyed. Danny Mann was right good, though. But the *real* Danny Mann—Sullivan was his name—was no more a hunchback than I am. He went to Trilce, where he changed his name, set up a little shop, and was doing well. Yet he wasn't to escape, any more than his master: he was hanged in Limerick, though not for years after the murder of poor Eily.

I read part of *The Collegians*, but didn't care to finish it. Every one talks of its power and pathos, but what is it to the *real* story. It is nothing to that—nothing! All the world knows now that Scanlan (Hardress Oregan) was hanged in Limerick for his fearful deed, and in the book doesn't he get off? The cruel black-hearted rascal! But sure, as the old people in Limerick used to say, he came of a bad breed, and the curse was on them! The mother, Mrs. Scanlan, was a hard unnatural woman. She had one other child, a daughter, who got married to a young army-surgeon, and much as she doted on the son, Mrs. Scanlan hated the poor daughter—her own child. I could tell a queer story about that, but just now I want to speak of the brother. We all know how that mother's darling turned out. With all his terrible villainy—and to my mind this makes it the more revolting—he was, to the last, one of the gayest, most rollicking, amusing fellows that ever lived. Often and often I

had to laugh till I cried, listening to Miss Jackson telling about him and his wild haram-scarum pranks in jail. Miss Jackson knew him and all his doings there, for her father was governor of the jail where he was confined. Scanlan led a gay life in his prison. There wasn't much discipline in those times, I suppose, but at all events every one was sure he would get off, for he had such connexions and such interest, and all working Heaven and earth, as the saying is, for him. (Not that Heaven was very likely to interpose in *his* behalf!) There was a sister of his mother's married to a Mr. Smith, a man who had amassed an immense fortune, and at the very time the good nephew was hanged, "Follow my Honour," as he was called, was high sheriff for the county Limerick. As I was saying, Scanlan had fine times in his prison. Nothing but roystering and fun from morning till night, and often from night till morning. He was taken up one assizes, and had to wait for his trial until the next came round. And, among others of his gay doings during that jovial time, he was within one pip of hanging the hangman! This is perfectly true. I had it, word for word, from Miss Jackson's own lips.

Scanlan never believed they would hang him. He ran up the very ladder, laughing and flinging up his cap like a schoolboy—sure of a reprieve to the last! Only for Lord Montague he would have got off, not a doubt of it. I often heard that when her little spencer, poor Eily O'Connor's, was handed up on the trial (some of her clothes had been found, and were given in evidence), a little yellow silk spencer that you'd think would only fit a child, the sensation in court was terrible. But nothing could move or touch him. Careless and gay he was to the end! It is a positive fact, witnessed and attested by thousands, that when Scanlan was on his way to the gallows, the horses under the car in which he was, refused to draw it over Thomond Bridge. Here they stood stock-still, and when urged to proceed, plunged, reared, and resisted all efforts to coax or compel them onwards. At last the wretched young man had to get down and walk over—whereupon the animals moved on of their own accord, with every sign of relief and ease.

PLATE II.

I find it not possible to give the exact date of this story. As near as I can come to it, it was about the year 1761. My father's grandmother, with whom he lived at the time, was just twelve years old, at the siege of Limerick, and when she died, not long after, she was over eighty, and he a boy of thirteen. Putting this and that together, I cannot be very far out in my reckoning, when I assume 1761 to be the date of the story.

In the old town are many fine houses, built when it was thought that Limerick would stretch out by Lord Clare's, instead of going as it did. There is Back Clare-street, built of handsome private houses, which were afterwards let and sub-let cheap to lodgers, many of the lower class of tradespeople. It was in one of these houses

that a reduced gentlewoman, Miss Sally Carmody, lived, in or about the year 1761. There was a deal of French money sent over in those times, and some, it was thought, appropriated it to their own purposes. Frank Arthur even, when he was building Arthur's Quay, was accused of having got some. I am quite sure this was untrue, but the story was believed, because, you see, in those days it was thought such an impudent thing for a Papist to build a whole quay! Three times, they say, he was on the point of being hanged, but the Earl of Limerick saved him. However this might be, Frank Arthur, being considered mighty uppish (that was the word) for a Papist, was suspected; and not himself alone, but all who were known to be connected with him. Arthur's wife was better-born than himself, and poor Miss Sally Carmody was a cousin of hers, and well known as such. So she, good old lady, was under suspicion also.

Miss Sally being, as I said, reduced, was obliged to take in needlework to support herself. She was very skilful at her needle, and numbers of fine ladies used to mount the stairs to her lodgings, to entrust her with work they were particular about. One would think there could be nothing very dangerous in this poor gentlewoman. Still, being related to Arthur's wife, she was watched, and she knew it. Above all, she lived in constant dread of a fellow-lodger who occupied the rooms on the ground floor, immediately below her. This woman, who followed the calling of clear-starcher, was an acrid close uncommunicative little body, very industrious, but very odd in her ways. She was what the neighbours called "a bitter Protestant;" consequently she was employed by all the Protestant ladies of Limerick, and was, moreover, a weekly pensioner of some religious society. By Miss Sally the little Protestant clear-starcher was looked upon as a spy, and dreaded and avoided accordingly.

One day, a handsome carriage stopped at the door, and a lady of modish appearance having inquired for Miss Sally, alighted, and ascended the stairs to her room. She had some very fine work with her, and concerning this she had a hundred instructions to give. Miss Sally remembered afterwards, that while she was talking about the work the lady's eyes kept glancing here and there rather curiously. But as this was by no means unusual in her fine-lady visitors, it caused her no uneasiness at the time. Her customer at last departed, and Miss Sally resumed her occupation, suspended during the rather tedious directions to which she had had to hearken.

The visitor's sharp eyes, however, had not gone a-prying in vain. Inside the front room there was, as I have often seen in those old houses, a little room or closet, without any window, only lighted by means of a glass door connecting it with the apartment without. It came out subsequently that the fine lady spy had seen the shadow of a man inside. In less than half an hour the whole street was filled with soldiers, and up to Miss Sally's room they came to secure their

prisoner. They knew he had not had time to escape; they also knew that from the closet there was no second outlet; so when they were in the room without, they were sure he was trapped.

Into the closet, then, they thronged, General Duff himself at their head. But the room was apparently empty. It was without furniture, save a mattress, a chair, and a table on which were the remains of a meal. In one corner was a little heap of firewood, but not large enough to conceal a man. For a moment the soldiers were taken aback; next moment they were reassured.

There was a bricked-up fireplace in the room; and round it they all gathered. At that time there was a tax called hearth-money, and people used to build a sort of wall of bricks round a fireplace, that the inspector might see when he came that they made no use of it. Ay, and maybe when he'd turn his back the bricks would be taken down until the time came for the next visit. However, as luck would have it, Miss Sally really had no use for this fireplace: I suppose it was as much as she could do, poor lady, to keep up the fire in the front room. And it so happened that the bricks were well and firmly built, and even plastered over, and that they reached to within a couple of feet of the ceiling. There was just room for a man inside, and down here, as the soldiers guessed, the poor fugitive had dropped. He had had only a few minutes' notice of their coming, and, catching up a hatchet that was in the corner with the firewood, he had just had time to clamber up and gain his temporary place of refuge when they broke in.

With a throbbing heart he listened to their threats, their cries of anger, their oaths. He heard them asking if it would not be best to shoot down upon him, and kill him in his lair? But General Duff bawled out, "No, no! Not for a hundred thousand pounds! He must be taken alive! He cannot escape us; pull down the brickwork, and he is ours!" Then they set to, and worked hotly, and what with the knocking and hammering and cursing and shouting, there was such an uproar as was never before heard in poor Miss Sally Carmody's lodgings. The bricks being solidly built and plastered, it was not so easy as they had anticipated to tear them away. And when at last they did effect their purpose, their supposed prisoner had again balked them—*how* was plainly to be seen! While they were unrooting the bricks that screened him from them, he, seeing, or rather feeling, that there was no hearthstone under his feet, had conceived the hope that by cutting away the floor he might drop down into the room below, and so have another chance of getting off. With the hatchet he had caught up, he fell to work, the noise he made completely drowned by the uproar without. And some minutes before their object was effected, he landed in the room below.

Instantly the alarm was given by the soldiers nearest the hearth-place. Some of their number

remained above, while the rest hurried down to get into the room below. But here was another delay, for the woman who occupied it, a good Protestant, as several of them knew, and therefore not to be suspected of voluntarily harbouring a French spy (for such they declared the fugitive to be), was absent, and the door was locked. Some, who had hurried round to the back of the house, found the window of this room fast bolted on the inside, and there was no other outlet from it. With a shout they announced their certainty that the Frenchman was still in the house, caught in his own trap! So they called for a crowbar to break open the door, and seize him at last. Somehow, none of them ventured to follow him through the hole he had made in floor and ceiling. They knew he must be armed; they had abundant proof of his energy and desperation; and the bravest man that ever stepped, might well be pardoned for not adopting a means of descent sure to be fatal to himself.

But just as the crowbar was about to be put in requisition, there was a cry of "Stop, stop!" from a female voice in the crowd, and presently a little woman, greatly flurried and excited, came elbowing her way towards them, "Oh, general, honey!" she cried, "sure ye won't break open my little room? I have the key here somewhere—only wait one moment!" And the little clear-starcher fumbled desperately in her pockets and in the bosom of her dress, vowing the while, as well as she could speak, that it was "the Lord sent her back from her errand in time to prevent her little place from being smashed!" Still, the poor creature was so frightened and so confused that it was not until the General, losing all patience, had again called for the crowbar, that the key at length made its appearance, in answer to a despairing dive into the depths of a capacious side-pocket. It was snatched from her, the door was flung open, and the men poured in. In a moment every nook and cranny was ransacked—in vain! There was no trace of the fugitive, and they were completely at fault. The window shut, and bolted on the inside, precluded any idea of escape in that direction; the fire cheerily burning in the large grate, as effectually proved that he could not have ascended the chimney; he was nowhere in the room, yet there was plain to all beholders the aperture in the ceiling by which he had got down. And louder than the cries of the angry soldiers were those of the little clear-starcher, whose apartment had been so unceremoniously disfigured. The would-be captors were baffled—they swore they were baffled by the devil himself!

But the Evil One had had no need, even were he so inclined, to interfere in the matter. The little Protestant clear-starcher had contrived very cleverly to outwit the soldiers. That she was *clever* in her ways was certain, for while every man, woman, or child, except herself, was in commotion on the arrival of the military, she remained at her wash-tub, rubbing away, and listening to the uproar and the blows overhead, as if nothing at all unusual were the matter. There she was,

when the ceiling gave way, and the poor hunted Frenchman, pale and covered with dust, stood before her. She never cried out, or even spoke; she just looked at him for a second, then pointed to the open window; he sprang out, and hastened off in the direction she indicated. The little woman dusted the window-sill where he had left the prints of his feet, shut the window, bolted it on the inside, threw some fresh provender on the fire, slipped out, locking the door behind her, and mingled unobserved with the people in the street.

Whoever the Frenchman was, he was saved. When he jumped out through the window, he made off across a garden, on through other gardens, on into a field where some men were digging potatoes. Those seeing him running, and his dress all torn, guessed how it was, and one of them gave him his jacket, another his brogues, another his caubeen, and they rubbed clay over his hands and face, and otherwise aided his disguise. Then they put a spade into his hand, and set him to dig with them. By-and-by the soldiers came to make inquiries, and were sent off on a wild-goose chase after a gentleman without a hat whom they said they had seen running in an opposite direction. The soldiers never found him, and the fugitive got safe back to France. It was not rightly known who he was; some said one thing, and some said another; but from what General Duff cried out when the soldiers wanted to fire down on him, it was believed he must be somebody of great consequence. The poor people said it was the King of France.

PARISIAN ROMANS.

THE history of that group of singular personages, who, in common Parisian parlance, enjoy the ethnological appellation of "Romans" (Romains), and who play a prominent part in modern Parisian civilisation, has yet to be written in full—at least, in the English language. Such a history, however, might not find an unfitting place in our literature, were it only by way of affording that warning which history may be made to convey, in the conduct of nations. It is not the intention here to write anything that merits the name of "history." But a sketch of the habits, manners, and influence on society, for good or for evil, of the curious tribe of Parisian "Romans" may be considered worthy of record, the rather, as sundry efforts, vain upon the whole, have been made in latter days to acclimatise certain offshoots of the tribe in our own country. We may not know them under that ethnological distinction which the Parisian people have bestowed upon them. But we have heard of them under the name of "Claqueurs," or the generic appellation of "La Claque."

The tribe can boast of very considerable antiquity. In the times of the degeneracy of ancient Rome—perhaps even their origin might be traced to a far remoter period were their

serious history ever to be written—they appeared upon the stage of the civilised world as hired “lamenters.” These were the days when inconsolable Roman families hired mourners to follow their deceased relatives to the sepulchre with a due amount of sobs and tears—when red eyes had their price, dishevelled hair received its stipulated payment, and torn garments were remunerated by tariff. It is not quite certain whether, in those days, the last degree of inconsolable despair might not have been bought at its due price, and a frantic mourner purchased, by a pension to his surviving family, to fling himself into the grave and be buried, or burned, along with the “dear departed.” That the descent of these modern mercenary applauders may be traced from these ancient mercenary lamenters, in a distinct ancestral line, can admit of little doubt in the mind of a thoughtful archæologist, when it is seen that, to this day, the tribe still bears, in France, the name of “Romans.”

Mr. T. Sauvage, in his History of the French Stage, attributes the origin of the “Claque” to a certain Chevalier de la Morlière, to whom he gives the pompous title of “First of the Claqueurs.” But the anecdote in which he relates how this strange gentleman vagabond, libertine, and duellist, himself an author, hissed upon the stage, revenged himself by “damning” the pieces of other authors, and was finally cajoled by his enemy Dorat, the dramatist, into applauding Dorat’s pieces, and ensuring them success for a consideration—however true, proves nothing as to the origin of the custom.

The “Claqueur,” first so called, was at the commencement of his connexion with the Theatre, simply a volunteer, ill paid, or paid only by the recompense of free admission to see the play, in return for the applause bestowed. He was usually a friend of the hairdresser, or dressmaker of the theatre. But the thing thrived; and became a trade. It prospered more and more. The tribe of “Romans,” humble and cautious at first, the mere supplicating hangers-on of subordinates, the servants of servants, felt their ground as they advanced, increased and flourished. The invading force gradually gained a knowledge of its power; and the power, once established, was boldly maintained. From slaves, the “Romans” rose to be masters—masters of the position, masters of the stage, masters of the managers, authors, artists. A guerilla warfare was carried on for some time with the public. But the “Romans,” whose supremacy was no longer professionally disputed, held their heads too high to have their sceptre ravished from them by such vulgar disaffection as the opposition of public voices. After some bitter struggles, the “Romans” triumphed. The field of battle was their own; and it has remained theirs ever since. To this day, there are rare occasions when the public makes a weak show of fight against its old enemy, the “Claque.” But these petty émeutes are regarded with contempt by “Romans” as poor revolutionary outbreaks of low conspirators. The public is crushed by the one igno-

minious term “cabale,” much after the same fashion as in early days of English reform, a recalcitrant Liberal was assailed by Tory tongues with the conclusive epithets of “Atheist and Radical.”

No parallel can be found to the elevation of the “Romans” except in the rise of the family of Rothschild, from the poor hawker Anselm, to an allied power swaying the destinies of Europe. What had been a mere peddling trade became a profession, openly professed. As in the parallel case, a grander name was to be found. The designation of “Claqueur,” which had long been coarsely used in vulgar mouths, was disdained. The “Claqueur” now called himself an “Entrepreneur de Succès Dramatiques.”

Not many years ago, the law reports of the daily Parisian papers published in detail a regularly drawn-up document, by which it appeared that a “success-contractor,” as the plaintiff styled himself, had entered into an engagement with the manager of one of the first theatres in Paris to supply him with a certain quantity of successes, for a certain number of pieces, in return for stipulated and duly ceded prerogatives, privileges, and advantages. These advantages consisted, principally, but by no means exclusively, of a certain number of tickets given to him *every night*, for his own disposal and profit; of the *whole pit* upon first representations; of so many boxes and stalls, and other little pickings, too numerous to mention. On his part, the dramatic success-contractor agreed to provide a certain number of men “decently dressed” to applaud, and also to be present himself, in order to direct the when, where, and how, of the applause to be bestowed—also to attend all the rehearsals of new pieces, to arrange with the author the points where the applause was to be introduced, and finally to come to the manager’s room, when required, to consult with him as to what actors, and, more especially, what *actresses*, were to be particularly applauded and supported. This extraordinary contract, so degrading to art, honour, and truth, was looked upon as a strictly legal document.

The tribe is enrolled in various regiments, one of which is attached to every theatre in Paris. Each regiment is commanded by a chief—a superior officer—a general—not only in his own esteem, but in occasional parlance. He calls himself, “Entrepreneur de Succès Dramatiques en Chef.” The vulgar public call him “Chef de Claque.” To his person are attached inferior officers, as adjutants, who are regularly employed “upon the staff.” In their various capacities, they all command the great herd, the common soldiers of the regiment, the well-drilled privates of—if the ignominious term must be used—“la claque.” Besides the main body, however, which, with its commanding officer, takes up its aggressive position in the pit of the theatre, there are a variety of allied troops, less recognised by the enemy, the public, who are disposed about the house as outstanding pickets. Their titles are as extra-

ordinary as their functions are various. The "Rieur," employed for farces, is a common-place individual. The profession of "laughter" is not a difficult one; it is easily filled, and is poorly remunerated. But the "Moucheur," or blower of the nose, and flourisher of the pocket-handkerchief at a new pathetic play, is looked upon as a somewhat superior officer. Still higher stands the "Sanglotteur," or sobber, whose business is sufficiently indicated by the designation, and whose effects have to be studied with considerable care. But few rank higher than the "Pâmeuse." This is the name of the female (generally posted in the first boxes) who undertakes a fainting-fit, or convulsions ad libitum—in other words, "qui se pâme" at critical moments. If she provide for the night a "toilette sans reproche," an embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and a jewelled smelling-bottle, her price rises accordingly. As a general rule, she is paid in proportion to the sympathy that her elegance, and the weakness of her nerves, at the tragic scene, excite.

To show that these revelations of the manners and customs of the "Romans" are not merely jocular, but are stated in earnest, reference need only be made to a scene which, according to the reports of the Parisian papers, took place, not very long ago, in a Parisian court of justice. A female witness was asked by the judge the customary question, "What is your profession?" "Monsieur le juge," was her answer, "je m'évanouis" (I faint). The compassionate judge, thinking she was then and there about to swoon from emotion, ordered a glass of water to be presented to the astonished lady. The question as to her profession was then again repeated. The same answer, "Monsieur le juge, je m'évanouis." "You don't mean to say that is your profession?" exclaimed the judge, now getting angry. "Unquestionably, monsieur le juge," she replied. An explanation followed, and it came out that she was a theatrical pâmeuse.

Another variety of skirmisher employed on special and important occasions, is the "Interlocuteur," or "Interrupteur," who was only in latter years employed in the army of "Romans." This ally represents a very innocent individual, who, led away by the excitement of the drama represented, is supposed to take it all for natural, and who apostrophises the villain, or wicked persecutor. The interrupteur is generally turned out of his box, hustled, captured, and led away by confederate policemen, laughing in their sleeves. But the performance of his little scene is usually crowned with a great success—for the piece! Not too often used, the interrupteur generally carries the day in favour of the "Roman" cause on doubtful occasions. But another ally, still more seldom placed on the service, is the "Siffleur." The "hisser" of a piece, if he chooses the exact moment of a turn in the minds of the audience favourable to the new drama, is generally received by the genuine public with the cry of "A bas la cabale!" and is ignominiously put down and put out. But

the office of "Siffleur" is of a very ticklish and highly diplomatic nature. It requires to be performed with a delicacy of tact, and a nicety of appreciation of the very "nick of time," which render it unsafe in any but clever and experienced hands. It is a superior office, bestowed with care, well remunerated, and seldom resorted to but on highly important occasions.

Whatever the leader of the tribe of Parisian Romans may have been when he had not stepped higher in rank than the now ignominious "Claqueur"—and there is every reason to surmise that, in those days, his attire was as shady as his avocations, and his linen as doubtful as his social status—the success-contractor en chef is now a gentleman who dresses well, keeps his brougham, and, in his moments of leisure when not occupied by his literary avocations, lounges, cigar in mouth, along the Boulevards, where he will catch hold of the arm of any dramatic author, who may be one of his "clients"—the very comedy of non-complicity being no longer considered worth the trouble of acting—and will talk over with him the progress, or presumed effect, of his new piece. He considers himself a very important collaborateur. In this respect his vanity is fostered by the fact, that, under some circumstances, the manuscript of a new piece is placed in his hands by the manager, for his perusal and judgment, previously to its being put upon the stage. On occasions of rehearsals of importance, he never leaves the theatre. He pulls out his note-book, and marks down with care the strong and weak points, the scenes to be brought out, the situations to be emphasized, the passages to be encoired, the exits and entrances to be peculiarly favoured, and the dangerous points to be tenderly nursed. He never scruples to give his advice to author and manager, or to suggest changes and "cuts;" and he is much affronted if not listened to. When the morning of the great general rehearsal arrives, he summons his troops, gets into an upper box in the centre of the house, draws out his opera-glass and his note-book, and arranges his plan of battle for the important evening. He generally disposes a square battalion in the centre of the pit, a dozen or more of sharpshooters at each flank, a moucheur or two, particularly well dressed, in the stalls, a sanglotteur in the balcon, a few choice spirits in the gallery, and—in the case of a doubtful melodrama—an interrupter in the upper boxes.

On the occasion of a first representation, the contractor is in all his glory as general-in-chief. He has already drilled the troops under his command; and he now monopolises the whole direction of the battle. He disdains to shirk the responsibility of being in the midst of the mêlée, and takes his position in the centre of his forces in the pit, with an aide-de-camp on either side, to whom he occasionally condescends to address a few remarks. Look down from the amphitheatre or balcony, and you will see the compact mass of the Roman army, distinguishable by a certain precision of manner, an official rigidity

of bearing, an indescribable air of having come for business, not for amusement. The general may be recognised at a glance, by his distinction of carriage and dress. When a volley of applause is to be fired, the manner of giving the word of command, is not invariably the same at all theatres. In some establishments, the general waves his hands duly clad in white kid gloves, over his head, much after the fashion of the most elegant of orchestra conductors. The signal is given in three movements—"Make ready!" "Present!" "Fire!" The general slowly sinks his head; the fire ceases; the artillery of hardened hands is stopped. At other theatres, as, for instance, at the Grand Opéra—the Académie Impériale—the general indicates his commands for the various manœuvres, with a stout gold-headed cane. At the moment when the staff of command is raised, the fire bursts out. But it does not cease all at once. The cane is lowered a few inches; and certain of the troops, according to previous arrangement, drop their fire; again a few inches, and certain others stop; it is lowered altogether; and the last fainter volley stops. This manœuvre gives a spuriously genuine air to the applause.

The success-contractor on chief never himself condescends to applaud. He only glances his eagle eye over his columns to see that every man does his duty. Woe betide the unhappy neophyte who should dare applaud for pure gratification, before the order is given, or who should venture to prolong his exercise after the retreat is beaten.

When the battle is won or lost—and it is generally considered won on the first night, however it may be lost afterwards—the success-contractor on chief goes behind the scenes to congratulate author and manager, and to receive congratulations in return. On these occasions, he again offers suggestions for the alteration or suppression of dangerous passages, over which, he will tell them, it required all his special tact and talent (not to say "genius") to carry the piece. But, besides author and manager, he has other "clients" to visit, and upon all must be bestowed a word or two. These clients are the actors and actresses, most, if not all, of whom pay their black-mail tribute to the chief. Some subscribe to him for their applause by the year, others by the month, others for one particular part, others "for that night only." All are pretty sure to be more or less discontented, because some pet effect has been not sufficiently "warmed up," some curious grimace has been left unappreciated, some trait of genius has been overlooked, and, above all, because some rival has been better treated. But the Roman general is accustomed to the dissatisfaction of the artists. He smiles, shrugs his shoulders, and retires from the theatre with the proud conviction that glory, art, fame, literary merit, are all his own—all due to him! And so they are!

The Roman success-contracting system does not always save a bad piece from its just fate. A rude public will occasionally hiss dulness, or, in

a merry mood, utterly "damn" a piece by shouts of ironical applause, which drown the systematic efforts of the well-drilled Romans. The public has occasionally adopted another mode of asserting itself against the dictatorial power of the Roman general. It has quitted the theatre by degrees and detachments, and left the Romans inglorious masters of the field of battle. The Romans still applaud to empty benches; and the piece is dead!

The "Roman" government of theatrical matters tends to produce an effect diametrically opposite to that originally intended. It has long since crushed and smothered any expression of real admiration on the part of the public. Men have grown ashamed and afraid of demonstrating their feelings, and of assimilating themselves to the noisy hireling applauders around. The true Parisian never applauds. Moreover, the system compromises the fortunes of theatres, and tends materially to injure dramatic art by rendering all actors subservient for the applause they seek or the disapproval they shun, to a tribe of fellows, who make themselves not only the applauding friend of the artist when sufficiently paid, but his dire enemy, if not satisfied to the fulness of their greed. It tends to lower dramatic literature, by inducing dramatic authors to be negligent of their works, the reception of which depends upon the salaried caprice of a herd of illiterate men. Worse than all, it has nearly succeeded in killing the one real friend of dramatic art, the public. When authors, actors, managers, all bow before the "Roman" sway, regardless of the rights and privileges of that friend, it cannot be long before its decease will be thus recorded: "Died of inanition, the Parisian Public, starved out of the theatres by its enemy, 'la Claque.'"

A NEAR SHAVE.

"It was the worst passage we 'ad 'ad since the 'cavy gales," said the official person who was always seen under conditions of rapid motion, and whose function I heard designated under the character of "Stoord!" Through the watches of the night I had heard that cry borne to me under every conceivable inflexion, even above the fury of the elements; in a key of agony; a key of low groaning; a key of stern suffering, betokening the strong mind disdaining to yield to mortal throes; a key of shrieking despair; finally a key of low exhausted gaspings, more akin to a piteous whine than to any distinct shape of articulation. I need not be ashamed to own, where suffering was the badge of so large a tribe, that mine was the voice in the frightful hold of the Ostend packet-ship that took this piteous passive form of complaint. What was the force of those "cavy gales" alluded to by the "Stoord" as his standard of comparison, I had no means of determining. I did not at the moment care about having the means of determining anything human.

I was going abroad, and for a month pre-

vicious had informed people that I was going abroad, and had been congratulated on going abroad. I felt a natural elation at the prospect. I recollect the ghastly reality with which this boastful elation presented itself to me during that night of suffering. Physiologists—or psychologists is it?—may account for this odd phenomenon; but it came back on me many many times, always in the society of the “Stoord.” Loathed familiar! loathed in every direction, even in the useful insignia of his office! Yet this was clearly but the ravings of a disorganised system, for in his own obscure line he was to a certain degree a ministering angel.

The most extraordinary feature of this malady was, that during its paroxysms I did not care the least for Grace Barkins. That tremendous passion which had been consuming me for months as with a slow fire, suddenly went out. I found I did not care for Grace Barkins; no, no more than if I were at the bottom of the sea. I never even thought of Grace Barkins, and yet two months before—

My father had interfered, interfered sternly, and with dramatic action. He had said, “Charles Alfred, this *must* not go on. This is sheer insanity.” On my remonstrating feebly, he good-naturedly declined to make me morally responsible for my acts, and said I was a fool. I was to put the thing out of my head, and try to think of being a man. It was high time to try and think of being sensible. I was getting old, &c. Thus encouraged I withdrew from the interview. A little gentleness, nay, even a more flattering tone in these remonstrances, would have done much. But as it was, I felt outraged. It was presently proposed that I should travel abroad. I chimed in eagerly with the proposal, simply because I heard that she—may I without disrespect call her the Charmer, or Idol of my Affections?—had suddenly gone abroad. But for obvious reasons I disguised my alacrity. At parting, he, the Blind Parent—I mean blinded—put money into my hand, and bade me *try* and not be a fool. A retort rose to my lips; but I felt a something in me—in my hand I mean—which enjoined me to forbear and *take all* from my parent.

I say I never once thought of the Idol (as I may call her for short) down in the awful cabins of the Ostend packet. But with returning consciousness, and when my tottering frame was being assisted ashore by a humane mariner, the image of the Idol began to return. When I was fairly ashore, or *on* shore, the image of the Idol presented itself even under engaging conditions. From private information which I had received (to use a happy phrase), I had learned that the Idol was residing at a Belgian town, the name whereof is not now of the least consequence. It was but a couple of hours away. I ~~permitted~~ to meet the Idol. A few moments’ delay to decorate the human figure, and then I would be ready to meet the Idol. Suddenly the humane mariner, who, stimulated by the manner in which his charitable behaviour had been recompensed, had taken on himself the duty (for which I was in-

capable) of recovering my luggage, came to report that All was Lost—I mean, that he could not discover it. His efforts were unavailing, and again, assisted by the humane mariner, I had to return and try and identify it myself. It was but too true, my Little All was gone: and, under Little All, I include personal linen, new best black superfine walking coat, ditto vest: ditto superior extra milled doeskin trousers (these are extracts from an account with which I was favoured shortly after), with other articles of wearing apparel, and becoming personal attire. The Little All had been left behind at Dover. It was a blow, for the articles had been got with an especial end; that end, I am not ashamed to own, was the dazzling of the Idol. This, coming on the preceding blow—or blows—received on the voyage, nearly prostrated me. This was a moral stroke, the others were more in a physical direction; drawing a line and adding up both, I made a sum, the amount of which I could scarcely bear.

It was a sore discouragement, and I knew not what to do. How was I to present myself to the Idol in my present state of disrepair? for in disrepair I was, both in general tone and physical condition. I was dilapidated and ruined, so to speak, and yet I could not dally at Ostend until the last tourist arrived. I was distracted, for I knew that she, the Idol—but not a bit more than many of her sisters—leaned a good deal on the vile trappings of outward humanity. Hearing the whistle of an engine just departing, I leaped into the train, into the solitary compartment of a first-class carriage. Something would occur to me in that retirement.

I had every confidence in the Idol: she was, after all, not made in the common mould, or, I may say, of the common: she was generous, noble. I could not supply the want accident had deprived me of, for I do not blush to own my means would not suffer me to compass a fresh outfit. Such reckless outlay was not within the programme which had been early inculcated into my youthful mind. I took my seat in the departing train.

I noted the conductor, who came round to view our tickets: a man in dress and figure made exactly after the pattern of the favourite portraits of that popular freebooter, Robert or Robin Hood. He was in Lincoln, or, more strictly speaking, Belgian green, very tight and dapper, and had a horn hung about him by what seemed a thick green bell-rope. He had a rough red beard, something like the diagrams I have seen of hand carding-machines, used, I believe, in the preparation of flax, which gave him an unpleasant rasping effect, almost painful. He spoke to me both roughly and gruffly; but I made him no reply, which seemed to fret and exasperate him. He addressed me in his own language, which was unintelligible to me, and I thought it was not unreasonable that I should have the privilege of replying to him in my own, taking the chances that it might be intelligible to him. I spoke calmly, and, I hope, as was becoming an English gentleman. I explained

to him my misfortune, and asked him his advice. "Seriously," I said, "I do not reckon on your assistance in recovering my lost property. You have, of course, your own special sphere of duty. I cannot be so unreasonable as to expect you to travel out of your own particular round, but if—"

At this point he rudely twitched my ticket from my fingers, "snipp'd" it with the favourite instrument of his profession, and departed growling what I now believe to be a volley of profane and horrible oaths. I looked after him from the window, and saw him pointing to my carriage in conversation with a brother of the cloth (of the Lincoln green cloth), whose beard suggested also two black carding-machines. They were both laughing and growling together—a curious instance of that combination of drollery and low humour which I have found in foreign nations. I could not forbear smiling and nodding good naturedly at them in return, in order to promote the good feeling which should subsist between inhabitants of different countries.

We started to a blast of the horn of the Robin Hood guard. Alone in my compartment, I thought of my situation. In an hour I should meet *her*, the *Idol*, face to face; she lovely, fresh, fair, radiant; I unkempt, draggled, dishevelled, generally awry and tumbled, and in a state of ruin. The prospect was terrible. In an absent and reflective way I passed my hand over my chin, and became conscious of a rude rasping feel, that spoke volumes of personal degradation. At that moment I had a perfect consciousness of the squalor, as I may term it, of my personal appearance.

Stay! I recollected I had with me a portable leather dressing-case, which rolled up flat, like a convenient surgical instrument-case. It could be carried in the pocket or in the bosom. It was in the bosom at that moment. Blessed device! Happy forththought! I had seen a diagram of the apparatus in Mr. Bradshaw's useful Guide, and had promptly secured it. It contained a glass, a pincushion, a pair of scissors, a penknife, razors, and a little pot of soap. What could be simpler? I could not restore the beauty of my wearing apparel; but as to the personal squalor, here was a dressing-room with no one to intrude on my privacy.

It was raining heavily. I put back my collar leisurely, I bared my throat, I took out the portable razor and felt its keen edge, I took out the portable glass and took a hasty glance. I was shocked at the change which one night's suffering had wrought. Eyes bloodshot and strained, cheeks wan and haggard, mouth drawn down: the whole, with the effect of the throat bare, giving a wild haggard air difficult to describe. With a sigh I put by the glass, and, in a musing, absent fashion, began to whet my razor on my hand. I would hold the little pot of soap outside the window to catch the natural moisture, and then (still whetting my razor)—

I heard a guttural cry! The Red Beard was

at the window gesticulating. I stopped in amazement. In an instant he had the door open and was beside me. I had forgotten that on these foreign lines the guards have unrestricted access to every part of the train even when in motion. It is impossible to describe the savage unaccountable manner of the man. He even rudely caught hold of my arm and tried to seize the useful article I was preparing for my toilette. I was amazed at his incomprehensible behaviour, and remonstrated in my own tongue without effect. He continued his horrid guttural language, and actually shut up my razor and put it in his pocket. I remonstrated with him calmly, still in my own tongue, but without effect. At last it all flashed upon me. I was violating one of the established rules of the company by converting one of their carriages into a dressing-room. I could not forbear smiling at my own stupidity at not guessing this before, and I assumed a gentler tone.

As we were approaching a station, he got up and left me, taking with him my property. I remonstrated (in my own tongue), but ineffectually. The value of the article was, in a money point of view, contemptible, but, at that moment, it was to me beyond all price. Without it I was helpless, stranded, hideous. He sternly refused to restore it, and even locked both doors upon me. When the train started again, I was conscious of the view being suddenly darkened, and of two figures—Black Beard and Red Beard—looking in upon me steadily. Red Beard was pointing me out to his fellow. Presently Red Beard came in, and sat down beside me. I again demanded my property. He shook his head. I tried to express contrition, if in my ignorance of the manners and customs of a foreign country I had outraged any of their regulations. He again shook his head. His behaviour was getting most mysterious. What did he mean? Perhaps he had designs on other articles of mine; possibly my purse. The lonely carriage, my helpless condition, everything favoured his nefarious purpose. Instantly an idea flashed upon me. I would not submit further to this degrading espionage. I would "descend," to use their own phrase, at the first convenient station, privily and secretly withdraw into a private waiting or refreshment room, and finish my personal decoration.

He had to depart presently, to gather up his tickets. Odious Red Beard! I watched my opportunity when his back was turned, opened the door very softly, and crept out. But in an instant he emerged from a buffet, where I believe he had been imbibing some artificial stimulant, rushed at me, called to Black Beard, who was inside, also I believe engaged with some stimulant, and they both rushed at me. In a second they had seized me by each arm, and had forced me back into the carriage, discharging oaths and profane language which shocked me. Mysterious, unaccountable behaviour! What *could* they mean? No matter; at the next responsible station I would lay the whole case

before the person in authority. This should be brought to a crisis.

About every five minutes, either Black Beard or Red Beard looked in from the outside, in their progress along the footboard, stared at me for some moments, and disappeared. It was outrageous. But no matter. Meanwhile I was still dilapidated, ruined, dishevelled, and dragged. I knew my appearance to be abject and repulsive; and yet I was denied an opportunity of getting into any smooth respectable shape. My little pocket-glass showed me an odious spectacle. At last here was the station. I was to "descend," as they called it. It was Malines, Bruges, Brussels—no matter where it was. It makes no difference in the interest of this narrative. None in the least. All I have to say is, that—O moment of degradation and humiliation!—as the "convoy" (that I believe to be the correct phrase) glided in, I distinctly saw the face of the Idol, with a female friend of the Idol's, and a male friend of the Idol's, standing there on the platform, scanning the interior of the carriages with a scrutinising gaze.

With a spasmodic motion, I buried my face in a handkerchief, to escape recognition. Perhaps I was too late. Most likely I was. On second thoughts I was not, for I laughed grimly at the notion. The squalor and neglect with which I was as it were begrimed, had no doubt done their work of disguise but too well. Ha! ha!

They were scrutinising the interiors eagerly. They were high up. They would soon be low down. Stay. There was one last chance. What if there were some quiet nook, some off-shoot to the refreshment-room, where a wretched hunted persecuted passenger might enjoy, say ten minutes' solitude, and might shave, or scrape, with or without water.

They had turned and were coming down. In a second I had bounded from the carriage. In the shock I rebounded against a Belgian officer in spectacles, who fell heavily. I learned afterwards that his spectacles were broken on the asphalt. I did not stay to pick him up. I was considered a brutal Englishman. No matter. I still urged on my headlong career. Here was the refreshment-room filled with hungry crowds, and here a little to the left was a door. Quietly and without noise, I opened it; there was a passage, and beyond the passage a door. I opened the door, and discovered a pretty little room—a bedroom. Possibly the station-master's; not impossible the station-master's wife's drawing-room, for there were lace and muslin on the

glass, and there was a little girl of about five years old on a stool at the fire, reading a picture-book. A pretty picture of childish innocence! Was ever mortal man so fortunate! No one had followed: I was unobserved: everything favoured: there was a kettle singing on the hob. This last interposition seemed almost miraculous. Hot water ready. It was marvellous. Without a second's delay I took off my handkerchief, threw back my collar, bared my throat, and got out my sole surviving razor. In a few minutes it would be over, and then—

The child began to cry—howl, perhaps, would be more the correct term. I had noted a scared look on the child's part when I first entered. No wonder; it was pardonable in the child. I appalled it into silence by seizing it by the arm, and dealing it a ferocious glance, and then began to whet my razor. Not a moment was to be lost. I got some hot water from the kettle, bared my throat once more, threw back my head, and—The child began to howl dismally once more. It was too annoying. Trying to assume the ferociousness of an ogre—just for the moment—I rushed at it, caught it by the arm, and playfully made passes at it with the razor. At that moment the door was flung open, and Red Beard, Black Beard, men in blouses, porters, women, and passengers generally, all came rushing in. In an instant Black Beard and Red Beard had me each by an arm, and my sole surviving razor was snatched from me. Worse than all, I saw the Idol, and the two friends of the Idol, pointing at me with something like horror.

There is no need to dwell on that painful history. They—*She*—saw me in my degradation, in the full measure of my degradation: squalid, odious, repulsive, in the hands of the constituted authorities. That wretched Red Beard was my bane. He hated me because I had not fed him abundantly. They tried to make up some absurd story of my attempting my own life with a razor, in a railway carriage; of my being mad, and dangerous, and afterwards trying to destroy a young child with the same deadly instrument. I did not mind their charges, not in the least. What I did mind was the squalid spectacle I presented to the Idol, who I saw turn away from me with unconcealed disgust. No wonder! *Their* interest and testimony as to my saneness, saved me from any inconvenience: but the Idol came out of the ordeal, changed. *She* never got over that vision, she never was the same to me afterwards. I cannot blame her.

On Tuesday, the First of December, will be published, price 4d.,

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS,

FORMING

THE EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER FOR CHRISTMAS.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 238.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XLVI.

If we could always know at the time what we are doing!

Two ladies carried a paper to Whitchall out of charity to a stranger.

Therein the elder was benefactress to a man she never spoke of but as "the Wretch;" the younger held her truant bridegroom's heart, I may say, in her hand all the road, and was his protectress. Neither recognised the handwriting: for no man can write his own hand with a tooth-pick.

They reached Whitchall, and were conducted up-stairs to a gentleman of pleasant aspect but powerful brow, seated in a wilderness of letters. He waved his hand, and a clerk set them chairs: he soon after laid down his pen, and leaned gravely forward to hear their business. They saw they must waste no time: Julia looked at her mother, rose, and took Alfred's missive to his desk, and handed it him with one of her eloquent looks, grave and pitiful. He seemed struck by her beauty and her manner.

"It was pinned on my parasol, sir, by a poor prisoner at Drayton House," said Mrs. Dodd.

"Oh, indeed," said the gentleman, and began to read the superscription with a cold and wary look. But it thawed visibly as he read. He opened the missive, and ran his eye over it. The perusal moved him not a little: a generous flush mounted to his brow; he rang the bell sharply. A clerk answered it; the gentleman wrote on a slip of paper, and said earnestly, "Bring me every letter that is signed with that name, and all our correspondence about him."

He then turned to Mrs. Dodd, and put her a few questions, which drew out the main facts I have just related. The papers were now brought in. "Excuse me a moment," said he, and ran over them. "I believe the man is sane," said he, "and that you will have enabled us to baffle a conspiracy, a heartless conspiracy."

"We do hope he will be set free, sir," said Mrs. Dodd piteously.

"He shall, madam, if it is as I suspect. I will stay here all night but I will enter this case;

and lay it before the Board myself without delay."

Julia looked at her mother, and then asked if it would be wrong to inquire "the poor gentleman's name."

"Humph!" said the official; "I ought not to reveal that without his consent. But stay! he will owe you much, and it really seems a pity he should not have an opportunity of expressing his gratitude. Perhaps you will favour me with your address; and trust to my discretion: of course, if he does not turn out as sane as he seems, I shall never let him know it."

Mrs. Dodd then gave her address; and she and Julia went home with a glow about the heart selfish people, thank Heaven, never know.

Unconsciously these two had dealt their enemy and Alfred's a heavy blow; had set the train to a mine. Their friend at the office was a man of another stamp than Alfred had fallen in with.*

Meantime Alfred was subjected to hourly mortifications and irritations. He guessed the motive, and tried to baffle it by calm self-possession: but this was far more difficult than heretofore, because his temper was now exacerbated and his fibre irritated by broken sleep (of this poor David was a great cause), and his heart inflamed and poisoned by that cruel, that corroding passion, jealousy.

To think, that while he was in prison, a rival was ever at his Julia's ear, making more and more progress in her heart! This corroder was his bitter companion day and night; and perhaps of all the maddeners human cunning could have invented this was the worst. It made his temples beat and his blood run boiling poison. Indeed, there were times when he was so dis-tempered by passion that homicide seemed but an act of justice, and suicide a legitimate relief. For who could go on for ever carrying Hell in his bosom up and down a prison yard? He began to go alone: to turn impatiently from the petty troubles and fathomless egotism of those afflicted persons he had hitherto forced his sore heart to pity. Pale, thin, and worn, he walked the weary gravel, like the lost ones in

* THE CONDUCTOR OF THIS JOURNAL DESIRES TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF EXPRESSING HIS PERSONAL RELIEF THAT NO PUBLIC SERVANTS DO THEIR DUTY WITH GREATER ABILITY, HUMANITY, AND INDEPENDENCE, THAN THE COMMISSIONERS IN LUNACY.

that Hall of Eblis, whose hearts were a devouring fire. Even an inspector with a naked eye would no longer have distinguished him at first sight from a lunatic of the unhappiest class, the melancholiac.

Ipse sum cor edens hominum vestigia vitans.

Mrs. Archbold looked on and saw this sad sight not with the pity it would once have caused, but with a sort of bitter triumph lightened by no pleasure, and darkened by the shadow of coming remorse. Yet up to this time she had shown none of that inconstancy of purpose which marks her sex; while she did go far to justify the poet's charge:

Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Rooke had a hint to provoke Alfred to violence such as would justify them in subjecting so popular a patient to bodily restraint, composing draughts, and other quick maddeners. Rooke entered into the game zealously from two motives; he was devoted to Mrs. Archbold, and he hated Alfred, who had openly defied him and mortified his vanity about Frank Beverley.

One Saturday Alfred was ordered out to walk with Rooke and Hayes and Vulcan. He raised no objection; suspected, felt homicidal, suppressed the impulse, and by this self-command he got time to give that letter to Beverley with instructions.

But, all the walk, he was saying to himself that Julia was in the house, and he was kept away from her, and a rival with her; this made him sick and rage by turns. He came back in a state verging on fury.

On entering the yard poor Beverley, who had done his bit of cunning, and by reaction now relapsed into extra simplicity, came running, and said, "I've done it; she has got it."

"What have you done? Who has got what?"

"Don't tell, Frank."

"If you don't, I'll shake your life out, ye young blackguard," cried Rooke, seizing him and throttling him till he was black in the face.

Alfred's long-pent fury broke out: he gnashed his teeth and dashed his fist in Rooke's face.

Rooke bellowed with pain and anger, and, rushing at him incautiously, received a stinger that staggered him, and nearly closed his right eye. He took the hint, and put himself in a posture that showed he was skilled in the art of self-defence. He stopped two blows neatly, and returned a heavy one upon the ribs. Alfred staggered back some steps, but steadied himself, and, as Rooke rushed in too hastily to improve his advantage, caught him heavily on the other eye, but lost his own balance a little, which enabled Rooke to close; then came a sharp short rally of re-echoing blows, and Rooke, not to be taken in, got hold of his man, and a wrestling bout ensued, in which Alfred being somewhat weakened by misery and broken rest, Rooke's great weight and strength enabled him, after a severe struggle, to fall with his antagonist under him, and knock the breath out of his body for the moment. Then

Hayes, who had stood prudently aloof, came in and helped handcuff him; they could not walk up and down him for the Robin, who stood by with a professional air to see fair play.

"Ah, cold iron is your best chance," he said satirically. "Never you mind, sir: you hit quick and well: I'd back you at long odds in the ring: both his peepers are in deep mourning." He added, "A cow can beat a man wrestling."

When Alfred was handcuffed they turned him loose. It soon transpired, however, that he was now a dangerous maniac (Formula), and to be confined in the noisy ward.

On hearing this he saw the trap he had fallen into; saw and trembled: he asked himself what on earth he should do; and presently the saying came back to him, "And this is the highest stroke of art to turn evil into good." He argued thus: Wolf's love of money is my great evil: he will destroy me for money, do anything for money. Then suppose I offer him money to be honest. He begged an interview with Dr. Wolf on business. This was accorded at once. He asked the doctor plump whether he received a large sum to detain him under pretence of insanity.

"Not very, considering the trouble you sometimes give, Mr. Hardie," was the dry reply.

"Well, then, justice shall outbid rascality for once. I am a sane man, and you know it; a man of my word, and you know it. I'll give you a thousand pounds to let me out of this place."

Dr. Wolf's eyes sparkled.

"You shall have any bond or security you like; and the money within a week of my deliverance."

Dr. Wolf said he should be delighted to do it, if he could conscientiously.

At this piece of hypocrisy Alfred's cheek reddened, and he could not speak.

"Well, well, I do see a great change in you for the better," said Dr. Wolf. "If, as I suspect, you are convalescent, I will part with you without a thousand pounds or a thousand pence."

Alfred stared. Had he mistaken his man?

"I'll tell you what, though," said the smooth doctor. "I have got two pictures, one by Raphael, one by Corregio."

"I know them," said the quick-witted Alfred; "they are worth more than a thousand pounds."

"Of course they are, but I would take a thousand pounds from *you*."

"Throw me in my liberty, and I'll make it guineas."

"We will see about that." And with this understanding the men of business parted. Dr. Wolf consulted Mrs. Archbold then and there.

"Impossible," said she; "the law would dissolve such a bargain, and you would be exposed and ruined."

"But a thousand pounds!" said the poor doctor.

"Oh, he offered me more than that," said Mrs. Archbold.

"You don't mean to say so; when was that?"
 "Do you remember one Sunday that I walked him out, to keep clear of Mrs. Dodd? Have you not observed that I have not repeated the experiment?"

"Yes. But I really don't know why."

"Will you promise me faithfully not to take any notice if I tell you?"

The doctor promised.

Then she owned to him with manifest reluctance that Alfred had taken advantage of her kindness, her indiscretion, in walking alone with him, and made passionate love to her. "He offered me not a thousand pounds," said she, "but his whole fortune, and his heart, if I would fly with him from these odious walls; that was his expression."

Then seeing out of a corner of her eye that the doctor was turning almost green with jealousy, this artist proceeded to describe the love-scene between her and Alfred, with feigned hesitation, yet minute detail; only she inverted the parts; Alfred in her glowing page made the hot love; she listened abashed, confused, and tried all she could think of to bring him to better sentiments. She concluded this chapter of history inverted with a sigh, and said, "So now he hates me, I believe, poor fellow."

"Do you regret your refusal?" asked Dr. Wolf uncasily.

"Oh no, my dear friend. Of course my judgment says that few women at my age and in my position would have refused. But we poor women seldom go by our judgments." And she cast a tender look down at the doctor's feet.

In short, she worked on him so, that he left Alfred at her disposition, and was no sooner gone to his other asylum six miles off, than the calumniated was conducted by Hayes and Rooke through passage after passage, and door after door, to a wing of the building connected with the main part only by a covered way. As they neared it, strange noises became audible. Faint at first, they got louder and louder. Singing, roaring, howling like wolves. Alfred's flesh began to creep. He stopped at the covered way: he would have fought to his last gasp sooner than go further; but he was handcuffed. He appealed to the keepers: but he had used them both too roughly; they snarled and forced him on, and shut him into a common flagged cell, with a filthy truckle-bed in it, and all the vessels of gutta-serena. Here he was surrounded by the desperate order of maniacs he at present scarcely knew but by report. Throughout that awful night he could never close his eyes for the horrible unearthly sounds that assailed him. Singing, swearing, howling like wild beasts! His right-hand neighbour reasoned high of faith and works, ending each pious argument with a sudden rhapsody of oaths, and never slept a wink. His left-hand neighbour alternately sang; and shouted, "Cain was a murderer, Cain was a murderer;" and howled like a wolf, making night hideous. His opposite neighbour had an

audience, and every now and then delivered in a high nasal key, "Let us curse and pray;" varying it sometimes thus: "Brethren, let us work double tides." And then he would deliver a long fervent prayer, and follow it up immediately with a torrent of blasphemies so terrific that coming in such a contrast they made Alfred's body wet with perspiration to hear a poor creature so defy his Creator. No rest, no peace. When it was still, the place was like the grave; and ever and anon loud sharp tremendous burst a thunder-clap of curses, and set those poor demented creatures all yelling again for half an hour, making the tombs ring. And at clock-like intervals a harmless but dirty idiot, who was allowed to roam the ward, came and chanted through the keyhole, "Everything is nothing, and nothing is everything."

This was the only observation he had made for many years.

His ears assailed with horrors, of which you have literally no conception, or shadow of a conception, his nose poisoned with ammoniacal vapours, and the peculiar wild-beast smell that marks the true maniac, Alfred ran wildly about his cell trying to stop his ears, and trembling for his own reason. When the fearful night rolled away, and morning broke, and he could stand on his truckle-bed and see God's hoar-frost on a square yard of grass level with his prison bars, it refreshed his very soul, and affected him almost to tears. He was then, to his surprise, taken out, and allowed to have a warm bath and to breakfast with David and the rest; but I suspect it was done to watch the effect of the trial he had been submitted to. After breakfast, having now no place to go, he lay on a bench, and there exhausted nature overpowered him, and he fell fast asleep.

Mrs. Archbold came by on purpose, and saw him. He looked very pale and peaceful. There was a cut on his forehead due to Rooke's knuckles. Mrs. Archbold looked down, and the young figure and haughty face seemed so unresisting and peaceful sad, she half relented. That did not, however, prevent her setting her female spies to watch him more closely than ever.

He awoke cold but refreshed, and found little Beverley standing by him with wet eyes. Alfred smiled and held out his hand like a captive monarch to his faithful vassal. "They shan't put you in the noisy ward again," sobbed Frank. "This is your last night here."

"Hy, Frank, you rascal, my boots!" roared Rooke from an open window.

"Coming, sir—coming!"

Alfred's next visitor was the Robin. He came whispering, "It is all right with Garrett, sir, and he has got a key of the back gate; but you must get back to your old room, or we can't work."

"Would to Heaven I could, Robin; another night or two in the noisy ward will drive me mad, I think."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you what you do: which

we all have to do it at odd times: hold a candle to the devil: here she comes: I think she is everywhere all at one time. The Robin then sauntered away, affecting nonchalance: and Alfred proceeded to hold the candle as directed. "Mrs. Archbold," said he timidly, rising from his seat at her approach.

"Sir," said she haughtily, and affecting surprise.

"I have a favour to ask you, madam. Would you be so kind as to let me go back to my room?"

"What, you have found I am not so powerless as you thought."

"I find myself so weak, and you so powerful, that—you can afford to be generous."

"I have no more power over you than you have over me."

"I wish it was so."

"I'll prove it," said she. "Who has got the key of your room? Hayes?" She whistled, and sent for him; and gave him the requisite order before Alfred. Alfred thanked her warmly.

She smiled, and went away disposed to change her tactics, and, having shown him how she could torment, try soothing means, and open his heart by gratitude.

But presently looking out of her window she saw the Robin and him together; and somehow they seemed to her subtle, observant eyes, to be plotting. The very suspicion was fatal to that officer. His discharge was determined on. Meantime she set her spies to watch him, and tell her if they saw or heard anything.

Now Mrs. Archbold was going out to tea that evening, and, as soon as ever this transpired, the keepers secretly invited the keeperesses to a party in the first-class patients' drawing-room. This was a rare opportunity, and the Robin and Garrett put their heads together accordingly.

In the dusk of the evening the Robin took an opportunity and slipped a new key of the back gate into Alfred's hand, and told him the trick was to be done that very night: he was to get Thomson to go to bed early: and, instead of taking off his clothes, was to wait in readiness. "We have been plying Hayes already," said the Robin, "and, as soon as *she* is off, we shall hocus him, and get the key; and, while they are all larking in the drawing-room, off you go to Merri-mashee."

"Oh, you dear Robin! You have taken my breath away. But how about Vulcan?"

"Oh, we know how to make him amiable: a dog-fancier, a friend of mine, has provided the undeniable where dogs is concerned; whereby Garrett draws the varmint into the scullery, and shuts him in, while I get the key from the other. *It's* all right."

"Ah, Robin," said Alfred, "it sounds too good to be true. What? this my last day here!"

The minutes seemed to creep very slowly till eight o'clock came. Then he easily persuaded David to go to bed; Hayes went up and locked the door for them: it closed with a rattlock. Hayes was drunk, but full of discipline,

and insisted on the patients putting out their clothes; so Alfred made up a bundle for his portmanteau, and threw it out. Hayes eyed it suspiciously, but was afraid to stoop and inspect it closer; for his drunken instinct told him he would pitch on his head that moment: so he retired grumbling, and dangling his key.

At the end of the corridor he met Mrs. Archbold full dressed, and with a candle in her hand. She held the candle up and inspected him; and a little conversation followed that sobered Mr. Hayes for a minute or two.

Mrs. Archbold was no sooner gone to her little tea-party than all the first-class ladies and gentlemen were sent to bed to get a good sleep for the good of their health, and the keepers and keeperesses took their place and romped, and made such a row sleep was not easy within hearing of them. They sat on the piano, they sang songs to a drum accompaniment played on the table, they danced, drank, flirted, and enjoyed themselves like schoolboys. Hayes alone was gloomy, and morose: so the Robin and Garrett consoled him, drank with him, and soothed him with the balm of insensibility: in which condition they removed him under charitable pretences, and searched his pockets in the passage for the key of Alfred's room.

To their infinite surprise and disappointment it was not upon him.

The fact is, Mrs. Archbold had snatched it from him in her wrath, and put it in her own pocket. How far her suspicions went, how much her spies had discovered, I really don't know; but somehow or other she was uneasy in her mind, and, seeing Hayes in such a state, she would not trust him during her absence, but took the key away with her.

The Robin and Garrett knew nothing of this, and were all abroad; but they thought Rooke must have the key; so they proceeded to drink with him, and were just about to administer a really effective soporific in his grog, when they and all the merry party were suddenly startled by violent ringing at the bell, and thundering and hallooing at the hall door. The men jumped to their feet and balanced themselves, and looked half wild, half stupid. The women sat, and began to scream: for they had heard a word that has terrors for us all; peculiar terrors for them.

This alarm was due to a personage hitherto undervalued in the establishment.

Mr. Francis Beverley had been THINKING. So now, finding all the patients boxed up, and their attendants romping in the drawing-room, he lighted seven fires, skilfully on the whole, for practice makes perfect; but, singular oversight, he omitted one essential ingredient in a fire, and that was the grate.

To be plain, Mr. Francis made seven bonfires of bed-curtains, chairs, and other combustibles in the servants' garrets, lighted them contemporaneously, and retired to the basement, convinced he had taken the surest means to deliver his

friend out of Drayton House; and with a certain want of candour that characterises the weak, proceeded to black his other bad masters' shoes with singular assiduity.

There was no wind to blow the flame; but it was a clear frost; and soon fiery tongues shot out of three garret-windows into the night, and lurid gleams burnished four more, and the old house was burning merrily overhead, and ringing with hilarity on the first floor.

But the neighbours saw, pointed, wondered, comprehended, shouted, rang, knocked, and surged round the iron gate. "Fire! fire! fire!" and "Fire!" went down the road, and men on horseback galloped for engines; and the terror-stricken porter opened and the people rushed in and hammered at the hall doors, and, when Rooke ran down and opened, "Fire!" was the word that met him from a score of eager throats and glittering eyes.

"Fire! Where?" he cried.

"Where! Why, *you* are on fire. Blazing!"

He ran out and looked up at the tongues of flame and volleys of smoke. "Shut the gate," he roared. "Call the police. Fire! fire!" And he dashed back, and calling to the other keepers to unlock all the doors they had keys of, ran up to the garrets to see what could be done. He came out awe-stricken at what he saw. He descended hastily to the third floor. Now the third floor of that wing was occupied principally by servants. In fact, the only patients at that time were Dodd and Alfred. Rooke called to the men below to send Hayes up to No. 75 with his key directly: he then ran down to the next floor; of which he had keys; and opened all the doors, and said to the inmates with a ghastly attempt at cheerfulness, belied by his shaking voice, "Get up, gentlemen; there is a ball and supper going on below." He was afraid to utter the word "fire" to them. The other keepers were as rapid, each on his beat, and soon the more rational patients took the alarm and were persuaded or driven out half dressed into the yard, where they cowered together in extremity of fear; for the fire began to roar overhead like a lion, and lighted up the whole interior red and bright. All was screaming and confusion; and then came a struggle to get the incurable out from the basement story. There was no time to handcuff them. The keepers trusted to the terror of the scene to cow them, and so opened the doors and got them out anyhow. Wild, weird forms, with glaring eyes and matted hair, leaped out and ran into the hall, and laughed, and danced, and cursed in the lurid reflexion of the fires above. Hell seemed discharging demons. Men recoiled from them. And well they did; for now the skylight exploded, and the pieces fell tinkling on the marble hall fast as hail. The crowd recoiled and ran; but those awful figures continued their gambols. One picked up the burning glass and ground it in his hands that bled directly: but he felt neither burn nor cut. The keepers rushed in to withdraw them from so dangerous a place:

all but one obeyed with sudden tameness: that one struggled and yelled like a demon. In the midst of which fearful contest came a sudden thundering at a door on the third floor.

"What is that?" cried Rooke.

"It is Mr. Hardie," screamed the Robin. "You have left him locked in."

"I told Hayes to let him out long ago."

"But Hayes hasn't got the key. You've got it."

"No, no. I tell you Hayes has got it."

"No, no! Murder! murder! They are dead men. Run for Mrs. Archbold, somebody. Run! Here, hammers, hammers! for God's sake come and help me break the door. Oh Rooke, Rooke!"

"As I'm a man Hayes has got the key," cried Rooke, stamping on the ground, and white with terror.

By this time Garrett had got a hammer, and he and Wales rushed wildly up the stairs to batter in the strong door if they could. They got to the third floor, but with difficulty; the smoke began to blind them and choke them, and fiery showers fell on them, and drove them back smarting and choking. Garrett sank down gasping at the stair-foot. Wales ran into the yard uttering pitiful cries, and pointing wildly upwards: but before he got there, a hand had broken through the glass of a window up in the third floor, the poor white hand of a perishing prisoner, and clutched the framework and tore at it.

At this hand a thousand white faces were now upturned amid groans of pity and terror, such as only multitudes can utter. Suddenly those anxious faces and glistening eyes turned like one, for an attempt, wild and unintelligible, but still an attempt, was about to be made to save that hand and its owner out of the very jaws of death.

Now amongst the spectators was one whose life and reason were at stake on that attempt.

Mrs. Dodd was hurrying homeward from this very neighbourhood when the fire broke out. Her son Edward was coming at nine o'clock to tea, and, better still, to sleep. He was leaving the fire brigade. It had disappointed him; he found the fire-escape men saved the lives, the firemen only the property. He had gone into the business earnestly too; he had invented a thing like a treble pouch hook, which could be fastened in a moment to the end of a rope, and thrown into the window, and would cling to the bare wall, if there was nothing better, and enable him to go up and bring life down. But he had never got a chance to try it; and, per contra, he was on the engine when they went tearing over a woman and broke her arm and collar-bone in the Blackfriars-road: and also when they went tearing over ~~the~~ ^{her} own fire-dog and crippled him. All this seemed out of character, and shocked Edward: and then his mother could not get over the jacket.

In a quarter of an hour he was to take off the obnoxious jacket for ever, and was now loung-

ing at the station smoking a short pipe, when a man galloped up crying "Fire!"

"All right!" said Edward, giving a whiff. "Where?"

"Lunatic Asylum. Drayton House."

Guess how long before the horses were to, and the engine tearing at a gallop down the road, and the firemen shouting "Fire! fire!" to clear the way, and Edward's voice the loudest.

When the report of fire swept toward past Mrs. Dodd, she turned: and saw the glow.

"Oh dear," said she, "that must be somewhere near Drayton House." And full of the tender fears that fill such bosoms as hers for those they love, she could not go home till she had ascertained that it was not Drayton House. Moreover, Edward's was the nearest station; she had little hope now of seeing him to tea. She sighed, and retraced her steps, and made timid inquiries, but could gain no clear information. Presently she heard galloping behind her, and the firemen's wild sharp cry of fire. An engine drawn by two powerful brown horses came furiously, all on fire itself with red paint and polished steel gleaming in the lights: helmeted men clustered on it, and out of one of these helmets looked a face like a fighting lion's, the eyes so dilated, the countenance in such towering excitement, the figure half rising from his seat as though galloping was too slow and he wanted to fly. It was Edward: mother and son caught sight of one another as the engine thundered by, and he gave her a solemn ardent look and pointed towards the fire: by that burning look and eloquent gesture she knew it was something more than a common fire. She trembled and could not move. But this temporary weakness was followed by an influx of wild vigour; she forgot her forty-two years, and flew to hover round the fire as the hen round water. Unfortunately she was too late to get any nearer than the road outside the gates, the crowd was so dense. And, while her pale face and anxious eyes, the eyes of a wife and a mother, were bent on that awful fire, the human tide flowed swiftly up behind her, and there she was wedged in. She was allowed her foot of ground to stand and look like the rest—no more. Mere unit in that mass of panting humanity, hers was one of the thousands of upturned faces lurid in the light of the now blazing roof. She saw with thousands the hand break the window and clutch the frame: she gasped with the crowd at that terrible and piteous sight, and her bosom panted for her fellow-creature in sore peril. But what is this? The mob inside utter a great roar of hope; the crowd outside strain every eye.

A gleaming helmet overtops the outer wall. It is a fireman mounting the great elm-tree in the middle of the yard. The crowd inside burst in a cheer. He had a rope round his loins; his face was to the tree. He mounted and mounted like a cat; higher, and higher, and higher, till he reached a branch about twelve feet above the window and as many distant from it laterally:

the crowd cheered him lustily. But Mrs. Dodd, half distracted with terror, implored them not to encourage him. "It is my child!" she cried despairingly; "my poor reckless darling! Come down, Edward; for your poor mother's sake, come down."

"Dear heart," said a woman, "it is the lady's son. Poor thing!"

"Stand on my knee, ma'am," said a coal-heaver.

"Oh no, sir, no. I could not look at him for the world. I can only pray for him. Oh, good people, pray for us!" And she covered her face, and prayed and trembled and sobbed hysterically. A few yards behind was another woman, who had arrived later, yet like her was wedged immovable. This woman was more terror-stricken than Mrs. Dodd: and well she might; for she knew who was behind that fatal window: the woman's name was Edith Archbold. The flames were now leaping through the roof, and surging up towards heaven in waves of fire six feet high. Edward, scorched and half blinded, managed to fasten his rope to the bough, and, calculating the distances vertical and lateral he had to deal with, took up rope accordingly, and launched himself into the air.

The crowd drew their breath so hard it sounded like a murmur. To their horror he missed the window, and went swinging back.

There was a cry of dismay. But Edward had never hoped to leap into the window; he went swinging by the rope back to the main stem of the tree, gave it a fierce spang with his feet, and by this means and a powerful gesture of his herculean loins got an inch nearer the window; back again, and then the same game; and so he went swinging to and fro over a wider and wider space; and, by letting out an inch of cord each swing, his flying feet came above the window-ledge, then a little higher, then higher still, and now, oh sight strange and glorious—as this helmeted hero, with lips clenched and great eyes that stared unflinching at the surging flames, and gleamed supernaturally with inward and outward fire, swang to and fro on his frail support still making for the window—the heads of all the hoping, fearing, admiring, panting crowd went surging and waving to and fro beneath; so did not their hearts only but their agitated bodies follow the course of his body, as it rushed to and fro faster and faster through the hot air starred with snow-flakes and hail of fire. And those his fellow-men for whom the brave fireman made this supernatural effort, did they know their desperate condition? Were they still alive? One little hour ago Alfred sat on the bed, full of hope. Every minute he expected to hear the Robin put a key into the door. He was all ready, and his money in his pocket. Alas! his liberator came not: some screw loose again. Presently he was conscious of a great commotion in the house. Feet ran up and down. Then came a smell of burning. The elm-tree outside was illuminated. He was glad

at first; he had a spite against the place. But soon he became alarmed, and hammered at the door and tried to force it. Impossible. "Fire!" rang from men's voices. Fire crackled above his head. He ran about the room like a wild creature. He sprang up at the window and dashed his hand through, but fell back. He sprang again and got his hand on some of the lighter woodwork; he drew himself up nearly to the window, and then the wood gave way and he fell to the ground, and striking the back of his head, nearly stunned himself; the flames roared fearfully now; and at this David, who had hitherto sat unconcerned, started up, and in a stentorian voice issued order upon order to furl every rag of sail and bring the ship to the wind. He thought it was a tempest. "Oh hush! hush!" cried Alfred in vain. A beam fell from the roof to the floor, precursor of the rest. On this David thought the ship was ashore, and shouted a fresh set of orders proper to the occasion, so terribly alike are the angry voices of the sister-elements. But Alfred implored him, and got him to kneel down with him, and held his hand, and prayed.

And, even while they knelt and Alfred prayed, Death and Life met and fought for them. Under the door, tight as it was, and through the keyhole struggled a hot stifling smoke, merciful destroyer running before fire: and the shadow of a gigantic figure began to flicker in from the outside, and to come and go upon the wall. Alfred did not know what that was, but it gave him a vague hope: he prayed aloud as men pray only for their bodies. (The crowd heard him and hushed itself breathless.)

The smoke penetrated faster, blinding and stifling; the giant shadow came and went. But now the greater part of the roof fell in with an awful report; the blazing timbers thundered down to the basement with endless clatter of red-hot tiles; the walls quivered, and the building belched skyward a thousand jets of fire like a bouquet of rockets; and then a cloud of smoke. Alfred gave up all hope, and prepared to die. Crash! as if discharged from a cannon, came bursting through the window, with the roar of an applauding multitude and a mother's unheeded scream, a helmeted figure, rope in hand, and alighted erect and commanding on the floor amidst a shower of splinters and tinkling glass. "Up men for your lives," roared this fire-warrior, clutching them hard, and dragged them both up to their feet by one prodigious gesture: all three faces came together and shone in the lurid light; and he knew his father and "the Wretch," and "the Wretch" knew him. "Oh!" "Ah!" passed like pistol shots; but not a word: even this strange meeting went for little, so awful was the moment, so great are Death and Fire. Edward claved his rope to the bed; up to the window by it, dropped his line to fireman Jackson planted express below, and in another moment was hauling up a rope ladder: this he attached, and getting on it and holding his own rope by

way of banister, cried "Now men, quick, for your lives." But poor David called that deserting the ship, and demurred, till Alfred assured him the captain had ordered it. He then submitted directly, touched his forehead to Edward, whom he took for that officer, and went down the ladder; Alfred followed.

Now the moment those two figures emerged from the burning pile, Mrs. Dodd, already half dead with terror for her son, saw and knew her husband: for all about him it was as light as day.

What terror! what joy! what gratitude! what pride! what a tempest of emotions!

But her fears were not ended; Edward, not to over-weight the ladder, went dangling by his hands along the rope towards the tree. And his mother's eyes stared fearfully from him to the other, and her heart hung trembling on her husband descending cautiously, and then on his preserver, her son, who was dangling along by the hands on that frail support. The mob cheered him royally, but she screamed and hid her face again. At last both her darlings were safe, and then the lusty cheers made her thrill with pride and joy, till all of a sudden they seemed to die away and the terrible fire to go out; and the sore-tried wife and mother drooped her head and swooned away, wedged in and kept from falling by the crowd.

Inside, the mob parted and made two rushes, one at the rescued men, one at the gallant fireman. Alfred and David were overpowered with curiosity and sympathy. They had to shake a hundred honest hands; and others still pressing on, hurried them nearly off their feet.

"Gently, good friends; don't part us," said Alfred.

"He is the keeper," said one of the crowd.

"Yes, I'm his keeper: and I want to get him quietly away. This excitement will do him harm else; good friends, help me out by that door."

"All right," was the cry, and they rushed with him to the back door. Rooke, who was about twenty yards off, saw and suspected this movement. He fought his way and struggled after Alfred in silence. Presently, to his surprise, Alfred unlocked the door and whipped out with David, leaving the door open. Rooke shouted and halloed: "Stop him! he is escaping," and struggled madly to the door: now another crowd had been waiting in the meadows; seeing the door opened they rushed in and the doorway was jammed directly. In the confusion Alfred drew David along the side of the wall; told him to stay quiet, balled behind an out-house, and then ran across country for the bare life.

To his horror David followed him, and with a madman's agility soon caught him.

He snorted like a spirited horse, and shouted cheerily, "Go ahead, messmate; I smell blue water."

"Come on then," cried Alfred, half mad himself with excitement, and the pair ran furiously, and dashed through hedges and ditches, torn,

bleeding, splashed, triumphant; behind them the burning madhouse, above them the spangled sky, the fresh free air of liberty blowing in their nostrils, and rushing past their ears.

Alfred's chest expanded, he laughed for joy, he sang for joy, he leaped as he went; nor did he care where he went. David took the command, and kept snuffing the air, and shaping his course for blue water. And so they rushed along the livelong night.

Free.

MY PANTOMIME.

LET me repeat what I have already been privileged to state in these pages, that there is nothing of which I am more thoroughly convinced than that I, the writer of this article, was born a poet.* And when I say poet, I desire it to be understood that I do not mean a mere jingler of rhymes, but the real article, fine frenzied as to eye, and turned-down as to collar. It is of very little consequence to me, whether you, the reader, believe this or not. I believe it, and that is enough for my feelings under the heartrending circumstances I am about to relate. Think of this; think of the poet, your most devoted servant, with this conviction at his breast, and a five-act tragedy in his pocket, being waited upon by the manager of a theatre, and asked to write a Pantomime! Imagine Moses and Son waiting upon Alfred Tennyson with a commission for an ode upon Trousers!

This is where the sting lay: I had spoken to the manager about my tragedy; I had given it him to read; he had read it—at least he said so—and sent it back with the opinion and decision that it was an excellent tragedy, but would not do for his establishment. Then a month or two afterwards, within a very short time of Christmas, he comes to my humble abode in his carriage, and says:

"My dear sir, I want you to write my Christmas Pantomime."

Once more call up, in your mind, Moses making his bow and his request in the study of the Laureate. I was shocked, hurt, wounded in my tenderest part. Write a Pantomime? I! I! In my attic chamber I felt as indignant as Andrew Marvel is said to have felt when he declared his preference for cold mutton and virtue in Maiden-lane, to whitebait and wickedness in Whitehall.

"Sir, I have the heel of a Dutch cheese and half of a penny loaf in my cupboard, and——"

I had got thus far in the preparation of a withering and indignant reply to the degrading proposal, when the manager interposed:

"You see, my dear sir, I am in a difficulty. Syllabus, who usually does my Pantomime, has two other engagements on his hands this year. He has the Lane and the Garden to write, and so he shows his gratitude to the man who made him, by

leaving me in the lurch. The scenery and properties are ready, and all I want is the opening. You must do it."

"I! I! Mr. Maberly."

Mr. Maberly said, emphatically, "You."

"What on earth, Mr. Maberly, made you think of me for such a task?"

"What made me think of you, my dear fellow?"

"—why, your tragedy!"

"My tragedy?"

"Yes; I read it—did, upon my honour—and before I got through the first act, I said to myself, 'This is the man to do my Pantomime; his style is exactly the thing.'"

Was it for this that I had devoted my days and nights to the study of the immortal bard? Was it for this that I had made a pilgrimage (in a very indifferent pair of boots) to his shrine! How I restrained myself from committing an act of violence I do not know; but I did, and I said with terrible calmness:

"Sir, have you come hither to insult me?"

"On the contrary," said Mr. Maberly, "I have come here to do you a service. Look here, now; you are a youngster; you have never had a piece produced. You want an introduction. I am prepared to give you one. Write my Pantomime; your name will appear in the bills; the papers and the public will speak of you, and there you are at once, a dramatic author, with the market open to you."

Beginning to perceive that Mr. Maberly really meant well by me, I said sadly, "I had other views."

"I know you have," said Mr. Maberly; "you aim at the high-flown sort of thing, tragedy, five-act comedy, and so forth. But, my dear sir, you must creep before you can walk; walk before you can run. Begin with pantomime, then try comedy, and no doubt in the course of time you will arrive at tragedy. Edmund Kean, sir, played harlequin before he attempted Richard. Garrick occasionally wrote his own Pantomimes. Beginners should not be too particular; take my advice, and accept the gifts the gods provide you; I can assure you there is nothing the gods are so partial to, as a good Pantomime."

Mr. Maberly's eloquence and persuasive reasoning were gradually undermining the foundations of my lofty aspirations. Garrick had written Pantomimes, Edmund Kean had played harlequin; and here was an offer of thirty pounds for six hundred lines of doggerel verse. Well, there was no harm in doing what Garrick had done, and thirty pounds was more than the great Johnson got for Irene. I consented.

But I stooped only to conquer in the end. I resolved that the Pantomime should be the thin end of the wedge, and that I should eventually rend the deep rooted tree of prejudice and debased taste by the thick end of blank verse and five acts.

"Very well," said Mr. Maberly, "here is the scene-plot, and I may tell you that the scenes are all settled, and most of them painted, and you must manage your story to fit them."

I ventured to express some surprise at this

* See Tragic Case of a Comic Writer, vol. vii., page 469.

arrangement, which appeared to me a good deal like putting the cart before the horse. Mr. Manager, however, gave me to understand that in the matter of Pantomime, and, indeed, even in the case of drama, he regarded the scene-painter as the horse, and the author as the cart.

"No disrespect to you, sir, but in these days there's nothing like scenery. The best of your craft require the scene-painter to pull you through. Don't suppose for a moment that I approve of this state of things. Why should I? What do I give you for the piece? Thirty pounds! But the transformation scene, with the flying fairies, costs me a couple of hundred. If pens, ink, and paper, were as dear as wood, paint, and canvas, I couldn't afford to pay for authorship at all. I should have to gag it; and 'pon my word, sir, without any disrespect to you, I think I should get on just as well."

Insult upon injury! but I bore it calmly, and said, "I think, sir, you mentioned something about the story of the piece?"

"Ah yes, to be sure, the story; I was nearly forgetting that. Let me see; everything's been done so, and new things are hazardous. After all, there's nothing like one of the good old nursery tales; everybody knows the names of them. What do you say to Jack the Giant Killer?"

I said I thought it had been used very often.

"Yes, so it has; well, Mother Hubbard?"

"That has been done also, and very lately."

"True; the year before last. Then Red Riding Hood. But now I remember that was done last year. Everything's been done, that's the fact. Never mind; I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll combine two or three of them, and make up for lack of what is new by a liberal abundance of what is old. So let us say: Harlequin Jack the Giant Killer; or, Old Mother Hubbard, Little Red Riding Hood, and the Field of Forty Footsteps. There's nothing new now-a-days but combinations, and there you have one;—though, by the way, you might give it a little dash of originality by making the number of footsteps fifty instead of forty. The alliteration is quite as good, and it shows a disposition on the part of the management to give as much as possible for the money. Now, set to work, there's a good fellow; I shall expect the last scene in, by Saturday week."

"One word, sir, before you go. I don't quite see my way to the—combination."

"Not see your way to the combination?"

"Well, not exactly; how am I to connect Mother Hubbard with Jack?"

"Nothing more easy. Make her his mother—or, stop; say grandmother if you can get more fun out of her that way."

"And Little Red Riding Hood, sir?"

"Jack's sister, of course; or his sweetheart; which you like."

"And the Field of Forty Footsteps?"

"Oh, well, if you can't manage that, make it The Thirteen Thieves, or anything that will fit and look new. Good morning. I shall expect you to read on Saturday week, before treasury;

not after, mind. Actors can't listen to anything with a whole week's salary in their pockets."

And I, a poeta nascitur, was left to contemplate the scene-plot of Harlequin Jack the Giant Killer; or, Old Mother Hubbard, Little Red Riding Hood, and the Field of Forty Footsteps, and to fill it up with doggerel rhymes and jingling puns. I went to the drawer and looked at my tragedy in sorrow and in shame, with iron at my soul and fetters upon my hands, for I was tied and bound in the service of Momus. I took my tragedy out and read a portion of it. When I came to where Cromwell bids them "take away that bauble," I felt that the words were a reproach to myself. There was *my* bauble lying on the table, in the shape of the scene-plot of a Pantomime. I put "Oliver Cromwell in five acts" away, and dragged myself in my chains to my table. I sat down to write: "Scene First. —Cottage of Old Mother Hubbard. Mother Hubbard preparing breakfast. Jack asleep in bed."

It was a long time before I got any further; but at length, after much excogitation, I succeeded in hammering out the opening scene. I read it over to myself aloud. Whether it was in the dialogue, or in the manner of reading it, I don't know, but it seemed to me that the opening scene of my Pantomime sounded very like the opening scene of my tragedy. Mother Hubbard's admonition to Jack was quite in the vein of Queen Henrietta's address to her son, Prince Charles.

I began to see that I was not equal to the task I had undertaken. My key was a deal too high. But how was I to lower it, to unscrew it down to the proper pitch? I had no books of Pantomimes to read and study, and of course there were no Pantomimes being played in November that I could go and see. In looking through the theatrical advertisements in the papers, however, I saw that a burlesque was running at one of the houses. That was as near an approach to a Pantomime as I could have. I resolved to go that very evening and study it. I went and sat for two hours in the front row of the pit, with my chin resting on the back of the orchestra, and my eyes fixed on the stage. I studied the method attentively and minutely, and, with the puns and parodies ringing in my ears, went home to write. With an entirely new inspiration I re-wrote the scene between Jack and his mother, and this time it was not so like the tragedy. Still it seemed to be wanting in the breadth and familiarity of expression which characterised my model. For example, I had made Mother Hubbard bid Jack "shake seductive slumber from his eyes," and also inform him that "Labour awaited him at the garden gate," expressions which were undoubtedly neat, but not by any means of the gaudy character which becomes a Pantomime. A friend of great experience calling on me while I was struggling with this difficulty, recommended the use of the slang dictionary, and kindly lent me a copy. The study of this work enabled me to make great improvements in my MS. Thus for "eyes," I wrote "peepers;" for "head," "nut;" for "hands,"

"mawleys;" and where any one was told to vanish or go away, I substituted "hook it," or "walk your chalks." When I had made these and similar alterations, my friend declared that the dialogue was much funnier; though he thought it might be still further improved by a little peppering here and there. By peppering I understood him to mean the insertion of puns, and I flattered myself that I had introduced a good many very excellent puns already. "Ah! my dear fellow," said my friend and counsellor, "that's where you make the mistake. Your puns are too good. It's the bad ones that tell. Here, for example, you have

"*Jack*. Mother, a great long ogre's at the door.

"*Mother Hub*. A great long ogre, say you? That's a bore."

"That's not bad, certainly; but it is too tame for the highly educated taste of the present day. Put it in this way, for example:

"*Mother Hub*. You must be wrong.

"*Jack*. No; 'twas a great long ogre.

"*Mother Hub*. Oh, g'long."

"Excuse me," I said, "but I don't quite see the—"

"Not see it! Long ogre—oh, g'long. The sound, according to the pronunciation, is precisely the same."

"Yes, but the sense?" I said.

"Sense! If you stick at sense you will never succeed in this branch of literature."

Acting upon this friendly advice, I set to work to pepper my production with puns after the approved model. I am bound to confess that it was hard work, and I soon began to perceive that it was absolutely necessary in many instances—in indeed in most—to change the natural subject of the dialogue entirely, in order to introduce them. For instance, finding the word "opportunity" in a speech, and endeavouring to pun upon it, I arrived at "hop-or-twenty," and "opera-tune-ity." Now, as neither the act of hopping, nor the subject of opera tunes, properly belonged to the theme, I was obliged to drag them in neck and heels. I am quite willing to confess that the tragedy never gave me half so much trouble. There I was, all day long, hunting through Johnson's Dictionary for words to pun upon; and, oftener than not, when I had twisted them about, and turned them upside down and inside out upon slips of paper, no pun would come of it, and I had to take another word and repeat the same process. Possibly you are not aware what it is to go to bed and dream of puns, and beat the devil's tattoo on the counterpane in the effort to produce couplets.

The manager called several times to see how I was getting on. I read the scenes to him, and he was pleased to say they would "do." He did not bestow any higher praise; candidly confessing that he made it a point never to praise a piece until he saw how it went with the audience, and what the newspapers said of it. Even then, he was not disposed to be extravagantly eulogistic, unless he found full warranty for so being, in the treasury.

At the appointed time I proceeded to the theatre to read the piece to the company. I had long looked forward to that bright day; but, now that it had come, it was not so bright as my fervid fancy had painted it. I had pictured myself in a pillared and curtained apartment reading to lofty-mannered tragedians assembled in solemn conclave. I found myself in a little dark mouldy room, in the midst of a throng of low comedians, and singing chambermaids, and acrobats, and ballet-dancers, who paid me no respect whatever, but regarded me with marked suspicion and distrust. I read the piece amid dead silence. No one condescended to laugh but the leader of the orchestra; and the low comedian told me immediately afterwards that that was a very bad omen, for it was proverbial in theatres that when the orchestra gave a pre-judgment of approval, the piece was almost certain to be damned. The grave and solemn looks with which all the actors slunk out of the room after the reading, made me very uneasy, until the prompter assured me that they always did that, and made it a rule never to express their opinion of a piece until the parts were given out. The only encouraging face that I had noticed among the company, belonged, as I found, to the pantaloon, who, on my timidly asking him what he thought of my production, said:

"Oh, it will do very well, I dare say; but you see the people at this house don't listen much to the opening: they're always impatient for the comic business."

The "comic business," I was given to understand, meant the harlequinade, as distinguished from the introductory dialogue, which was not regarded (from a professional point of view) as comic. On one point my friend the pantaloon expressed a very decided opinion: The piece was too long.

"The people here, you see, sir, usually whistle through the opening. When they get tired of whistling, they shy ginger-beer bottles, and pull up the seats. Take my advice, sir, and cut it."

When the parts had been given out, and the actors had assembled on the stage for rehearsal, I found that the young lady who played Jack, and the low comedian who played the Giant (on stilts), and the second old man who played Mother Hubbard (in petticoats), differed from the pantaloon in toto. The young lady came up to me, and, in an imperative manner said, her part must be "written up," or she would certainly not play it. She was such a pretty and engaging little lady, that I said I would do anything to oblige her; but, when I spoke to the manager about it, he said she *must* play the part or leave the theatre; and when I told this to the little lady, she said I was a nasty disagreeable man, and that I might have written up her part without saying a word to the manager.

The leading low comedian, whom I felt proud to meet and know, assumed a hostile attitude towards me at once. On being introduced, he was willing to shake hands with me, and hope I was quite well; but he clearly gave me to understand that amenities could go no further while

his part remained as it was. His complaint was, that his part was a great deal too short, and that all the best lines were given to Jack. What he wanted me to do, was, to write his part up, and give him all Jack's good lines. I should have been most willing to oblige the leading low comedian to the full extent of my ability; but to ask Jack to give up her pet lines was more than I dared do. From what I had already seen of Jack, I felt justified in the belief that she would have met any proposition of the kind with a hostile demonstration of physical force. The second old man (owing, as I subsequently understood, to the smallness of his salary, and consequently of his importance in the theatre) did not venture upon direct protest, but talked at me, shrugging his shoulders, and saying to other malcontents, loud enough for me to hear, that he was afraid his health would break down under so much study.

In my imagination, I had always pictured a stage rehearsal as a very pleasant affair. Realising it, I found that, as the author, I was regarded as an enemy by every one who had a part in the piece; and that I had not only made all the actors inimical to myself, but to each other. The leading low comedian and the leading young lady had been on the best terms possible until I sowed the seeds of discord between them by providing them respectively with the parts of Jack, and the Giant. Jack confided to me privately that, so far as the lines were concerned, she would much rather have been the Giant; while the Giant protested, for the same reason, that he would have infinitely preferred to be Jack. There was only one point on which they were unanimous, and that was in their hatred of me, and their envy of each other. The discontent of these two was so unreasonable that I could treat it with indifference; but it cut me to the quick to be pitifully informed by the second old man, whom I had been partly instrumental in casting for Mother Hubbard, that his line of business, until he had joined that theatre, had been tragedy, and that he had been accustomed to enact Macbeth and Coriolanus. I had a fellow feeling for the second old man, and could have sympathised with him, if he had only been commonly civil. But he would insist on altering my couplets and introducing "gags," which I could not approve. Thus, without any rhyme or reason whatever, he persisted in substituting for a very neat joke, the vulgar expression: "Hollo boys, there goes another guy!" which he said was safe to bring the house down. The Giant also took similar liberties, and finished lines with, "What's your little game?" "Who's your better?" "How's your poor feet?" and other slang expressions of the streets, which had no relation whatever to the subject of the dialogue. I protested that I could not allow my name to appear in connexion with such nonsense, and begged the Giant to speak only the words set down for him. I had my reputation to study. The Giant retorted that he had his reputation to study too; and he had the audacity to say that there was not a laugh in the whole piece, and that, unless he was

permitted to do something to "lift the people up," it would be damned.

I had prided myself particularly upon my happy selection of music, and the neatness of my parodies. Judge of the outrage to my feelings, when Jack declined to sing *Come Where my Love lies Dreaming*, and insisted upon *Skid-a-ma-link*, with a comic dance. Jack carried her point, and this encouraged the Giant to reject the *King of the Cannibal Islands*, which was highly appropriate, in favour of *I wish I was with Nancy*, which was apropos of nothing; there being no Nancy in the piece, and no reason for the Giant wishing himself anywhere but where he was. I flattered myself that there could be no earthly objection to my effective parody of the grand scena from *Sonnambula*; but the unanimous voice of all concerned declared for the *Perfect Cure*, with a jumping accompaniment. I had been patient and forbearing hitherto; but this was too much. I appealed against the *Perfect Cure* to the manager.

"My dear sir," was the manager's reply, "don't say a word against the *Cure*. It's a safe card—always goes. We had a farce not long ago that was on the high road to ruin. The people began to goose it, five minutes after the curtain was up: they goosed it all through. What did I do? I went to the wing and whispered to the cast to dance the *Cure*. They did, and it saved the piece. The curtain fell amid a storm of applause, and the *Cure* was encored."

The manager had previously expressed himself thus: "Lord bless you, sir, when we have played it for a night or two you won't know it again." This was verified before it was played at all, and I retired from the last rehearsal in disgust, to find the clown and pantaloons in their practising dresses at the wing, impatiently fretting and fuming at the long time taken over the "lingo." This was the contemptuous epithet those wretches applied to that opening which had cost me days of toil, and nights of torture.

In the midst of my humiliation, I had but one consolation. The piece would make me a dramatic author, and, as Mr. Maberly said, introduce me to the market. I thought with hope, of my neglected tragedy in the drawer at home.

Boxing night came, and the curtain rose upon Harlequin Jack the Giant Killer; or, Old Mother Hubbard, Little Red Riding Hood, and the Field of Fifty Footsteps. I sat in a corner of the dress-circle with feelings of mingled shame and dread. I felt like a criminal in the dock, conscious of his crime, and fearfully awaiting the verdict. In my anxiety I had no ears for the words, and the first thing that attracted my attention was a round of applause. I anxiously inquired of my next neighbour what the actor had said to excite so much enthusiasm? His reply was, "What's your little game?" and he said it through his laughter, as if he thought it a very good point indeed. Another roar succeeded, and this time I heard for myself the joke which was so much approved. It was Mother Hubbard's exquisite witticism of "Hollo

boys, there goes another guy!" At this point, a friend came round to congratulate me.

"It's going capitally," he said; "the audience have taken it from the first, and you will see it will be all right," and he patted me on the shoulder encouragingly. My face was like a burning coal. I could have wished the dress-circle to open and let me quietly into the earth. My own pet jokes and neatly-turned witticisms scarcely excited a smile, except from some undemonstrative people in the stalls, who were too genteel to applaud. My friend evidently took the redness of my face for the flush of triumph: it was the crimson of shame. But what could I say? Was not the piece, as he said, going capitally? When the Giant said, "How's your poor feet!" a yell of delight burst from the audience. As for the "Curc," it was encored twice, and the applause continued for several minutes, and was perfectly deafening. My friend came round again to slap me decisively on the shoulder, and say I was a made man.

My success was too much for me; and, amid a storm of applause caused by Jack (entirely on his own responsibility) asking the Giant "where he was going on Sunday?" I fled from the intoxicating scene, and went forth to cool my fevered brain. Presently I found myself behind the scenes, the storm of applause raging more fiercely than ever. It was the end of the opening, and the transformation scene was on. There was a call. It was for the manager, in acknowledgment of the amount of gold-leaf he had lavished upon the Dell of Delight. There was another call. It was for the artist who had designed the Dell of Delight, and spread the gold-leaf which the manager had paid for. There was a third call. It was for the author, and I plainly heard the voice of my friend above all the others, and leading them.

I muttered to myself "Never!" but the manager came up at that moment, and, pushing me towards the curtain, said, "Go on! go on!"

I had no time to resist. The prompter pulled back the curtain, told me sharply to take off my hat, the manager gave me a shove, and there I was on the stage bowing to the public.

Ah, little did I dream then that I was bowing my neck in the dust to be trampled upon and degraded! Next morning the critics were loud in their praises of my Pantomime. It "sparkled with puns and parodies and smart allusions to the topics of the day, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter from beginning to end." As for the author, he was congratulated on the circumstance that he would wake that morning and find himself famous as a *writer of Pantomime*. Other writers in the same department were warned to look to their laurels.

I must confess that it was with a sense of triumph that I read this. Not that I was proud of my Pantomime. But I was now a dramatic author, and the market was open to me. Now for my tragedy!

I took the earliest opportunity of trying the market with that commodity. I offered it right and left. No one would have it. Not that the

article was not in demand; but no one would buy of me. "My dear sir, tragedy is not in your line; stick to pantomime, that is your forte."

"Tragedy! My dear fellow, oh, nonsense; if you have got a good short, smart, rattling farce now—"

Such was the invariable reply; and such has been the reply to this hour, whenever I have proposed to do any work of a higher order than a Pantomime, a farce, or a comic sketch. Yet I am a poet. I could prove it to you by a few stanzas; only I feel convinced that the Conductor of this Journal would not insert them. What did he reply the other day when I proposed a paper on the Sublimation of Thought as exemplified in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles? This: "I am rather afraid of that subject; suppose you write something about the Pantomime—which is more in your line."—Well; here it is.

COCKS AND HENS.

COCKS and hens! The theme is humble. But there is not a department of animal life so humble as not to reward attention. Always provided that he who attends, does not bring his own preconceived notions to the task, neither regards all God's lower creatures as so many machines made to order.

The moment for writing about poultry is propitious. Poultry-shows abound at home and abroad; and, though country squires do not (as a mythical great-uncle of mine did) keep fighting-cocks in their bedrooms, most landed proprietors have their parks of poultry, and are fashionably stimulated by fabulous prices to the purchase of wondrous breeds. The other day, I was at an agricultural exhibition. The tremendous turnips and apples, big as children's heads, failed to draw. All the world, anxious for a view, were squeezing, scrambling, fighting round the cages which contained the gigantic Cochins, the jetty lustrous *Crève-cœurs*, the cotton bantams, and the horned diabolical *Poules de la Flèche*. The fact is, living entities have an interest which does not belong to unorganised matter. A poultry-yard! The very name has a household sound. And then, what infinite associations man has with cocks and hens! From the village cock that wakes the peasant, to the historic cock that warned Peter, Poetry, Remembrance, and Imagery, crowd around the bird. The first effort at art of the schoolboy is to make paper cocks and hens (by the same token, I was wickedly whipped for it at school), nor could the old pathetic poet, who wished to save the Robin and Wren from violence, find anything better to say for their protection than that they are

God Almighty's cock and hen.

And eggs! What a mystery are eggs! No wonder that the Hindoos think all creation sprung from an egg—that the Greeks thought certain twin-stars were egg-born.

. And yet, though many and excellent are the

works on keeping poultry,* few and far between are the hints for observing poultry, for going to them, studying their ways, and being wise about them. Have cocks and hens their Huber, as bees have? As to my own particular studies on the subject, they by no means claim to be exhaustive. I only throw together a few remarks, the direct result of observation, which have been chiefly made on Cochins, my favourite breed—*pro causâ*, they lay, with few intervals, "all the year round" (not Numbers but eggs);—from the shortness of their wings, a low fence keeps them out of a garden; their flesh is of a gamey flavour; and, as pets, they are of a good, generous, and (so to speak) big nature. Then it is pleasant to study from large models. How noble is my Cochin cock! He is not only taller, but infinitely more human, than General Tom Thumb. He is perfect in his kind, which dwarfs are not. Viewed as he stands, my Brobdingnag (all my fowls have names) in his vast natural trousers, simulates a schoolboy, of brave aspect, somewhat perhaps grown out of his leggings, but, in all things, bearing full witness to the fidelity of John Leech's representation of Cochins in Punch's Almanack. His beak, because of the grand curve of his neck, is at right angles with his body; his legs are straight as those of a soldier upon drill; his eye responds to some supposed order of "Attention." His comb looks warlike. He has but little tail. Oh, grand distinction, which, according to Lord Monboddo's theory, approximates the brute to man. If I mistake not, Cochins are more intelligent than other fowls.

I divide my observations upon them into three sections of their being—the sensational; the intellectual, and the emotional.

Let me correct the popular error, that the senses of poultry are of a low order.

Their sight detects a bird of prey hovering at a vast distance: their hearing is acute to detect any sound which threatens them with danger. Also the variety of their own notes attests a good endowment of auditory power, and they have a copious language amongst themselves. The various calls of Brobdingnag to his hens, when he has found, or pretends he has found (for if he wishes his hens to be near him he *does* pretend to have found) a choice morsel, seem almost to indicate the kind of food he has discovered. Then of what singular expressions of moods of temper he is capable! The suort of anger, the groan of indignation, the imperative "Hush!" to the hens when they gabble too much! For, be it observed, your true monarch of Cochin loves, as did the great Wallenstein, that nobody should make a noise but himself.

To speak of a musical endowment in poultry seems ridiculous; yet poetry has turned the cock's crow into a song, a trumpet, a clarion; and the French always use "*chanter*" as their version of "to crow." This is certain: the voices of cocks vary as much, from tuneful to

discordant, as the voices of good or bad singers. There are cocks who have tenor voices, others who have the basso profundo. I called one of my Cochins, Lablache, from his deep yet cheery note. Some like to lengthen out the last note in a sostenuto manner, which has its art. One of my feathered friends evidently imitates and vies with the railway whistle, always beginning to crow when the whistle provokes it. On the other hand, others can never achieve a tuneful crow. That this is a defect in themselves, not in the race, is proved by the frequent falsity of the old proverb, "As the old cock crows, so crows the young one;" for I have known many of these young bloods, with an admirable teacher in their sire, fail to do justice to his lessons. I had a Brahma (by the way, the Brahmas have generally much stronger voices than the Cochins) which always fell a semitone on the last note, and so ended in a minor key, of a dismal nature. There seem to be also fashions in crowing, set by some pert young springald, and becoming epidemic. All my young birds one day altered their song—not for the better—and I traced the change to an infamous little dunghill cock in the neighbourhood, who crowed short. He had evidently set a bad fashion—always easier to adopt than a good fashion. It is very curious to observe an old bird teaching a young one to crow. He not only makes the cockerel repeat his lesson separately, but sometimes like a human musical professor teaching a pupil, in duo with himself. While on the subject of the vocal endowments of fowls, I may mention that what is popularly called the cackling of a hen is partly achieved by her husband, who finishes the rejoicing strain, and comes up to time so neatly, that few persons, I imagine, are aware that the cackle is not the work of one performer. Moreover, the cackle of the hen does not always mean she has laid an egg. It sometimes means she is alarmed. A sudden fright will set the whole yard cackling. Once a sponge of mine, blown by the wind from a window-ledge, excited fits of endless cackling, as if all the hens had laid at once.

As to the sense of feeling in fowls, let us hope that at least they are not susceptible of acute suffering. I have seen a beheaded fowl run round a garden, curiously avoiding obstacles in the way. This argues a diffusion in certain of the senses of fowls, but I trust not in their sense of pain. The chief thing I have remarked, as to their general susceptibility to touch, is their exceeding dislike to be handled. Their opinions on the subject simply reverse those of the dog. To be stroked and fondled is not their trade. Yet I have a white bantam, the dwarfest of his species—not so large as many a pigeon—which, having been brought up very much by hand, even courts a caress. He will stand still at the feet of those he likes, in order to be *petted*, and thanks the lifter when he has attained his elevation by a rejoicing crow. In winter he will come to the kitchen window and tap to be admitted, holding up, at the same time, a shivering foot to excite commiseration. He also knows his name of Paul, and runs forward at the sound of it.

* Ornamental and Domestic Poultry, by the Rev. E. S. Dixon, may be especially recommended.

The general impressionability of the nervous system of fowls is amply proved by their sensitiveness to changes of weather. Though the Cochins show little sensibility to variations of the thermometer, and advantageously resist extreme cold as well as extreme heat, they are themselves such living barometers, that often before my aneroid sinks I see my whole family of fowls preening themselves with an ardour (animals do nothing by halves) which makes them neglect their food. Then I know there will be rain. But if the poultry leave shelter, though it rains, and no longer cower under a shed, I reckon confidently that fine weather is at hand.

Some writers on poultry assert fowls to be nearly destitute of smell and taste. So far from this being the case, they smell at almost everything before eating. To cheat them into taking medicine is very difficult. They distinguish herb from herb in a wonderful manner. Some kinds of herbs, though not poisonous (at least to other birds), they will not touch. Groundsel and chickweed, so loved by the passerine tribe, are their hatred. They like grass, daisy-leaves, the fallen calix of the passion-flower, laurel-berries, which never hurt them, rose-leaves and dahlia-leaves, and (less poetically) sow-thistle and dandelion—of which, both leaf and flower, they are extremely fond. It is well for an amateur of fowls to try his poultry with various articles of food. They will not swallow anything pernicious, and variety in food is for them (as for all creatures) good—nay, necessary. Occasional living food is also essential to their well-being. While on this subject, I may note that when cockchafers infest a garden, and are gathered up by the gardener, they may be thrown to the fowls in a shallow tub of water, out of which they fish them with much amusement, and eat them with gusto. Perhaps a timid young pullet is at first alarmed at the ugly things, but she will soon follow the example of the matrons of her tribe. Worms my Cochins seem to dislike, or to be afraid of, but the less pure breeds will eat them. The Cochin hens are as good mousers as cats are. They will stand, "watching at the mouse's hole," and catch the mouse, and, if it be small enough, send it down their throats head foremost.

Although the foregoing account may not give a high opinion of the gastronomical taste of my Cochins, they are singularly delicate about eating uncooked meat. I have formerly, by English poultry-book recommendation, had calves' liver chopped for them raw, but they would never touch it. Boiled they are very fond of it, but I administer it sparingly. In some foreign works on poultry, I have lately read of alarming symptoms in fowls, caused by feeding them with raw flesh. Once used to it, they are said, when deprived of it, to manifest a sort of carnivorous madness, in which they tear off their own feathers and those of their companions, and so bleeding, perish. Does not the refusal of my Cochins to eat raw flesh show an intuitive knowledge of the meat-madness which might follow on Cyclopean meals?

I will not speak of the instincts of fowls,

because I do not believe in the word instinct—of which, by the way, nobody knows the meaning—but I can aver they have so much intelligence that I doubt not there might be learned fowls (thank God there are not!) as well as learned pigs. The unmechanical nature of a fowl's intelligence is amply shown by its power of adapting itself to circumstances. One of my young new cuckoo breed of Cochins—a superb young fellow, with white and grey barrings all over him, mantled by a shawl of gold: an Oriental-looking fellow whom I call Bashaw—is an example how creatures, which we call the lower, meet emergencies.

He is the only young fellow I ever had who, in a restricted space, has contrived to keep on tolerable terms with the old monarch of the yard—to live with him, in short. The grand secret of this is, that he never crows in the daytime, never in the visible presence of his mighty majesty King Brobdingnag, or, as we call him for shortness, Brob. Yet since, in order to satisfy the exigencies of his nature, he must have his periods of crowing, he takes a good spell of vocal exercise every morning before the fowls are let out, when he is safely separated by a different compartment of the hen-house from Brob. This device he learnt by experience. In Bashaw's younger days he occasionally indulged in a quaver before the king. But he soon found that this was the one crime of high treason in cock-court, and, like a wise bird, he cultivated in himself, as if he had read Carlyle, the golden silences. Besides this, he took upon himself all the manners of a courtier, the chief manner being a constant show of awe and deference. But the fun of it is, that this show is only a show, and that under it he enjoys not only the realities of a very lucrative position, but plenty of sly cuts at the king. In the matter of food he allows precedence to the higher power (woe to him if he did not!), but, by insinuating his less bulk behind Brobdingnag, he often gets the best morsels from between his legs. Should Brob observe and suddenly run-a-muck at him, he avails himself of his lighter mould and flings a somersault right over his majesty's back, thus getting with all celerity into the shelter of some friendly bushes. Sometimes if Brob only looks at him he pretends to make himself scarce, and *shirks*, much after the fashion of an Eton boy when he meets a master out of bounds. These arts in Bashaw are a speciality of cleverness. Another young cuckoo, his brother, had not in him the stuff to make a courtier. He would crow, he would strut, insupportably in the royal presence. So the fine slim young fellow was very nearly killed by the beak and spurs of the huge one, and after being at odds with death for some days, was perforce given away to a poultry fancier in the neighbourhood.

Another striking instance of accommodation to circumstances, is the change of habits which my fowls undergo at certain seasons. When I am away from home, my gardener shuts them up early in the evening, and lets them out early in the morning. When I am at home, for reasons

manifest, I have them shut up in the morning, summer and winter, till eight o'clock. The immediate consequence which follows upon their early rising being hindered, is, that they become, forthwith, fashionably late sitters up. Just as though they understood that if they went to bed at the early time they would have to endure too many hours of rest, they remain out and about to the latest possible moment. Even the young birds quickly fall into the same routine. And that this is not caused merely by a change in their evening feeding-time, I have proved. For, say that they have been accustomed at midsummer to go to roost at half-past six, and to be fed an hour earlier, and that, after their hours are changed, I adhere to the old feeding time, they still remain on the move till about nine o'clock; of course, when I am not experimenting, I feed them later, and then they seem to lay in an extra quantity, to last them during their protracted night. I may observe that the change of hours never in the slightest degree affects their health. Therefore, he who, out of an idea that late hours are unwholesome for his fowls, has suffered himself to be crowded up terribly early, need not persevere in his self-sacrifice.

Among the faculties of fowls may be reckoned a great sense of time. You may change their feeding-hours, but they will very soon recognise those hours, and the cock's crowing for his food at the new hours becomes habitual and exact. It is a great mistake to suppose that any cock wakes up the maids for anybody's sake but his own. He wants his breakfast: that is all.

Fowls have much memory. After my long absences they know me again, and take food from my hand as usual, though they shrink from a stranger. Even chickens that I left very young, do this. Fowls have also not only memory of benefits, but acute memory of injuries. I once struck, with a small stick, a combed gentleman who was attacking a little dog of the house; from that time, he has never taken bread from my hand, as formerly.

Fowls are, to a good extent, teachable. My two bantams, though free, have learned not to come near the flower-beds before the house, and to keep in a certain permitted part of the garden. Fowls, almost against their natures, may be trained to quiet, nor is it necessary, in order to bring about this desirable end, to treat them according to an old lady's recipe, in one of Miss Edgeworth's stories:—that is, whip them all round. One has only to sequester them, when very noisy, in a back yard, and consequence, the great Teacher, makes them afterwards quiet when in front. Cochins fowls are, I believe, more intelligent, and, therefore, more docile than common fowls. Although the nature of the Cochins hen is to sit inconveniently often, I cure mine of this habit by shutting the sitters into a dark closet in the hen-house, which I call the prison, and which is earthed at the bottom. The contact of the cool ground, and the absence of food (they have water at discretion), soon takes away the sitting-fever, and Cochins, unlike other fowls, will begin

laying again almost immediately after a fit of sitting. But the curious part of the matter is, that the hens who have been in the prison, get such a dread of it, that sometimes it is only necessary to show them the prison, in order to cure them of spoiling the eggs of the others, by constantly sitting on them. Then again, some hens get so nervously anxious to show they are not sitting, that they will rush out of a nest cackling before they have laid their egg, to make believe they have laid it. One wise old hen, after she had laid, would never cease cackling till my housekeeper had gone into the yard; the hen would then gravely walk before her, ascend the ladder to the nest, and stand at the top cackling, as much as to say, "There is my egg!"

Fowls seem occasionally able to correct themselves of unhealthy habits. I have in my poultry-yard a hen, named Lola,

which had got such a habit of stuffing, That all the day long she was panting and puffing,

who actually got back her health by a sudden turn to exercise and abstinence. Her state was previously so bad, with bumble-foot, gout, and symptoms of dropsy, that (two years ago) I sent her to the cook to be killed, just after many of her congeners had for similar symptoms been despatched. She had been a favourite hen, and I repented of my order to the cook in time for a reprieve to take effect. Immediately afterwards, the hen changed her idle ways to active ways, and she is now in flourishing condition. Every day she seems to prescribe to herself a certain quantity of scratching in the yard, and this profits her so well that her feet are sound. Though eight years old, she is a capital layer.

Hens through experience, as they get older, get wiser. They become every year, while at all capable, better mothers. A young sitting hen is generally either giddy or over-earnest, thereby adding her eggs by quitting them too long, or injuring and perhaps killing herself by never leaving them at all. On the other hand, an experienced matron will sit close for the four first and the four last days of her term—the ticklish and important periods of incubation—but will rise and eat and drink for about five minutes during each of the intermediate days. Then the good old hen knows all the cunning receipts and traditional secrets of her race, how to rear her chicks, how to guard them from damp, when to call them under her wings, &c.; while the silly young thing will be frightened at the first cry of her brood—will, perhaps (as one of my young fowls did), run away and leave them, or in an agony of uneasy maternity, kick and sprawl them to death.

Perhaps no point more clearly demonstrates the mentality of fowls than their passing from moral causes. One may say they require happiness, certainly amusement, and a certain relish in all they do, without which the best food and lodging does not cause them to prosper. Fowls fattened in coops would not eat unless crammed (disgusting process!) by means of funnels made

for the purpose. I was much struck by the non-prosperity of a set of young fowls I had sequestered in a roomy sunny hen-house, apart from the others. Their good food remained hardly tasted on the ground. They did not grow any way but lean. At length I joined them to the old set, from which I had separated them for fear they should be bullied. What a change for the better! True they *were* bullied! but they fought and scrambled, and learned to *desire*; the first step towards enjoyment. They grew strong, large, and fat, in a few days rather than weeks.

As regards the characteristic emotions of poultry, their tempers, humours, and passionate endowments, their loves and hates, we find strong generic features peculiar to all the race. The cock's combativeness and courage in defending his hens, the hen's boldness in defending her brood, are readily understood. Not so easily the apparent cowardice of both sexes. The quality of courage is, as regards them, not less than as regards human beings, often misconceived. Fear is not, in truth, cowardice. There is no courage without an adequate object for being courageous. Out of that sphere the instincts of self-preservation do and must prevail. "What is fear?" asked the boy Nelson. "A guard against needless danger," might have been answered to the young hero. It is no wonder, then, that when all motive for courage is taken away, fowls are particularly subject to the passion of fear. Their lives are at the mercy of a thousand perils. There is always the great peril of the knife hanging over them. And, really, by some traditional wisdom they seem to know it. The gardener, the cook, entering into the poultry-yard, always creates a panic there: and I fancy the fowls have remarked, like Hawthorne's pilgrims, when the celestial railroad had brought them to the City of Vanity, that "those who suddenly vanish like a soap-bubble from amongst them, never appear again." After the first raid upon them, a brood of young chickens lose much of their familiarity and gaiety, and when the fated pullet knows it is she, and not another, that is to be caught, what additional flutter in her wings, what extra anguish in her screams! It is the horror of the sparrows in the Zoological Gardens when the snake has selected his victim. But besides this great daily peril, there are a thousand other dangers from which Providence teaches them to escape by timely caution. If the hair grows dark above the poultry-yard, it may be a cloud, but it may also be a kite, that causes the shadow. Therefore, with a peculiar prolonged note of warning the cock often sends his hens into a corner, and stands guard before them. Nor is this a vain prudence. One of my finest hens was in my view struck by a kite, which had time to drink some of her blood from the neck before I hastened up and found her dying. If a leaf rustles along the ground, the hen-mother may well with frantic shrieks call back her little brood into the coop. For did not some such sound precede the spring of a cat, which one

day carried off her finest chicken? Then, naturally, what a terror to a fowl is anything that indicates a rat! I cannot forget the wild stare in the eyes of a sitting hen, from under whose wings I discovered that a rat had contrived to abstract sundry eggs. Yet she did not desert the remainder, and after I had had her removed into a safer quarter she successfully completed her incubation over the diminished number.

Love and hates and jealousies amongst the cocks and hens rage strong and high. By their violence one is reminded of a philosophic saying, "God gives us passions to carry us too far, lest they should not carry us far enough." In the poultry-yard a cock has always a favourite sultana, whose charms, like the charms of women that have bewitched heroes, are generally problematical. Yet she kindles a vast flame. A gentleman who fancies poultry told me that, after the loss of his favourite hen, a Cochin became so furious that no person without a stick could enter the poultry-yard. A foolhardy visitor who would none of the precautions, was much hurt by his sudden attack.

It is pretty to see the attention of a good husband to the hen, who may be called, par excellence, his wife. He will accompany her to the nest when she is about to lay, and will sometimes get into the nest himself, as if to air it for her. The Cochin which I now have frequently remains in the nest next to that in which his hen is laying. And ridiculous enough he looks—this great twelve-pounder—in a nest so small, one wonders how he ever got into it, and his large head projecting out from the narrow space. Some fathers are very paternal, and take a good share in leading about the chickens, and calling them tenderly to eat. One father I had, was never happy till he had lured the new-born chickens out of their coop, as if for the purpose of inspecting them.

Hens are also much attached to their husbands. I had one lady who, after the death of the spouse she had been brought up with, refused food, and in a few days pined and died.

Like many a human being, Brob's kind must have his hatred as well as his love. And he is a good hater. He will single out a particular hen to hate, whose colour—black or white—perhaps offends him. Unfortunate is the hated hen! Not only does she get many a peck on the small of her back—a vital part—but she is scarcely allowed to eat. The plan seems to be to starve her to death. The wretched creature grows lean and weak, and either dies or must be killed.

Some dunghill lords get to be altogether misogynists. Something has soured their tempers. And then, in the morning, when the poultry are let out, the misanthrope stands at the door, and administers a peck between the shoulders to each hen as she passes him. I need not say this sort of fellow is a bad fellow, and deserves the knife. I was obliged to kill a fine Brahma (the Brahmas have worse tempers than the Cochins) because he had murdered as many wives as Henry the Eighth. The hens also, though more gentle as befits their sex, have their

wars and quarrels among themselves, not less than their friendships and strict associations.

A curious spirit of temper which I have observed in a poultry young gentleman, is his disposition to revenge on a still younger young gentleman, the peck administered to himself by the old gentleman. Hens also, beaten in a struggle for food by stronger hens, savagely pass on the injury to the weaker.

Be not out of sorts with my poultry, when I perforce admit that cruelty is a part of the gallinaceous character. Why be shocked? Planets err not in their course. Men and poultry have the liberty of going wrong. Towards the sick and ailing of their tribe, fowls are particularly vicious. They persecute them, and will kill them if they can. Even a hen-mother will conceive an aversion for the weaklings of her brood, and will take an early opportunity of setting her broad foot upon them, or giving them a sly and fatal peck. So far, this cruelty seems to have a motive. Savages get rid of their deformed or sickly children, because they are not worth their keep; and fowls probably think invalids inconsistent with the welfare of the community. I believe a sick sailor is not popular in the fore-castle.

But a cruelty less defensible, also exists in poultry. I was given a pair of tame red-partridges, who, having been bred up in a poultry-yard, were supposed to be generally associable with fowls—pretty creatures, who, with uncut wings, never tried to fly further than up to the window-sill for crumbs—harmless creatures, who tried to curry favour with my fowls. In vain! My fowls conceived a grudge against them, and seemed particularly aggrieved by their faculty of flying to the window-sill. The end was sad. My poultry attacked the poor little pair, and so beat them about the head and eyes that it was a merey to put them out of their misery. But then (to suggest an excuse) the red-partridges were not brought up with my fowls. The same set took prodigiously to a rabbit, which, when quite little, was placed among them. They petted it, and allowed it to take the pick of the food, and to have precedence in feeding. It used to jump into the shallow tub in which the meal was mixed, and sit there, gormandising, while the fowls stood waiting respectfully around. But, more curiously, the rabbit took the ways of a fowl. At night it wanted to perch, and, contrary to its burrowing nature, made desperate efforts to mount. It had wondrous agility in climbing to a beam, and thence to an unused horse-crib. At last, for reasons of cleanliness, I found it better to construct a sort of dovecote for it, raised high upon a pole in the centre of the fowls, with a ladder like the fowls' ladder to go up. To this sleeping-place he cotomed forthwith, and roosted there as long as I kept him. But ill-assorted associations must come to an end. The rabbit, as if he wished to make the fowls look more like himself, took to gnawing their tails off (which they stood still to let him do, with the greatest equanimity), and so disfigured the whole set, that I was obliged to give him away to a neighbouring farmeress.

Cats and dogs grow into great friendship with fowls. At the old Eccleobion I saw, years ago, two cats who had been trained to bring up the chickens which were hatched in the establishment. I saw one of the cats lie down in such a position as to let the chickens creep under her; and she brooded over them, and was, as the man of the exhibition said, "a very mother unto 'em." I see almost every day, as I pass a neighbour's, a young fowl sleeping almost between the paws of a large dog. My dwarf bantam, of the familiar habits, has entered into an alliance with a big black cat which kills the rats in the loft over where bantam sleeps; and he calls pussy to eat a piece of bread, as if pussy were of his own species.

As a rule, too human to be agreeable, the fowls live best with self-asserting creatures that can hold their own, and will not be bullied.

Fowls have plenty of vanity and pride. They are very sensible to admiration from man, and miss accustomed notice. A prize bird knows itself. The queen of the poultry-yard must eat first, and stand by the king at feeding-time. She resists any invasion upon her rights, and will have a precedence in all things. Indeed, precedence in the court-yard seems as valued as at earthly courts. Age and priority of residence in the yard, not less than size and strength, constitute rights to precedence. No dowager ever treated young chits of girls more contemptuously than the senior hen treats her juniors. One has heard of a Swiss cow which died of vexation when her bell was taken from her. So did a hen of mine, long mistress of the poultry-yard, die of smothered pride, when a new queen-hen, partner to a new king (a pair I bought at a poultry show), came into my enclosure. The rival queens eyed each other for a moment steadfastly, then rushed to combat. The new comer, though the old hen fought bravely, was the stronger. Mrs. Mercury, as we called the old hen, from the wing-like feathering on her legs, never attempted to try her chance again, succumbed in a melancholy manner, and, after a few days' moping, gave up the ghost.

I have spoken of the teachability of fowls. It is not a contradiction to assert that, notwithstanding their docility upon conviction, they have an obstinacy of unconviction. Of all obstinacies, commend me to the obstinacy of poultry. When a refractory hen has chosen a particular nest for laying, she will, if shut out of it, retain her egg for hours. A hen of mine, accidentally shut out of the fowl-house where she was accustomed to lay, was nearly killed by such retention. There is always a favourite nest where many fowls choose to lay; and though the heat of so many bodies upon the eggs spoils them for eating, you cannot hinder the congregation of layers. Sometimes one may see a long queue of hens, waiting, like people before a theatre door in Paris, till they can get to the favourite occupied nest. Sometimes, two or more fowls are in the nest at once. If they are agreed associates, all goes well, but if they are not, woe to the egg, or eggs, over which they skirmish.

I have lately discovered that it is not so much the situation of the nest, as the nest itself, which is dear to them. I had a row of nests in wooden boxes attached together, in a front hen-house. I found that some hens would always lay there, and cackle with disagreeable results as regarded the quiet of the house. A change in my arrangements caused me to move bodily the line of nest-boxes into a back hen-house. The hens instantly went, each to her accustomed nest, without any regard to the changed situation.

Jealousy, the vast fulcrum of human evil, is in the fowls' sphere potent. How well the young follows—this year's bird—agree together at first. They are as affectionate and familiar as lads at college. Something in the bras dessus, bras dessous style, they saunter about, have a few friendly sparrings—mock combats, with beak to beak, and mutually ruffled necks, staring in each other's faces—then suddenly run off to have a race, or lie down in the sun, side by side, with every feather loose to let in the grateful warmth. In this state of young fellowship, they rather affect to despise the company of the hens. They have their own walks, their own small secrets. If an old hen stalks by, I sometimes fancy they are making sarcastic comments upon her. Yet this very hen shall, later, prove the cause of deadly strife. Like our human youngsters, a young feathered gentleman always takes for his first passion a female older than himself—one who, in hen-life, answers to “la femme de trente ans,” immortalised by Balzac, and adored by the lads of the Lyceum. Very likely the Helen of the Gallic war will be the queen of the poultry-yard, herself a dowager of four years' standing, who at first treats the pack of cockerels with contempt, but finally provokes even her own lawful lord to ire, by singling out a lover from amongst the young ones, or by alternately playing off one young favourite against the other. Then, no more sauntering together, or lying in the sun. No more mock combats! Then comes estrangement; then the real stand-up fight; a fight of life and death. Some say, “Let them fight it out!” But the hope of your poultry-yard may come off minus an eye, or minus his life. I was one day interested by watching the determined efforts of two young rivals to have a duel à la mort. In order to baffle the vigilance of the police—myself and my gardener—they dodged about with a mutual hostile intelligence. At last, both disappeared from view, and, after long search, I found them in an outhouse, both of them one gore of blood, but both of them still fighting.

Having noted features of character mostly common to all poultry, I need scarcely add that fowl differs materially from fowl. We may observe, as we observe not only diversities of form and plumage, strength or weakness, but sufficient differences of character to confound the notion that any two creatures of any genus enter the world quite alike. Some pugnacious little rascals of chicks just hatched, begin to fight and peck at their brethren, and these birds in their

little nests do *not* agree. Some chickens are infant Cernaros; others incipient aldermen. Then we have the hardy, the awkward, the pert, the slow, the grave, the funny, the mischievous, the brisk, the sedentary, the silent, the chatterer, the maunderer, the groaner, the social, and the unsocial, who run away from the mob to enjoy the pleasures of solitude. And these characteristics, though they may be modified, are rarely obliterated in after life.

It will be gathered from the above remarks that the observation of poultry has its instructive side. Indeed, it throws light on many curious problems of animal life. Races of breeds and hereditary endowments may be profitably studied here. I have observed again and again that if my stock be not continually refreshed with new blood, there is in them a constant tendency to dwarfing, malformation, complaints of the head and spine; while the timely introduction of a dunghill cock or country hen will produce such extra life, bustle, birth, size, and healthiness of subjects, as might be expected among royalties should it be the fashion for kings to marry mere mortals. Just now, the opposite side of the question is taken by some writers in France; but the lamentable results which I have seen from (as it is called) breeding in-and-in leave no doubt upon my mind that the practice is evil.

Hereditary transmission of defect is another curious point to observe in poultry. Peculiarities are sent down from afar, and, if they seem to die out, unexpectedly reappear. I have known even a black spot *inside* an egg, begun by a remote ancestor, to be continued through many crossings, down to the eggs of the most recent generation. Another curious thing to be remarked, is, how nature works to prevent mixed breeds by a constant tendency to recur to some one original type. I had at one time only two Brahma hens (which came from eggs sent me some hundreds of miles), no Brahma cock. Much as I wished to multiply the Brahma ladies, which were paired with a Cochin gentleman, I failed to succeed in my object. The hens, indeed, produced in each brood plenty of pure Brahma cockerels, and plenty of pure Cochin pullets, but conversely never. It was only after I established a Brahma gentleman that I had the usual proportion of males and females of that type. It is the same with a new variety of Cochins, called cuckoo, which is made up from Cochins, black or white, and Poules de Breda, which last are of uniformly barred feathers, grey and white, almost Turkey fashion. A pretty and curious variety are the Cochin cuckoos, but it is almost impossible to keep the variety steady. I find that the young are apt to come out accordant to a single type, perfect black or perfect white; while if the barred grey cuckoo be successfully produced, it generally turns out to be a male. But as regards the true Cochin-Chinas, whose nature is to include in their race subjects of very varied colours, you may obtain from a pair, offspring which run through every tint of buff, cinnamon, lemon, or

red; nay, you may even be startled sometimes by the phenomenon of a white or black chicken springing from parents of what the French call "couleur fauve."

In conclusion, I heartily recommend to all who want a good hobby—to nervous low-spirited people especially—poultry. Even the cares which inevitably come upon every one who embarks the smallest quantity of regard upon any living creature will abstract the mind from heavier thoughts. Then what an agreeable rével it is on a summer's morning to let out your chickens of four months to frolic in their playground! They rush to sport, as young things only rush; they flutter forward with outstretched wings, they climb upon the bushes, and sometimes one may see a pullet sitting on a bough, while the others are swinging her until they, too, take their turn to be swung.

Verily, to me, my poultry yard is a microcosm in which, at a site distance, I may study the big world, and over which I preside. I may be happy myself in studying the greatest hippu of the greatest number.

GOING FOR A SOLDIER.

THE Indian snake charmer can find a fitting parallel in the English recruiting sergeant. Both subdue their auditors by music and the musical instruments they employ for their respective purposes are of the most primitive description. Any one who has ever watched the operations of the recruiting sergeant in a country village with his fife and drummer and Man Jack will surely endorse this assertion. Clowns and jockeys are drawn on or mouthed from their holes by the dulcet strains of martial music, and the flying ribands of the "society men." They open a once a mental panorama in Giles's brain of the "Battles of the Butch Army," in which generals horse's common fifes drummers, recruiting sergeants—ribands and all—and other panoramic effects of a bloody battle are mixed up in a mass and dodge and buzz about in a manner truly bewildering, to say the least. The upshot of the proceeding, is, that Giles and two or three of his mates list for soldiers, and are carried away by the scudlet kidnapper. But, dress this same warlike-looking sergeant a la Spaulcon, take away the fife and the drummer and the scudlet cloth and the ribands, and Giles will be very scarce. Giles must have a gaudily painted fly for a bat or he will not bite at all.

Recruiting for the English army has been briskly renewed within the past few months. Some men enter the service from choice, some in order to destroy their identity, for reasons best known to themselves, nearly all, from pure necessity. It may be likened with justice to an immense sewer, which receives the social drainage of the kingdom.

The recruit, on first joining, undergoes a species of military baptism in the ablution house at the close of which ceremony he assumes her Majesty's livery, perhaps for life, and parts with

his former habilitments with pleasure or regret, according to the actual value of these articles. Wherever he goes, he is a walking advertisement of his own rawness. Every article on him looks painfully new to the eye, and he appears as if he were always marching to "attention," so stiff and unbending is he. He exhibits a decided partiality for his "stock"—a leathern duplicate of some iron affair of torture in the lower—and performs menial tasks with it on. He wanders about in a helpless abstracted manner, buttoned up to the throat, with his chin strap either in his mouth, or under his chin according to regulation. In course of time, that useless appendage will be comfortably adjusted for him by some old soldier, in the little indentation formed by nature for its reception, between the under lip and the projection in question. The old soldier will teach him other useful things, which shall stand him in good need by-and-by. He will teach him how to *soldier*, in short, in the most approved professional manner.

In his first days of his recruitdom are, perhaps, the pleasantest in his whole service, for the Queen's bounty has then to be spent, or rather transferred to the till of the Cross. Muskets outside the barrack gate, in instalments varying from five to ten shillings. Men for and Telemachus will revel in luxury while it lasts. The old soldier is in the zenith of his glory then. He smokes his pipe while the sun shines, and when the inevitable list shilling will turn up, he helps to spend it with a sorrowful heart and collapses into his solitary self again. He designs no longer to enlighten his former pupil in the old professional manner but vouchsafes only curt snappish bouncing sentences. His work is done. He folds his hands in peace, spends his fourpence a day on himself and looks about for another worldfall.

There are different types of recruit. There is the knowing recruit who has been in the militia and who wants to aspire at once to the dignity of the old soldier. This specimen is generally taken down a peg or two before long. "He keeps his bounty" to himself. He acts as his own Mentor and fees himself for services rendered by himself to himself in that capacity. He is a great cyberton to the professional old soldiers, and is sent to Coventry immediately, whence he seldom returns without first paying his back fuc. Then we have the genteel recruit. This variety has no earthly business in the army. He leaves home in consequence of some "family difference" and seems to take a fiendish delight in making himself as miserable as possible—out of revenge perhaps. He walks about the barrack square with his hands in his pockets, and numbers three, four, and five, buttons of his jacket unfixed to display a white pocket handkerchief. He sets his watch regularly by the barrack clock, and will tell you the time with pleasure, though the clock itself is within a few yards of him. He is very fond of producing from one of his pockets a fat mysterious pocket-book, filled to repletion with papers one would like immensely to read, and another little pocket-

book in which he makes notes of nothing at all—only pretends to do so, embracing the opportunity of peering into that old-fashioned compartment of it which once held pounds but which is now debased by harbouring pence. He will tell you of a friend who sends him all the news and a post-office order occasionally besides. He affects cigars and wine at such times, and steals mysteriously into some hotel in the town to order a dinner for one, himself, which shall remind him of old times. A few days afterwards he will borrow sixpence from you in a shamefaced manner, as if he were committing some unpardonable act, and promises to pay you, "old fellow!" on the 15th inst., when the letter containing the money order shall arrive. He could obtain his discharge-money at any time from home, but he won't ask for it; and he bears his imaginary troubles like a martyr, until his "friends" eventually give in and whisk him away.

Next comes the simple recruit. Quite bewildered, and knowing nothing, and learning nothing. It takes him a month to learn his "facings." He can never clean his appointments in a satisfactory manner, though he tries his very best, but fails most lamentably. The old soldiers give him up as a bad subject at last, on whom they have wasted their professional skill. He becomes acquainted with the "guard-room" and cells, and drags on a hopeless existence in hospital and prison alternately.

There is another class of men who enter the army, and who have scarcely mastered their drill before they open an account in the regimental defaulter-book. Many of these who entertain a horror of courts-martial, manage to occasion an immense deal of trouble, by placing such an interval between the committal of each offence, as that their conduct shall only entail upon them a brief sojourn in the provost, or a tour of the barrack-square in heavy marching order. These are very calculating individuals. They keep up a constant barter of pleasure for pain. So many days' absence from quarters, and enjoyment of pleasure, equal ten days' pack-drill and confinement to barracks. Then they have a happy knack of carrying so many "drunken chinks" within the year, usually one or two under the limited number, and will wait patiently for a new leaf in time's calendar to run up a fresh score with justice.

Then there are recruits from Ireland, very noisy and demonstrative, and much afflicted with the "blarney." Scotch recruits, who are very "canny." There might be convened on short notice a congress of recruits in which every county in England and Wales should have its representative. Foreigners frequently enlist in our army. A French Zouave once presented himself in complete marching order, to receive the enlisting shilling at Chatham Barracks.

The standard of height for recruits often varies. In the Roman army it was fixed at five feet seven inches, which is now, we believe, the average height of the male population of Europe. The length of service was twenty-five years, and even longer if necessary. The custom of "attest-

ing" recruits, derives its origin from the Roman soldiers' oath of obedience to their leaders.

The recruits of the present day are not so well built, or so finely proportioned as formerly. Both the standard of height and the chest measurement have been frequently reduced within twenty years. It was a common occurrence for a regiment to march eighteen or twenty Irish miles in one day, and that, too, loaded with the old-fashioned knapsack, the rolled coat, and sixty rounds of ammunition in pouch. The writer is in a position to affirm that not one-half of our young soldiers of to-day would be equal to the performance of this feat.

The subject of physical development in the army is beginning to receive that careful consideration at the hands of the authorities, to which its really vast importance entitles it. Every facility is now afforded the British soldier, of improving himself morally and intellectually; and the recent establishment of military gymnasia, with a view to his physical culture, has placed the power within his own hands of making another man of himself. The recruit will henceforth be required to undergo, at least, three months physical training before taking his place in the ranks. This is a wise proceeding on the part of the government, and one which will repay in future years any present trouble or expense. The usual course of recruits' drill is really not sufficient to enable him to perform all the duties which are required of the drilled soldier. He may be expert in the handling of his rifle, and he may be well up in drill; but something more is necessary. His physical stamina, and powers of endurance, should be improved, to enable him to bear the fatigues and hardships incidental even to a modern campaign. The recruit is too soon loaded with the knapsack: an ingenious piece of torture even to those who are well accustomed to it, than which nothing worse of its kind can possibly be conceived. The extraordinary sensations which are experienced when it has been worn for any length of time, would, if enumerated, occupy at least a column of this periodical. A few of the most vivid must suffice, though a practical realisation of its horrors for an hour or two, would carry more forcible conviction with it than any amount of description. Firstly, then, you are half strangled by the tug of your knapsack on your stock, you feel an insane desire to shout or sing in order to relieve the dreadful oppression of your chest, and you are surprised that you do not go off into a real apoplectic fit. Your throat becomes hot and parched, your eyeballs are alarmingly strained, and the sensation popularly known as "pins and needles" is experienced from your shoulders to the tips of your fingers. Shake off the monster, and you distinctly feel his ghost occupying his place as oppressively as himself, for a good hour afterwards. An army medical author recently assigned this knapsack as the cause of there being so many recruit invalids in the service. Many inventors have endeavoured to remedy some of these evils, but very

little benefit has been derived, as yet, from their praiseworthy exertions.

Excellent results have been obtained in the army by the establishment of libraries, reading-rooms, and institutions, at nearly every one of our military stations. We have seen Telemachus, and even Mentor with him, occasionally, investing a portion of the bounty-money in the purchase at these establishments of sundry cups of a beverage very different in spirit and taste from the drinks dispensed at the bar of the Cross Muskets; while other good things from the Institute bar (say, at Chatham) make up a little repast, which they appear to enjoy immensely. We will not affirm that the Cross Muskets never receives a visit from the old soldier and his protégé; but their visits are unquestionably fewer than before, and further between.

MOP ALLEY, NEW ORLEANS.

THE sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul have colonised New Orleans, to the extent of a Baby-house, where children are received from any age under seven, and kept till that age; a School-house, to which they are transferred at seven, and kept till fourteen; and a Trade-house, where they are apprenticed at fourteen, and kept till they are twenty-one, and taught all kinds of needlework, housework, nursing the sick, good order, and a few prayers. No overwork in devotion is allowed, lest the children should be disgusted with piety when they reach their majority, and set up praying and working on their own account. Whatever money they have earned in their apprenticeship over and above paying for their keep, is theirs at their majority.

I do not know at whose door lies the sin against taste of having invented the white bonnet of the Sister of St. Vincent de Paul. A sister's head looks always like a white goose with spread wings. I think they do not sleep in these bonnets, because they are never creased or crumpled, but they always wear them when visible to the public at home or abroad. Before I had yellow fever in New Orleans, my taste revolted against this prodigious head-dress, but it has been as the wings of angels to me ever since. One of my nurses was named Sister Olivia; and, some months since, I found a good likeness of her in porcelain, bending over a holy water fount. She was very pretty, but the bonnet had all its immutable ugliness. Did I not buy the crockery sister greedily, and have I ever put matches in the dry fount?

Another of my nurses was Sister Angela. Of all the many daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, I think Sister Angela must have been one of the plainest, and yet her face, and her winged horror of a bonnet, became angelic in my sight. We are apt to think of nuns and Sisters of Charity as if they did not belong to this world, as though they were never born, and never had any relations. Now, Sister Angela was the eldest sister of a New York merchant, who was my intimate friend. When I told him I was

going to New Orleans for the first time, and should be there in the fever season—"Whether it come or not," he said, "I can do you a good turn that a king could not do you. I can give you a letter to my sister, Angela, who is a Sister of Charity; and if you have the fever, you will be quite safe with her care and your habits." New Orleans was literally a city of death that year. Never can its horrors be written, never can the mercies and providences that prevailed over and amid all, be chronicled. O how I dreaded being thrust into one of those clay oven graves, built up, because there is no earth in swampy New Orleans in which to dig the narrow house! The nameless public ovens for the poor, were all filled to repletion that season.

I caught the dreaded yellow fever. It is a disease that ranges on a sliding scale from a heavy headache and bad taste in the mouth, to all the horrors of plague, black vomit, and all-pervading putridity. It comes on with indigestion often unnoticed, and constipation almost always neglected. If you are decently temperate, and if you have no friend who is "a drug doctor," and if you have an interest in a Sister of Charity, or an old negro nurse, you may count on getting up in two or three days, or a week. I ought to know it gratefully, remembering Sister Angela. Her system was, to throw away the doctor's calomel and quinine, and bathe her patients, and gave no physic but lemon, verberna tea, and a dose of castor oil. I got the fever and Sister Angela, on a Monday; and I got a bath and a dose of oil the same day. I slept swathed in wet towels on Monday night, and had a great bath on Tuesday morning. I had some mawkish gruel during the day, which I would not take, though it was brought me by the pretty Olivia of the holy water fount. On Tuesday night, I had more wet towels; on Wednesday, I was able to bathe without help, and to amuse myself by sucking oranges; on Thursday morning I was discharged cured, with a caution to eat little, bathe often, and *not to think*. Blessed Sister Angela!

Well! all this was past and gone, and another year had come to New Orleans, and I had come also. I had been to see the Jesuits' church, which is said to be one of the purest specimens of Moorish architecture in the world. It was a morning in the vicinity of May-day, and yet it was melting summer-time already. The great shadow of the interior of the church had been a welcome refuge from the sunshine outside. Its rows of twisted marble pillars supporting the far up immense dome, and forming the aisles, seemed a cool forest, in which I had plunged as if I were the only human figure within its umbrageous peace. I had only to rest. I was not one of the white-robed girls, veiled and crowned with orange-blossoms, who were making a procession with lighted candles through the long aisles. (Why do they never get burned? They never do.)

The stained-glass windows of this Moorish temple for Christian worship are many, and they cast all the hues of the rainbow amid the shadows of the dim interior. Delicious hiding-

place from the hot sun and the street noises! Glorious organ! Refreshing cold stone floor! Comfortable priest, who exhorted in Spanish, and delighted my eyes and ears without disquieting my conscience! Dreamy dying away fragrance of incense, left over from last evening's benediction!

The denizens of summer-land luxuriate in a degree of heat that miserably discomforts persons from a more northern latitude. My dread of the melting heat of May was simply absurd to the Southerner. I came out of the coolness, when mass was over, because the rest did, except some devotees, who stayed to the next mass, and a pretty girl who was trying to tire out the Virgin, and get something she was praying for. I left her where she had been for the hour, and, with my head down, ran the gauntlet of importunate beggars, and began to meet the in-coming congregation for the next mass. Presently, a little dog nearly ran under my feet—a King Charles, so exquisitely combed and brushed, that he must have had a waiting-maid to himself. He was running tortuously at the end of a blue ribbon, and I looked up to see who was at the other end. A beautiful regal-looking woman held the rein. Her dark eyes flashed out of a great pallor on her face that told of struggle, or sorrow, or both. She had a wealth of dark hair, not disposed in braids or a coronal, but falling in masses of curls over her pale face and white neck. She wore a black lace bonnet, blooming with tea-roses, and their rich orange hearts really seemed to exude fragrance. The bonnet was only a head-dress—a fitting ornament for the glory of her hair. Her dress was the light gauzy grenadine usually worn in New Orleans, with orange-coloured blossoms scattered over its diaphanous surface. She wore a lace shawl; dainty lace mits shaded her white hands; and the diamonds on her taper fingers flashed as they rested on the prayer-book that she clasped. She swept past me, in a cloud of lace and perfume, and I, impertinent mortal that I am, stopped and turned to look at her. Just then she stooped to take up her dog, saying, in Spanish, "Poor Carlo is very tired!" And then she waited for a grave sad-looking negro woman to come up, to whom she gave her prayer-book, saying again, in Spanish, "Poor Carlo is very weary!" As I looked, another woman passed. She was in the sere and yellow leaf, tall, and not bowed by the weight of her many years. Her hair was of snowy whiteness; her face, like transparent pearl, was so full of wrinkles that one could not think of it as ever having been smooth. She was a lady, though she wore the rustiest of black gowns, a shawl that was *grandmamma* to her dress, a black bonnet of threescore and ten, and a black cap and mits not a day younger. Nothing relieved the blackness but the brownness, and nothing relieved either but a very white and very ragged pocket-handkerchief. Through a rent in this decayed piece of advanced civilisation, poked the small nose and wonderful ears of the smallest edition of a King Charles I had ever seen. As

the elder lady approached the younger, I saw that she wished to attract attention to her charge. Her hands trembled as she tried to disengage the small mass of silkiness from the rags of finest and oldest linen cambric. The lady of the flashing eyes at once discovered the little thing. "What a beautiful creature!" The two females were as friends in a moment. The old dog who had to be carried because he was too weak from age except for a short walk, and the young one who had not yet learned the use of his legs, were compared.

"He will soon be poor Carlo rejuvenated," said the lady of the flashing eyes.

"He gets milk by the saucer-full," said the older, recommending her charge. "Would you not like to have him?"

"I should be delighted, but Carlo would be so jealous. He loves me so much, he will not tolerate a rival. But you will save this darling for me; you will sell the little doggie?"

"I *must*," said the ancient.

"How soon may I have him?"

"In a month, if you engage him."

"I should pay something down, to bind the bargain," said my queen of hearts; "what's his price, and what shall I give now?"

"His price is what you please to give; both now, and then."

"But are you not afraid to trust me?"

The ancient smiled and said, "I know too much of you to distrust you." And I saw a gleam of gold in the withered palm. I was quite conscious of it, though I was very busily reading an auctioneer's placard, informing the public that on Thursday next would be sold a lot of the best domestic servants, raised in Virginia, and warranted three generations from Africa. Not savages, but brought up by the chivalry.

The young lady had won leave to call on the elder, and they parted. The dame with the dog turned down a street—Baronne-street—and I turned down it too. In short, I followed her.

I always look at babies, because I love babies, and love to please mamma and nurses. I always look at a soldier's medals; because does not he deserve it, if he deserve them? In passing the reduced lady, I looked admiringly at the little dog. Then I smiled on the little dog's human friend, and the little dog's human friend smiled on me.

Thus we got into conversation. She said was he not a beauty? I said he *was* a beauty. Then I inquired if there were any more members of the same family, and learned there were no more; then I was aground, and considered what could I do, to find my way to this most obsolete gentlewoman's domicile.

Why did I wish to go there? Well, I had a heartache for the quiet poverty of one gently born, and gently reared. A good Providence had given me some spare money, and it burned in my pocket.

I thought of a miserably common-place expedient. I said, "I beg your pardon, madam. I am a stranger in this city, and I want to find a laundress, who really knows her business, and can turn one out fit to be seen. I am un-

fortunately (being, as I said, a stranger), a little too particular for my hotel laundry."

The ancient lady met my difficulty. "Judy Flanagan in our court is an excellent laundress." So I accompanied her to the classic locality called Mop-alley, New Orleans. It is about forty feet long, and ten feet wide, and is bounded by what are locally called "ten footers:" a species of lean-to edifices, containing a front room lighted from the court, and a back room with a skylight. The court is floored with rough boards, with large square apertures to let the rain through. It shelters a laundress, a carpenter, a cobbler, and a bird-cage maker, I know; and I suppose sundry other callings are represented in it. As no wells can be dug in New Orleans, the city being built on a swamp, every dwelling usually has its cistern. Mop-alley had one cistern, but laundry-work could not flourish on this small resource, hence Judy had set a row of tubs to catch water—and not to catch it in dribbets either—for showers *are* showers in the land of the sun.

I stood among the tubs, unmindful of my pretended wants (though I really did want a good laundress, now I think of it) and of Judy's occupation. I wished—for a reason that I had—to know how much the ancient dame could trust me, a stranger; and I asked to be allowed to take the little dog in my own hands. The old eyes looked trustingly into mine, and she put her treasure unreservedly into my keeping. I adopted that old lady there and then; for it there be one thing that delights me above all others, it is human trust. When the mass of us can trust God and one another, our Millennium will have begun.

I manly asked—still for that reason that I had—whether, as an admirer of dogs, I could, and might, for one moment look at the little dog's mother?

"I really wish to oblige you," said the old lady, "but my son is very sick, and I am afraid of disturbing him. Wait here a moment."

She passed into the first room and into the second, and I heard a feeble voice ask, "Have you seen her?" "Yes, but give me a moment, my dear; there is a stranger at the door." And out she came, with the mother-dog in a basket. "Very pretty," I said, stroking the silky creature leisurely, and putting the puppy and my purse into the basket together. And that was the reason I had had, you understand.

I took a hurried leave of the old lady, and made with all speed for the end of Mop-alley by which I had entered, when whom should I there stumble upon, of all good women, but one of the sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul? And what particular sister should I stumble upon, of all good sisters, but my blessed Sister Angela of last year, the terrible year of the yellow fever?

Her face beamed delightfully as I uttered her name, and she said in her placid way, yet earnestly, "I am so glad; for I have need of you to-morrow. I need not ask you to be punctual, for you are always punctual." And then she told me hurriedly that she was nursing a poor

heartbroken lad, whom she had recently discovered; that he was a Genius; that she was sure he was heartsick, though he would not confide in her; that she thought he would confide in me, as another young fellow (whether she thought I was heartsick too I cannot say, but upon my honour I was not;—at least, I don't think I was); and that this was what she wanted me for; and that she had no time to say more then, being in a hurry. These sisters always are in a hurry, though they are never hurried: so I made no effort to detain her, and she went down Mop-alley, attended by a girl bearing a basket.

Next morning I was at the corner of Mop-alley at two minutes before eleven a.m., and there at the corner were the angelic white goose-wings, ready to waft me to my sphere of usefulness. It was the very house into which the old lady had gone yesterday.

The skylight window was raised in the roof of the small room into which the goose-wings bore me; the panes of glass were painted or papered with green; a ghastly light fell on the face of an emaciated young man. His burning eyes seemed to have burned away down into their sockets, his thin fingers clutched the counterpane, and were almost as white as it.

Sister Angela's introduction of me was simply in this wise: "This is a good kind gentleman, and you will call him a good fellow in half an hour."

"A Bohemian?" said the young man, with the semblance of a smile at me; for the sister's compliment affected him pleasantly. She did not stay to note effects. She understood the fitness of things, and she had other service to be rendered elsewhere.

I laid my hand on the bounding heart; I looked into the burning eyes; and, smiling a not very genuine smile, I said, "Brother Bohemian, be so good as to tell me what I ought to know concerning you."

The poor pent-up heart overflowed, and I learned in many words what I will narrate in few. Alfred Eversley was the son of a Louisiana planter, who had been dead some years. His plantation lay on the banks of the Mississippi. The river often slightly changes its course, "lurching in," as it is called, upon a plantation and washing it away, while new land is made on the other side. Hundreds of acres are thus eaten away, and the unfortunate owner is ruined, while some more fortunate planter on the opposite side may be made rich. The elder Eversley saw his acres thus consumed day by day; cholera came, and his slaves died; he was ruined; he sold for almost nothing the wretched remnant of the plantation. Almost as soon as the thing was done the river receded, land made rapidly, and the new owner found himself with a fast-increasing estate.

"My father died of mortification and trouble," said the son. (I mentally added, "Perhaps also of bad whiskey, malaria, and quinine.") "He left nothing," said the son, "for his widow, and my only inheritance was my college education, and what runs in my blood:—a passion for the stage. My mother was a prima donna, when my father married her, thirty-one years ago.

She was forty, when she bade adieu to the public. I am her only child. I have no talent for music—I wish I had!—The drama is my passion. I am a dramatic writer. I am thirty years old. I have spoiled reams of paper. I have not succeeded. And here I am.”

I did not excite and madden the patient by begging him not to excite himself, but led him gently onward: very sure that he had not told his story out, and that he would be much the better for telling it all. Then it appeared that he had come to New Orleans at the beginning of the theatrical season, with a play; he had filled some subordinate parts in which the heaviest tax on his memory had been to say “My lord, the dinner waits;” he had made himself generally useful on the hope of two pounds a week in the future, and with the acquisition of nothing in the present. He and his mother had hidden from friends a long time, because they were poor and proud. He had tried his fortune away from his mother, but—it was the old impracticable unsuccessful story—he had been able to do nothing to earn money, except when by a miraculous accident he sometimes got a guinea for a poem. He had not taken to his bed, as I believe, until he was too shabby to appear at the theatre, or anywhere else: nor until his poor old mother’s wardrobe had turned to dust and ashes. His play had been for weeks in the hands of the manager, and the manager had promised to submit it to Mademoiselle L’Etoile, the great actress, who—it then came out at last—was the light of the poor fellow’s existence. It was to his admiration of her, and the poor mother’s want of money for common necessities, that she owed the offer of the little King Charles, which I had witnessed.

His eyes burned when he spoke of her. “Oh! for anything I know, she may have read my play. There may be a letter for me at the office of the theatre, accepting it. Miracles have happened, and may happen again.” Then his eyes dimmed, and he said sadly, “Not to me, not to me.”

“I will see you again to-morrow, Mr. Eversley, and I will call at the theatre and ask if there are any letters for you there.” He pressed my hand most gratefully, and said: “We have your money; the blessing of those who were on the eve of perishing, is yours. Sister Angela knew the purse to be yours that my mother found in the basket. She said one of their children worked it.” On receipt of this bit of information I ran away.

I went to the theatre and found some letters for Eversley. I would let him rest to-night, I thought, and to-morrow he should see them. Disappointment would come soon enough.

On the morrow, I returned to Mop-alley. The beautiful Mademoiselle L’Etoile herself was sitting in the little outer room. It was filled with her ample draperies (I think they were crushed a little by its limits); the perfume of roses pervaded the place; and the little silken dog lay on her lace kerchief. Just as grandly had the withered prima donna been clothed in her day of youth, beauty, and power, no doubt.

But I was pleased to see that a change had passed over Mrs. Eversley, who was clad in lady-like plain black, and was otherwise quite elegantly though plainly dressed. (I learned afterwards from Sister Angela that her wardrobe had been replenished by Mademoiselle L’Etoile, “who,” said Sister Angela, and bless her again for it! “is an actress if you will, but is as good and charitable as any noble lady.”)

I passed through the small room as the beautiful creature took her leave. The patient’s burning eyes met mine. “You have seen her,” he said, “and I have heard her, and the sweet perfume of her presence fills this poor place. She little knew what passionate heart-beatings were near her.”

“I have brought you letters,” I said, cutting short the rhapsody.

He opened one; but his sight was weak and the light indistinct. He asked me to read it aloud.

It was from the manager, and only said that he had submitted Mr. Eversley’s manuscript to Mademoiselle L’Etoile, and that she would transmit her opinion of its merits to the author. He grasped my hand. “I can never open that letter,” he said. “It is from her.” I broke the seal at his entreaty; delicate wax, and a coronet; perfumed rose-coloured paper; ink heavenly hued; writing (I grieve to say it) crude, almost child-like; spelling absolutely phonetic. There was a suppressed enthusiasm when she mentioned the merits of the play—a moderation evidently due to the manager, still, she informed Mr. Eversley that she would have a great pleasure in being the heroine, that she strongly believed she was not mistaken, and that if she were not, “you and me will make a most grand success.”

Sister Angela came to my aid when the patient fell back and fainted, and, besides restoring him, gave me wise advice and direction how best to execute my purpose of removing him to another lodging. In two days the abode of utter poverty was left to other poor, who rejoiced in it as a mansion, and Eversley and his mother were established in the country. There were orange-trees before their windows, laden with flowers and fruits, and mocking-birds sat in their branches day and night, and poured out their song of songs, and ever-varying cascade of sweetest harmonies. The play, “The Doom of Marat,” was an overwhelming success, and the ill-spelt note cured Eversley, not only of fever and despair, but of a morbid love-fit. The last time I saw the successful dramatic author and poet—and it was not by any means in Mop-alley—he told me he was happy in two disinterested sisters: Mademoiselle L’Etoile, and Sister Angela of St. Vincent de Paul. And I believe he would as soon think of marrying the one, as the other.

On Tuesday, the First of December will be published,
price 4d.,

MRS. LIRRIPIER’S LODGINGS,
FORMING

The Extra Double Number for Christmas.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 239.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XLVII.

A REPORT came round that the asylum was open in the rear. A rush was made thither from the front; and this thinned the crowd considerably; so then Mrs. Dodd was got out by the help of some humane persons, and carried into the nearest house, more dead than alive. There she found Mrs. Archbold in a pitiable state. That lady had been looking on the fire, with the key in her pocket, by taking which she was like to be a murderess: her terror and remorse were distracting, and the revulsion had thrown her into violent hysterics. Mrs. Dodd plucked up a little strength, and characteristically enough tottered to her assistance, and called for the best remedies, and then took her hand and pressed it, and whispered soothingly that both were now safe, meaning David and Edward. Mrs. Archbold thought she meant Alfred and David: this new shock was as good for her as cold water: she became quieter, and presently gulped out, "You saw them? you knew them (ump) all that way off?"

"Knew them?" said Mrs. Dodd; "why one was my husband, and the other my son." Mrs. Archbold gave a sigh of relief. "Yes, madam," continued Mrs. Dodd, "the young fireman, who went and saved my husband, was my own son, my Edward; my hero; oh, I am a happy wife, a proud mother;" she could say no more for tears of joy, and while she wept deliciously, Mrs. Archbold cried too, and so invigorated and refreshed her cunning, and presently she perked up and told Mrs. Dodd boldly that Edward had been seeking her, and was gone home: she had better follow him, or he would be anxious. "But my poor husband!" objected Mrs. Dodd.

"He is safe," said the other; "I saw him (ump) with an attendant."

"Ah," said Mrs. Dodd, with meaning, "that other my son rescued was an attendant, was he?"

"Yes." (Ump.)

She then promised to take David under her especial care, and Mrs. Dodd consented, though reluctantly, to go home.

To her surprise Edward had not yet arrived, and Julia was sitting up, very anxious; and flew

at her with a gurgle, and kissed her eagerly, and then, drawing back her head, searched the maternal eyes for what was the matter. "Ah, you may well look," said Mrs. Dodd. "Oh my child! what a night this has been;" and she sank into a chair, and held up her arms; Julia settled down in them directly, and in that position Mrs. Dodd told all the night's work, told it under a running accompaniment of sighs and kisses, and ejaculations, and "dear mammas," and "poor mammas," and bursts of sympathy, astonishment, pity, and wonder. Thus embellished and interrupted, the strange tale was hardly ended, when a manly step came up the stairs, and both ladies pinched each other and were still as mice, and in walked a fireman with a wet livery, and a face smirched with smoke. Julia flew at him with a gurgle of the first degree, and threw her arms round his neck, and kissed both his blackened cheeks again and again, crying "Oh my own, my precious, my sweet, brave, darling, kiss me, kiss me, you are a hero, a Christian hero, that saves life, not takes it—" Mrs. Dodd checked her impetuous career by asking piteously if his mother was not to have him. On this, Julia drew him along by the hand, and sank with him at Mrs. Dodd's knees, and she held him at arms' length and gazed at him, and then drew him close and enfolded him, and thanked God for him; and then they both embraced him at once, and interwove him Heaven knows how, and poured the wealth of their womanly hearts out on him in a torrent and nearly made him snivel. But presently something in his face struck Mrs. Dodd, accustomed to read her children. "Is there anything the matter, love," she inquired anxiously. He looked down and said, "I am dead sleepy, mamma, for one thing."

"Of course he is, poor child," said Julia, doing the sub-maternal: "wait till I see everything is comfortable," and she flew off, turned suddenly at the door with "Oh, you darling!" and up to his bedroom, and put more coals on his fire, and took a housewifely look all round.

Mrs. Dodd seized the opportunity. "Edward, there is something amiss."

"And no mistake," said he drily. "But I thought if I told you before her you might scold me."

"Scold you, love? Never. Hush! I'll come to your room by-and-by."

Soon after this they all bade each other good

night; and presently Mrs. Dodd came and tapped softly at her son's door, and found him with his vest and coat off, and his helmet standing on the table reflecting a red coal; he was seated by the fire in a brown study, smoking. He apologised, and offered to throw the weed away. "No, no," said she, suppressing a cough, "not if it does you good."

"Well, mother, when you are in a fix smoke is a soother, you know; and I'm in a regular fix."

"A fix!" sighed Mrs. Dodd resignedly: and waited patiently, all ears.

"Mamma," said the fire-warrior, becoming speculative under the dreamy influence of the weed, "I wonder whether such a muddle ever was before. When a man is fighting with fire, what with the heat, and what with the excitement, his pulse is at a hundred and sixty, and his brain all in a whirl, and he scarce knows what he is doing till after it is done. But I've been thinking of it all since. (Puff.) There was my poor little mamma in the mob; I double myself up for my spring, and I go at the window, and through it; now on this side of it I hear my mother cry 'Edward! come down;' on the other side I fall on two men perishing in an oven; one is my own father, and the other is, who do you think? 'The Wretch.'"

Mrs. Dodd held up her hands in mute amazement.

"I had promised to break every bone in his skin at our first meeting; and I kept my promise by saving his skin and bones, and life and all." (Puff.)

Mrs. Dodd groaned aloud. "I half suspected it," she said faintly. "That tall figure, that haughty grace! But no; you are mistaken; Mrs. Archbold told me positively he was an attendant."

"Then she told you a cracker. It was not an attendant, but a madman, and that madman was Alfred Hardie, upon my soul! Our Julia's missing bridegroom."

He smoked on in profound silence waiting for her to speak. But she lay back in her chair mute and all relaxed, as if the news had knocked her down.

"Come, now," said Edward at last; "what is to be done? May I tell Julia? that is the question."

"Not for the world," said Mrs. Dodd, shocked into energy. "Would you blight her young life for ever as mine is blighted?" She then assured him that, if Alfred's sad state came to Julia's ears, all her love for him would revive, and she would break with Mr. Hurd, and indeed never marry all her life. "I see no end to her misery," continued Mrs. Dodd, with a deep sigh; "for she is full of courage; she would not shrink from a madhouse (why she visits lazar houses every day); she would be always going to see her Alfred, and so nurse her pity and her unhappy love. No, no; let me be a widow with a living husband, if it is God's will: I have had my happy

days. But my child she shall not be so withered in the flower of her days for any man that ever breathed: she shall not, I say." The mother could utter no more for emotion.

"Well," said Edward, "you know best. I generally make a mess of it when I disobey you. But concealments are bad things too. We used to go with our bosoms open. Ah!" (Puff.)

"Edward," said Mrs. Dodd, after some consideration, "the best thing is to marry her to Mr. Hurd at once. He has spoken to me for her, and I sounded her."

"Has he? Well, and what did she say?"

"She said she would rather not marry at all, but live and die with me. Then I pressed her a little, you know. Then she did say she could never marry any but a clergyman, now she had lost her poor Alfred. And then I told her I thought Mr. Hurd could make her happy, and she would make me happy if she could esteem him; and marry him."

"Well, mamma, and what then?"

"Why then my poor child gave me a look that haunts me still—a look of unutterable love, and reproach, and resignation, and despair, and burst out crying so piteously I could say no more. Oh! oh! oh! oh!"

"Don't you cry, mammy dear," said Edward. "Ah, I remember when a tear was a wonder in our house." And the fire-warrior sucked at his cigar, to stop a sigh.

"And n—now n—not a d—day without them," sighed Mrs. Dodd. "But you have cost me none, my precious boy."

"I'm waiting my time. (Puff.) Mamma, take my advice; don't you fidget so. Let things alone. Why hurry her into marrying Mr. Hurd or anybody? Look here; I'll keep dark to please you, if you'll keep quiet to please me."

At breakfast time came a messenger with a line from Mrs. Archbold, to say that David had escaped from Drayton House, in company with another dangerous maniac.

Mrs. Dodd received the blow with a kind of desperate resignation. She rose quietly from the table without a word, and went to put on her bonnet, leaving her breakfast and the note; for she did not at once see all that was implied in the communication. She took Edward with her to Drayton House. The firemen had saved one half of that building: the rest was a black shell. Mrs. Archbold came to them, looking baggard, and told them two keepers were already scouring the country, and an advertisement sent to all the journals.

"Oh, madam!" said Mrs. Dodd, "if the other should hurt him, or lead him somewhere to his death?"

Mrs. Archbold said she might dismiss this fear; the patient in question had but one illusion, and, though terribly dangerous when thwarted in that, was most intelligent in a general way, and much attached to Mr. Dodd; they were always together.

A strange expression shot into Mrs. Dodd's eye: she pinched Edward's arm to keep him quiet, and said with feigned indifference:

"Then it was the one who was in such danger with my husband last night?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Archbold, off her guard. It had not occurred to her that this handsome, fashionably-dressed young gentleman, was the fireman of last night. She saw her mistake, though, the moment he said bluntly, "Why you told my mother it was an attendant."

"Did I, madam?" asked Mrs. Archbold, mighty innocently: "I suppose I thought so. Well, I was mistaken, unfortunately."

Mrs. Dodd was silent a moment, then, somewhat hastily, bade Mrs. Archbold good-by. She told the cabman to drive to an old acquaintance of ours, Mr. Green. He had set up detective on his own account. He was not at his office, but expected. She sat patiently down till he came in. They put their heads together, and Green dashed down to the asylum with a messenger, while Mrs. Dodd went into the City to obtain leave of absence from Cross and Co. This was politely declined at first, but on Mrs. Dodd showing symptoms of leaving them altogether, it was conceded. She returned home with Edward, and there was Mr. Green; he had actually traced the fugitives by broken fences, and occasional footsteps in the side-clay of ditches, so far as to leave no doubt they had got upon the great south-eastern road. Then Mrs. Dodd had a female inspiration. "The Dover road! ah! my husband will make for the sea."

"I shouldn't wonder, being a sailor," said Green: "it is a pleasure to work with a lady like you, that puts in a good hint. Know anything about the other one, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dodd almost started at this off-hand question. But it was a natural one for Green to ask.

She said gravely, "I do. To my cost."

Green's eye sparkled, and he took out his note-book. "Now where is he like to make for?"

Mrs. Dodd seemed to wince at the question, and then turn her eyes inward to divine. The result was she gave a downright shudder, and said evasively, "Being with David, I hope and pray he will go towards the coast."

"No, no," said Green, "it won't do to count on that altogether. How do we know which of the two will lead the other? You must please to put Mr. Dodd out of the question, ma'am, for a moment. Now we'll say No. 2 is escaped alone: where is he like to run to?"

Mrs. Dodd thus pressed, turned her eyes more and more inward, and said at last in a very low voice, and with a sort of concentrated horror,

"He will come to my house."

Mr. Green booked this eagerly. The lady's emotion was nothing to him; the hint was invaluable, the combination interesting. "Well, ma'am," said he, "I'll plant a good man in sight of your door: and I'll take the Dover road

directly with my drag. My teeth weren't strong enough for the last nut you gave me to crack: let us try this one; Tom Green isn't often beat twice running."

"I will go with you, Mr. Green."

"Honoured and proud, ma'am. But a lady like you in my dog-cart along o' me and my mate!"

Mrs. Dodd waived this objection almost contemptuously; she was all wife now.

It was agreed that Green should drive round for her in an hour. He departed for the present, and Edward proposed to go in the dog-cart too, but she told him no; she wanted him at home to guard his sister against 'the Wretch.' Then seeing him look puzzled, "Consider, Edward," said she, "he is not like your poor father: he has not forgotten. That advertisement, Aileen Aroon, it was from him, you know. And then why does he attach himself so to poor papa? Don't you see it is because he is Julia's father. 'The Wretch' loves her still."

Edward from puzzled looked very grave. "What a head you have got, mamma!" he said. "I should never have seen all this: yet it's plain enough now, as you put it."

"Yes it is plain. Our darling is betrothed to a maniac; that maniac loves her; and much I fear she loves him. Some new calamity is impending. Oh, my son, I feel it already heavy on my heart. What is it to be? Is your father to be led to destruction, or will that furious wretch burst in upon your sister, and kill her, or perhaps kill Mr. Hurd, if he catches them together. What may not happen now? The very air seems to me swarming with calamities."

"Oh, I'll take care of all that," said Edward. And he comforted her a little by promising faithfully not to let Julia go out of his sight till her return.

She put on a plain travelling-dress. The dog-cart came. She slipped fifty sovereigns into Mr. Green's hands for expenses, and off they went at a slapping pace. The horse was a great bony hunter of rare speed and endurance, and his long stride and powerful action raised poor Mrs. Dodd's hopes, and the rushing air did her good. Green, to her surprise, made few inquiries for some miles on the Dover road; but he explained to her that the parties they were after had probably walked all night. "They don't tire, that sort," said Mr. Green.

At Dartford they got a doubtful intimation, on the strength of which he rattled on to Rochester. There he pulled up, deposited Mrs. Dodd at the principal inn till morning, and scoured the town for intelligence.

He inquired of all the policemen; described his men, and shrewdly added out of his intelligence, "Both splashed and dirty."

No, the Bobbies had not seen them.

Then he walked out to the side of the town nearest London, and examined all the dealers in food. At last he found a baker who, early that morning, had sold a quartern loaf to two tall

men without hats, "and splashed fearful," he added, "I thought they had broken prison; but 'twas no business of mine: they paid for the bread right enough."

On hearing they had entered Rochester hatless, the shrewd Mr. Green made direct to the very nearest sloop-shop, and his sagacity was rewarded; the shopkeeper was a chatterbox, and told him yes, two gents out on a frolic had bought a couple of hats of him, and a whole set of sailor's clothes. "I think they were respectable, too; but nothing else would satisfy him. So the young one he humoured him, and bought them. I took his old ones in exchange."

At that Green offered a sovereign for the old clothes blindfold. The trader instantly asked two pounds, and took thirty shillings.

Green now set the police to scour the town for a gentleman and a common sailor in company, offered a handsome reward, and went to bed in a small inn, with David's clothes by the kitchen fire. Early in the morning he went to Mrs. Dodd's hotel with David's clothes nicely dried, and told her his tale. She knew the clothes directly, kissed them, and cried over them: then gave him her hand with a world of dignity and grace: "What an able man! Sir, you inspire me with great confidence."

"And you me with zeal, ma'am," said the delighted Green. "Why I'd go through fire and water for a lady like you, that pays well, and doesn't grudge a fellow a bit of praise. Now you must eat a bit, ma'am, if it's ever so little, and then we'll take the road; for the police think the parties have left the town, and by their night's work they must be good travellers."

The dog-cart took the road, and the ex-hunter stepped out thirteen miles an hour.

Now at this moment Alfred and David were bowling along ahead with a perfect sense of security. All that first night, the grandest of his life, Alfred walked on air, and drank the glorious exhilarating breath of Freedom. But, when the sun dawned on them, his intoxicating joy began to be dashed with apprehension; hatless and bemired, might they not be suspected and detained by some officious authority?

But the sloop-shop set that all right. He took a double-bedded room in The Bear, locked the door, put the key under his pillow, and slept till eleven. At noon they were on the road again, and, as they swung lustily along in the frosty but kindly air, Alfred's chest expanded, his spirits rose, and he felt a man all over. Exhilarated by freedom, youth, and motion, and a little inflated by reviving vanity, his heart, buoyant as his foot, now began to nurse aspiring projects: he would indict his own father, and the doctors, and immolate them on the altar of justice, and publicly wipe off the stigma they had cast on him, and meantime he would cure David and restore him to his family.

He loved this harmless companion of his cell, his danger, and his flight; loved him for Julia's sake, loved him for his own. Youth and vanity

whispered, "I know more about madness than the doctors; I have seen it closer." It struck him David's longing for blue water was one of those unerring instincts that sometimes guide the sick to their cure. And then, as the law permits the forcible recapture of a patient—without a fresh order or certificates—within fourteen days of his escape from an asylum, he did not think it prudent to show himself in London till that time should have elapsed: so, all things considered, why not hide a few days with David in some insignificant seaport, and revel in liberty and blue water with him all day long, and so by associations touch the spring of memory, and begin the cure. As for David, he seemed driven seaward by some unseen spur; he fidgeted at all delay; even dinner fretted him; he panted so for his natural element. Alfred humoured him, and an hour after sunset they reached the town of Canterbury. Here Alfred took the same precautions as before, and slept till nine o'clock.

When he awoke, he found David walking to and fro impatiently. "All right, messmate," said Alfred, "we shall soon be in blue water." He made all haste, and they were on the road again by ten, walking at a gallant pace.

But the dog-cart was already rattling along about thirty miles behind them. Green inquired at all the turnpikes and vehicles; the scent was cold at first, but warmer by degrees, and hot at Canterbury. Green just baited his gallant horse, and came foaming on, and just as the pair entered the town of Folkestone, their pursuers came up to the cross roads, not five miles behind them.

Alfred went to a good inn in Folkestone, and ordered a steak, then strolled with David by the beach, and gloried in the water with him. "After dinner we will take a boat, and have a sail," said he. "See, there's a nice boat, riding at anchor there."

David snuffed the breeze and his eye sparkled, and he said, "Wind due east, messmate." And this remark, slight as it was, was practical, and gave Alfred great delight: strengthened his growing conviction that not for nothing had this charge been thrown on him. He should be the one to cure his own father: for Julia's father was his: he had no other now. "All right," said he gaily, "we'll soon be on blue water: but first we'll have our dinner, old boy, for I am starving." David said nothing, and went rather doggedly back to the inn with him.

The steak was on the table. Alfred told the waiter to uncover and David to fall to, while he just ran up-stairs to wash his hands. He came down in less than two minutes; but David was gone, and the waiter standing there erect and apathetic like a wooden sentinel.

"Why where is he?" said Alfred.

"Gent's gone out," was the reply.

"And you stood there and let him? you born idiot. Which way is he gone?"

"I don't know," said the waiter angrily, "I ain't a p'liceman. None but respectable gents comes here, as don't want watching." Alfred

darted out and scoured the town; he asked everybody if they had seen a tall gentleman dressed like a common sailor: nobody could tell him: there were so many sailors about the port; that which in an inland town would have betrayed the truant concealed him here. A cold perspiration began to gather on Alfred's brow, as he ran wildly all over the place.

He could not find him, nor any trace of him. At last it struck him that he had originally proposed to go to Dover, and had spoken of that town to David, though he had now glanced aside, making for the smaller ports on the south coast: he hired a horse directly, and galloped furiously to Dover. He rode down to the pier, gave his horse to a boy to hold, and ran about inquiring for David. He could not find him: but at last he found a policeman, who told him he thought there was another party on the same lay as himself: "No," said the man, correcting himself, "it was two they were after, a gentleman and a sailor. Perhaps you are his mate."

Alfred's blood ran cold. "Pursued! and so hotly!"

"No, no," he stammered; "I suspect I am on the same business." Then he said cunningly (for asylums teach the frankest natures cunning), "Come and have a glass of grog and tell me all about it." Bobby consented, and under its influence described Mrs. Dodd and her companions to him.

But not everybody can describe minutely. In the bare outlines, which were all this artist could furnish him, Alfred recognised at once whom do you think? Mrs. Archbold, Dr. Wolf, and his arch enemy Rooke, the keeper. Doubtless his own mind, seizing on so vague a description, adapted it rather hastily to what seemed probable. Mrs. Dodd never occurred to him, nor that David was the sole, or even the main, object of the pursuit. He was thoroughly puzzled what to do. However, as his pursuers had clearly scoured Dover, and would have found David if there, he made use of their labours and galloped back towards Folkestone. But he took the precaution to inquire at the first turnpike, and there he learned a lady and two men had passed through about an hour before in a dog-cart, it was a wonder he had missed them. Alfred gnashed his teeth; "Curse you," he muttered. "Well, do my work in Folkestone, I'll find him yet, and baffle you." He turned his horse's head westward and rode after David. Convinced that his lost friend would not go inland, he took care to keep near the cliffs, and had ever an eye on the beach when the road came near enough.

About eight miles west of Folkestone he saw a dog-cart going down a hill before him: but there was only a single person in it. However, he increased his pace and got close behind it as it mounted the succeeding hill, which was a high one. Walking leisurely behind it his quick eye caught sight of a lady's veil wrapped round the iron of the seat.

That made him instantly suspect this might be

the dog-cart after all. But, if so, how came a stranger in it? He despised a single foe, and resolved to pump this one and learn where the others were.

While he was thinking how he should begin the dog-cart stopped at the top of the hill, and the driver looked seaward at some object that appeared to interest him.

It was a glorious scene. Viewed from so great a height the sea expanded like ocean, and its light blue waters sparkled and laughed innumerable in the breeze. "A beautiful sight, sir," said the escaped prisoner, "you may well stop to look at it." The man touched his hat and chuckled. "I don't think you know what I am looking at, sir," he said politely.

"I thought it was the lovely sea view; so bright, so broad, so free."

"No, sir; not but what I can enjoy that a bit, too: but what I'm looking at is an 'unt. Do you see that little boat? Sailing right down the coast about eight miles off. Well, sir, what do you think there is in that boat? But you'll never guess. A madman."

"Ah!"

"Curious, sir, isn't it: a respectable gentleman too he is, and sails well; only stark, staring, mad. There was two of 'em in company: but it seems they can't keep together long. *Our* one steals a fisherman's boat, and there he goes down channel. And now look here sir; see this steam-tug smoking along right in front of us: she's after him, and see there's my governor aboard standing by the wheel with a Bobby and a lady: and if ever there was a lady she's one;" here he lowered his voice. "She's that mad gentleman's wife, sir, as I am a living sinner."

They both looked down on the strange chase in silence. "Will they catch her?" asked Alfred at last, under his breath.

"How can we be off it? steam against sails. And if he runs ashore, I shall be there to nab him." Alfred looked, and looked: the water came into his eyes. "It's the best thing that can befall him now," he murmured. He gave the man half-a-crown, and then turned his horse's head and walked him down the hill towards Folkestone. On his arrival there he paid for his horse, and his unfasted dinner, and took the first train to London, a little dispirited; and a good deal mortified; for he hated to be beat: but David was in good hands, that was one comfort: and he had glorious work on hand, love and justice. He went to an out of the way inn in the suburbs, and, when he had bought a carpet-bag and some linen and other necessities, he had but one sovereign left.

His heart urged him vehemently to go at once and find his Julia: but alas! he did not even know where she lived; and he dared not at present make public inquiries: that would draw attention to himself, and be his destruction; for Wolf stood well with the police, and nearly always recaptured his truant patients by their

said before the fourteen days had elapsed. He determined to go first to a solicitor: and launch him against his enemies, while compelled to shirk them in his own person. Curious position! Now amongst his father's creditors was Mr. Compton a solicitor, known for an eccentric, but honourable man, and for success in litigation. Mr. Compton used to do his own business in Barkington, and employ an agent in London: but Alfred remembered to have heard just before his incarceration that he had reversed the parts, and now lived in London. Alfred found him out by the Directory, and called at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn-fields. He had to wait some time in the outer office listening to a fluent earnest client preaching within: but presently a sharp voice broke in upon the drone, and, after a few sentences, Mr. Compton ushered out a client with these remarkable words: "And as for your invention, it has been invented four times before you invented it, and never was worth inventing at all. And you have borrowed two hundred pounds of me in ninety loans, each of which cost me an hour's invaluable time: I hold ninety acknowledgments in your handwriting; and I'll put them all in force for my protection;" with this he turned to his head clerk; "Mr. Colls take out a writ against this client; what is your christian name, sir? I forget."

"Simon," said the gaping client, off his guard. "Thank you, sir," said Mr. Compton with sudden politeness: then resuming hostilities. "A writ in the Common Pleas against Simon Macfarlane: keep it in your drawer, Colls, and if ever the said Macfarlane does me the honour to call on me again, serve him with it on the spot; and, if not, not. Good morning, sir." And with this he bolted into his own room and slammed its door. The clerks opened the outer door to Mr. Macfarlane with significant grins, and he went out bewildered sorely, yea even like one that walketh abroad in his sleep. "Now, sir," said Mr. Colls cheerfully to Alfred. But the new client naturally hesitated now: he put on his most fascinating smile, and said. "Well, Mr. Colls, what do you advise? Is this a moment to beard the lion in his den?"

At Alfred's smile and address, Colls fell in love with him directly, and assured him, sotto voce, and with friendly familiarity, that now was his time. "Why, he'll be as sweet as honey now he has got rid of a *client*." With this he took Alfred's name, and ushered him into a room piled with jappanned tin boxes, where Mr. Compton sat, looking all complacency, at a large desk table, on which briefs, and drafts, and letters lay in profusion and seeming confusion. He rose, and with a benignant courtesy invited Alfred to sit down and explain his business.

The reader is aware our Oxonian could make a close and luminous statement. He began at the beginning, but soon disposed of preliminaries and came to his capture at Silverton. Then Mr. Compton quietly rang the bell, and with a slight apology to Alfred requested Colls to search for

the draft of Mrs. Holloway's will. Alfred continued. Mr. Compton listened keenly, noted the salient points on a sheet of brief-paper, and demanded the exact dates of every important event related.

The story finished, the attorney turned to Colls, and said mighty coolly, "You may go. The will is in my pocket: but I made sure he was a madman. They generally are, these ill-used clients." (Exit Colls.) "Got a copy of the settlement, sir, under which you take this ten thousand pounds?"

"No, sir."

"Any lawyer seen it?"

"Oh yes; Mr. Crauford down at Barkington."

"Good. Friend of mine. I'll write to him. Names and addresses of your trustees?"

Alfred gave them.

"You have brought the order on which you were confined, and the two certificates?"

"Not I," said Alfred. "I have begged and prayed for a sight of them, and never could get one. That is one of the galling iniquities of the system; I call it 'THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE.' Just bring your mind to bear on this, sir: The prisoner whose wits and liberty have been signed away behind his back is not allowed to see the order and certificate on which he is confined—until *after* his release: that release he is to obtain by combating the statements in the order and certificates. So to get out he must first see and contradict the lies that put him in; but to see the lies that put him in, he must first get out. So runs the circle of Iniquity. Now, is that the injustice of Earth, or the injustice of Hell?"

Mr. Compton asked a moment to consider: "Well, I think it is of the earth, earthy. There's a mixture of idiocy in it the Devil might fairly repudiate. Young gentleman, the English Statutes of Lunacy are famous monuments of legislative incapacity: and indeed, as a general rule, if you want justice and wisdom, don't you go to Acts of Parliament, but to the Common Law of England."

Alfred did not appreciate this observation: he made no reply to it, but inquired, with some heat, "what he could do to punish the whole gang; his father, the certifying doctors, and the madhouse keepers?"

"Humph! You might indict them all for a conspiracy," said Mr. Compton; "but you would be defeated. As a rule, avoid criminal proceedings where you have a civil remedy. A jury will give a verdict and damages where they would not convict on the same evidence. Yours is just one of those cases where Temper says, 'indict!' but Prudence says, 'sue!' and Law, through John Compton, its oracle in this square, says, sue the defendant and no other. Now, who is the true defendant here, or party liable in law?"

"The keeper of the asylum, for one."

"No. If I remember right, all proceedings

against him are expressly barred by a provision in the last statute. Let us see."

He took down the statutes of the realm, and showed Alfred the clause, which raises the proprietor of a madhouse above the civic level of a Prince Royal. "Curse the law," said Alfred bitterly.

"No, don't curse the Law. Curse the Act if you like; but we can't get on without the Law, neither of us. Try again."

"The certifying doctor, sir?"

"Humph!" said Mr. Compton, knitting his brows: "a jury might give you a verdict. But it would probably be set aside by the full court, or else by a court of error. For, unless you could prove informality, barefaced negligence, or mala fides, what does it come to? A professional man, bound to give medical opinions to all comers, is consulted about you, and says he thinks you are insane; you turn out sane. Well, then he was mistaken: but not more than he is in most of his professional opinions. We lawyers know what guesswork Medicine is, we see it in the witness-box. I hate suing opinions: it is like firing bullets at snipes in a wind. Try again."

Alfred groaned. "Why there is nobody left but the rogue who signed the order."

"And if you were a lawyer that alone would tell you he is the defendant. Where a legal wrong has been committed by A. B. and C., and there is no remedy against A. or B., there must either be one against C., or none at all: but this Law abhors as Nature does a vacuum. Besides this defendant has *done* the wrong complained of. In his person you sue an act, not an opinion. But of course you are not cool enough to see all this just at first."

"Cool, sir," said Alfred, despairingly; "I am frozen with your remorseless law. What, of all these villains, may I only attack one, and can't I imprison even him, as he has me? Such narrow law encourages men to violence, who burn under wrongs like mine."

Mr. Compton looked keenly at his agitated, mortified client, but made no concession. He gave him a minute to digest the law's first bitter pill: and then said, "If I am to act for you, you had better write a line to the Commissioners of Lunacy requesting them to hand me copies of the order and certificates. Alfred wrote it."

"And now," said Mr. Compton thoughtfully, "I don't think they will venture to recapture you during the fourteen days. But still they might: and we attorneys are wary animals. So please give me at once a full authority to act under advice of counsel for your protection."

Alfred wrote as requested, and Mr. Compton put the paper in his drawer, remarking, "With this I can proceed by law or equity, even should you get into the asylum again." He then dismissed Alfred somewhat abruptly, but with an invitation to call again after three clear days. Like most ardent suitors after their first inter-

view with passionless law, he went away sadly chilled, and so home to his cheerless lodging, to count the hours till he could see Julia, and learn his fate from her lips.

This very morning a hasty note came to Edward from Folkestone, worded thus:

"Oh, Edward: my worst misgivings! The two have parted. Poor papa has taken a man's boat and is in sight. We shall follow directly in a steam-boat. But the other! You know my fears; you must be father and mother to that poor child till I come home."

"Your sad mother,

"LUCY DODD."

Julia held out her hand for the note. Edward put it in his pocket.

"What is that for?" said the young lady.

"Why surely I may put my own property in my pocket."

"Oh, certainly. I only want to look at it."

"Excuse me."

"Are you in earnest, Edward? Not let me see dear mamma's letter!" and the vivid face looked piteously surprised.

"Oh, I'll tell you the contents. Papa had got to Folkestone and taken a boat, and gone to sea: then mamma took a steam-boat and after him: so she will soon catch him, and is not that a comfort?"

"Oh yes," cried Julia, and was for some time too interested and excited to think of anything else. But presently she returned to the charge. "Anything else, dear."

"Humph? Well, not of equal importance."

"Oh, if it is of no importance, there can be no reason for not telling me. What was it?"

Edward coloured but said nothing. He thought, however: and thus ran his thoughts: "She's my intellectual superior; and I've got to deceive her; and a nice mess I shall make of it."

"It is of importance," said Julia, eyeing him.

"You have told a story: and you don't love your sister." This fulminated, she drew herself up proudly and was silent. A minute afterwards, stealing a look at her, he saw her eyes suddenly fill with tears, apropos of nothing tangible.

"Now this is nice," said he to himself.

At noon she put on her bonnet to visit her district. He put on his hat directly, and accompanied her. Great was her innocent pleasure at that; it was the first time he had done her the honour. She took him to her poor people, and showed him off with innocent pride.

"Hannah, this is my brother." Then in a whisper, "Isn't he beautiful?" Presently she saw him looking pale; unheeded of phenomenon! "There now, you are ill," said she. "Come home directly, and be nursed."

"No, no," said he. "I only want a little fresh air. What horrid places! what horrid sights and smells! I say, you must have no end of pluck to face them."

"No, no, no. Dearest, I pray for strength: that is how I manage. And oh, Edward, you used to think the poor were not to be pitied. But now you see."

"Yes, I see, and smell and all. You are a brave, good girl. Got any salts about you?"

"Yes, of course. There. But fancy a young lion smelling salts."

"A young duffer, you mean; that has passed for game through the thing not being looked into close."

"Oh, you can be close enough, where I want you to be open."

No answer.

The next day he accompanied her again, but remained at the stair-foot while she went in to her patients; and, when she came down, asked her, Could no good Christian be found to knock that poor woman on the head who lived in a plate.

"No good Heathen, you mean," said Julia.

"Why yes," said he; "the savages manage these things better."

He also accompanied her shopping, and smoked phlegmatically outside the shops; nor could she exhaust his patience. Then the quick girl put this and that together. When they were at home again and her bonnet off, she looked him in the face and said sweetly, "I have got a watch-dog." He smiled, and said nothing. "Why don't you answer?" said Julia impetuously.

"Because least said is soonest mended. Besides, I'm down upon you: you decoy me into a friendly conversation, and then you say biting things directly."

"If I bite you, you sting me. Such want of confidence! Oh how cruel! how cruel! Why can you not trust me? Am I a child? No one is young, who has suffered what I have suffered. Secrets disunite a family: and we were so united. And then you are so stupid. You keep a secret? Yes, like a dog in a chain. You can't hide it one bit. You have undertaken a task you are not fit for, sir; to hide a secret you must be able to tell fibs: and you can't: not for want of badness, but cleverness to tell them smoothly; you know it, you know it; and so out of your abominable slyness you won't say a word. There, it is no use my trying to provoke him. I wish you were not so good tempered; so apathetic I mean, of course." Then, with one of her old rapid transitions, she began to caress him and fawn on him: she seated him in an arm-chair and herself on a footstool, and suddenly curling round his neck, murmured, "Dear, dear brother, have pity on a poor girl, and tell her is there any news that I have a right to hear, only mamma has given you your orders not to tell me: tell me, love!" This last in an exquisite whisper.

"Let me alone, you little fascinating demon," said he angrily. "Ask mamma. I won't tell you a word."

"Thank you!" she cried, bounding to her feet;

"you have told me. He is alive. He loves me still. He was bewitched, seduced, deluded. He has come to himself. Mamma has seen him. He wants to come and beg my pardon. But you are all afraid I shall forgive him. But I will not, for at the first word I'll stop his mouth, and say, 'If you were happy away from me, I suppose you would not have come back.'" And instantly she burst out singing, with inspired eloquence and defiance,

"Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star.

Aileen aroon."

But, unable to sustain it, the poor Impetuosity drooped as quickly as she had mounted, and out went her arm on the table and her forehead sank on her arm, and the tears began to run silently down the sweet face, so brave for a moment.

"W—will y—you allow me to light a cigar?" faltered Edward. "I'm wretched and miserable; you Tempest in petticoats, you!"

She made him a sign of assent with the hand that was dangling languidly, but she did not speak; nor did she appeal to him any more. Alienation was commencing. But, what was worse than speaking her mind, she was for ever at the window now, looking up and down the street; and walking with her he felt her arm often tremble, and sometimes jerk. The secret was agitating her nerves, and destroying her tranquillity as much, or perhaps more, than if she had known all.

Mrs. Dodd wrote from Portsmouth, whereof anon.

Mr. Peterson called, and soon after him Mr. Hurd. Edward was glad to see them, especially the latter, whose visits seemed always to do Julia good.

Moreover, as Peterson and Hurd were rivals, it afforded Edward an innocent amusement to see their ill-concealed aversion to one another, and the admirable address and delicacy with which his sister conducted herself between them.

However, this pastime was cut short by Sarah coming in and saying, "There's a young man wants to see you, sir."

Julia looked up and changed colour.

"I think he is a fireman," said Sarah. She knew very well he was a fireman, and also one of her followers. Edward went out and found one of his late brethren, who told him a young gentleman had just been inquiring for him at the station.

"What was he like?"

"Why I was a good ways off, but I saw he was a tall one."

"Six feet?"

"Full that."

"Give you his name?"

"No. I didn't speak to him: it was Andrew.

Andrew says he asked if there was a fireman called Dodd: so Andrew said you had left; then the swell asked where you lived, and Andrew couldn't tell him any more than it was in Pembroke-street. So I told him, says I, 'Why couldn't you call me? It is number sixty-six,' says I, 'Oh, he is coming back,' says Andrew. However, I thought I'd come and tell you." (And so get a word with Sarah, you sly dog.)

Edward thanked him, and put on his hat directly, for he could not disguise from himself that this visitor might be Alfred Hardie. Indeed, what more likely?

Messrs. Hurd and Peterson always tried to stay one another out, whenever they met at 66, Pembroke-street. However, to make sure of not leaving Julia alone, Edward went in and asked them both to luncheon, at which time he said he should be back.

As he walked rapidly to the station he grew more and more convinced that it was Alfred Hardie. And his reflections ran like this. "What a headpiece mamma has! But it did not strike her he would come to me first. Yet how plain that looks now: for of course I'm the duffer's only clue to Julia. These madmen are no fools though. And how quiet he was that night! And he made papa go down the ladder first: that was the old Alfred Hardie. He was always generous: vain, overbearing, saucy, but noble with it all. I liked him: he was a man that showed you his worst, and let you find his best out by degrees. He hated to be beat: but that's no crime. He was a beautiful oar: and handled his mauls uncommonly; he sparred with all the prizefighters that came to Oxford, and took punishment better than you would think; and a wonderful quick hitter; Alec Reed owned that. Poor Taff Hardie! And when I think that God has overthrown his powerful mind, and left me mine, such as it is! But the worst is my having gone on calling him 'the Wretch' all this time: and nothing too bad for him. I ought to be ashamed of myself. It grieves me very much. 'When found make a note on;' never judge a fellow behind his back again."

Arrived at the station, he inquired whether his friend had called again, and was answered in the negative. He waited a few minutes, and then, with the superintendent's permission, wrote a note to Alfred, inviting him to dine at Simpson's at six, and left it with the fireman. This done, he was about to return home, when another thought struck him. He got a messenger, and sent off a single line to Dr. Wolf, to tell him Alfred Hardie would be at Simpson's at seven o'clock.

But, when the messenger was gone, he regretted what he had done. He had done it for Alfred's good; but still it was treason. He felt unhappy, and wended his way homeward disconsolately, realising more and more that he had not brains for the difficulties imposed upon him.

On entering Pembroke-street he heard a buzz. He looked up, and saw a considerable crowd collected in a semicircle. "Why that is near our house," he said, and quickened his steps.

When he got near he saw that all the people's eyes were bent on No. 66.

He dashed into the crowd. "What on earth is the matter?" he cried.

"The matter? Plenty's the matter, young man," cried one.

"Murder's the matter," said another.

At that he turned pale as death. An intelligent man saw his violent agitation, and asked him hurriedly if he belonged to the house.

"Yes. For God's sake what is it?"

"Make way there!" shouted the man. "He belongs. Sir, a madman has broke loose and got into your house. And I'm sorry to say he has just killed two men."

"With a pistol," cried several voices, speaking together.

ROMANCES OF THE SCAFFOLD.

THE literature of the streets in France has a peculiarity which widely distinguishes it from that of England. In this country, when a felon is executed, the nature of his crime is merely recorded in a broad-sheet containing the culprit's apocryphal "last dying speech and confession," which some hoarse ruffian bawls through the suburbs of the town to gaping listeners, who seldom purchase his unauthentic wares. In France, on the contrary, an execution rarely takes place without affording the local chronicler an opportunity for displaying more or less talent in the composition of a poem, in which all the leading features of the criminal's career are described with great minuteness, and which is eagerly bought on all the quays and market-places. These poems bear the name of "Complaints," are dignified as "Historical," are sometimes really poetical, always quaint and striking, and usually close with a moral, not always of the most direct application. Their form is that of a pamphlet of ten or a dozen pages, as the celebrity of the subject or the resources of the poet may determine; they are frequently illustrated by woodcuts and typographical ornamentation, and their price varies with their length from ten to fifty centimes. Two of these publications, acquired some years ago, are now before me, and I think it worth while to give a full description of one of them.

Its title-page runs as follows: "Complainte Historique sur le Procès Du Glandier, Par Jacquot, Ouvrier Forgeron et Poète Naturel Limousin. Prix: 30 centimes. Paris, Breteau et Pichery, Passage de l'Opéra, Galerie de l'Horloge, 16. 1810;" and that the public may be quite sure they are buying a genuine thing, the signature of the editor—in this instance the publishers—is written on the opposite page. Like the lays of the Trouvères, the

"Complaintes" are not simply recited, but lend themselves to that nasal intonation which French ballad-singers call song, and are adapted to some well-known tune. "The Procès Du Glandier" is set to the air "Ecoutez, peuple de France," and runs as follows:

Dans l'intérêt de l'histoire,
D'la morale et d'la vertu,
J'veux conter en impromptu
Une traim, dit-on, fort noire,
Mais faite avec tant d'fraicheur,
Qu'on dirait qu'c'est d'la blancheur!

[In the interest of history, of morality, and of virtue, I will relate, off-hand, a plot said to be a very black one, but carried out so skilfully that it might be called whiteness itself.]

The history thus prefaced is the famous case of Madame Lafarge, who is introduced in the following strain:

Marie est une d'moiselle
Qui n'a pas beaucoup d'beauté,
Mais d'esprit en quantité,
Et l'diable dans la cervelle.
Tout homme qu'ell' regardait
D'amour à l'instant . . . fondait!

[Marie is a young lady who has not much beauty, but a great deal of cleverness, and the very devil in her brain. Every man whom she looked at with love instantly—melted.]

This fascinating basilisk had been an artful dodger from her childhood upwards, not only what the Persians would call "a melter of hearts," but a filcher of her companions' goods and chattels into the bargain:

On prétend qu' dès sa jeunesse,
Ça s'voit dans l'instruction,
Elle chipait sans permission
A ses compagn' par finesse,
Leurs p'tits joyaux, y'nant à bout
De fourrer ses doigts partout.

[It is declared that from her childhood—this appears in the accusation—cunningly, without the permission of her companions, she stole their little trinkets, contriving to thrust her fingers everywhere.]

Her morals did not improve as she grew up, but she was careful of her reputation, and for every peccadillo she had a present remedy:

Rien dans ell' ne scandalise.
Erit-elle un billet-doux?
Ell' donn' tous ses rendezvous
Honnêt'ment dans quelq' église,
Du moment qu'ell' vient d'passer
Tout d'suite elle peut s'confesser.

[Nothing in her (conduct) gives cause for scandal. Does she write a billet-doux? She gives all her meetings openly in some church, and the moment she commits a fault is able to confess it.]

To settle her in the married state was, therefore, the first desire of her friends, and Marie made no objection:

Un jour on lui dit: Marie,
Il faut sans aller plus loin,
Qu'on te choisisse avec soin
Un bel homm' et qu'on te marie;
Soit: un mari blond z'ou brun,
Voyons, donnez-moi-z'en un.

[One day some one says to her: "Marie, without

going any further we must choose a handsome man and marry you." "Very well: let the husband be fair or dark, only give me one."]

A fine, broad-shouldered, large-limbed Limousin, was shown to her in Musart's concert-room:

On lui trouve, j'veus l'assure,
Un Limousin renforcé,
Partant l'mollet prononcé,
Cinq pieds huit pouc' bonn' mesure,
Superbe mari d'hasard
Qu'on lui fait voir chez Musart.

[They find for her, I assure you, a regular Limousin, with a fine pair of calves, and standing five feet eight, good measure,—a superb husband sent by chance, whom they show to her at Musart's.]

The marriage speedily took place:

On les marie au pas d'charge,
Ell' ne l'trouvait pas trop beau;
Mais lui croyant un château,
Ell' dit: j'suis Madame Lafarge,
Un homm', dans l'nœud conjugal,
A l'droit d'êt' laid, c'est égal!

[They marry them in double-quick time; she does not think him too good-looking, but, believing him the owner of a fine house, she says: "I am Madame Lafarge;—a man in the conjugal knot has a right to be ugly. It's all the same."]

Scarcely had she been three days married when she grew cold towards her helpmate. She had formed high expectations of Glandier; but, on seeing the desolate place it was, broke out into bitter complaints, and straightway declared her mind:

V'la qu'on arrive à c'te terre,
La femm' dit: Quoi! c'est Glandier!
C'château, c'est un vrai grenier,
D'vieux chartreux, vieux monastère,
J'veux m'en aller d'ton nid d'rats,
Ou d'ma main tu périras!

[As soon as they arrive at his property, the wife says: "What, is this Glandier? The place is nothing but a granary, a monastery only fit for old monks. I will be off from your nest of rats, or by my hand you shall perish!"]

Marie then writes an extraordinary letter to her husband, darkly hinting at a meditated crime, and equivocally threatening his peace of mind:

La voila qui fait une lettre
Comm' on n'en a jamais fait:
Ou c'qu' ell' menac' d'un forfait
Et d'un crim' qu'ell' veut commettre.
Ajoutant: Sois convaincu,
Que par char! tu s'ras . . . vaincu.

[Thereupon she writes a letter such as was never before composed, in which she mentions infidelity, besides the commission of another crime, adding: 'Be convinced that by Charles you will be—conquered.']

Her state of mind, at this time, is described as uncontrollable; she rejects the consolations of religion, and perseveres in her menaces; but fortunately a neighbour pays Madame Lafarge a visit, and, by his arguments, induces her to live as a wife should with her husband:

Puis voila c'te capricieuse
Qui r'çoit visit' d'un voisin,
Un homm' d'esprit Limousin,
Qui chang' cett' femm' furieuse,

Au nom d'un certain brevet . . .
L'coupl' heureux n' a plus qu'un ch'vet.

[This capricious creature next receives a visit from a neighbour, a man of real Limonsain wit, who changes this precious woman in the name of a certain understanding. The happy couple henceforward have only one bed.]

This state of affairs, however, does not last long, and matters get worse instead of better:

A present l'affair' s'embrouille,
Que l'diable n'y verrait pas clair.
Lafarge, à Paris, prend l'air,
Sa femm' reste dans la houlle,
Forgeant un plan infernal,
Mais surtout original!

[The affair now becomes so puzzling that the devil could not see clearly through it. Lafarge, in Paris, amuses himself, his wife remains behind, forging an infernal, but, above all, an original plan.]

It appears that Madame Marie possessed rare accomplishments:

Faut savoir qu' madam' Marie
Est très forte d'sus l'piano,
Chante et parle Italiano,
Et qu'ell' fait d'la pâtisserie;
Pour c't' art elle a un certain chic,
C'est du sucre d'arsenic.

[You must know that Madame Marie is very strong upon the piano, sings and talks Italian, and makes pastry, in which art she has a certain knack; it is sugar—of arsenic.]

She accordingly gives her husband proof of her skill:

A son époux elle adresse
Sa brioch' cuite à propos
Et sa lett' porte ces mots:
Cher objet de ma tendresse,
J'viens d' fair' ça pour toi, bien cuit,
Mang' donc tout, juste à minuit.

[To her husband she addresses her cake nicely cooked, and her letter conveys these words: "Dear object of my tenderness, I have just made this for thee, well baked. Eat it then all, precisely at midnight.]

Excited by the tenderness of this letter, Monsieur Lafarge implicitly follows his wife's instructions:

Le mari qu' la lettre enflamme,
Plein d' gourmandise et d' amour,
Croque un morceau de p'tit-four:
Le v'la prêt à rendre l'ame.
Il sent plus en ce moment
La coliqu' que l' sentiment.

[The husband, whom the letter inflames, full of greediness and of love, eats a morsel from the little oven: see, he is ready to render up his soul. He feels more at this moment of the colic than sentiment.]

Recovering a little, he rejoins his wife, who is profuse of affectionate demonstrations:

Un peu r'mis le v'la qui roule
Vers le Glandier par malheur.
Sa femm' le r'çoit sur son cou,
Et lui fait vit' un lait d'poule,
Et d'aut' boissons qui toujours
Finiss' la fin de ses jours!

[A little better, behold him, unskilfully, on his way to Glandier. His wife receives him on her bosom, and quickly makes him some "hen's milk," and other drinks, which "put a finish to the end" of his days.]

People now begin to suspect a crime, and the neighbours are no longer tongue-tied:

Pour lors, voilà qu'on soupçonne
Un crime . . . il était bien temps!
On rappell' des faits patents
Qui prouv' qu' la plus d'un' personne
Ell' demanda du poison
Pour les rats d'la maison.

[On this you see people begin to suspect a crime . . . it was high time! They recall patent facts which prove that of more than one person she had asked for poison for the rats in the house.]

Her accusers become desperately indignant, and she retorts upon them in famous style:

Pour lors, on lui dit: Vous êtes
Un' femm' capable de tout;
Rien qu' à vous voir not' sang bout . . .
Ell' répond: Vous êt' des bêtes;
Mon excus' . . . c'est que j'ai de l'esprit
Et qu' mon style est bien écrit.

[Then they say to her: "You are a woman capable of all. Only to see you our blood boils." . . . She replies: "You are a pack of asses. My excuse is that I am clever, and my style well written."]

The public mind is now a prey to uncertainty, opinion inclining various ways, and a strange expedient is resorted to:

V'la les esprits en balance,
Par des avis si discordants;
V'la qui on fait r'bouillir le corps
Pour découvrir la substance
Lui fut caus' d' l'affreux trépas:
On la trouve . . . on n' la trouv' pas!

[Behold minds now in the balance, though opinions so discordant; see they have the body boiled over again to discover the substance which was the cause of this fearful death. They find it . . . they find it not.]

A new actor comes upon the stage:

Dans l' doute, on allait absoudre
La pauvre femm'! . . . mais voilà
L' princ' de la science, Orfila,
Tombant d' Paris comm' la foudre;
Il dit: J'trouv' de l'arsenic,
V'la mélodram, c'est là l' hic!

[In doubt, they are about to absolve the poor woman. . . But, behold, the Prince of Science, Orfila, falling from Paris like lightning! He says, "I find arsenic, there's the melodrama, that's the ticket."]

A great to-do arises, which the professor's opinion does not succeed in calming down:

O ciel! quelle dégringolade!
D' poison y a donc un gros tas?
L' savant répond: Y a p'têt pas
D' quoi rendre un ciron malade.
Le jury dit: C'est assez,
J' condamne aux travaux forcés.

[Oh Heaven! what a piece of work! Of poison is there then a large heap? The learned man replies: "There is, perhaps, not enough to make a maggot sick." The jury say: "That will do. We condemn her to the galleys."]

After thus making the jury usurp the functions of the judge, the poet becomes satirical on the subject of unequal punishment. Poor folks, he says, are sent to the galleys, when, very often, they have committed no crime; while persons of birth, "who can speak like a book," are only condemned, when guilty, to the same punishment. He tells the jury that their sentence is either too much or too little, and that they should remember the proverb, "A door must be either open or shut." But the record of this trial is nothing without a moral, and it is conveyed in the following terms:

La moralité d' la chose
C'est qu' l'arsenic est malsain;
Outre qu'on n'est pas certain
Qu'y n' laisse des 'marqu' où c' qu'on l'pose.
Donnez-en donc aux souris,
Et jamais à vos maris.
Faut espérer qu' la justice
Va nous dire c' qu' y faut penser;
Le jug'ment pourra s'casser,
Mais il est temps qu' ça finisse,
Et qu'on tire à l'alembic
Tout c' bel esprit d'arsenic.

[The moral of the affair is that arsenic is unwholesome. Besides, one is not certain that it does not leave marks behind it. Give it then to mice, and never to husbands. It is to be hoped that justice will tell us what we must think about it. The sentence may be quashed. But it is time that this should end, and that we should take out of the alembic all this fine spirit of arsenic.]

For fear, however, of its being supposed that the subject has been too lightly treated, the poet reasserts his personality in a "Conclusion sérieuse," in which he gives advice to the law-makers:

Aux forgerons d' lois, je m' sens d' force
A forger un bon conseil:
Faut, c'est clair comm' l' soleil,
Au cod' reprendre l' divorce.
L' mariag' sans amour mutuel
C'est du poison perpetuel.

[To the forgers of the laws, I feel myself strong enough to forge this good advice: You must, as clear as the sun, restore divorce to the code. Marriage without mutual love is perpetual poison.]

The second of these poems is a full description of "The Murder of Fualdès," a prose version of which appeared in No. 223 of this journal (August 1, 1863). Described as a "Véritable Complainte arrivée de Toulouse," the ballad is ornamented on the title-page by a woodcut representing the head of a man in a little cap and a high shirt-collar, who is either singing or preparing to be sick; it is set to the air "Au Maréchal de Saxe," and the first stanza invites a rather wide circle of auditors to give attention to it:

Ecoutez, peuples de France,
Du royaume de Chili,
Peuples de Russie aussi,
Du cap de Bonne-Espérance,
Le mémorable accident
D'un crime très-conséquent.

[Listen, people of France, of the kingdom of Chili, people of Russia also, and of the Cape of

Good Hope, the memorable accident of a very remarkable crime.]

It was stated, in the article referred to, that Jausion was one of the murderers condemned to death, but the last act of his life was not set forth. According to the author of the "Complainte," it consisted in his sending to his family the stockings he wore on the scaffold as a token of his death, with the following words addressed to his wife, an accomplice in the crime:

Epouse sensible et chère,
Qui par mon ordre inhumain,
M'as si bien prêté la main
Pour forcer le secrétaire,
Elève nos chers enfants
Dans tes nobles sentiments.

[Dear and tender wife, who by my inhuman order lent me thy assistance to force open the desk, bring up our dear children in thy noble sentiments.]

When it is remembered that the noble sentiments of this lady led her to urge Jausion to assist in the murder, she being present and holding a lamp, and Fualdès was taken by the head and feet and laid on the table, it may be a question whether the education of her children would greatly profit them.

A MOCKING-BIRD IN LONDON.

I was passing along by the Foundling Hospital, when I heard a musical cry, "Fine firewood!" which seemed to me to be worthy of a concert-room. I walked slowly to hear it again and again, and I almost thought it was some fallen star of ancient opera, who had taken to a street barrow and a load of fine firewood. It is wonderful how soon we forget. I lost that man and his musical cry in three minutes, but ten or fifteen minutes later I was going up Guildford-street, when he revived himself in my memory. Again I forgot him, and made my way to a friend's house in the vicinity of Russell-square. My friend's daughter was an invalid, who had left her home and husband in Charleston, South Carolina, when the unhappy civil war began. She was an English girl who had given her fate into the keeping of a young American, who had been educated at English Oxford. Little thought he when he took his fair bride to his Southern home, that in three short years the storm of war would drive him into the vortex of a whirlpool, and cast his wife and their two baby children into the refuge of her father's home. So it had been. I had news of him, and I hastened to the wife with the glad tidings that a month ago he was safe. I entered the house and stood in the front drawing-room, which was darkened, while the western window that opened out of the back drawing-room wooed all the sunshine there might be, at noon, in the cheerful month of October. Suddenly I heard the musical cry of the firewood man. It rang out loud and clear, as if he had stood by my side.

At this moment the lady for whom I had news, entered. In her frail form, and fevered

cheek and brilliant eyes, I read what made me in a moment forget the cry of "Fine, fine, fine firewood." I told the message that gladdened the faint fast beating heart, and encouraged her to hope for letters, and heard her say, "I *must* go to him. Better tend him wounded, or bury him dead, than live the dying life I am living here."

I began to falter words of encouragement that I did not feel, when the musical cry again burst on my ear.

"It is my poor bird!" she said, "my mocking-bird. He breaks my heart with his songs of home, and he startles everybody with his imitations."

I looked up at the western window, and there hung the bird in a prodigious cage: just the giant bird-house that a mocking-bird ought always to have. Lazily removing his long figure from one side of the cage to the other, a few times, he began to pour forth a song composed of the music of all the birds he had heard in London. He ended his brilliant mélange with his own sweet notes, which are exceedingly beautiful. The lady regarded him with a tender interest, with which was mingled her absent husband and lost home. I led her to talk of him, for I thought I saw that though an object of painful interest, he still served to distract his mistress from her anxiety and misery.

"There is almost a human interest about him," she said; "he mimics us so well. He has a sharp short cry like the baby when his sister takes something from him, and he revels in mimicking poor Jip. The other day I heard Jip cry terribly, and I came hurrying down to see to him, quite sure that he had got into some unusual difficulty. Jip was asleep on the mat outside the drawing-room door, not even noticing his own yelping, and there was the bird doing the dreadful imitation to perfection. At first Jip used to notice him, but he is quite accustomed to his noise now." As if to illustrate what she was saying, the bird here began a wonderful series of performances, the most difficult of which, to me, seemed the click of castanets. Nothing was difficult to him, after he had put his head on one side, listened, and apparently decided how it was to be done. He did not practise the sound, but at once got it right in his mind, and brought it forth like a vivacious production, perfect in all its parts. When he had clicked the castanets, and whistled a tune to match, he again edified me with the "Fine, fine, fine firewood" cry, immediately setting off its sonorous music with the shrill cracked quaver that a child evokes from a penny whistle. Then he gave the cry of the milk-woman when she rang the bell, then the cry of muffins, and then water-cresses. Presently the cat mewled as if both the lady's children were pulling it at once, and then Jip got into trouble, and lastly, the baby cried. "You should hear him whistle my husband's tunes," said the lady, her eyes overflowing. "Dear Arthur could not beat him at whistling Dixie, or Red, White, and Blue."

I whistled first the one and then the other of these tunes, and presently the bird was whistling Dixie to a charm, and the poor lady was weeping to the melody, as if it were only made to make people weep. Nor was she at all comforted with the Red, White, and Blue.

"I wish I had left him with Arthur. I wish I had never tamed him. He does not seem like a bird to me, here in London. He seems like a ghost of the past—like somebody's spirit imprisoned in a bird. I hear him whistle Arthur's tunes, and I almost think my husband has come in, as he used to in our old home, always so cheerful. I cannot bear the strange sweet imitation in my room, and so I keep him down here; but I shall not have him long. He has done well during the summer; ~~you know~~ we came in June; but he begins to mope. ~~Today~~ is one of his bright days. He will not live through the winter; he will not live through next month. He will never survive unhappy November. I wish I had left him at home, or had never taken him from the nest! He was such a little lump when I took him, with no promise of the long body and longer tail he has now. His mouth was always open, and he screamed like one file filing another, unless I fed him almost continually. He was always swallowing a paste made of mashed potato and yolks of eggs rolled up into the form of worms, and dropped into his gaping mouth."

"And what does he eat now?"

"He will eat almost anything that I eat, but I feed him mostly on brown bread and milk, which he likes better than eggs, or fresh meat, or anything. He will leave his chicken or his beefsteak untouched, and eat a saucer of brown bread and milk in the day. Every day he goes into his bath tub and takes his bath, and makes his toilet like a gentleman, and every day his house has to be thoroughly cleansed, or he would soon die. His cage seems large, but mocking-birds never thrive in small cages; and I think of their freedom. Then he cannot be as content in confinement as if he had been born in a cage, and his parents before him. I wish he were in the orange-grove in my own dear home, or that he had the chance of stealing Japan plums at the end of our brief Charleston winter. Our garden used to be as full of music as the opera, and a great deal sweeter to me, though I dearly love music."

"Charleston really seems home, then, to you," I said. "I thought English people were merely foreign residents; that they were never at home anywhere but in England."

She smiled very faintly, and said, "I was taken from my home young, like my mocking-bird. But O far more than that! I went to Arthur's home, and, O, it was a sunny home!"

I tried to speak comfortingly and hopefully. She only said she would go to her husband.

"And the bird?" I asked. "O, he will die next month."

As I was leaving, the bird again favoured me with Dixie, and then with "Fine, fine, fine fire-

wood," and ended with a flourishing yelp from his tip.

"He seems to be finishing for the season, giving a last performance," said the lady; and then she thanked me again and again for the good news I had brought her, and bade me good-by with an appearance of reviving hope.

On a day in November, a day of sullen gloom, I again sought the home of the lady and the bird. I was the bearer of sorrowful news, but my sad errand could not wait. It must be done, though it was a bitter duty. I must tell her, so near the angel world, that her beloved husband had gone before, and would meet her there. He had been my dear friend, but I counted my sorrow as nothing. Her mother met me, and I saw, by her grave sad mien, that I had hard news to hear, as well as to communicate.

"Her babies—our babies—are orphans," said the mother.

The beautiful lady and the brave husband were both in the better land, and the bright bird was dead too. This little sad romance of the time had so died out in an ordinary London street.

The song was o'er, the last sweet note
Upon the air had ceased to float,
The life that thrilled in melody,
With his wild music passed away.
He longed for fragrance, flowers, and light,
His heart had broken in the night.

THE INDIRECT ROUTE.

Most people, unless good or ill fortune has placed them at one or other end of the social ladder, know tolerably well the feelings attendant on the termination of a holiday. Whether we have been welcoming hard work and braving broken bones on the High Alps, or offering passive resistance to diphtheria and scarlet fever at some sea-side sanatorium, Black Monday comes even as it did of old, and we poor straws are sucked out of still pool or playful eddy into the straight onward current of working life. In few places can this contrast be felt more vividly than on landing at Boulah from a Nile voyage. The daily and weekly course "through hushed old Egypt and its sands," is of so easy and undomestic a character as to foster a brief and pleasant oblivion of daily papers and weekly bills. The postman, though you do hear his bell in the calm evening as he carries his bag on foot from Cairo to the Cataracts, calls not at your door, and there is no object to carry your thoughts beyond the narrow precincts of the dahabeel, except the problematic hippopotamus for whom you look among the castor-oil thickets but never see, the crocodile whom you do see but never hit, or, if you do, it doesn't hurt him, and the never-failing robber tribe on the east bank, who are always hovering for prey, but who never attack you, even when you land in double-barrelled dignity to examine the rock tombs of Beni Hassan, and learn how that opera-dancers pirouetted

with horizontal legs before Abimelek, and ladies of the court played football in white Balmoral boots with blue laces. All this, however, must come to an end; and when, after a last gaze at the awful mass of the Pyramids, a farewell to the giant Sphinx beautiful in spite of mutilation, and a pitying look at Ramses the Second, as he lies placidly smiling in a mud-hole till he shall be promoted to a glass-case in the portico of the British Museum, we drop down the stream towards Cairo, beginning to feel a forecast of the actual world.

Hardly may we, as our donkeys pass through the city gate, cast a single mental stepping-stone into the gulf of two thousand years by looking out for the spot where Bedreddin Hassan was found asleep in scanty costume, ere the door of Shepherd's Hotel is undone, and we are at once in the full tide of London population. The hotel is in a high state of activity. The lamps are more numerous and bright than when last seen, the Nubian waiters' shirts are whiter, their skins—by contrast at least—shine blacker, the staircases are choked with portmanteaus and folding arm-chairs. The overland passengers have arrived; and at once the mere pleasure-tourist sinks into insignificance, the like whereof he has not for some months known. In Upper Egypt he has been a sort of petty king, a Roi Fainéant like enough, with a maire de palais in the guise of a dragoman, but still a monarch, supported, moreover, in right (and wrong, too, often) by Turkish pashas not impervious to the influences of champagne. But now, when his sole connexion with Arabia is the Arabic numeral which marks his identity in a bustling hotel, he becomes wondrous small. The mighty stream which periodically bears outward numbers of active youths, and returns charged with limp ladies and flexible children, is all important. Their time is limited, their places are booked through, and the best and quickest means of transit belong of right to them. The railway may now probably have made some difference in the state of matters, but in the time to which these pages refer, he who had hedged aside from the direct forthright found the entered tide not only leave him hindmost, but continue to flow so strongly as to render his chance of getting in again very small.

To drop metaphor, all we wanted was a passage from Cairo to Alexandria, and this it was by no means easy to obtain. Our party was increased in number by several Indian officers, civilians, and others; and these, having overstayed the time allotted, had lost their privileges, and were powerless as ourselves. Steamer after steamer came in, but so did caravan after caravan of Suez passengers, the desert telegraph's cry was still "They come," and the clerks gave little hope but that, even if we stayed a fortnight, a similar result would ensue. A vaguely-expressed promise of a possible steamer in a few days lured us to stay, and Cairo, after all, offers amusement enough for even a longer period. The obelisk of Heliopolis, where the bees, like the Christians of Upper Egypt, have filled the hieroglyphic

sculptures with mud, occupied one day, and served to show the spirit of that noble animal the Egyptian donkey. His long-legged rider was listlessly gazing at the shabby manoeuvres of some shabby soldiers, when a burst of military music roused the energies of the Arab steed. Clothing his neck with thunder, and shouting "Ha! ha!" to the trumpets, he leaped gallantly across a tolerably wide ditch, on whose brink he had been posted, leaving his amazed rider standing on his feet, with a ditch and four miles of hot sand between him and the city. Happily the donkey's views were those of immediate comfort, and in a few minutes he was standing quietly under the shade of a giant sycamore, warranted by tradition to be that which sheltered Joseph and Mary in their flight from Palestine. Another day was given to the Petrified Forest, a wide basin which (whether geologists have explained it or not) must at one time have been filled with water, on whose surface floated masses of wood of all shapes and sizes, from palm-trees a hundred and twenty feet long (I measured one of that size) down to innumerable logs, chips, nuts, and splinters. The bottom of the valley undulates gently, and it seems as though the water had drained off gradually, the larger logs (which, of course, would take ground first) being invariably on the summits of the small hills; while the minute portions lie thickly congregated in the hollows, where they have been swept by the retiring current. But of what nature was this water? How comes it that every morsel of the wood, even to some few stumps of palm yet in situ, is now converted into solid stone?

Our continual inquiries at the transit-office were at length answered by the joyful news that a steamer had arrived. Unfortunately she was timed so as to discharge her passengers at Alexandria too late to catch the Austrian Lloyd's boat for Smyrna, the only boat by which there was any chance of our reaching Europe, and that, too, by a roundabout road. Vain were our representations that if the steamer were not to start till Thursday she might as well, for our purposes, not start at all; the clerks admitted the truth of our assertions, and even enhanced their force by stating that it was more than probable that the Austrian boat would have to leave with few or no passengers, for want of the Nile steamer, which might quite as easily start on one day as on another; but they also assured us that any attempt to force these ideas into a Turkish brain by any process short of cracking the brainpan would be hopelessly futile. The British lions now fairly caged began to roar, when an Italian mouse presented himself to gnaw asunder the meshes which confined the desert lords.

An Italian, who, some twelve or fifteen years before, had been in sufficiently poor circumstances to find himself wandering about London streets, had received Christmas welcome in the servants' hall of one of these travellers. The fact, long forgotten by the Englishman, had dwelt in the mind of the Italian, who was now a prosperous gentleman in commercial relations

with the Egyptian court. Arab horses, guides to the curiosities of Cairo, admission to the palaces, all had been pressed by Signor Carlo on his former benefactor, and now, no sooner did he hear of the existing difficulty, than he pledged himself to remove it. He had not overrated his power. That same night he entered the billiard-room at Shepherd's with his hat half full of Spanish dollars, won at écarté from a Turkish pasha, from whom also he had extracted an order for the steamer to leave next morning. Some, says Charles Lamb, have unawares entertained angels. Gladly did we drop down to Atfeh and Alexandria, and early the next morning our party, with a very few additions, mustered on the deck of the Europa.

The equinoctial gales, which had blown with annoying punctuality for the last two days, raised such a sea that the deck was soon all but empty, and the cabin thronged. With natural hesitation I linger on the top step of that steep stair, whose brass handrail smells, methinks, with unusual pungency. A framed board, of course, meets my eye. What is it? If it be the usual steward's list, with inappropriate offers of bottled stout, and highly repulsive allusions to mutton-chops, I had better not read it. No! it appeals to less earthly considerations, being an inscription in three languages (like the Rosetta stone, I think, as I feebly court remembrances of the immovable past), detailing the rules to be obeyed by passengers on board the Austrian Lloyd's boats. These, though numerous and verbose, are not very interesting, till I come to No. 13, which informs me sententiously that "Gentlemen passengers, having a proper feeling, will be expected to show all decorous attention to ladies;" and No. 14, setting forth that "Gentlemen passengers are not on any account to interfere with the management of the vessel, for which governmentally-constituted officers have been duly appointed." As I muse upon the manner of men to whom these regulations may be addressed, the steam-pipe ceases to scream, the Europa plunges, not perhaps more deeply than she did, but far more distractedly, and we are off. A few minutes more and a sharp cry of "Starboard!" sounds from the bridge, and steadily hard-a-port goes the tiller under the guidance of a squat figure in long tow-coloured hair and mustachios. A rush, a scuffle, Towhair is shoved summarily to leeward, and the wheel is revolving rapidly in the hands of a young master mariner from the China seas, master of opium-clippers, and not unconscious of typhoons. The Europa swerves wildly, a drenching cloud of spray sweeps from stem to stern, and from the middle of it, like old Neptune in the *Æneid*, emerges the governmentally-constituted officer, full charged with polysyllabic wrath, which he distributes impartially upon the dethroned helmsman and upon the usurper. What effect the volley may have upon Towhair, I know not; the young Scotsman certainly neither understands nor cares for it, but quietly pointing to the black fang of a rock that shows itself in fearful proximity to our quarter, resigns the

wheel to its former possessor and resumes his walk.

Blessing the good fortune which has so ordered it that English sea-terms have been sown in all lands, and have taken root in many languages, I rejoin my friend the master mariner, and detail to him the fact that he has unknowingly violated a special act, cap. i., sect. 14. The mariner smiles composedly, and remarks, as analogous to the subject, that when Chinese merchants hire an English vessel, it is usual to insert in the charterparty that the British master shall not boat the Chinese supercargo. I perceive the analogy, and reflect that I would rather not be a Chinese supercargo. Meantime, although Eurus and Zephyr with their lateral noise, Libeccio and Scirocco, blow hard, the sky is happily bright overhead, and as the Europa, though over-engined and under-timbered so that she wheezes and groans fearfully, is really a smart well-built boat, I walk as steadily as the playful skittishness of the deck will allow, and listen to the mariner, who holds me, not with glittering eye, but with friendly hand, when the Europa is more playful than usual, and tells tales almost as wild as those of his ancient prototype. He corroborates fully all that I have ever heard of Chinese craft and Chinese cruelty. In all the narrow seas, he says, a man holds his life on one simple condition—that of unceasing watchfulness. Every man you meet is an enemy, who will without scruple rob and massacre the men with whom he has traded and feasted a few hours before. Treachery, he fairly enough remarks, can scarcely be predicated of men who do not seem to comprehend the notion of good faith. In the humbler walks of cheating, too, they are renowned proficient. Opium is never paid for but in bullion, and this in small ingots of a defined weight, which, for security, are fitted into wooden cases, and screwed down to the floor of the captain's cabin. A new skipper, on his first visit to the opium buyer's after his promotion, was greatly provoked by a stupid carpenter, who had made the gold-boxes too small. The carpenter, a Chinese, was sulky, vowed they were the right size, enlarged them, however, at the express desire of his captain, and all was right for a day or two. Only for a day or two, for on the next consignment of opium being delivered, the carpenter had gone back to his old ways and measures. Fresh indignation from the captain, fresh protestations from the carpenter, but the fact being patent that the cases are too small, he is again compelled to yield. On the captain's return, the mystery, which has probably been obvious to the reader, is unveiled to his astonished eyes, and the *shreffs*, whose skill in estimating the proportions of alloy scarcely needs the confirmation of the assayer, inform him that two separate adulterations have been effected, and that for the future he must measure his gold as well as weigh it. With such tales the day wears on, and dinner is announced. The captain takes the head of the table, and to ensure his keeping it, lashes

his own leg to the table's leg. Few, indeed, are his guests. The Austrian consul from Khar-toum, who has astonished us by the magnificence of his diamond mouthpieces to what he informs us are only his travelling pipes, refuses to eat, and reflects upon Vienna, where he intends to drink—and as I subsequently learn from a spectator, does actually ingurgitate—incredible floods of beer. The German naturalist, whose best days have been spent in the blazing plains of Kordofan, and who has all but seen the unicorn, in whose existence he is a firm believer, fasts unwillingly, and comforts himself with a prospective omelette, to be made when he lands at Trieste; out of an egg fresh laid by Mr. Larking's tame ostrich on the day of our departure. Four courageous and hungry passengers sit in the four corners of the cabin floor, holding on as the vessel rolls, to prevent themselves from playing an involuntary game of Puss in the Corner, while the steward, an active puss in pumps, waltzes round the needlessly polished floor, and rapidly deals small modicums of schinkel, kalbsbrater, and other national delicacies. At night, our prudent skipper lay to, under the lee of Scarpanto, and all next day and night we proceeded with small abatement of weather among the wind-swept Cyclades, till early morning found us entering the Gulf of Smyrna. Here, like our great prototype, Lord Bateman, having "come to famed Turkey, we was taken and put in prison."

For civilisation has made rapid progress, and the Turks, like wise Feringhees, no longer trust in Allah, but ameliorate a visitor's health by shutting him up in a dirty jail, where his only exercising-ground is the cemetery, thick with gravestones of those who have died in the lazaretto, his only prospect, the sky covered with the streams of wild-fowl who gather round the springs of Cayster even as they did in the days of Homer. However, our travelling party passed the days as merrily as might be, laughed at the Italian doctor as he performed the daily farce of inspection, and on the fifth morning we "regained our freedom with a sigh," for we were now to separate.

The Anglo-Indians started for Constantinople, the youthful mariner for a small tour among the islands, and the present writer for the Piræus, where Greece, following suit to Turkey, immediately locked us up again. But Greece herself was at this date in quarantine. The English steamer Firebrand lay in the entrance of the harbour; Admiral Parker's squadron was in the Gulf of Salamis; and the Pacifico blockade was in full force. It did not seem to produce any visible effects. The people lounged about listlessly; did a poverty-stricken sort of marketing in the Azora; and chilled, perhaps, by an intensely cold spring, left the street of the East Wind to its legitimate proprietor. Athens seemed very unreal. The city itself, an ill-assorted cross between a German watering-place and a Scotch fishing-village; the national dress, perhaps from the intense consciousness of fine clothes which

the men exhibit, like a fancy-ball get-up; while it was very odd to read shop-fronts and newspapers in the old character associated with lexicons and "first schools," or to puzzle over such words as "Modiste" and "Don Quixotic" in the type sacred to Æschylus and Thucydides.

The ruins are glorious, and owing, perhaps, to the exceptional circumstances of the time, the buzzing crowd of cicerones, custodes, gardiens, &c., had dispersed, and we were free to wander. From the green slope of Mars' Hill, whence Paul looked on the exquisite "temple made with hands," on to the less pure but more gorgeous colonnade in the plain, on whose summit stands that grim protest against the luxury of this world, the narrow dungeon of a Christian monk. The Arch of Hadrian, which has been hoisted up to afford free passage to the swallows of Somerset House; and the monument of Lysicratis, carefully placed out of harm's way among the chimney-pots of Howell and James; the race-course, with its seats covered with velvet turf; and the hawthorn brake, which served for the firing-room of Nick Bottom and Co.; are all delightful. Even the huge mosaic pavement in the palace-gardens, whose vast size and coarse design tell so eloquently of slave-labour and of the degradation of taste which unfailingly follows, is not without interest. We drove to Salamis, and paid our respects to the representative of England, who received us in what has been called the noblest presence-chamber of Britain, an admiral's cabin. Here lay the Lords of Ocean, with a quantity of wretched coasting-craft, which their orders compelled them to keep in durance vile. But next morning, a startling change was visible. As I took my usual morning walk to the top of a small hill from which the top-gallants of the squadron could be seen, an unusual display of bunting caught my eye. The telescope showed me, to my unmitigated amazement, blue and white checks, the national flag of Greece, waving at every mast-head. What might this be? For several days past the newspapers had teemed with leading articles horribly stuffed with epithets of classic warfare, which might be condensed into this formula: Wanted, a Themistocles to destroy the fleet of the modern Xerxes, now lying off Salamis. Had they found the man. I remembered a sergeant who was in quarantine with us, and whose dignity, when he had put on his Sunday uniform, was something overpowering. Marmaduke Magog, in far remote days, alone came near it. Could he have gone down and surrounded the fleet by night? It was scarcely probable, but in preparation for the worst, it seemed best to secure a good breakfast, so I returned to the table d'hôte, where the few British subjects then in Athens were gathered. After breakfast, the landlord ushered in with some ceremony two representative men of Hellas, an Athenian and a Spartan. The former, brilliant in a green velvet jacket and snowy-white kilt—I forget how many yards of calico there were in it, but the figure took my breath away—was a royal aide-de-camp. The descendant of Lycurgus,

whom we already knew, was as unlike an ideal Lacedæmonian as can well be imagined. A short, black-haired, lively little man in European evening dress, shiny boots, and primrose kid gloves complete, who had often tried to persuade me to visit his country, expatiating on the delicious oranges and plump partridges which not unpleasantly have displaced the black broth of his ancestors. His mission this morning was to translate a speech delivered with all appearance of courtesy by his comrade. This day was the anniversary of the Independence of Greece. Painful circumstances, unnecessary to be more than alluded to, had caused temporary estrangement between the court of Greece and an ally for whom, nevertheless, she entertained, &c. &c. It had come to his majesty's knowledge that certain English gentlemen were at present in Athens, and it would give his majesty pleasure if said gentlemen would attend the solemn service shortly to commence in the cathedral.

Here was a turn of Dame Fortune's wheel! After being pushed on one side by excited P. and O. passengers, charitably fed by a German steward, poked at with long sticks by sanitary officers, to be now spoken at by a royal envoy and recognised as a political feature! We returned suitable replies, and in a few minutes "we, the people of England," under three umbrellas (for a drizzling rain had set in), proceeded towards the cathedral. Chairs were placed for us immediately in front of the royal seats, and in a few minutes the procession entered. I never, except in private theatricals, saw so very small a court. Some half-dozen officers, our friend of the green jacket by far the most conspicuous; about as many footmen; the king, his unmistakable German face looking impassively over a jacket, which would be blue velvet were it not all silver lace; the queen, red-faced from continuous out-door exercise, and two ladies of honour, all in national costume. One of these latter, by the way, made up for many deficiencies, being surpassingly lovely. The acclamations of the people were on a strictly proportionate scale. One voice called out once, Zeto V—. All else was silence. The performance—I mean the service—was awfully long, and begging his majesty's pardon, he should not have yawned so very much if he did not wish to be imitated. At length it was over. The court retired: the faithful Abdiel again uttered his loyal cry; I was thrice blest in being able to shelter with my umbrella the beautiful maid of honour, as she had to scud rapidly under the cathedral eaves to reach her carriage, and we returned to the hotel, passing under a triumphal arch where was inscribed "Long live the three Allied Powers," one of which three was at that moment hoisting the flag of Greece and blockading her ports.

At dinner one of the people of England, a young Irish Catholic, who has been carrying on some quiet and not specially recognised communication with the court, and who always amuses us by the tone of mysterious tenderness with which he speaks of the queen, recounts the

events of the morning to a Protestant fellow-countryman, a clergyman who had not accompanied us to the mass, and whose blue eye twinkles with fun as he listens to the comments of the youth. "I thought the queen looked uneasy, poor thing! She was not frightened, no, but flurried." "Is it flurried? My dear sir, flurried? You'd as easily flurry a beefsteak." With the roar which greeted this unpoetic but singularly appropriate simile I terminate my reminiscences of Athens.

NAMES OF ENGLISH RIVERS.

It was from Grimson's farm, in a wild and lonely part of Cumberland, near the Fells, that I drove one morning last February with my friend the antiquarian and etymologist to Burd-Oswald. At Burd-Oswald, there is most to be seen of the remains of the old Roman wall. There are ramparts, ten or twelve tiers of which are still standing, half-demolished corner-towers, broken hypocausts, fragments of gateways, doors, and windows. But the grass grows over the threshold where the war-chariots once rattled, and the fox hides in the bath-rooms of the procurator. The quern that once held the centurion's wheat is now choked with moss, and the rude stone altars are spotted with the grey lichen. Amid these ruins, where the Roman eagle was once planted to scare back the savage and half-clothed Scot, we spent a long day rambling and musing, and at night slept in the adjacent farm-house. Before a huge peat-fire we sat examining the farmer's collection, the bronze handle of a Roman sword terminating in a bull's-head, little bronze mannikins representing household deities, boats' tusks, and other antiquities. All these exhausted, Grimson began on his favourite subject of etymology, and from discussing the boat-headed race, and the Picts, and the aborigines before the Celt, and the Dane and the Norman, we fell upon derivations.

Now Grimson had been busy tracing the derivations of the names of our English rivers back to the Celtic, the Norse, or even the old Sanscrit, and he had some notes about his recent labours then in his great-coat pocket. So I pressed him to read them, and, lighting my cigar and filling my glass with toddy, not only prepared to listen, but took a sheet of paper and made some notes of what he read me. Believing these notes to be too curious to be allowed to perish, I here, by Grimson's leave, append them, with a few preliminary remarks:

When the etymologist, hunting a word through the thorny thickets of many Indo-Germanic languages, brings it to bay at last, and finally runs it to death in the Sanscrit, he feels a delight keener than that of the fox-hunter—keener, because the pleasure, though less robust, is one more intellectual and refined. When, therefore, my friend Grimson, after cutting and cutting, traces a nerve of the root of a Saxon word through chest and heart up to its grey ganglion

in the brain of the early Norse, he is as happy as a miner when he meets with a lode. The happiest day of Grimson's life was, I believe, when he discovered that the river Humber derived its grand old name from the Sanscrit word *ambu* (water), and the river Otter its title from the Sanscrit *ud* (also water). He felt then that he had widened our knowledge of the English language, and classified one more clue to the Oriental origin of the European races.

The names of the English rivers were often given to them by the pre-Celtic races. These names, rude and simple, are like fossils, for they remain unaltered: incontestable proofs of certain ethnic epochs and certain national changes. They exist, but they are not of the present day, and have no more in common with the substance they are embedded in, than a bullet has with the soldier's leg that receives it. Yet these words of bygone races are, like fossils, of extreme interest and value. There they are, and they must be accounted for; they are nearly all that we know for certain, of those early tenants of the land; they might have lived in the historic times, but whoever and whenever they were, they used words that came originally from the strange land which thousands of years after their descendants conquered and held.

My friend Grimson divides the derivations of names of rivers into seven classes. 1. Those which describe the river simply and abstractedly as the water. 2. Those which describe it as violent, gentle, wide, or sluggish. 3. Those which describe a river by its course, as winding, straight, or crooked. 4. Those which refer to the quality of its waters as clear, bright, dark, or turbid. 5. Those which refer to the sound made by its waters. 6. Those which refer to its source or the manner of its formation. 7. Those which refer to it as a boundary or a protection.

Of the first simple and more barbaric class, which includes mere appellatives, are many English rivers whose names end in "a" and "ey," as the Rotha and the Caldw. The Avon that wanders by the church where Shakespeare lies buried, owes its name to the old Celtic word *avon* (water), the Gothic, *ahva*. The Devonshire Aune, the Cumberland Ehen, and the Cornish Inney, owe their origin to the same simple source; while the Scotch Bannock and Errick, like the Berkshire Ock and the Devonshire Oke, were christened from the obsolete Gaelic word *oich*, signifying also water. From the Sanscrit *ambu* (water) flows as it were the Berkshire Emme, the Humber, the Mole, that mysterious stream in Surrey, and the Staffordshire Hamps: all expressing what the Sanscrit root of *ambu* does—movement, the most wonderful thing about water being its involuntary movement and inner life.

It is to the Celts we are indebted for that dangerous gift whisky; to them too we owe its name, which means water, from the Welsh *wysg*, water. From this root come the names of many rivers, as the Devonshire Axe, the Somers-

setshire Aze, the Wiltshire Ash, the Scotch Esk, the Monmouthshire Usk, the Oxfordshire Isis."

The Sanscrit word *ud* (collected waters) is also a starting-place for derivations, according to Grimson. To it the river Otter owes its name, and also the Dorsetshire Woder and the Sussex Adur, a word which exactly corresponds in origin with the French Adour; and now, though we disappoint Cumberland people, we must remark that their Eden does not derive its name from Paradise, but from the old Welsh verb *eddai* (to flow), like the Nottinghamshire Idle and the Scotch Ettrick.

The Welsh word *dwfr* (water) has stood god-father to many rivers. It stood sponsor to the Yorkshire Dow and the Staffordshire Dove, and through its stream it gave a name to the town of Dover: signifying simply to move. The root exists in the Basque word *ur* (water), and the Hungarian *er* (a brook). Under this one roof, Grimson clusters the Radnorshire and Worcestershire Arrows, the Sligo Arrow and the Sussex Arun, the Yorkshire Arke and the Lancashire Irk.

One would not have expected that any English river would have a name derived from the same source as that of the great German Rhine, yet so it is. The Sanscrit *ri* (to flow) is found in the name of the German stream, as well as of the Worcestershire Rea, the Devonshire Wray, and the Rye, the tributary of the Liffey.

There is an old Welsh root, *rhedu* (to race), says Grimson, speaking affectionately of it, from whence not only the Rhône derives its name, but also that quiet little streamlet in our beautiful lake district, the Rotha, the Shropshire Rodden, the Thames tributary, Rother, the Sussex Roller, and the Ross-shire Rasay.

From the Welsh word *gwrw* (violent) many rivers have derived their names, as Garfwater, a burn in Lanarkshire, the Gryffe in Renfrew, and the Girvan in Ayr; while from the old Gaelic *squid* (English slup), expressing sudden and abrupt force, the Sheffield Sheaf and the Skippen owe their titles.

There is a Sanscrit word, *sphar* (to burst forth), a venerable root from which, says Grimson, many young shoots have sprung, such as our English words spark, spring, spirt, spruce, spry, spa, spew, all expressing a lively force. The Spry at Elgin, the Scotch streams Spean and Spear, the Westmoreland Sprint, were named from the vivacity and vigour of their currents.

Languages, while they live, show their inner life by growing, changing. Thus the Sanscrit word *tine* (to agitate), while it lived, became the root of the Welsh word *dulno* (a deluge), and the German *tilgen* (to overthrow). From this word, with an intermixture of the sense of boundary from the German *thielen* (to divide), comes the name of the Northumberland Tile, and the Diel of Limerick.

It is not unfrequent for a word to have two conflicting derivations. In that case the actual nature of the stream must guide the etymologist. For instance, the Ayrshire Irvine may

have been named either from the Celtic *arv* (gentle), or the Sanscrit *arv* (to destroy). So again in the rivers—Gelt, and Chelt, and Calder—there is the German *kalt* (cold), and the old Gaelic *Callaidh* (swift).

"Sometimes," says Grimson, "the old Sanscrit word, as, for example, *car* (to move), branches into two different meanings, one expressing the going fast, the other the going round. From one or both of these comes the Perthshire Garry and the Selkirkshire Garrow."

The derivation of the Medway has been much discussed. One of the great German philologists traces it to the word *mead* (honey), and the old Norse *veig* (a cup); that is to say, the bowl of honey. Gibson, on the other hand, thinks its original name was the Mid-way, because it flows through the middle of Kent. Grimson, last but not least, derives the name from the Gaelic *meath* (mild), and the old Norse *mida* (to move softly, mildly), for, says he, the Medway is a grave gently flowing river.

The Gaelic word *liomh* (smooth, clammy, or sluggish) enters into the names of many rivers, as the Leam at Leamington; the Dorsetshire Lyme; the Devonshire Leman; the Kentish Limen; and the Scottish Loch Lomond. From the Gaelic *foil* (slow, gentle), the old word-painters named the Fal, at Falmouth, the Scotch Fillar, and the Cork Foilagh. The Welsh verb *taenan* (to expand), used for broad and expanding streams, boasts a large family of godchildren rivers—as the Tavy, the Dee, the Tay, the Teign, the Tamar, and even the Thames itself.

Let me cull a few more derivations from Grimson, curious and valuable, because they show the early intermingling of nations. The derivations I shall now choose shall be less abstract and more indubitable. They are derivations of names which betray more love and fixed observation in names, and imply, therefore, less vagrancy and more civilisation in race.

The Aberdeen stream the Bucket, the Shropshire Bowl, and the Aberdeen Bogie, all come from the Sanscrit root *bhuj* (English bow), meaning tortuous; the Cam, at Cambridge, from the Gaelic and Welsh words *cam* (to bend); the Cumberland Crummock from the Welsh word *crom* (curved); the Derwent from the Welsh *Derwyn* (to wind). "In many river names, a root implying clearness, brightness, or transparency, is to be traced," says Grimson. The old Gaelic *can* (white, pure) is embedded in the names of the Essex Cann, the Kentish Ken, the Devonshire Kenne, the Cornish Conner, and the Lancashire Conder. The early settlers in England little thought that a few centuries would leave no trace of them but a burial mound or two, and the name they gave to the rivers beside which they dwelt. Yet the old Celtic word *vind*, Welsh *gwynh* (white), as fossilised in the names of the rivers Vent (Cumberland), Quenny (Shropshire), Finn (Ulster), Finnan (Inverness), and Windermere, Cumble, and the Wandle (Surrey), are all the records, except a few stray words, we possess of those early races.

Few rivers have names referring to the colour of their water, yet there are a few, as the Glass in Inverness, from the Welsh word *glas*, blue or transparent; the Dowles of Shropshire, and the Douglas of Lanarkshire, from the Welsh *dulas*, dark blue. Some few streams, too, derive their appellations from the sound of their waters, as the Westmoreland Greta, from the old Norse *gráta*, to mourn, in allusion to the wailing sound of its waters. The names of several small English rivers, the Blythe, from the Anglo-Saxon *blithe*, merry, needs no comment; the Avoca of Wicklow is so called from the Gaelic *abhach*, sportive; the Somersetshire Frome, from the old Norse *brim*, roaring of the sea; the Cornish Powey, from the Gaelic *fuair*, noise; the Welsh Dourdry from a Welsh word signifying murmur.

There are several river names which Grimson tells me contain the idea either of the junction of two streams, or the separation of a river into two branches, as the Lanark Galawhistle, from the old Norse *quisl*, to split; the Renfrew Cart takes its name from the Gaelic *caraid*, duplex.

And here, to conclude, I throw in a handful of derivations of "mixed sorts," as confectioners say, as the Warwickshire Cole, from the Gaelic *caol*, straight; the Kentish Swale and the Ulster Swilly from the old Norse word *svelgr*, swell; the Irish Shannon, from the old Gaelic *siona*, delay; the Lake Bratha, from the Irish *breath*, pure; the Devonshire and Wicklow Brays from the Irish *brag*, running water.

The morning after this lecture Grimson drove me back to his farm at Tremarton. It was a clear sunshiny morning, but the sky was piled with snowy clouds, while to windward the blue was pure and spotless. The road was dry and hard, and our horses' hoofs beat out pleasant music. Grimson was great in derivations, and plucked rich harvests of fruit from the thorniest boughs of knowledge. He chased the old Goth all over Germany, he ran the Saxon to earth on the Scottish frontier, he drove the Norman up into a corner in Sicily, he collected all tribes and nations, and labelled them as a shepherd marks his sheep.

A CLASSIC TOILETTE.

ACCORDING to testimony, which is scarcely to be disputed, the sun could never have shone upon a less lovely object than a Roman lady in the days of the Cæsars, when she opened her eyes in the morning—or, rather, let us say, as she appeared in the morning, for before she opened her eyes a great deal had to be done. When she retired to rest her face had been covered with a plaster composed of bread and ass's milk, which had dried during the night, and, consequently, presented in the morning an appearance of cracked chalk. The purpose of the ass's milk was not only to preserve the delicacy of the skin, but to renovate the lungs, and so strong was the belief in the efficacy of the specific, that some energetic ladies bathed themselves in it seventy times in the course of a

single day. As for Poppæa, the favourite wife of Nero, she never set out on a journey without taking in her train whole herds of she-asses, that she might bathe whenever she pleased so to do.

The plaster of Paris bust having wakened in the morning in a cracked condition, it was the office of a host of female slaves to mature it into perfect beauty. To clear the field for further operations, the first of these gently washed away with lukewarm ass's milk the already crumbling mask, and left a smooth face, to be coloured by more recondite artists. The slave, whose vocation it was to paint the cheeks, delicately laid on the red and white, having moistened the pigment with her own saliva. The apparent nastiness of this operation was diminished by the consumption of a certain number of scented lozenges, which, if the slave neglected to take, she suffered corporeal punishment.

A precious article is the paint with which the Roman domina was beautified; it was well worthy of the case of ivory and rock-crystal in which it was preserved. The principal ingredient in the red paint was a moss, known by the name of fucus, which is still to be found on the Mediterranean coast. The cheeks having been perfected, the eyelashes and eyebrows came in for their share of attention, and a third slave dyed them with a black mixture, which, though called fuligo, was no common soot, but composed of choice materials. These blackened eyebrows and eyelashes are absolutely indispensable if the domina aspires in the slightest degree to the character of a beauty.

The curatress of the eyebrows was followed by the tooth-brusher, who not only performed the office which this title implies, but landed to her mistress some mastich from the Isle of Chios, a specific chewed every morning to preserve the teeth from decay. Even if the teeth were not already in the head of the lady, but had to be inserted by the dexterous slave, the mastich was still chewed to keep up appearances.

All this work done, was not the domina beautiful? Yet the most important operations had still to be performed: the hair had been still unconsidered. And be it observed, that although blackness was essential to the eyebrow of the Roman belle, it was otherwise with her hair, which was to be decidedly golden. A whole division of female slaves was devoted to its decoration. The chief of them rubbed it over and over again with a golden ointment, till the head competed with the brightness of the rising sun. The polish thus laid on, two handy craftsmen moved to simultaneous activity. One, armed with curling-irons, produced an infinity of rings and ringlets; another squirted through her teeth a variety of essences upon the lovely head. Lastly came a skilful negress, who achieved the more important curls, and, twisting the back-hair into a large round knot, secured it with a pin eight inches long, carved with the most exquisite art. To these several servants, Herr Asmus, the German antiquary,

who has greatly aided us in bringing so many details within the compass of a small cabinet picture, gives the prettiest names in the world. The asses'-milkmaid he calls Scaphion; the painter of the cheeks is Phiale; the eyebrows are dyed by Stimmi; the golden ointment is rubbed in by Nape; Calamis holds the tongs; the lips of Paeccas are the living fountain whence proceed the essences; and the handy negress is Cypassis.

These ready handmaidens burst into loud applause when their pleasing task is ended, and their raptures are permitted, because their lady regards them, not as signs of self-laudation, but as tributes to her own beauty. And, to show that nature and art have done their best, another slave now enters, bearing a metallic looking-glass.

We will assume that the domina is satisfied, and dismisses all the beautifiers with a benignant smile. Should she be dissatisfied—No, the mind refuses to conjecture what will happen in the event of such a frightful contingency.

The gradual process by which this living figure becomes fashionably draped we shall not pause to acquire, but merely enumerate the principal articles of clothing. Of stays—those modern implements of self-torture—the domina knows nothing, nor would she have put them on if they had been perfectly familiar to her, for she does not believe in the beauty of a slender waist. Over a short "tunica" is flung the "stola," which is itself a long tunic reaching to the feet, with sleeves that cover half the upper part of the arm. When the opening in the stola has been closed with the aid of brooches, when embroidered gay-coloured shoes have been put on, when the arms are encircled by golden snakes with ruby eyes, when the ears are weighted with pearls, when the fingers are loaded with rings, and when a comb or two has been inserted in the hair, the lady is completely attired for indoors, presenting the strongest possible contrast to the be-erminolined belle of the present day, and suggesting the suspicion that if the beautifiers are doomed to hard work, the dressers almost enjoy a sinecure. If the domina goes out she merely flings on her "palla," which is exactly like the "toga" of the man, and her pride in wearing it gracefully, exactly corresponds to that of Parisian beauties in the matter of shawls. On the whole, the main articles of clothing are not very expensive. They are chiefly woollen, the use of silk being exceptional. The semi-transparent Coan robe is costly enough, but then it is as disreputable as it is costly, and is not, properly, to be associated with ladies of quality.

The toilette of our domina being complete, she proposes to take a walk in the garden. Accordingly, the fan-bearers make their appearance. That pretty coquettish use of the fan, which was brought to such high perfection in the last century, is beyond the reach of the Roman belle, who would deem it an indignity to carry the cooling implement in her own hands. In good old days fans were made of broad leaves, but these have been abandoned for peacocks' fea-

thers; which, being in themselves rather too pliant for fanning purposes, are supported by a wooden framework. The lady is proud of her fan, and when she goes abroad her slaves carry it in an open basket, that it may be seen when not in use.

At the first glance it seems that the garden which she enters is altogether in the French taste, so persevering has been the "topiarius," or ornamental gardener, in giving to the trees and shrubs forms as different as possible from those that naturally belong to them. Verdant beasts of prey, clipped with shears out of box or cypress, menace their haughty mistress, who may sometimes gratify her pride by beholding her name in foliage. If, however, she is weary of these artificial beauties and terrors, she may retire into another part of the garden, where nature is altogether controlled, and again comes a change in the shape of an orchard, or a vegetable-garden, or an avenue of plane-trees twined with ivy, which, under the name of "gestatio," is regarded as the most delightful spot on the premises, commanding as it does the view of the surrounding country.

In the act of contemplating the distant hills we leave our Roman lady.

SETTLED AMONG THE MAORIS.

As a settler in New Zealand at the beginning of another contest with the native Maoris, let me tell the English public how I and most of my neighbours feel. We are very far from desiring to see an end of the Maori race. Our sincere and earnest wish is to see them put on such a fair footing as to be able to make common cause with us, and, by association of interests, find that of all things there is nothing so unprofitable for either party as a deadly quarrel. And even hitherto, instead of being the enemy of the Maori, it is my opinion that the settler has been his best and truest friend. He has done most to bring home to him the civilisation of which he is very capable. The settler has done more than the missionary, though the work of the missionary and schoolmaster has in New Zealand not been altogether fruitless. They had extinguished cannibalism, taught reading and writing, imparted to many knowledge of the Scriptures; but there they stopped. And when they might have worked in harmony with the natural movements of society, it is a simple and undeniable fact that, their zeal outrunning their discretion, they refused to do so. At the first hint of New Zealand's becoming a field for emigration, the missionaries as a body—there may have been exceptions—busily informed their flocks that the coming pakehas were the scum of society, outcasts who could not live in their native land, and endeavoured to the best of their ability to put the natives on their guard against the immigrants. Far from endeavouring to make, as, with a grain of tact, they might easily have made, the new comers coadjutors in the missionary work, they opposed the alienation of

lands, abused the characters of settlers, individually and collectively, and, instead of fostering good will between the races, have, whenever opportunity offered, widened the breach they were themselves the first to make. Thus, they believed they would most easily retain their own spiritual ascendancy. They feared lest the influence they were wont to exercise over their flocks should gradually die out, and the hierarchy at the antipodes be lost in the bustle of a rough Anglo-Saxon republic. The narrow policy failed utterly; the missionaries lost the power that a generous exercise of sympathy, a little human tolerance, a little of the dignity that belongs to pure lives led in charity with all men, would have undoubtedly preserved to them. They who should have been, and could have been, the bond of union between the settlers and the natives, committed themselves to the meanest policy of selfishness, and sowed the bitter seeds of strife in the name of the Gospel of charity. From such seeds they did not reap, even into their own garner, the fruit they desired. They lost their influence, and mainly because they made themselves, by their own folly, unpopular with the immigrants, instead of trying to amalgamate the old flock with the new.

I am not one of those who would decry missionary labour. I have a sincere honour for men who, casting aside the comforts of their native land, have betaken themselves to the work commanded in the words, "Go ye forth unto all nations," and amongst a nation of savages have concentrated their energies on the diffusion of the word of truth. I can understand that at the first colonisation of New Zealand they were influenced partly by a just desire to prevent the natives from being cheated, and that they properly opposed alienation of lands for such prices as a few Brummagem muskets and a score of Jew's-harps. I can believe that their desire was often only to protect the interests of a capable people whom they trusted to see rising into importance through the influence of Christianity. From what they then knew of colonial life at the antipodes, they might not unreasonably be unable to foresee the ingress of a class of men whose manners and behaviour were likely to raise in the minds of their disciples a respect for Christian institutions. What, it may be asked, could they picture to themselves as the result of immigration, judging from the neighbouring colony of New South Wales, but, as it then was, the introduction of disease, drunkenness, profligacy, and vice, in all its worst forms? I admit that they had cause for fear, and feel that it would be almost sacrilege to criticise the actions of a man like Marsden. Would that the missionaries to New Zealand had all been like him! But the fatal defect of their body in New Zealand was, that they could not open their eyes to the laws that rule human society. Did they suppose that their opposition could arrest the tide of civilisation? Could they not see God in the world as well as in the Bible? Why should they have endeavoured to oppose the settlement

of those Englishmen, who, if they had been taken by the hand by teachers and helpers already on the spot, and wiser and better themselves, would, through precept and example, have become their best allies? If they had striven to graft the civilised habits of the colonist upon the Christianity taught by the missionary, there would have been peace now in New Zealand. And how illogical was the ground they took up! In their previous teaching they must have told their disciples how Christianity brings its own fruits of joy into this world; yet, as soon as they heard that Christians were coming, they abused them, and by inference discredited the influence of the religion they professed. The principle of peace and good will, on the first great opportunity of practically acting on it, was ignored. Why were not the new comers welcomed as a part of the great common flock? However it might be with the convicts of New South Wales, these gentlemen—for such they generally were by birth and education—must have understood the difference between free emigration and transportation. Again, for their prevention of the alienation of land from the natives for frivolous and trifling payment, they are to be praised; but this was not protection of the natives against colonists. The land was first bought by the agents of a commercial company, and in these matters of land bargaining with the natives the immigrants, as a body, had no part.

The sale of lands dishonestly bought was reversed, and they were repurchased, the original price being retained (particularly the muskets) for future adjustment, in which they (the muskets) took an active part. Nor does the grave mistake end here, for the missionaries persisted in a course needless in itself and subversive of the discipline which might otherwise have been exercised over the natives. Many, forgetting wholly their office and the scriptural directions for its due performance, rushed headlong into politics, adopting a policy for the protection of the Maoris against improbable contingencies, and by its cramping influence diametrically opposed to the interests of the settlers. So they endeavoured to maintain a failing influence over the native, by combining the priest with the politician, until now in New Zealand missionary influence is powerless, except where it bends subservient to all the wishes of the natives. In the last war at Taranaki, the missionary party were the first to find an imaginary flaw in the purchase at Waitara, and by publishing their sentiments they not only seriously compromised the governor, but directly supported the natives in rebellion. Why did they not depend more, in a wise sympathy, upon the hearts and wills of their fellow-countrymen to support them in the labours which had already returned an abundant harvest? To many, I know, these must be, as they are to me, unwelcome truths. I should not speak them if they represented nothing but an individual and personal impression. Unhappily they are what almost every educated settler in New Zealand knows and thinks.

We know, too, that after all the Settler was and is the best friend of the Maori. On his arrival he made that land valuable which was formerly of no account. It was, I admit, bought at a low price; but if it had been given away, it would have amply returned value to the owners, by enhancing value in the land retained. The land having been purchased in laying out settlements, proper and liberal provision was made for the improvement of the native race. Schools were instituted; lands were set aside for industrial and other educational institutes for the natives, whom the settlers placed on the same legal footing with themselves. Native commissioners and other employés were appointed to protect their interests, and far from there being any attempt to rob them of their land, a fee-simple was granted them, and laws were passed which prevented the land sharkers from purchasing territory, by enacting that no land sale or lease was legal unless made through and by the government.

The settlers have submitted to taxation for the maintenance of their institutes: they have almost without a grumble suffered from the cramping influence of enactments designed solely for the just benefit of the Maoris. And after all this they were not allowed to have a voice in the conduct of native affairs. The imperial government retained in their own hands all power over this department; a department indirectly governed by the advice of those men who first opposed immigration, and afterwards never stirred one finger to smoothe the road for their fellow-countrymen in exile.

It may have appeared that the individual conduct of Europeans has been irritating to the natives, that the Maoris find themselves looked down upon with contempt and detestation. That contemptuous words have occasionally been uttered by drunken sawyers and ignorant soldiers, is very true, but that either such words, or the feeling which prompts them, are customary to the colonist, I utterly deny. On the contrary, many close friendships exist between individuals of either race, and many chiefs are looked up to with great respect and affection by the body of the settlers. Take such instances as Herckiekie, whose loss was universally regretted by black and white; E. Puni, an old gentleman, the friend of every man in Wellington, and at whose funeral the settlers for miles round attended in token of the great respect in which they held him. I have seen Maoris sitting down at the tables of the leading men of the colony, and after dinner mutually discussing the affairs of the nation over an amicable pipe and tumbler. Of late years some settlers had the pluck to disregard the troublesome law which provides against the direct purchase or leasing of lands; bargains were struck at a fair rent, and arrangements were concluded to the mutual satisfaction of all parties, without any of the hampering interference of government officials.

The Maoris are a people very able to learn from their friendly neighbours, and I think that

if more confidence had been placed in the honour of our colonists, and more reliance on the shrewdness and intelligence of the native, in the purchase of land, it is very doubtful indeed whether any of the disastrous wars which have cost us loss in treasure and repute would ever have happened. What, for example, is the history of the late miserable squabble at the Waitara, which resulted in the devastation of the garden of New Zealand and the ruin of hundreds of old and industrious colonists. In 1841 a large tract of land was purchased at Taranaki for the New Zealand Company, and Mr. Spain, the commissioner appointed by her Majesty to preside over the New Zealand Land Claims Court, pronounced that sixty thousand acres had been fairly purchased. Of this land much was taken up and cultivated by settlers. In 1844, Governor Fitzroy reversed the award, and a small portion, three thousand five hundred acres, was repurchased, no more being alienated for three years. Subsequently about seventy thousand acres were bought at high prices, and the last and most valuable portion of the old purchase was never alienated. Well, in 1854, Rawiri Waiana, a native magistrate, offered a part of this land for purchase, but poor Rawiri, whilst he was actually pointing out the boundaries of the proposed purchase, was, with several followers, shot down by members of the Land League, an association of the most turbulent tribes to prevent the further extinction of native title over any land whatever. It was of no consequence to them whether the tribe offering land for sale belonged to the league or not. It was simply given out that whosoever dared to effect a sale of territory to the government would surely bring down upon himself the vengeance of the league. No attempt was made to punish the murderers, and long and bloody feuds arose out of this outrage. However, in 1859 a block of six hundred acres was offered to Governor Brown by a chief, Teira, which was accepted, but the title lay open for investigation for nine months, in order that any claimant might have time to enter objection. None was made except by Wiremu Kingi, who, admitting the title of Teira, merely stated that he would not allow the land to be sold. Now this Wiremu Kingi was a staunch supporter of the Maori king, who, with his kingdom of associated tribes, had grown out of the Land League. Kingi's only ground for opposing the sale was that he was a subject of the king, and, therefore, refused to agree to it. This objection not being considered valid, the bargain was concluded, and surveyors were sent to lay out the block. The price paid for it was nearly a pound an acre. Well, the surveyors appeared, but were warned off by a party of old women, who were sent out insultingly to break the instruments of the civil engineers. Governor Brown, not liking this, sent a party of soldiers to take possession. They were fired on; and thus commenced this dismal war. What right has any man to call a contest thus begun a "Settlers' War?"

The settlers were, no doubt, ready to fight,

because there had been heaped upon them insults innumerable for years before. The Queen's authority was at a discount. If a Maori stole from a settler, he could not be reached by the law. If he owed money to a settler, it could not be recovered by the law. If he chose to slaughter a settler on his door-step, the colonial government took no notice. In fact, for years previously, the settlers of Taranaki had remained by pure sufferance in possession of their own, and they were made to feel it. The very magistrates admitted that no help could be expected from them. Of course, they longed for the war, and bravely and manfully did they take part in it, and cruelly they suffered. I really believe that if a true unadulterated story of that so-called campaign were written, no one at home would or could believe it. I read an account of it by an officer who saw a little, a very little of it, and you would suppose therefrom that every obscure skirmish was a Waterloo, and that the taking of a miserable pah was a Badajos. Yet in the first fight the volunteers were deserted by the soldiers, under circumstances detailed in the commanding officer's despatch, the concluding words of which are to this effect, if not in the exact words: "As night was coming on, I retired according to orders, leaving the volunteers apparently surrounded by the enemy." Can England believe that one thousand three hundred men, regular troops, retreated before some forty or fifty naked savages? or that settlers' houses were burned down and their stock driven off within gunshot of the garrison, and yet no effort was made by the military to protect them; the settlers themselves being also prevented from going out to save at their own risk their own property? One of the longest saps on record was made up to a miserable pah, and in the only stand-up fight that occurred, our soldiers were well thrashed. I have seen old soldiers, men who had seen service, grind their teeth when asked about the affair, and fairly curse at the disgrace brought on them by the sheer ignorance and incapacity of senior officers. As a matter of course, what little prestige was left from the wars of 1848-49, was lost. The natives withdrew their forces, driving off with them cattle, sheep, and horses, leaving the province of New Plymouth a desert, and its settlers ruined, their houses burned, their stock lifted, many of their children dead from fever, diphtheria, &c., caused by their being cooped up in the town, while not a few of the best and bravest had either been killed in action, or murdered by the enemy.

Sir G. Grey came, he thought, to buy the Maori over to allegiance by setting up a system whereby the influential men were to be soothed with government situations. He attempted to set up an universal system of transparent coaxing

and bribing, which has failed, as all anticipated that it would. The war is now again general over the island, but seems likely to be prosecuted by General Cameron more actively than by his predecessors. I trust that it may come to a more honourable conclusion, if only for this reason: that the aborigines of New Zealand, after years of mismanagement and misrule, must needs be made to feel our strength before they will ascribe to anything but cowardice our will to be their friends. In that spirit we now fight. The respectable English settler has no hatred at all for the Maoris. He likes their pluck, admits their intelligence, and cannot altogether blame them for taking advantage of the system of bungling and mismanagement which has been adopted for their governance during so many years. We cannot blame them when they act upon the advice of an English party in the colony, generally known as the "Exeter Hall party," which has supported them even in their late rebellion at Waitara, nor can we blame them for looking down with somewhat of contempt upon the wretched character of the attempts made to support our authority. We colonists lay the blame on the paltry and vacillating policy which has always been observed towards the Maoris, and on the utter want of determination exercised towards them by the magistracy in carrying out the law. I once saw a horse taken away by force, and against his own decision of the law, before the eyes of a magistrate who, in a case between a settler and native as to ownership, had just given a judgment. The verdict was against the Maori, who, not getting the horse by right, took it by might. The outrage was simply hushed up, and glossed over, and the old system of keeping up appearances was quietly maintained. The natives, judging from such incidents, cannot but feel the rottenness of our rule, and in fact they usually chaff us if we talk about the power of Britain. They have thus been pushed and tempted into battle with us. We colonists find that in travelling amongst them they are courteous and hospitable; that in the ordinary business of life we can pull together very well; that bargains of all sorts can be settled between us; and that as long as we are let alone we get on very well.

That is the settlers' way of looking at a question usually presented to the home public in missionary reports and government despatches, which these notes may perhaps help some readers to interpret properly.

On Thursday, the Third of December, will be published,
price 4d.,

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS,

FORMING

The Extra Double Number for Christmas.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS

N^o. 240.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ALFRED HARDIE spent three days writhing in his little lodging. His situation had been sadder, but never more irritating. By right possessor of thousands, yet in fact reduced to one suit, two shirts, and half-a-crown: rich in intellect, yet hunted as a madman: affianced to the loveliest girl in England, yet afraid to go near her for fear of being torn from her again, and for ever. All this could last but one week more; but a week's positive torture was no trifle to contemplate, with a rival at his Julia's ear all the time. Suppose she should have been faithful all these months, but in this last week should be worn out and give herself to another: such things had been known. He went to Lincoln's Inn with this irritating fear tearing him like a vulture. Mr. Compton received him cheerfully, and told him he had begun operations in Hardie versus Hardie: had written to Thomas Hardie two days ago, and inquired his London solicitor, and whether that gentleman would accept service of the writ in Hardie versus Hardie.

"To Thomas Hardie? Why, what has he to do with it?" asked Alfred.

"He is the defendant in the suit." Then seeing amazement and incredulity on Alfred's face, he explained that the Commissioners of Lunacy had treated him with great courtesy; had at once furnished him with copies, not only of the order and certificates, but of other valuable documents. "And there," said he "lies the order; signed by Thomas Hardie, of Clare Court, Yorkshire."

"Curse his impudence," cried Alfred, in a fury: "why, sir, he is next door to an idiot himself."

"What does that matter? Ah, now, if I had gone in a passion and indicted him, there would be a defence directly; 'no malice, defendant being non compos.' Whereas, by gently, quietly, suing him, even if he was a lunatic we would make him or his estate pay a round sum for falsely imprisoning a sane Briton. By-the-by, here is counsel's opinion on your case," and he handed him a short opinion of a distinguished Queen's Counsel, the concluding words of which were these:

3. If the certificates and order are in legal form, and were made and given *bonâ fide*, no action lies for the capture or detention of Mr. Hardie.

"Why it is dead against me," said Alfred. "There goes the one rotten reed you had left me."

"Singularly dead," said the attorney, coolly: "he does not even say 'I am of opinion.' He is in great practice, and hard-worked: in his hurry he has taken up the Lunacy Acts, and has forgotten that the rights of sane Englishmen are not the creatures of these little trumpery statutes; no, thank you; our rights are centuries older, and prevail wherever, by good luck, the statutes of the realm are silent; now they are all silent about incarcerating sane men. Besides, he gives no cases. What is an opinion without a precedent? a lawyer's guess. I thought so little of his opinion that I sent the case to a clever junior, who has got time to think before he writes." Colls entered soon after with the said junior's opinion. Mr. Compton opened it, and saying, "Now let us see what *he* says," read it to Alfred. It ran thus:

"There was clearly a right of action under the common law: and it has been exercised. *Anderson v. Brothers; Paternoster v. Paternoster, &c.* Such a right can only be annulled by the express terms of a statute: now the 8 and 9 Victoria, cap. 100, sect. 99, so annuls it, as against the madhouse proprietor only. That, therefore, is the statutory exception, and tends to confirm the common right. If the facts are as represented (on which, of course, I can form no opinion), Mr. Hardie can safely sue the person who signed the order for his alleged false imprisonment.

"I agree with you that the usual course by praying the Court of Chancery for a Commission de Lunatico Inquirendo, is timorous, and rests on prejudice. Plt., if successful, is saddled with his own costs, and sometimes with Deft.'s, and obtains no compensation. It seems clear that a jury sitting at Nisi Prius can deal as well with the main fact as can a jury sitting by the order of the Chancellor; and I need not say the costs will go with their verdict, to say nothing of the damages, which may be heavy. On the other hand, an indictment is hazardous; and I think you can lose nothing by beginning with the suit. By having a

shorthand writer at the trial, you may collect materials for an indictment, and also feel the pulse of the court; you can then confer upon the evidence with some counsel better versed in criminal law than myself. My advice is to sue Thomas Hardie; and declare in Tort.

(Signed) "BARROW.

"N.B.—I have been thus particular, because *Hardie v. Hardie* (if carried to a verdict) will probably be a leading case."

"Who shall decide when counsel disagree?" inquired Alfred, satirically.

"That depends on where they do it. If in court, the judge. If here, the attorney."

"You appear sanguine, Mr. Compton," said Alfred: "perhaps you would not mind advancing me a little money. I've only a half-a-crown."

"It is all ready for you in this drawer," said Compton, cheerfully. "See, thirty sovereigns. Then you need not go to a bank."

"What, you thought I should borrow."

"Don't all my clients begin by bleeding me? it is the rule of this office."

"Then why don't you give up business?"

"Because I bleed the opposite attorney's client a little more than my own bleeds me."

He then made Alfred sign a promissory note for the thirty pounds: advised him to keep snug for one week more, and promised to write to him in two days, and send Thomas Hardie's answer. Alfred left his address, and went from Mr. Compton a lighter man. Convinced of his courage and prudence, he shifted one care off his own shoulders: and thought of love alone.

But, strange as it may appear, two cares are sometimes better for a man than one. Alfred, having now no worry to divert him from his deeper anxiety, was all love and jealousy; and quite overbalanced: the desire of his heart was so strong, it overpowered alike his patience, and his prudence. He jumped into a cab, and drove to all the firemen's stations on the Surrey side of the river, inquiring for Edward. At last he hit upon the right one, and learned that Julia lived in Pembroke-street; number unknown. He drove home to his lodgings: bought some ready-made clothes, and dressed like a gentleman; then told the cabman to drive to Pembroke-street. He knew he was acting imprudently; but he could not help it. And besides, Mr. Compton had now written to his uncle, and begun the attack: that would surely intimidate his enemies, and turn their thoughts to defence, not to fresh offence. However, catching sight of a gunsmith's shop on the way, he suddenly resolved to arm himself on the bare chance of an attack. He stopped the cab: went in and bought a double-barrelled pistol, with powder-flask, bullets, wads, and caps, complete. This he loaded in the cab, and felt quite prudent after it. The prudence of youth.

He paid off the cab in Pembroke-street, and set about the task of discovering Julia. He in-

quired at several houses, but was unsuccessful. Then he walked slowly all down the street, looking up at all the windows. And I think, if he had done this the day before, he might have seen her, or she him: she was so often at the window now. But just then she had company to keep her in order.

He was unlucky in another respect. Edward came out of No. 66 and went up the street, when he himself was going down it not so very many yards off. If Alfred's face had only been turned the other way, he would have seen Edward, and all would have gone differently.

The stoutest hearts have their moments of weakness and deep dejection. Few things are more certain, and less realised by ordinary men, than this; from Palissy fighting with Enamel to Layard disinterring a city, this thing is so.

Unable to find Julia in the very street she inhabited, Alfred felt weak against fate. He said to himself, "If I find her, I shall perhaps wish I had never sought her."

In his hour of dejection stern reason would be heard, and asked him whether all Mrs. Archbold had said could be pure invention; and he was obliged to confess that was too unlikely. Then he felt so sick at heart he was half minded to turn and fly the street. But there was a large yard close by him, entered by a broad and lofty gateway cut through one of the houses. The yard belonged to a dealer in hay: two empty waggons were there, but no men visible, being their dinner-time. Alfred slipped in here, and sat down on the shaft of a waggon: and let his courage ooze. He sighed, and sighed, and feared to know his fate. And so he sat with his face in his hands unmanned.

Presently a strain of music broke on his ear. It seemed to come from the street. He raised his head to listen. He coloured, his eyes sparkled; he stole out on tiptoe with wondering, inquiring, face into the street. Once there, he stood spell-bound, thrilling from his heart, that seemed now on fire, to his fingers' ends. For a heavenly voice was singing to the piano just above his head; singing in earnest, making the very street ring. Already listeners were gathering, and a woman of the people said, "It's a soul singing without a body." Amazing good things are said in the streets. The voice was the voice of Julia. The song was Aileen Aroon; the hymn of constancy. So sudden and full was the bliss, which poured into the long and sore tried listener at this sudden answer to his fears, that tears of joy trembled in his eyes. "Wretch that I was to doubt her," he said; and unable to contain his longing, unable to wait and listen even to that which had changed his grief and doubts into rapture, he was at the door in a moment. A servant opened it; "Miss Dodd?" he said, or rather panted: "you need not announce me. I am an old acquaintance." He could not bear any one should see the meeting between him and his beloved; he went up the steep and narrow stair, guided by the hymn of constancy.

He stopped at the door, his heart was beating so violently.

Then he turned the handle softly, and stepped into the drawing-room: it was a double room: he took two steps and was in the opening, and almost at Julia's back.

Two young clergymen were bending devotedly one on each side of her; it was to them she was singing the hymn of constancy.

Alfred started back as if he had been stung; and the music stopped dead short.

For she had heard his step, and, womanlike, was looking into her companions' eyes first, to see if her ear had deceived her. What she saw there brought her slowly round with a wild look. Her hands rose towards her face, and she shrank away sideways from him as if he was a serpent, and her dilated eyes looked over her cringing shoulder at him, and she was pale and red and pale and red a dozen times in as many seconds.

He eyed her sorrowfully and sternly, taking for shame that strange mixture of emotions which possessed her. And so they met.

Strange meeting for two true lovers, who had parted last upon their wedding eve.

No doubt, if they had been alone, one or other would have spoken directly: but the situation was complicated by the presence of two rivals, and this tied their tongues, I think. They devoted one another with their eyes in silence; only Julia rose slowly to her feet, and began to tremble from head to foot, as she looked at him.

"Is this intrusion agreeable to you, Miss Dodd," said Mr. Hurd, respectfully, by way of courting her. She made no reply, but only looked wildly at him still, and quivered visibly.

"Pray, sir," said Alfred, turning on Mr. Hurd, "have you any right to interfere between us two?"

"None whatever," said Julia, hastily. "Mr. Hurd, I need no one: I will permit no one to say a word to him. Mr. Hardie knows he cannot enter a house where I am—without an explanation."

"What, before a couple of curates?"

"Do not be insolent to my friends, sir," said Julia, panting.

This wounded Alfred deeply. "Oh, as you please," said he. "Only if you put me on my defence before strangers, I shall, perhaps, put you to the blush before them."

"Why do you come here, sir?" said Julia, not deigning to notice his threat.

"To see my betrothed."

"Oh, indeed! Then why have you postponed your visit so long?"

"I was in prison."

"In prison, Alfred?"

"In the worst of all prisons; where I was put because I loved you; where I was detained because I persisted in loving you, you faithless, inconstant girl."

He choked at these words; she smiled; a faint uncertain smile. It died away, and she shook her head, and said sadly:

"Defend yourself, and then call me as many names as you like. Where was this prison?"

"It was an asylum: a madhouse."

The girl stared at him bewildered. He put his hand into his pocket, and took Peggy's letter. "Read that," he said. She held it in her hand, and looked him in the face to divine the contents. "Read it," said he, almost fiercely: "that was the decoy." She held it shaking in her hands, and stared at it. I don't know whether she read it or not.

He went on: "The same villain who defrauded your father of his money, robbed me of my wife, and my liberty: that Silverton House was a lunatic asylum, and ever since then (oh Julia, the agony of that day) I have been confined in one or other of those hells; sane amongst the mad; till Drayton House took fire, and I escaped, for what, to be put on my defence by you. What have you suffered from our separation, compared with the manifold anguish I have endured, that you dare to receive the most injured and constant of mankind like this, you, who have had your liberty all this time, and have consoled yourself for my absence with a couple of curates?"

"For shame!" said Julia, blushing to the forehead, yet smiling in a way her companions could not understand.

"Miss Dodd, will you put up with these insults?" said Mr. Hurd.

"Ay, and a thousand more," cried Julia, radiant, "and thank Heaven for them; they prove his sincerity. You, who have thought proper to stay and hear me insult my betrothed, and put my superior on his defence, look how I receive his just rebuke: dear, cruelly used Alfred, I never doubted you in my heart, no not for a moment; forgive me for taunting you to clear yourself; you who were always the soul of truth and honour. Forgive me: I too have suffered; for I thought my Alfred was dead. Forgive me."

And with this she was sinking slowly to her knees with the most touching grace, all blushes, tears, penitence, happiness, and love; but he caught her eagerly. "Oh! God forbid," he cried: and in a moment her head was on his shoulder, and they mingled their tears together.

It was Julia who recovered herself first, and shrank from him a little, and murmured, "We are not alone."

The misgiving came rather late: and they were alone.

The other gentlemen had comprehended at last that it was indelicate to remain: they had melted quietly away; and Peterson rushed down the street; but Hurd hung disconsolate about the very entry, where Alfred had just desponded before him.

"Sit by me, my poor darling, and tell me all," said Julia.

He began; but, ere he had told her about his first day at his first asylum, she moaned and

turned faint at the recital, and her lovely head sank on his shoulder. He kissed her, and tried to comfort her, and said he would not tell her any more. But she said somewhat characteristically, "I insist on your telling me all; all. It will kill me." Which did not seem to Alfred a cogent reason for continuing his narrative. He varied it by telling her that through all his misery the thought of her had sustained him.

A rough voice was heard in the passage inquiring for Mr. Hardie. Alfred started up in dismay: for it was Rooke's voice. "I am undone," he cried. "They are coming to take me again; and, if they do, they will drug me; I am a dead man."

"Fly!" cried Julia; "fly! up-stairs; the leads."

He darted to the door, and out on the landing. It was too late. Rooke had just turned the corner of the stairs; and saw him. He whistled and rushed after Alfred. Alfred bounded up the next flight of stairs: but, even as he went, his fighting blood got up; he remembered his pistol: he drew it, turned on the upper landing, and levelled the weapon full at Rooke's forehead. The man recoiled with a yell, and got to a respectful distance on the second landing. There he began to parley. "Come, Mr. Hardie, sir," said he, "that is past a joke: would you murder a man?"

"It's no murder to kill an assassin in defence of life or liberty: and I'll kill you, Rooke, as I would kill a wasp, if you lay a finger on me."

"Do you hear that?" shouted Rooke to some one below.

"Ay, I hear," replied the voice of Hayes.

"Then loose him. And run in after him."

There was a terrible silence; then a scratching was heard below: and, above, the deadly click of the pistol-hammers brought to full cock.

And then there was a heavy pattering rush, and Vulcan came charging up the stairs like a lion. He was half-muzzled; but that Alfred did not know: he stepped forward and fired at the tremendous brute somewhat unsteadily; and missed him, by an inch; the bullet glanced off the stairs and entered the wall within a yard of Rooke's head; ere Alfred could fire again, the huge brute leaped on him, and knocked him down like a child, and made a grab at his throat; Alfred, with admirable presence of mind, seized a banister, and, drawing himself up, put the pistol to Vulcan's ear, and held the other barrel just as Rooke rushed up the stairs to secure his prisoner: the dog bounded into the air and fell over dead with shattered skull, leaving Alfred bespattered with blood and brains, and half blinded: but he struggled up, and tore the banister out in doing so, just as a heavy body fell forward at his feet: it was Rooke stumbling over Vulcan's carcase so unexpectedly thrown in his path: Alfred cleared his eyes with his hand, and as Rooke struggled up, lifted the banister high above his head, and, with his long sinewy arm and elastic body, discharged a blow frightful

to look at, for youth, strength, skill, and hate all swelled, and rose, and struck together in that one furious gesture. If the wood had held, the skull must have gone. As it was, the banister broke over the man's head (and one half went spinning up to the ceiling); the man's head cracked under the banister like a glass bottle; and Rooke lay flat and mute, with the blood running from his nose and ears. Alfred hurried the remnant of the banister down at Hayes and the others, and darted into a room (it was Julia's bedroom), and was heard to open the window, and then drag furniture to the door, and barricade it. This done, he went to load his pistol, which he thought he had slipped into his pocket after felling Rooke. He found to his dismay it was not there. The fact was, it had slipped past his pocket and fallen down.

During the fight, shriek upon shriek issued from the drawing-room. But now all was still. On the stairs lay Vulcan dead, Rooke senseless: below, Julia in a dead faint. And all in little more than a minute.

Dr. Wolf arrived with the police and two more keepers, new ones in the place of Wales and Garrett discharged; and urged them to break into the bedroom and capture the maniac: but first he was cautious enough to set two of them to watch the back of the house. "There," he said, "where that load of hay is going in; that is the way to it. Now stand you in the yard and watch."

This last mandate was readily complied with; for there was not much to be feared on the stones below from a maniac self-immured on the second story. But to break open that bedroom door was quite another thing. The stairs were like a shambles already, a chilling sight to the eyes of mercenary valour.

Rooke was but just sensible: the others hung back. But presently the pistol was found sticking in a pool of gore. This put a new face on the matter; and Dr. Wolf himself showed the qualities of a commander. He sent down word to his sentinels in the yard to be prepared for any attempt on Alfred's part, however desperate: and he sent a verbal message to a stately gentleman who was sitting anxious in lodgings over the way, after bribing high and low, giving out money like water to secure the recapture, and so escape what he called his unnatural son's vengeance; for he knew him to be by nature bold and vindictive like himself. After these preliminaries, Doctor Wolf headed his remaining forces, to wit, two keepers, and two policemen, and thundered at the bedroom door, and summoned Alfred to surrender.

Now among the spectators who watched and listened with bated breath, was one to whom this scene had an interest of its own. Mr. Hurd, disconcerted by Alfred's sudden reappearance, and the lovers' reconciliation, had hung about the entry very miserable: for he was sincerely attached to Julia. But, while he was in this stupor, came the posse to recapture Alfred, and

he heard them say so. Then the shots were fired within, then Wolf and his men got in, and Mr. Hurd, who was now at the door, got in with them, to protect Julia, and see this dangerous and inconvenient character disposed of. He was looking demurely on at a safish distance, when his late triumphant rival was summoned to surrender.

No reply.

Dr. Wolf coaxed.

No reply.

Dr. Wolf told him he had police as well as keepers, and resistance would be idle.

No reply.

Dr. Wolf ordered his men to break in the door.

After some little delay, one of the keepers applied a chisel, while a policeman held his truncheon ready to defend the operator. The lock gave way. But the door could not open for furniture.

After some further delay they took it off its hinges, and the room stood revealed.

To their surprise no rush was made at them.

The maniac was not even in sight.

"He is down upon his luck," whispered one of the new keepers: "we shall find him crouched somewhere." They looked under the bed. He was not there. They opened a cupboard: three or four dresses hung from wooden pegs; they searched the gowns most minutely: but found no maniac hid in their ample folds. Presently some soot was observed lying in the grate: and it was inferred he had gone up the chimney.

On inspection the opening appeared almost too narrow. Then Dr. Wolf questioned his sentinels in the yard. "Have you been there all the time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Seen nothing?"

"No, sir. And our eyes have never been off the window and the leads."

Here was a mystery: and not a clue to its solution. The window was open: but five-and-twenty feet above the paved yard: had he leaped down he must have been dashed to pieces.

Many tongues began to go at once: in the midst of which Edward burst in, and found the two dead men of contemporary history consisted of a dead dog, and a stunned man, who, having a head like a bullet, was now come to himself and vowing vengeance. He found Julia very pale, supported and consoled by Mr. Hurd. He was congratulating her on her escape from a dangerous maniac.

She rose and tottered away from him to her brother and clung to him. He said what he could to encourage her, then deposited her in an arm-chair and went up-stairs; he soon satisfied himself Alfred was not in the house. On this he requested Dr. Wolf and his men to leave the premises. The doctor demurred. Edward insisted, and challenged him to show a magistrate's warrant for entering a private house. The doctor was obliged to own he had none. Edward then told the policemen they were engaged in an

illegal act; the police were forbidden by Act of Parliament to take part in these captures. Now the police knew that very well: but, being handsomely bribed, they had presumed, and not for the first time, upon that ignorance of law which is deemed an essential part of a private citizen's accomplishments in modern days. In a word, by temper and firmness, and a smattering of law gathered from the omniscient "Tizer, Edward cleared his castle of the lawless crew. But they paraded the street, and watched the yard till dusk, when its proprietor ran rusty and turned them out.

Julia sat between Edward and Mr. Hurd, with her head thrown back and her eyes closed: and received in silence their congratulations on her escape. She was thinking of his. When they had quite done, she opened her eyes and said, "Send for Dr. Sampson. Nobody else knows anything. Oh pray, pray, pray send for Dr. Sampson."

Mr. Hurd said he would go for Dr. Sampson.

She thanked him warmly.

Then she crept away to her bedroom, and locked herself in, and sat on the hearth-rug, and thought, and thought, and recalled every word and tone of her Alfred; comparing things old and new.

Dr. Sampson was a few miles out of town, visiting a patient. It was nine o'clock in the evening when he got Julia's note; but he came on to Pembroke-street at once. Dr. Wolf and his men had retired, leaving a sentinel in the street, on the bare chance of Alfred returning. Dr. Sampson found brother and sister sitting sadly, but lovingly together. Julia rose upon his entrance. "Oh, Doctor Sampson! Now is he—what they say he is?"

"How can I tell, till I see 'm?" objected the doctor.

"But you know they call people mad who are nothing of the kind: for you said so."

Sampson readily assented to this. "Why it was but last year a surjin came to me with one Jackson, a tailor, and said, 'Just sign a certificate for this man: his wife's mad.' 'Let me see her,' said I. 'What for,' said he; 'when her own husband applies.' 'Excuse me,' said I, 'I'm not a bat, I'm Saampson.' I went to see her; she was nairvous and excited; 'Oh, I know what you come about,' said she. 'But you are mistaken.' I questioned her kindly, and she told me her husband was a great trile t' her nairves. I refused to sign: on that didn't the tailor drown himself in the canal next day? He was the madman; and she knew it all the time, but wouldn't tell us; and that's a woman all over."

"Well then," said Julia hopefully.

"Ay but," said Sampson, "these cases are exceptions, after all: and the chances are nine to one he's mad. Dawn't ye remember that was one of the solutions I offered ye, when he leavanted on his wedding-day?" He added satirically, "And couldn't all that logic keep in a little reason?"

This cynical speech struck Julia to the heart: she could not bear it: and retired to her own room.

Then Dr. Sampson saw his mistake, and said to Edward, with some concern, "Maircy on us, she is not in love with him still, is she? I thought that young parson was the man now."

Edward shook his head: but declined to go much into a topic so delicate as his sister's affections: and just then an alarming letter was delivered from Mrs. Dodd. She wrote to the effect that David, favoured by the wind, had run into Portsmouth harbour before their eyes, and had disappeared, hidden, it was feared, by one of those low publicans, who provide bad ships with sailors, receiving a commission. On this an earnest conversation between Sampson and Edward.

It was interrupted in its turn.

Julia burst suddenly into the room, pale and violently excited, clasping her hands and crying, "He is *there*. His voice is like a child's. Oh, help me! He is hurt. He is dying."

BRETON LEGENDS.

ST. SULIAC is a small village six kilometres from Dinan, and is situated on the Rance, a little river, navigable for some miles by boats and small craft, which empties itself into the sea below St. Servan, near St. Malo.

The district is entirely maritime, very little wooded, and partly covered with marshes, dry in summer.

These marshes then produce a meagre pasturage, on which feed—we cannot say, fatten—small flocks of sheep, not of the plumpest, but producing good delicate mutton. Here and there, scattered over the downs, are herds of small cows, while goats dispute with asses the rank grasses and shrubby willows that grow beside the paths intersecting the marshes. But notwithstanding the aridity of the soil it produces nearly all the flowers that compose the Bretonne flora.

The coast consists chiefly of high cliffs, covered with a stunted vegetation. The beach is muddy, and bristling with rocks and rough sharp pebbles; of sand or shells is hardly a trace. The land is chiefly cultivated by the women; the men are nearly all sailors, and go to sea from their early childhood. The older ones, who voyage no longer, fish, and instruct the lads in the labours of a seafaring life. At each high tide some fifty or sixty fishing-boats sail down the Rance, and spread their nets at its mouth; when the tide turns they enter the ports of St. Malo, St. Servan, and Dinard, and go about the streets, basket on arm, crying "Aux lençons frais, aux lençons frais!" and forth, sally the housewives to bargain for the dainty little silver sand-eels, which form the chief produce of the fishery. Besides these, however, the coast furnishes a variety of shell-fish, some in great request among gourmets; among others are the Néril oyster

and the Coquille de St. Jacques, both now becoming extinct; the lobster, crab, prawn, mussel, and several others; and such is the abundance of morgates cast on the shore, that the inhabitants, after having half lived on them for weeks, rake them up with the seaweed and manure the fields with them. Thence the word "morgatiers" has become a sobriquet for the inhabitants of St. Suliac among the neighbouring villages. Besides these fish, soles, rays, mullet, eels, whiting, and a variety of others, are sufficiently abundant. Sea-birds also abound, and it seems that the chasse aux petits oiseaux has not here waited to be by law put an end to, for larks, yellow-hammers, and a variety of little birds, make the country cheery with their notes.

With this little preface, I commence my series of legends with

THE ASSES OF RIGOURDEN.

A little way from the town, on the summit of Gârot, existed, until the year 1831, the ruins of a chapel, built, as we are told, by the good Abbé Sullanus, on his arrival from Wales in the third century.

St. Suliac, having thus constructed his monastery, set to work to cultivate the ground surrounding it and to make gardens, which his monks kept in order; and, planting vines,* they trained them into arches and enclosures, separating and shutting in the patches of grain and vegetables confided to their care.

The Rance, now a navigable river, was then a little streamlet, so shallow, that often it was crossed dryshod, or, as tradition asserts, on two jawbones of an ass. On the left bank, opposite Gârot, rather more than a kilometre from the monastery, was a farm called the Farm of Rigourden. This homestead, now destroyed by time, has given its name to the village of Rigourden en Plover. It possessed a vast number of asses, which the farmer sent every day to feed in the marshes which then lay all about the foot of the mountain. These animals, little tempted by such coarse and scanty fare, and instinctively led to where richer pasturage was to be found, soon learned to quit their meagre grazing, and, in the evenings, stole up to the gardens of the abbé, feasting on the good things there flourishing.

For some days this proceeding passed undiscovered, the good monks being much occupied with prayers and meditation; but, at the end of that time, finding their fields ravaged and their vines half stripped, they concealed themselves till the arrival of the marauders, whom they drove off with sticks, watching them till they crossed the stream and mounted the hill in the direction of their home. The monks, so far satisfied with their discovery, then came and laid the case before their abbé.

St. Suliac, astonished at such audacity, sought the farmer, and complained strongly of his negligence; the farmer listened with an air of all

* On the top of Gârot still remain vines, which, not being seen elsewhere, are supposed to be those of St. Suliac and his cenobites.

due deference, but took no further notice of the matter, and the asses, little likely to neglect the opportunities for such regales, continued to follow the well-known route across the stream, and up the hill to the abbé's gardens. One morning, however, the saint, finding them happily engaged in browsing on his vines, he "entered," says the chronicle, "into a holy anger, struck them with his staff, and gave them his malediction; then, leaving the curse to work, he retired into his monastery, where the duties of his state awaited him."

The owner of the asses, not finding them return in the evening, as usual, became very uneasy, and summoning his men, proceeded to the marshes in search of them. Failing of success, he dispersed his servants in search of them, and, with certain misgivings, alone took the route to the convent. Arrived at the top of the hill, the first sight that met his view was that of his asses, standing immovable all round the monks' gardens. He called them, but not one moved, and, approaching nearer, he found that the poor beasts, victims of their own greediness and the negligence of their master (to say nothing of the saint's holy anger), were struck motionless, each with his head turned over his back. In dire consternation stood the farmer till his servants rejoined him. What was to be done? After a long consultation it was decided that they should go and crave the pardon and assistance of the holy monk.

For a long time the saint turned a deaf ear; but at length, melted by their prayers and promises, he yielded, and, releasing the asses, restored them to their much-relieved owner. The animals, however, as they joyously took their homeward route, returned thanks for their deliverance in such an unmelodious fashion, that the saint, resolved to be no more troubled with them in any shape, followed them down the hill to the border of the stream. When the last had crossed it, he extended over the water his staff, and pronounced some prayers, the result of which immediately appeared in the spreading of the rivulet into its present dimensions.

Not very long ago was found in the cellar of the presbytery a curious piece of antique wood-carving, representing the asses with their heads turned over their backs. Nothing was known concerning it, and I cannot say if it be still in existence.

LA GUIVRE.

La Guivre was a serpent, which had its origin in the following manner:

St. Samson, Bishop of Dol, says the legend, came with a numerous suite to visit St. Sulpice. The latter, who lived very poorly, received his guest in the best manner he could, and placed before him and his followers the produce of his land. A certain dainty monk, accustomed to the sumptuous table of the bishop, on seeing the humble fare of the abbé, turned up his priestly nose, and bitterly, though silently, murmured at the frugality of the host. He even went so far as to require a second invitation to take his place at table, and then he ate a small

portion of vegetables, as if under protest. As to the bread, it was so little to his taste, that not knowing how to dispose of it (St. Samson, his patron, was eating it contentedly)—he did not dare to throw it away, nor leave it on the table—he opened his robe and concealed it in his bosom.

In an instant the wretched monk fell into convulsions, and rolled about, uttering cries which brought together all the brothers in the monastery. St. Samson was at his wits' end, but St. Sulpice, being warned of an angel, advanced towards him, bidding him be calm. The expiring monk seemed to beseech the pardon of the saint, who, reprimanding him severely for his daintiness, opened his robe, and there displayed to the assembly a hideous serpent tearing his breast. The saint immediately exorcised the reptile, commanded it to quit the monk, and passing a stole round its neck, delivered it into the hands of one of the brethren, desiring him to carry it to the most elevated point of Garot. There, in the presence of St. Samson and all the monks of the monastery, and of the bishop's suite, he again exorcised the monster, and precipitated it from the top of the mountain into the sea, with a command never again to trouble the anointed of the Lord.

The Isle of the Serpent, or La Guivre, is still to be seen on the beach under Garot. It was in this place that, up till '93, on one of the Rogation days, the clergy of St. Sulpice, as already described, came to dip the foot of the silver cross three times in the deserted cavern of La Guivre.

CAMPION'S HARE.

This hare, according to tradition, was a very singular animal, and did not live, like his fellows, in secret and solitary places. He was to be seen in the villages, in the bourg,* and particularly in the Venelle-ès-Naviots, where never did an evening pass without his showing himself.

This animal, in running away, uttered cries which disturbed the whole neighbourhood, and every one, looking at his neighbour, remained terror-stricken; the bravest questioned if these were really the cries of a hare, or the infernal summons of a lost spirit, and no one dared to show the very end of his nose at an open window when they were heard. The very dogs, when let loose in pursuit of him, hid among the legs of their masters and the petticoats of their mistresses; the boldest dared not go into the street, and often, with bristling hair, fled howling before the terrible beast.

This hare in no wise shrank from the presence of man; on the contrary, he seemed to defy him. He would walk beside him, step by step, but the moment a hand was stretched forth to catch him, the creature escaped in two or three

* Bourg, which means simply town, is the name especially applied in Brittany, and some other parts of France, to the village inhabited by the speaker; as, in other parts, the word Pays is similarly employed.

little bounds, squatted himself comfortably down, waited, and, as soon as he was again within reach, resumed the same manœuvre. But woe to him who continued the pursuit: the beast so completely misled him, that he never returned to the village to give an account of himself.

All the young men of St. Sulpice had been after him in vain. He braved them, he overturned their plots, by showing himself on the same evening in different places to thirty young heroes, who, never being able to agree as to the place nor the hour of the apparition, were obliged to break up, swearing at the cursed animal.

This hare was of enormous size, and, as no one ever saw its equal, it was agreed that it must be a sorcerer, and every one had a tale concerning it, of which the most curious was that which obtained it the name of Campion's Hare.

Campion was a young sailor, tall, strong, vigorous, alert, active, and with a sure eye. On returning from service he heard tell of the wonderful animal, the terror of the *viellois*;^{*} he listened attentively to all the stories related before him, and one evening, a fortnight after his return, he said, as he lit his pipe, to the sailors who were going into the *viellois* with him, "*Hé bien, les gars! What's the matter, that you seem in such a flurry?*"

"We have seen the hare! He is there in the street!"

"And there *you* are, all upset!" replied Campion, with a contemptuous toss of the head. "A hare frightens you, and you call yourselves men!—and sailors, moreover!—like a parcel of *piou-pious*.† Faith, I don't know what to make of you! You have faced a hundred dangers in your voyages; you have seen—all of you have served like me—I don't speak of the *Terreneuvats*,‡ who have seen nothing but their village, the island, the gulls, the codfish, and a few grey or white bears—but you, I say, who have seen the tigers of Bengal and Africa—you tremble like girls before a hare of your own country! What did you do, then, before the serpents and leopards of America? A set of— But that's enough; one sees your ways, and one knows what a lot one has to do with! To show you that your hare is nothing but a rag" (*chiffe*, a term of the uttermost contempt), "and isn't worth a pipeful of tobacco, I'll wager that I'll bring him you dead or alive within three days; unless, indeed, the hare be the devil himself, with whom I don't pretend to measure myself."

All the young men eagerly accepted the bet.

That same evening Campion went to look after the hare; he had pointed out to him the

places it chiefly frequented, he watched for it with all care, but in vain; for two months he sought it, but without ever obtaining a glimpse of the creature. The first bet thus lost was paid.

Then Campion made a second, and eager not to lose it, he kept constantly on the watch. Still the hare remained invisible: "They are a pack of visionaries!" then said Campion, and he ceased to trouble himself more in the matter.

He was coming home one evening from visiting his sweetheart, thinking only of his future marriage, and how to gain the consent of her family, richer than himself. He turned over his own savings, and weighed them against the bit of lard of his lady-love, when, all of a sudden, striking his foot against something, he tripped and came sprawling across some soft body which struggled under him, and speedily escaped, leaving Campion to get up and rub the sand off his hands.

A few paces before him sat the hare. He had had the beast under him a second ago, and there it squatted, mocking him, sitting up on end, and rubbing its ears as if nothing had happened.

The brave sailor quickly recovered from his surprise. Stealing along without a sound, he cautiously stretched forth an arm—the hare is under his hand! but lo, a bound and the beast is thirty yards from the murderous arm which threatens him.

Campion, at once making up his mind to have an end of the matter then and there, proceeded to follow him, but without appearing to be in pursuit. So on he went, singing, to give himself an air of indifference, the hare skipping and capering from furrow to furrow before him till they entered the bourg together. As they passed by the Port-Barrée, chance, the blind god that sometimes plays us such scurvy tricks, placed a cudgel at his foot. Campion stooped, seized it, and sent it flying right on the loins of the hare, which rolled over on his side. In delight Campion, thinking the hare was dead, and that he had nothing to do but carry it off and display it at the first *viellois* he should come to on his way, stooped to pick it up, when behold! the creature, which had only been laughing at him, rises up on its hind legs, grows bigger and bigger, assumes a fearful aspect, tears the cudgel out of his hand, and bestows on him such a dressing as he never had before.

So thick and fast fell the blows that the poor sailor's eyes flashed fire; at last, however, he contrived to escape from them, and, perceiving a light in a house still open, he fled thither, and fell fainting in the middle of a *viellois* there assembled, despite the lateness of the hour.

Everybody overwhelmed Campion with questions and attentions, and as soon as he had somewhat recovered, he exclaimed:

"Mes amis, I've lost this bet too. I have done more than see the hare, I have felt it!"

He then related to them his doleful adventure: every one remained terror-stricken, and each, as he returned home, trembled at the thought of what results this event might bring about, seeing that the hare was clearly the devil

* *Viellois*. Evening meetings, where young people assembled to tell stories, and otherwise amuse themselves.

† *Piou-piou*, a term of contempt used by the sailors for fool soldiers. Almost all the male inhabitants of these coasts have to serve a certain time at sea, there being a conscription for the navy as well as the army.

‡ *Terreneuvats*—those employed in the cod-fishery on the coast of Newfoundland. They are held in small esteem by those who have served in the navy.

in person. The young men escorted Campion home, and saw him safe and warm in bed; but it was long ere he recovered from the cudgelling of the unholy beast.

As to the hare, satisfied, no doubt, with having felt the weight of Campion's arm, he never reappeared in the place, where he is still remembered under the title of Campion's Hare.

THE FIRE SEA.

THE earth billow, the movement of which was felt during several seconds about 3.22, Greenwich time, in the morning of Tuesday, the 6th of October, 1863, over a great part of England, gives a fresh interest to the hypothesis of a central sea of fire. This guess is now almost universally received by the authorities in geology and geography. There are, indeed, properly speaking, no authorities in science, proof being everything and men nothing; but the men who obtain prevalence for their views by supporting them with apparently satisfactory proofs, are by courtesy called authorities; and it is the fact that most of these men, after studying the structure, the history, and the occurrences befalling the Earth, teach at present the doctrine of central heat.

The planet Earth is, like all the others, of celestial origin. "The planets are formed," says La Place, "by the condensation of zones of vapours." And Buffon says: "The terrestrial globe has precisely the form which would be taken by a fluid globe turning upon itself with the swiftness which, as we know, belongs to the globe of the Earth. Thus the first consequence which flows from this incontestable fact is, that the matter of which our Earth is composed was in a state of fluidity at the moment when it took its form." La Place was of opinion that, considering the prodigious distance which separates our planet from the other planets, the fluid out of which it was formed must have been of immense extent. The ideas of La Place and Buffon were no doubt suggested by the imaginings of Descartes, who, deriving the stars from vortices, or whirlpools of burning particles, globules, or matter, the heavier or coarser outside conceives the planet Earth which we inhabit to be an encrusted sun. Voltaire tried to ridicule this notion. For, not only the "fool," but the man of genius, and every man in proportion as he is irreverent and ignorant, in the words of the poet,

still hath an itching to deride,

And fain would be upon the laughing side.

In his *Dialogues d'Évhémère*, Voltaire calls Descartes, Cardestes. *Évhémère* says: "Cardestes has divined that our nest was first of all an encrusted sun."

Celliarte.—"A crusted sun! You are joking."

Évhémère.—"It is this Cardestes, no doubt, who was joking when he said that we were formerly composed of subtle and globular matter, but that our materials having thickened, we

have lost our brilliancy and our force. Now-a-days we have tumbled out of the whirlpool in which we were centres and masters, into the whirlpool of the sun. We are covered all over with branched and channelled matter. Finally, from being a sun which we were, we are become a moon, having, by favour, another little moon around us to console us in our disgrace."

The ideas which Descartes imagined, and Voltaire ridiculed, Leibnitz proved in his *Protogæa*. He found in the depths of the Earth, matter—molten, calcined, and vitrified by fire. The stars, he said, were of themselves luminous bodies. After burning during long epochs, their combustible matter having been exhausted, they became extinguished, forming a vitreous crust.

The planet Earth, this crusted sun, is covered for by far the greater part for three-fourths of its surface by an ocean of water, and it is clad all round in an ocean of air. The earth is a reflecting globe. As yet nobody knows the thickness of the crust of the globe. As yet nobody knows the depth of the sea of water. As yet nobody knows the height of the ocean of air. The crust we know consists chiefly of quartz. The ideas of Descartes and Leibnitz, Buffon and La Place, were apparently corroborated by the experiments of Mitscherlich and others, who, by submitting the matters comprising the primitive rocks to the heat of furnaces, have reproduced their crystals; fire can make them, and therefore fire has made them. The crust was made by fire. The oscillations of the solar heat in the aerial covering of the Earth make the vicissitudes of the seasons; and the changes in the atmospheric pressure upon the surface of land and water. If the Earth were warmed by sun-rays only the heat would decrease continually as we sink wells or dig mines downwards, while, on the contrary, we soon reach a point where the temperature is equable, stationary, invariable; and then in descending lower and lower and further and further from the solar heat, the Earth's heat makes itself more and more felt, the rate of increase only being different in the reports of observers, while respecting the increase they are unanimous. M. Elie de Beaumont is of opinion that if there were no solar heat whatever, enough of terrestrial heat would reach the surface annually all round the globe to melt a sheet of ice a quarter of an inch thick. Calculations have, indeed, been made of the depth of the crust and the height of the air, but they are far from satisfactory to minds exigent of certitude. The savans of the last generation had a very easy way of making those calculations, saying the cold increases so many degrees as we mount up certain distances, and the heat increases so many degrees as we dig down certain distances, the aerial ocean is, therefore, so many leagues high, and the mineral layers are so many leagues thick! But the problem is not so easy.

"Earthquakes," says M. de Quatrefages, "make the soil of our fields undulate like an agitated sea, and sometimes shake at once both

hemispheres. Thus it is seen that everything teaches us how little this which we call the solid earth is worthy of the name—how thin and fragile is the film enveloping the fluid portion of the globe—and how promptly it would, without doubt, be destroyed if it were not for the five hundred and fifty-nine volcanoes distributed over its surface acting as safety-valves, and presenting outlets more or less free to the action of the subterranean fires."

As a singular example of the confidence with which a whole school of geologists but recently enunciated their reasonings in the earth and air, I translate the following from this author: "The world generally forms a very exaggerated idea of the thickness and solidity of the terrestrial crust. Here are a few figures fitted to convey somewhat more exact notions. The most superficial layers of soil partake of the variations of the temperature dependent upon the seasons to a depth varying with the latitude, but never considerable. Beyond this point the temperature rises as we sink down; and experiments many times repeated have shown that this increase is at about an average of one degree for every thirty-three metres. Let us take the round number of thirty metres. The result is, that at a depth of three thousand metres, or three-fourths of a league from the surface, we find already the temperature of boiling water. Supposing that the heat increases uniformly at a depth of twenty kilometres, we shall find six hundred and sixty-six degrees, that is to say, a heat which melts several of the fluids entering into the composition of our rocks. Thus, at about four post leagues from the surface, ought to commence the incandescent mass which forms nearly the whole of our globe. When compared with the size of the earth, this thickness represents about three millimetres for a globe of one metre. In other words, it will be about equal to the thickness of a sheet of (French) letter-paper for one of those globes generally used in geographical studies. When we bring the question to these terms, we cease to be astonished at the movements which may agitate this film; and if we are surprised at anything, it is that the earth is not more frequently the theatre of upsets (bouleversements), which, although frightful to us, would be scarcely felt over a vast extent of our planet."

The principle from which these startling inferences have been drawn has, however, been much shaken by recent observations. The air, it has been proved, does not grow colder by regular degrees as we go up, and therefore it may yet be found that the rocks do not, by regular ratios, grow hotter as we quarry down. Mr. Glaisher says the decrease of temperature is 51 deg. Fahrenheit in twenty-five thousand feet of elevation; two-fifths of the whole decrease in five miles taking place on the first mile. Probably the cause of greater cooling on the first mile is, that the earth imbibes and radiates the heat of the sun's rays, and the aerial voyager finds the decrease of heat to be greater at first because he then loses the in-

fluences of the accumulations and the radiations.

But whilst it would be unwise to conclude that we know accurately the rate at which the heat of the earth increases downwards, the progress of science appears to be continually confirming the doctrine of central heat. A succession of chemists has pursued the series of experiments begun by Mitscherlich, and nearly every mineral and metal in the crust of the earth has been produced artificially by imitating the processes of nature. Ebelman astonished the last generation of reading people by making jewels. Boracic acid enters into the composition of several minerals, and forms thirty-one per cent of alumina and thirty-nine of silica. This acid Ebelman used as a solvent at a high temperature, and then, evaporating the solvent, produced, among other minerals, rubies, sapphires, spinels, chrysoberyl, chrysolite, and chromate of iron. He pounded emeralds, and then fusing the dust with boracic acid and a little oxide of chromium, reproduced, or rather made, new emeralds. The crystals of the artificial chrysoberyls were sufficiently large to have their angles measured and to be tested, and they were found to be identical with those of natural chrysoberyls. Metals can be produced artificially, like minerals, and even gold may be made at a cost of double the price of the natural production. M. Daubrée has recently extended considerably the list of artificial minerals and metals. With other minerals he has obtained quartz and felspar. Clay and kaolin, having been previously purified by washing, under this process produced felspar with crystals of quartz. M. Bahinet, hearing felspar much spoken of when these experiments were made known, remarked, "Felspar! that is a very common rock indeed!" "But," said some one, "we are speaking of artificial felspar." "Artificial felspar! that is an unique specimen in the world!"

The action of heat in the formation of primitive rocks cannot be doubted in presence of these experiments. But as if to show us how far we are from the solution of these problems, stones, unless we are to disbelieve a vast amount of testimony, descend from the skies, from the regions of inconceivably severe cold, consisting of iron nickel, felspathic sand, silicious sand, formed into octahedral crystals, resembling sand after it has been a long time in a furnace, and more or less melted, fused, and glazed at the surface. These stones were for a long time called air-stones, and now they are called meteor-stones, but nobody has been able to prove clearly what they are. Their new name is given to them by those who suppose them to be shooting-stars, always to be seen in the evening sky, but especially in August and November. The Arabs call these shooting-stars celestial crickets, and certainly the comparison describes well their apparent leaps in the lofty fields of blue among the stars. Aérolites or meteorites have, it is said, fallen in showers. Certain stones, now preserved in museums, have, we are assured, been seen to fall. Some writers imagine the

whole of space to be full of this "star dust." Far from pretending to know either what the celestial crickets, or what the air-stones are, I am concerned only to remark here that these puzzles of the museums are at present universally believed to fall from the skies, to be of celestial origin, and to display the action of fire. Shooting-stars may be air-stones, only there is not a particle of evidence to prove it; and certainly the fact is a startling one that the skies should be at present deemed regions of intense cold, out of which fall stones looking as if they had come out of furnaces!

The notion of central heat appears to be supported by all the descriptions of the movement experienced by the light sleepers over a good part of England on the morning of the sixth of October. I was awake by a sensation which reminded me of a billow coming under me when floating on my back on the sea; another observer felt as if a great beast were rousing himself up under his large iron bedstead; and each of the lads of a college suspected the others of getting under their beds and shoving them up, or of conspiring to shake the whole building. Many persons describe a rising and sinking, or an "uprising," and then a "setting." From the comparatively slight and gentle character of this earth billow, the direction of the movement has not been marked by unmistakable signs, but it appeared to be from north-west to south-east. There is, of course, a difference in earth billows, which is due to the strata upon which the observer resides. I experienced the earthquake of 1816 when residing upon granitic rocks, and was awake, not by the earth wave, but by the shaking of the granite walls of the house, and the rattling of everything in it. Hugh Miller, of Cromerty, has recorded that this earthquake slewed partially round the blocks of a granite obelisk, thus, in his neighbourhood, registering its own course.

The crust of the Earth being elastic, and holding in a sea of fire as the phenomena of terrestrial heat, of hot springs, and of volcanic eruptions, seem to prove risings and sinkings would be natural consequences and constant proofs of the structure supposed by the savans. Travellers in Iceland boil sheep in the hot springs, and certainly there is something whimsically sublime in the notion of cooking one's boiled mutton in water heated by the central heat of a crusted sun! The suppositions of Buffon and La Place, as we have seen, were very similar. La Place supposed that the matter of the Sun was once extended over all the space now occupied by the planets, which were formed by the contracting and cooling of portions of it. Buffon tested these ideas by strange experiments and calculations, obtaining singular results. Buffon set up great furnaces near Montbard, into which he put balls or bullets of iron, copper, and minerals, as like as possible to those composing the crust of the globe. These large balls he heated up to the degree in which he supposed the Earth was at first, and then watched the time they took in cooling. Apply-

ing the ratios arrived at in these ways, he reckoned that from the incandescence of the Earth to his time a period of seventy-five thousand years had elapsed; life he calculated had existed upon the globe thirty-five thousand years; and the future duration of life upon it could not, he concluded, exceed ninety-three thousand years. The fauna and flora would then die of cold. As Buffon himself grew old, this theory of the duration of the Earth seemed more natural to him, for growing old is growing cold, and cold is death. But Fourier, the author of the Mathematical Theory of Heat, took Buffon up on his own ground, and by refuting him, drove away his uncomfortable hypothesis. He accepted as proved the notion of a central sea of fire: and did not deny the alleged thinness of the crust. There are then two oceans of heat; the sea of solar heat above our heads, and the sea of terrestrial heat under our feet. Buffon, according to Fourier, erred when he supposed that the cooling was still going on at the rate at which it began. The central furnace is still immense; but if its influence were to cease to be perceptible or calculable altogether, the planets and animals would only lose the benefit of one-thirtieth of a degree of heat. The cooling, then, has almost done its worst. The Earth will not, some ninety thousand years hence, die of old age! Of course we are all glad to hear it, even for the sake of our descendants a million generations after us!

An elastic shell, full of fire and liable to uprising and sinking, three-fourths water and one-fourth land at the surface, might be expected to show its instability by displacing the water. The water would flow from the upheavings and into the hollows. Now this is just what we find. All of the present land has been under the sea. Nobody who knows the weaknesses of learned men can be ignorant of their dislike to say, "I don't know;" when, therefore, marine shells or fossils were found on the tops of mountains, the mediæval schoolmen called them freaks of nature. Yet the geographers, philosophers, and poets of antiquity—Strabo, Seneca, Plato, and Ovid—knew their marine character. What Ovid says in the fifteenth book of his *Metamorphoses* on this subject is very curious. He had seen what was formerly very solid land become a firth; he had seen formed land arise out of the water; he had seen marine shells strewn far from any coast, and a rusty anchor upon mountain-tops; what was a field, become a valley of flowing water; and a hill drawn out of the water of a morass.

Bernard de Palissy, the potter, who knew neither Greek nor Latin, opened a course of three lectures in Paris, to prove, by comparing specimens, that the fossil shells were identical with the marine shells of the present epoch. This course was opened the year before young Francis Bacon arrived in Paris as an attaché to the English Embassy. During the three years he remained in France, Bacon must have heard of this refutation of one of the statements of the schoolmen, for the most eminent medical men of

the time attended the lectures of the potter, including Ambrose Paré. Palissy charged a crown (escu) for admission, and offered four crowns to any one who would prove him to be wrong; but, "thank God!" he says, "not a single man ever contradicted a single word!"

Yet, two hundred years later, Voltaire, although the most efficient in teaching the method of the French Baconians, quarrelled with Buffon on this very point. "The sport of nature has," he said, "imprinted upon stones an imperfect resemblance to certain animals;" and then he said, "The pilgrims must have let the shells fall on their way to Rome or the Holy Land." Their reconciliation was characteristic of both men. Voltaire sent his submission to Buffon in the form of a joke, who replied by a rounded period of eulogium. "I won't," said the one, "remain at variance with M. de Buffon for the shells;" and the other replied, "I declare for the sake of M. de Voltaire, of myself, and of posterity, which I will not leave in doubt of the high esteem I have always had of a man so rare, and who is so great an honour to his age."

Stenon, in 1669, explained why marine shells are found embedded in rocks which, instead of lying flat, have been raised up. All sediments are deposited horizontally, but when they have consolidated, the agitations of the sea of central fire upheaves and fractures them. All those strange positions of the sedimentary strata are, then, proofs of the existence of this great source of terrestrial commotion.

Three-fourths of the surface of the globe being covered with water, it follows that three-fourths of the movements of the earth billows from the commotions of central heat occur where there are few observers to record them, and in circumstances likely to deceive these few. Yet many instances have been recorded, of which the following is perhaps the most striking: On the 20th of October, 1637, Callao, the port of Lima, was overwhelmed, with all its inhabitants, and man and beast, for fifty leagues along the coast. The rolling mountains of water carried ships from the road of Callao a league up the country. At the time, Captain Davis, the commander of an English ship, was lying in his cabin, one hundred and fifty leagues from the coast, when the ship appeared to have struck upon a rock. The guns leaped in their carriages, the sailors were pitched out of their hammocks, and the captain was thrown out of his cabin. In their bewilderment and consternation every one began to prepare for death. When their amazement was a little over, they cast the lead and sounded, but found no ground. The green sea had turned whitish, and the water they took up in their buckets was filled with sand: and again they sounded for land, and again they found none. They concluded that the shock they had suffered must have come from an earthquake, but they probably would never have published their experience, if they had not heard of the calamity of Callao.

The traces of uprisings and sinkings upon coasts and mountains are innumerable, I shall

only, therefore, mention those which haunt my imagination whenever I think on this subject. Persons who have been ever so short a time resident upon a rocky coast must be aware of the existence of shell-fish, which penetrate the rocks and live in the holes they make. There are several genera and many species of these shell-fish, but at present we have to do chiefly with the lithodomus of Cuvier. These shells are a group between the mussels and the arks. Living in coast rocks, in limestone cliffs, and being found in the pillars of the Temple of Serapis, at Puteoli, they have furnished decisive proofs of the changes of the level of sea-coasts in modern times. Sir Charles Lyell, after a personal examination of the district, found evidence of no less than five changes of sea-level during a period stretching from eighty years before Christ to 1838. More than nineteen hundred years ago, when the ancient mosaic pavement was constructed, the sea-level was twelve feet above the actual level. More than eighteen hundred years ago it was still six feet above the actual level. The level by the end of the fourth century was nearly as low as it is at present. In the middle ages, and prior to the eruption of Monte Nuovo, the sea-level was nineteen feet lower than in 1838; whilst in the beginning of the century it stood at about two feet two inches higher. When it was nineteen feet lower than at present, the stone-piercers (Lithodomi) lodged themselves within the marble columns, and as they died some of their unoccupied holes were taken possession of by the sand-burrowing ark and wedgoshells (Arca and Donax). No wonder the discovery of such shells of the purple shore in marble columns, from twelve to more than twenty feet up in the air, has attracted the attention for so many years of so many men of eminence in science!

In Chambers's Ancient Sea Margins will be found an accumulation of facts and observations on the subject of sea-levels. This island, he says, was once submerged at least seventeen hundred feet. The result of his very extensive observations Mr. Robert Chambers states to be, that the superficial formations bear the marks of former levels of the sea up to at least twelve hundred feet. I can only ask my reader, with this work as a manual, to take a glance at the Carse of Gowrie in Scotland.

In the Carse of Gowrie, where it is about twenty feet above the adjacent firth at Polgavie, there are, firstly, about twenty feet depth of various clays, then a four-feet-thick bed of peat extending under the sea, and containing alders and birches standing as upright still as when they grew in the blue clay at their roots. At three different heights in the clays there are vegetable roots cut off by layers of marine shells, proving thus in all four recurrences of the sea. The word "inch" in Gaelic signifies island; when the Celts first arrived in the Carse of Gowrie, the places must have, it is inferred, been islands in a shallow firth, which are still called Inchyra, Inchmichael, Inchmartin, Inchsture, and Megginch. The minister of Errol

reports that about sixty years ago a small anchor was found at Megginch. More recently a boat-hook was found about eighteen feet below the surface, sticking among the gravel as if left by the water. About twenty years ago the remains of an anchor were found below Craig Flaw, a cliff which overlooks the Carse between Kinnaid and Fingask. Craig Flaw, and the rock on which Castle Huntly stands, contained, it is said, until a very recent period, rings to which boats were formerly tied. The title-deeds of estates, now separated by the whole breadth of the Carse from the firth, contain rights of salmon-fishing. These rights might become of some use, if the Scotch salmon would learn from certain Asian species of fish how to travel over dry land, or how to fall in showers from heaven!

In 1819, at Airthrey, near Stirling, in land twenty-five feet higher than the level of the spring tides in the river flowing a mile off, there were found the bones of a large whale. Seven miles further up the Carse there were found, in 1824, on the estate of Blair-Drummond, the remains of another large whale. The bones rested on the lower of two mosses. In each of these cases there were found among the bones fragments of stags'-horns containing perforations about an inch in diameter, and evidently the work of man.

Innumerable illustrations of these changes of sea-level may be found in geological works. The dry land, indeed, consists chiefly of ancient seabeds and the matter of igneous irruptions.

STARTING FOR SIBERIA.

My dreams had been of the knout, and the clacking of that detestable torturing whip had awoken me before daybreak.

The fact was, that two nights before, my excellent and learned friend; Monsieur Ivan Bibikoff, Professor of International Law at the University of Moscow, had been explaining to me the shape of the knout, and the mode of using it, and both together, over a bottle of Crimean champagne, had rejoiced with flowing glasses over the discontinuance of such a cruel mode of punishment.

"Ha, my dear friend," said the admirable professor, looking up at me from his spectacles, "we are a young people. You lucky English must not be impatient with us. We move on as fast as we can. You shall see our prisons; we are not so brutal as you think us. We go on; we have done away with the knout; punishment of death is almost unknown among us; no criminal can be executed till he has himself confessed; soon we shall have trial by jury—God hasten the day; in time we shall throw open our courts of justice. Patience, mon cher monsieur. Keep constantly before you the fact that our civilisation is but of yesterday. You must not expect of the boy the wisdom that you demand of the man."

"Well said," I replied. "But to return to the knout. Please to draw me on this enve-

lope (pushing one towards him) the shape of this barbarous whip."

The professor drew, with the painful care of an amateur artist, the shape of the savage relic of a bygone cruelty.

"The knout," he said, "had a short massive handle, and a heavy leather lash about eight feet long. It resembled those tremendous whips with which the Cossacks of the Ukraine, when they have brought a wolf to bay, can kill him at a single blow. The lash was formed of leather, curved so as to give two sharp edges along its whole length, and sometimes bound with wire thread, the end terminated in a little iron hook. It had no handle, but one end was left supple, so that the executioner could wind it round his wrist. At every blow the sharp edges of the stiff curved lash fell on the criminal's back, and cut him as with eight yards of a pliant double-edged sword. The executioner, subtle in his cruelty, had learnt not to roughly withdraw the lash, but to draw it towards him, so as to remove long flaky bands of flesh, the hook being devised with devilish ingenuity for this detestable purpose. The lash was also purposely long, that it lapped round the body and cut deep into the chest at the same time that it destroyed the whole of the back. Indeed, to tell you the frank truth, my dear sir, it was well known that the executioner could, if he chose, kill any man at one blow of the knout, by lapping him round the lungs and heart; but, as the 'Bourreau' was generally bribed, he seldom put forth his whole force. When the knout was honestly used, the criminal, if he survived the first blow, usually fainted at the third, and died about the fifth. A ukase of Peter the Great fixed the maximum of blows at one hundred and one (we Russians have a superstitious respect for odd numbers); but whether the knout became heavier, or we became more effeminate, the hundred and one blows—which, of course, implied death—were never given in the Emperor Nicholas's time. But I tire you. Thank you, I prefer a papiross (cigaret) to a cigar."

"Quite the contrary, you interest me extremely," I replied, ringing the hotel bell for a bottle of Château Margaux. "And how did they fasten up the unhappy wretch during this horrible punishment, the abolition of which does so much credit to your present emperor?"

"To a sloping plank, to which they bound him, bare backed, by the hands and feet, tying his arms round the plank. But your English travellers often confound the knout with the plete—a dreadful but still a much less terrible weapon. The plete was a whip of three leather lashes, tipped with small leaden balls. It weighed about five pounds; it did not strip the flesh, but bruised the ribs, detached the lungs from the pleura, and induced consumption. To gain strength, the Bourreau made a spring forward, and did not strike till he was close to the criminal. If he was bribed sufficiently, the Bourreau would remove his little finger from the handle of the plete, and that deadened the blow of the lash.

If death was intended, it was usual to bribe the executioner to aim the blows at the poor man's side, so as to kill him as soon as possible."

"You are very frank, professor. Are these not rather damaging flaws in your judicial system?"

"We no more use the knout, mon cher monsieur, as I told you; and, besides, a certain rascally Pole, who escaped nearly twenty years ago from Siberia, has disclosed all these things as they were under the last Czar. Other abuses will all go in time as the knout has gone. But as you are curious about these things, I will describe you another punishment, almost, if not quite, abolished. It is the Skvoz-Stivi; what the French call *Les Baguettes* (running the gauntlet). It was reserved chiefly for soldiers, but I have seen a woman punished by it in the open streets, and the worst of the Poles had also to endure it: as they sow so they must reap. They drew up two ranks of soldiers, arming each with a swiflet previously soaked for some days to make it supple. The condemned man is then stripped to the waist, his hands tied to a musket, and led through the ranks by a rope tied to the musket. As he passes, each soldier steps forward and strikes him on the back or neck. When he faints, he is lifted up and dragged on. The number of blows was limited by our Peter the Great to twelve thousand; but, unless it is intended to kill the man, they seldom inflict more than two thousand at a time. He is then carried to the hospital, and stays there till the doctor pronounces him able to start on his long and painful walk to Siberia."

I started at the very name of Siberia.

"By-the-by," said the professor, "as you take such an interest in our still somewhat imperfect administration of justice, and also in this terrible Polish question, which you Englishmen either cannot or will not understand, I will take you on Sunday morning to see the weekly caravan of prisoners start from our great state prison in the suburbs. It starts every Sunday morning at eight o'clock, and there are sure to be fifty or sixty Poles among them. We need ask no permission—we need pay no bribe; the prisoners assemble half an hour before the time outside the chief gate, and all we have to do is to drive there in a droschky, mingle with the crowd, and, if we choose, follow the poor fellows for half a mile or so. What is to-day?"

"Friday."

"Very well, Sunday morning, at seven, I shall be at the hotel door in a carriage and ready for you. Now I must wish you good night—no thanks—for I have work to prepare for my class to-morrow."

The Russians, naturally pliant, subtle, and diplomatic, affect this blunt manner with Englishmen, and it becomes them very well. I thanked the professor briefly, but warmly, and he left me to a Russian nightmare, composed of birch forests, rampant bears, Siberian exiles, blows of the knout, of all the czars, sturgeon, icebergs, and armies of Poles, armed with flashing scythes.

The next night I slept in the way a man does who goes to bed knowing he has an early appointment—a sense of an alarm about to run down. A shout awoke me—no, it was a church bell. What do I say, a church bell?—ten thousand brazen bells, going all at once. It was Sunday morning in the Holy City. Yes, it was a shout: there was Professor Bibikoff calling to me from the street. I opened the window and replied. In ten minutes I was with him. It was a fresh, bright October morning that I leaped into the droschky, in which Professor Bibikoff was already seated, and shook him by the hand.

"Pashot," he cried to the driver, "quick to the gate of the great prison on the Peteroffsky road; scorrei."

I was anxious to observe for myself the faces of the unhappy exiles, and the behaviour of the government officials. I knew it would be my last opportunity. Unconsciously to myself I was very excited at the thought of a scene so new and so full of associations of fear and terror, but I did not tell the professor so.

As our primitive carriage jolted and bounced along the badly-paved streets, the good-natured and bland professor harangued me on the good deeds and reforms of the present emperor. The professor, in his official tail-coat dotted with official gilt buttons, had a soft, low, persuasive voice, and rubbed his thin white hands as he eulogised his royal master.

We drove fast along the Boulevards, the broad yellow leaves rustling on our heads. The sky was pure as a sapphire.

A thin glaze of ice was filning the water in the fountains. The only men we met wore cloaks, whose collars were two feet deep in fur.

"See, winter is beginning," said the professor, thoughtfully. "We have enough of it by the time the snows melt in April, I can tell you."

"It must be cruel walking in winter for these poor prisoners?"

"No," said Bibikoff, in his quiet, diplomatic, apologetic voice. "They specially pray to go in winter. The chains are so heavy, that the summer heat distresses them more than the winter cold. Hurry coachman, hurry, or you get no tea-money."

By this time we had got clear of the side-streets leading from the long rambling Boulevard that girdles the straggling city of Moscow. We had passed the long ranks of small trees, and the cold-looking garden-seats.

A great archway of painted board and canvas stared at us on the left-hand side of the road. It was the entrance to the Hermitage, the Cremonne of Moscow, and, like Cremonne, the quondam estate of a nobleman. It had been just shut up for the winter, and looked tawdry and mournful: melancholy as a starving strolling player.

We had now reached that region of bare grass-patch, poor cottage and market-garden, that surrounds all cities. The road grew looser and more out of repair. The flimsy hack-carriage rolled and tumbled as if it was at sea. Then

came one of those stone obelisks that pompously mark out the Russian versts, and we saw before us, to the right hand, a long line of high whitewashed wall, flanked by small cruel-looking bastions at various intervals. The prison was like every public building in Russia, covered a vast square, and astonished one by its huge monotonous magnificence of space.

Fresh from those dreadful facts about the knout and the plete, I seemed to see an unrelenting cruelty breathing through every stone of that enormous palace of misery, and floating round it like a pestilential atmosphere. I smiled.

"Why do you smile?" said the professor. "This is no laughing place. Thousands of miserable men leave here annually for Siberia."

"My dear professor," I replied, "I could not laugh at the sufferings of any human being; but I was smiling because only yesterday the governor of this very prison we see before us refused me admission because I was an Englishman, and because Englishmen wrote about such places what was untrue. Now I see everything without his permission, and when I see the truth I can report the truth."

"That governor was a fool," said the professor. "We Russians need not fear the daylight. We know the abuses amongst us, and we will correct them; but many of them are deep-rooted. Hush, here come the prisoners!"

And there they came through the whitewashed arch in slovenly effrontery, in heartbroken despair, or in immovable dignity and pride. Two and two, in careless ill drilled array, they came, streaming out of the prison court-yards to the place set apart for the purpose outside the walls, and close to where we stood beside our carriage. They were men of all ranks and ages, but none very old or very young. There were youths, but no boys; old men, but none very old. As they poured through the gateway and ranged themselves in a long double line, I observed that they walked with a careless, resigned air, more like that of men rather wishing to endure a punishment that was inevitable, than overwhelmed with a crushing sense of horror. Of course there were various degrees and kinds of endurance, from that of brazen vulgar defiance to that of stealthy snake-like hatred, and slavish patience, or calm humility. In one face there was indifference, and in the next, perhaps, defiance. The Russians are fatalists, like their old enemies the Turks. For the most part, they bend unresistingly to the blows of Destiny, and, being under an evil, they quietly groan and remain under it.

None of the prisoners were by any means dirty in their dress. They were quite as clean as the ordinary Russian soldier, and the Russian soldier is by no means obtrusively dirty, though not, perhaps, so mechanically clean as the soldier of our own country. They all wore the regulation prison great-coat, of a stiff military cut, of a comfortable sheltering size, and of a brownish grey cloth. The men's feet were protected with good stout boots, reaching nearly to the

knee, and worn in the national manner over the trousers.

As far as I had as yet observed, the prisoners in no respect differed much, either in look or manner, from a detachment of Russian soldiers bound on some dangerous and ungrateful service. They wore the same torpid, servile, indifferent look that I had observed so often in Russian barrack-rooms—that stupid look of mechanical obedience so indicative of absence of all free will and mental power. There was no look of suffering compressing their brow, no thought of revenge gripping their lips.

It was not, indeed, till two or three of the prisoners turned their backs to me, that I saw that each of their coats was marked with a yellow diamond and the initials of the city from which they had come—S. P. for St. Petersburg, M. for Moscow, T. for Twer, and so on.

While I was observing, the last loitering prisoner came out of the prison, and strode towards the head of the column, where I and the professor stood. There was a strange jangling clashing noise when he moved, and when I looked down at his feet, I saw, to my horror, that a heavy chain bound one ankle to the other. The links of the chain were as thick as my little finger, and they were fastened to anklets of iron there. The weight of these irons made the man limp heavily along, with a peculiar straddling walk, intended, I suppose, to prevent the irons bruising his legs.

The loiterer was a burly, robust thief, big boned, gross, and cruel of face, with a prize-fighter's eyes and brow, a negro's lips, and a bull's neck. The sturdy villain stood nearly six feet high, and smiled a greasy smile as he looked complacently on his boots, and tucked the ends of his green coat under his girdle, with the air of a connoisseur in pedestrianism, determined to be all "a-tanto."

"One would think that horrid fellow had rehearsed his part," said the professor to me, adjusting the left glass of his spectacle with a practised touch of the forefinger.

The prisoners were now all drawn up in rank and file, about one hundred and twenty. Some were only for simple exile (*porshenie*), others for more serious crimes, and *travaux forces* (*Katorga*). Some were murderers, others forgers, a few robbers, many incendiaries, or seditious soldiers. In the distance were four or five carts heaped up with baggage; amongst which sat the female prisoners and the sick. The women were ugly, as the lower order of Russian women always are, and seemed stupidly insensible to their fate.

"How few of these people will ever return!" said the professor, who stood observing the whole affair with that superior and imperturbable air with which an old Londoner shows St. Paul's to a country friend.

"How long do they take going this dreadful journey," I asked; "and do they walk all those thousands of versts?" The professor's answer staggered me.

"A year, if they go from Kiow to Tobolsk;

and two years, if they go to a far point, like the mines of Nertchinsk or the fortress of Akatoula, in the government of Irkoutsk."

I expressed involuntarily my horror at this prolongation of a punishment that seemed to require no aggravation.

"Ah," replied the professor, "that journey is intended to be the severest part of the punishment. Once in Siberia, which is a country with a climate quite as good as that of St Petersburg, the punishments of those who behave well are all commuted."

There were some thirty or forty men and women watching the procession, but they manifested no special interest or sympathy. The peasants in their blue caftans, and their axes thrust in their belts, seemed to take it as they take everything, in a dull, fatalist way and as a matter of course. They were accustomed to such scenes. But some hearts must have beat faster under those leather caftans, for I observed from time to time a child with an innocent smile, run out of the crowd and give money to the prisoner who held the bag for the rest.

"But the Poles?" I said, half petulantly, to Bibikoff. "I don't see them."

"Ha! it is always the Poles with you English-wait a bit, and you will see the Poles, never fear my dear sir. They come out last of all. They will not be chained. In the mean time, it is that poor devil with the bag, he is the answer for the rest, let us give him something."

"With all my heart," said I, and put some roubles into the professor's generous hand which already held his own contribution.

Bibikoff stepped forward and handed the money to the treasurer, a sneaking looking mechanic, with a servile submission in every motion of his body. He was a sort of man who would be a favourite with the officer commanding the convoy. A crawling creature, who might be faithful to his comrades but who would more likely become a spy and informer, and whom for my own part, I would not have trusted out of my sight with even a blue rouble note.

The man took the money with that grave courtesy almost Oriental in its calmness which distinguishes the poorest Russian. He bowed, doffed his hat, glanced on his nearest comrades, who all seemed making mental notes of a donation somewhat larger than they had perhaps looked for. Even the stout thief, who led the gang of chained men, cast a glance half wistful, half grateful towards us as the prisoner folded up the greasy note, and placed it carefully in his canvas haversack.

The plot began to thicken, the soldiers with fixed bayonets came faster out of the prison, and placed themselves in closer intervals among the criminals. The heart of the prison was evidently beating faster, or the bad blood would not have been spreading so quickly through its veins. Presently a low browed pale little man, with "tailor" stamped all over him, came clashing towards us, carrying a bundle wrapped up in a handkerchief. The master thief welcomed

him with an ironical smile, as much as to say, "I told you you'd have to come."

And now, all down the ranks, the exiles began to "make their toilette," as the French express it. The men put their round caps in order, tucked up their coats, adjusted their irons, and prepared for the march in a sullen, patient, slavish sort of way.

As for the big rogue, mutinous and shameless, he was gayest of all. He put on the daring air of a pedestrian about to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, he looked round and smiled first at the imaginary "Fancy," and then sneeringly at those mere Gentiles, the spectators who did not bet. He was patronising and encouraging to his fellows in misfortune, with his untroubled hands he removed a neighbour's cap, the neighbour handed him a pocket comb, and he adjusted his hair for him.

It was when this wretch removed his cap that I first saw that every prisoner had his head half shaven, leaving a hideous crest of hair on one side, and on the other half the blue smooth shaved skin of a Turk. Monstrous enough the residue him looked, spreading over the head like a little Gaud's plume or the tuft on a clown's head.

This semi-shave was evidently a standing joke with the authorities, for he looked at us with an impudent leer mingled with a lazy and half contented curiosity. Let me burn all books in prison logs if that villain ever died in his bed, or with the benediction of clergy.

All the time the women were shaking their selves into their places among the bundle in the wagons. They were women of a lean type—lank in form and high in the cheek bone with no chins and bad mouths. They seemed less cheerful than the men. They wore a special dress, and seemed less carefully guarded. As far as I could see they were no chins. A woman has little chance of escape.

"If you were in Siberia," said the professor, big king, a long silence, you would see that many men were stamped in the forehead and both cheeks with the word for (sin) 'thief.' In the old times they used to nip off the nostril and you may still see men o marka about the towns in Siberia, but here comes the officer. They'll start soon.

Yes, there came the officer, brown skinned, bright-eyed smiling, all in an official state of bustle, his loose grey coat, lined with gold on the shoulders flying behind him as he hurried under the white arch of the prison, the papas under his arm and the bright steel scabbard of his sword clattering along the stones. The prisoners seemed to draw omens of good from his pleasant face and his kindly alacrity.

He hurried along the ranks, with a kind cheering word for many a one. When he came to the big thief and his group, he stopped and exhorted them in Russian. I could only catch here and there a word. The professor interpreted for me. He was begging the rogues to take the thing quietly, to go cheerfully, and to give as little trouble as possible, for their own

sake. The big thief clasped his chained hands before him in a statuesque way; the rest looked all attention, and arranged themselves into their places.

When the officer came to the little supposed tailor, that individual stepped forward with some supplicatory words. The professor also again stepped forward to my aid.

"He says that he is ill and weak, and cannot bear the fatigue of walking in chains. He declares he shall die on the road, and prays the officer to allow him to remain behind in prison."

The officer replied in a kindly manner that he had not the power to prevent his deportation, that it was the doctor who had that power, and that the doctor had declared that he was sufficiently recovered to go with the rest. The little pale man shrugged his shoulders, looked down on the ground, squeezed his bundle as if it was a parting friend's hand, and fell into his place with his face eastward. The big thief enjoyed the failure of the sick man's petition.

"Here comes the priest to give them the parting benediction," exclaimed the professor.

The soldiers presented arms in that listless way that the ordinary Russian soldier presents arms, as the priest approached. He was a broad-shouldered, common-looking man, wearing a plain black robe, and with long brown hair flowing over his shoulders. The Greek Church considers the crucifix idolatrous, and he carried neither cross nor breviary. With no set face but his ordinary grave demeanour, the priest mechanically repeated a prayer, and blessed the parting men. It was the funeral service of many of them. They bent their heads and jostled forward to kiss his hand; even a cluster who were bound by the wrists to a long bar of iron running between them. The iron chains clashed, clashed, in doleful unison.

The waggons began to move forward. The officer drew his sword, and arranged the soldiers. Surely now the Poles must be coming.

At that moment a band of about twenty or thirty men, two and two, advanced slowly from under the arch, and fell into the rear of the procession. I had already learned in some measure to distinguish a Pole from a Russian by his less oblique eyes, by his keener and more vivacious glance, by his more oval face, by his more pointed features. These prisoners of war, destined for the mines and fortresses of Siberia, wore no chains. The richer men were dressed almost like Englishmen, in short coats and pale-tots, the poorer in caftans and great-coats, like the lower orders of Russians. The poorer men were many of them old and feeble, and their faces bore no expression but that of resigned suffering. They had not the bearing of criminals, but they seemed to endure their fate with something of a fatalist's resignation. What had these men done? They were too old to have borne arms. They had, perhaps, lent horses or given money to their countrymen; and, for this, they were to be banished for life, away from kith and kin, home and comfort, and to share

the lot of thieves, murderers, enemies, and all the scum of Russia's great cities.

"Some of these men," said the professor, with no touch of compassion in his voice, "will go only to Tobolsk or Omsk; others to Beresov; a few will join the army in the Caucasus, or be incorporated with the Cossack regiments on the Kirghese frontiers; a portion will be sent to work at the distilleries at Ekaterinski-Zavod; others to the fatal verdigris-mines at Neretchinsk; the more refractory Polish students and workmen will be crrolled among the 'compagnies-disciplinaires' at Orenbourg; and the worst will go to be beaten, and perhaps die, at the fortress of Akatouia. This last place is reserved for the greatest political criminals and those forgers who have turned robbers and broken the ban."

"Poor souls!" I said, as the broken-down men filed slowly past me, with no shame nor guilt weighing down their heads.

But when the last half-dozen came, I could scarcely waste pity on such men. They strode along with such a dignity and calm defiant pride, not studied, nor self-conscious, nor theatrical—not like the stage Wallace, William Tell, or Fidelio, but proceeding from a quiet, deep, intense, indestructible, changeless hate, arising from a hostile religion, from a difference of race, creed, manners, and civilisation. Their leader was a young stalwart man of about eight-and-twenty, well dressed, with a fur cap on his head, and a neat courier's bag by his side. He walked as Hofer might have walked to death, heedless of the crowd, heedless of the punishment, of his destination, of the journey. Head erect, eyes unflinching, he walked as if he was leading on a regiment of heroes to die for Poland.

The professor winced a little, but all he said was, "They are a stubborn people those Poles, but we shall absorb them."

As they moved forward, we leaped into our carriage, and slowly followed them as they clinked forward in a long doleful procession guarded by the bayonets. The carts drove on, the soldiers marched, the crowd slowly dispersed—all but a few sympathisers who followed, but without talking. I shall never see again a crowd of prisoners without fancying myself in one of Dante's hells, with Charon driving the crowding ghosts back into the waste of darkness.

I stood up in the carriage as the sound of the chains died away down the Nijui-Novgorod road, rapt in meditation. I felt almost as if I had been left behind by a band of friends whom I had deserted. A tap of the professor's hand on my shoulder aroused me.

"Come," he said, "forget those rascals; let us go to the nearest traktir (restaurant), and you shall taste the cabbage-soup we Russians are so proud of. You are sorry for the Poles, but I dare say your sorrow has not taken away your appetite."

I could not be angry with the prejudiced but excellent professor, so we went to the traktir, and over our soup talked again of Siberia.

Bibikoff told me all about the way in which the convoy I had just seen depart would make its long great journey.

"They used," he said, "to go all the way on foot, now they go by railway to Nijai (Lower Novgorod), and from thence by steamer to Perm. After that they walk. Cossacks, with lances, precede them, and soldiers, with loaded muskets, walk on both sides. After the female prisoners in the first waggon, rides the officer in command; when they rest, and at meals, the prisoners sit down in a circle, guarded by the soldiers. The column rests every third day; for this purpose there are station-houses at regular intervals along the road. There are also guard-houses from Kiow and Smolensk all the way to Neretzhinsk; where escorts are in waiting to move forward with the prisoners. The officer in command is responsible for the criminals, and has the power of inflicting punishments. If severe cold comes on, or when the Siberian rivers break up, the convoy waits for better weather. Every week a convoy arrives at Tobolsk, and another leaves it. In this city resides the committee who have the power of allotting his destination to each prisoner. Nearly ten thousand prisoners arrive, it is said, every year at Tobolsk. Our soldiers do not like this convoy duty; for, if they are behindhand at a station, they are punished, and if they kill the prisoners by hurrying them, they are also punished. But, with few exceptions, the prisoners are not treated cruelly. The peasants bring the fellows tea and brandy, and fruit and dry fish; and travellers who meet them give them alms. Siberia is a beautiful country, full of mineral resources—climate, good as our own—scenery, charming—the mountains—"

"All this may be possible," said I, "professor, but, nevertheless, God keep me, and all those I love, from Siberia."

THE LATEST NEWS OF THE BOUNTY.

BIGH's narrative of the Mutiny of the *Bounty* has been printed so many times, and so many thousands of copies exist in lending libraries, and in the libraries of clergymen who furnish their parishioners with books to amuse them on Sundays and in their leisure hours, that there is probably no story which is so generally known. But, to increase the interest with which the statements made in a recent parliamentary return will be read, the past history of these islanders may be usefully sketched.

The *Bounty* was sent out to the Society Islands by the government, in 1786, under the command of Captain Bligh, for the purpose of procuring plants of the bread fruit-tree, and conveying them to Jamaica. The total number of persons on board was forty-six. The kindness with which the crew were treated by the natives inspired them with a strong desire to remain there (the version of the mutineers is, that Bligh was a brute, and his treatment of them unendurable), and at least one

attempt was made to effect this by cutting nearly through the cable by which the ship was anchored, so that she might drift ashore. The object of the voyage, so far as the collection of the plants was concerned, was successfully accomplished, and the vessel was on her return voyage, when the captain was roused, from his sleep early one morning to find Lieutenant Christian standing beside his cot with a naked cutlass in his hand, supported by the master-at-arms, the gunner's mate, and a seaman named Burkitt. The captain was pinioned, and with eighteen others was sent adrift in a boat with but a small allowance of provisions. The sufferings of the cast-aways, before they reached the Dutch settlement of Timor, must be too well remembered to render it necessary for more to be said about them. On Bligh's return to England he was promoted, apparently to compensate him for the hardships he had undergone, and the *Pandora* frigate was despatched expressly to search for the mutineers. On the arrival of the frigate at Otaheite, she had not time to come to an anchor before the armoured, who had remained on board the *Bounty*, pulled off in a canoe and gave himself up. His example was followed by fourteen others of the mutineers. Two who escaped to the mountains were said to be murdered by the natives. The *Pandora* was wrecked on her return voyage, and thirty-four of her crew, and four of the prisoners, were drowned. On arriving in England the ten prisoners were tried; four were acquitted, and six were found guilty, three of whom were executed. There remains to be accounted for, therefore, only nine of the mutineers, of whom Lieutenant Christian was one; these having left the others at Matavai Bay, taking with them seven Otaheitan men and twelve women.

Twenty years passed away before anything further was discovered respecting these men. In 1808, an American schooner, commanded by Captain Folger, chanced to touch at Pitcairn's Island, which was supposed to be uninhabited; and, to his great astonishment, he found it occupied by Alexander Smith, one of the mutineers, and his descendants, and those of the other mutineers who had reached this island with him. Folger sent information of his discovery to Sir Sidney Smith at Valparaiso, who duly transmitted it to the Admiralty in England. It was too busy a time with us just then to pay much attention to the circumstance, and the report was forgotten. In 1814, two of our men-of-war, cruising in the Pacific, sailed close to Pitcairn's Island, and made out plantations and other things, showing that it was inhabited. While they were examining these appearances, a canoe came off to them through the surf, which pulled alongside, and two young men hailed them in English for a rope to be thrown them. This was done. In an instant the young fellows stood on the deck, and the older announced himself as Thursday October Christian, son of Lieutenant Christian. He is described as being a good-looking young fellow,

six feet high, and having a very agreeable and thoroughly English face. His companion was some half-dozen years younger, and was the son of another of the mutineers, a midshipman named Young.

The account of the landing of the mutineers on Pitcairn's Island may be condensed into a very small compass. It was not chance which brought them to this island; it was selected by Christian in consequence of an account he had read of it; and on their arrival they found it so well suited for their purpose, that they landed everything from the ship, which they then set on fire. Reserving a portion to reside on, they divided the remainder of the island between them, and compelled the Otaheitans to assist them in cultivating it. At last one of the mutineers took away the wife of one of the Otaheitans, to replace the wife he had lost. The patience of the Otaheitans was exhausted, and they determined to kill their oppressors: but the women betrayed the plot to the Englishmen, who put two of the conspirators to death: the rest, being spared, organised another conspiracy, which succeeded so far that five of the Englishmen, among whom was Lieutenant Christian, were murdered. Two of the worst of the sailors managed to escape to the mountains, and two others, named Adams (Alexander Smith) and Young, found successful advocates in their wives. One of those who escaped to the mountains managed to distil ardent spirits from a root he found there—though one account says Young was the first to do this—and the pair drank till they were mad, one ending his career by tying a stone round his neck and throwing himself into the sea. The other made so many attempts to murder Adams and Young, that they were obliged to knock him on the head.

Then it was that Adams and Young began to reflect seriously on religion, and soon set to work in earnest to instruct the others. Among the things they had taken out of the *Bounty* were a Bible and Prayer-book, and from these they derived the means of instruction. Young was not spared long to assist in these labours; and upon Adams devolved the continuance of the task. The effect of his teaching was so good, that, as the young people grew up, they practised the precepts of the Christian religion, and a colony of such virtuous, simple-hearted beings probably never existed in the world before or since as at the time when the captains of our two men-of-war visited them.

The two captains sent home a report concerning this interesting people, which doubtless went the way of a great many other reports that reached the Admiralty. The next British captain who touched at the island was Captain Beechey, who was then in command of the *Blossom*, on a voyage of discovery. He was boarded by Adams and ten young men. The population of the island was at this time sixty-six, one of whom, John Buffet, who had, at his own request, been left here by a whaler, acted as schoolmaster. The officers who landed from the *Blossom* were treated with the greatest

kindness, and had an opportunity while they remained on the island of seeing with what devoutness the islanders practised Christianity. In consequence of Captain Beechey's account, and at his request, the Admiralty sent out the *Seringapatam* with a supply of clothes and tools.

This was in 1830. Subsequently the Pitcairn islanders were taken to Tahiti; but, were so disgusted with the immorality of the people, that at their earnest request they were taken back. At long intervals reports respecting them reached this country, which were read with great interest by all classes; her Majesty, it is said, taking a particular interest in their welfare. The time came, however, when their number had increased so much that the island was quite inadequate to support them, and the convicts having been removed from Norfolk Island, it was proposed to remove them hither. What follows is taken from the report printed for the members of the House of Commons about three months ago.

Norfolk Island is estimated to contain about ten thousand acres. The land is rich, well-wooded and watered, and the climate is good. The Queen could hardly have sent the descendants of the mutineers to any place so well suited for immediate habitation. The convicts, who had been the previous occupants, had left behind them strong stone buildings, and good roads to every part of the island. Sir W. Denison embarked at Sydney for the express purpose of visiting the islanders, taking with him a quantity of things which he thought might be useful to them. His arrival was very opportune, for they were without flour or vegetables, except unripe potatoes. He induced a merchant at New Zealand to send them a supply of the things they most needed, in exchange for wool, tallow, and hides. The total number of inhabitants was then two hundred and twelve, and they still preserved the remarkable morality which has always distinguished them, since the time when John Adams became such an altered character, in consequence, it is said, of a dream. The governor of New South Wales summoned them to meet him, that they might hear him read and explain the revised code of laws he had drawn up, which were substantially the same as those he found in force there, as he did not consider himself to be a good judge of what was best suited for a state of society which had nothing analogous to it in the rest of the world. By these regulations, the government of Norfolk Island is vested in a chief magistrate and two councillors, all to be elected annually by the inhabitants who have resided six months on the island; as no distinction of sex is specified, it may be assumed that women are entitled to vote. Commissions are issued to these magistrates under the great seal of the colony of New South Wales, and power is given to them to enact new laws with the consent of a majority of the population; but they cannot repeal those previously existing. As a contrast to the innumerable laws included in our statute-books, the simplicity of their code is the more striking.

In cases of dispute, the chief magistrate endeavours to bring the parties to an agreement; but, if the parties refuse to be guided by his advice, he is to summon his councillors to his assistance, their joint decision to be final in all cases where the property in dispute does not exceed fifty shillings in value. In cases of common assault they might inflict a fine not exceeding ten shillings. In cases of a more serious character, when the parties refuse to submit to the decision of the council of three, the chief magistrate obtains the assistance of seven elders. Together they are empowered to inflict a penalty not exceeding ten pounds, and the offender is to pay it in money or produce. If he have neither, the amount to be taken out of him in labour on the public works. If the offence is of a public nature, the convicted parties are required to pay all costs.

The attendance of all children, from the age of six years to fourteen, at the school is compulsory, absence being punished by a fine of sixpence a day. The annual payment for each child is ten shillings a year. No beer, wine, or spirits, is allowed to be landed, except such as is required for the medical store, which is under the chaplain's charge.

This visit of the governor was beneficial to them in other respects. Having flocks and herds, which had been landed on the island for their use when they were removed to it, they had been living on these and neglected the cultivation of the land, till not one of them knew how to use a spade properly, and were almost ignorant of agriculture. Sir W. Denison sent them ploughs and other agricultural implements. He also induced the home government to send a man to the island who was something of a millwright and smith, and a very good miller. Also a mason to put their houses in repair, which were getting very dilapidated. The chief benefit he conferred upon them, however, was in getting a properly qualified schoolmaster sent out to them, a Mr. Rossiter, who has proved to be a most intelligent man, and has been of great service to the islanders in a variety of ways. On a subsequent visit, the governor found they had benefited by his services to an extent which encourages the belief that they will continue to prosper. Sir John Young says: "I found matters, upon the whole, in a satisfactory condition; two families, numbering sixteen in all, had left the island and gone back to Pitcairn's Island, and I was told that three other families were thinking of following their example. On the other hand, thirty of the younger men had formed themselves into a company; and, by clubbing their means, had raised money enough to purchase two whale-boats and all the necessary gear from an American whaler. They had then entered energetically into bay-whaling, and had, without any accident, managed to kill whales enough to yield fourteen tons of oil, the value of which may be put at five hundred pounds. Encouraged by this, they had purchased two more whale-boats and gear."

The great drawback to the commercial pro-

perity of the island was the want of an accessible harbour, but it was said that this could be remedied by blasting a rock, at an expense of about two hundred pounds. The latest report of the state and prospects of the islanders is also from Sir John Young, and is to the following effect: "On the whole, I am clearly of opinion that as large a measure of success has attended the removal of the Pitcairn islanders to Norfolk Island as could well have been expected. The few acres they cultivate supply them abundantly with sweet and other potatoes, and leave a large surplus for sale to whalers; they have more milk than they can drink; the sea teems with fish, which they catch in large quantities with great facility; sheep are not dear, and cattle and swine are only too numerous. Their attention is now turning to the cultivation of arrowroot, and they grow a large quantity of bananas. They have added to the mill saws and machinery for sawing boards and shingles, which they expect to export with profit. The people live in security and abundance, are decently clad, attend divine worship regularly, and are moral and happy."

THE CAGE AT CRANFORD.

HAVE I told you anything about my friends at Cranford since the year 1856? I think not.

You remember the Gordons, don't you? She that was Jessie Brown, who married her old love, Major Gordon: and from being poor became quite a rich lady: but for all that never forgot any of her old friends in Cranford.

Well! the Gordons were travelling abroad, for they were very fond of travelling; people who have had to spend part of their lives in a regiment always are, I think. They were now at Paris, in May, 1856, and were going to stop there, and in the neighbourhood all summer, but Mr. Ludovic was coming to England soon; so Mrs. Gordon wrote me word. I was glad she told me, for just then I was waiting to make a little present to Miss Pole, with whom I was staying; so I wrote to Mrs. Gordon, and asked her to choose me out something pretty and new and fashionable, that would be acceptable to Miss Pole. Miss Pole had just been talking a great deal about Mrs. FitzAdam's caps being so unfashionable, which I suppose made me put in that word fashionable; but afterwards I wished I had sent to say my present was not to be too fashionable; for there *is* such a thing, I can assure you! The price of my present was not to be more than twenty shillings, but that is a very handsome sum if you put it in that way, though it may not sound so much if you only call it a sovereign.

Mrs. Gordon wrote back to me, pleased, as she always was, with doing anything for her old friends. She told me she had been out for a day's shopping before going into the country, and had got a cage for herself of the newest and most elegant description, and had thought that she could not do better than get another

like it as my present for Miss Pole, as cages were so much better made in Paris than anywhere else. I was rather dismayed when I read this letter, for, however pretty a cage might be, it was something for Miss Pole's own self, and not for her parrot, that I had intended to get. Here had I been finding ever so many reasons against her buying a new cap at Johnson's fashion-show, because I thought that the present which Mrs. Gordon was to choose for me in Paris might turn out to be an elegant and fashionable head-dress; a kind of cross between a turban and a cap, as I see those from Paris mostly are; and now I had to veer round, and advise her to go as fast as she could, and secure Mr. Johnson's cap before any other purchaser snatched it up. But Miss Pole was too sharp for me.

"Why, Mary," said she, "it was only yesterday you were running down that cap like anything. You said, you know, that lilac was too old a colour for me; and green too young; and that the mixture was very unbecoming."

"Yes, I know," said I; "but I have thought better of it. I thought about it a great deal last night, and I think—I thought—they would neutralise each other; and the shadows of any colour are, you know—something I know—complementary colours." I was not sure of my own meaning, but I had an idea in my head, though I could not express it. She took me up shortly.

"Child, you don't know what you are saying. And besides, I don't want compliments at my time of life. I lay awake, too, thinking of the cap. I only buy one ready-made once a year, and of course it's a matter for consideration; and I came to the conclusion that you were quite right."

"Oh! dear Miss Pole! I was quite wrong; if you only knew—I did think it a very pretty cap—only——"

"Well! do just finish what you've got to say. You're almost as bad as Miss Matty in your way of talking, without being half as good as she is in other ways; though I'm very fond of you, Mary, I don't mean I am not; but you must see you're very off and on, and very muddle-headed. It's the truth, so you will not mind my saying so."

It was just because it did seem like the truth at that time that I did mind her saying so; and, in despair, I thought I would tell her all.

"I did not mean what I said; I don't think lilac too old or green too young; and I think the mixture very becoming to you; and I think you will never get such a pretty cap again, at least in Cranford." It was fully out, so far, at least.

"Then, Mary Smith, will you tell me what you did mean, by speaking as you did, and convincing me against my will, and giving me a bad night?"

"I meant—oh, Miss Pole, I meant to surprise you with a present from Paris; and I thought it would be a cap. Mrs. Gordon was to choose it, and Mr. Ludovic to bring it. I dare say it is in England now; only it's not a cap. And I did not want you to buy Johnson's cap, when I thought I was getting another for you."

Miss Pole found this speech "muddle-headed," I have no doubt, though she did not say so, only

making an odd noise of perplexity. I went on: "I wrote to Mrs. Gordon, and asked her to get you a present—something new and pretty. I meant it to be a dress, but I suppose I did not say so; I thought it would be a cap, for Paris is so famous for caps, and it is——"

"You're a good girl, Mary" (I was past thirty, but did not object to being called a girl; and, indeed, I generally felt like a girl at Cranford, where everybody was so much older than I was), "but when you want a thing, say what you want; it is the best way in general. And now I suppose Mrs. Gordon has bought something quite different?—a pair of shoes, I dare say, for people talk a deal of Paris shoes. Anyhow, I'm just as much obliged to you, Mary, my dear. Only you should not go and spend your money on me."

"It was not much money; and it was not a pair of shoes. You'll let me go and get the cap, won't you? It was so pretty—somebody will be sure to snatch it up."

"I don't like getting a cap that's sure to be unbecoming."

"But it is not; it was not. I never saw you look so well in anything," said I.

"May, Mary, remember who is the father of lies!"

"But he's not my father," exclaimed I, in a hurry, for I saw Mrs. FitzAdam go down the street in the direction of Johnson's shop. "I'll eat my words; they were all false: only just let me run down and buy you that cap—that pretty cap."

"Well! run off, child. I liked it myself till you put me out of taste with it."

I brought it back in triumph from under Mrs. FitzAdam's very nose, as she was hanging in meditation over it; and the more we saw of it, the more we felt pleased with our purchase. We turned it on this side, and we turned it on that; and though we hurried it away into Miss Pole's bedroom at the sound of a double knock at the door, when we found it was only Miss Matty and Mr. Peter, Miss Pole could not resist the opportunity of displaying it, and said in a solemn way to Miss Matty:

"Can I speak to you for a few minutes in private?" And I knew feminine delicacy too well to explain what this grave prelude was to lead to; aware how immediately Miss Matty's anxious tremor would be allayed by the sight of the cap. I had to go on talking to Mr. Peter, however, when I would far rather have been in the bedroom, and heard the observations and comments.

We talked of the new cap all day; what gowns it would suit; whether a certain bow was not rather too coquettish for a woman of Miss Pole's age. "No longer young," as she called herself, after a little struggle with the words, though at sixty-five she need not have blushed as if she were telling a falsehood. But at last the cap was put away, and with a wrench we turned our thoughts from the subject. We had been silent for a little while, each at our work with a candle between us, when Miss Pole began:

"It was very kind of you, Mary, to think of giving me a present from Paris."

"Oh, I was only too glad to be able to get you something! I hope you will like it, though it is not what I expected."

"I am sure I shall like it. And a surprise is always so pleasant."

"Yes; but I think Mrs. Gordon has made a very odd choice."

"I wonder what it is. I don't like to ask, but there's a great deal in anticipation; I remember hearing dear Miss Jenkyns say that 'anticipation was the soul of enjoyment,' or something like that. Now there is no anticipation in a surprise; that's the worst of it."

"Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Just as you like, my dear. If it is any pleasure to you, I am quite willing to hear."

"Perhaps I had better not. It is something quite different to what I expected, and meant to have got; and I'm not sure if I like it as well."

"Relieve your mind, if you like, Mary. In all disappointments sympathy is a great balm."

"Well, then, it's something not for you; it's for Polly. It's a cage. Mrs. Gordon says they make such pretty ones in Paris."

I could see that Miss Pole's first emotion was disappointment. But she was very fond of her cockatoo, and the thought of his smartness in his new habitation made her be reconciled in a moment; besides that she was really grateful to me for having planned a present for her.

"Polly! Well, yes; his old cage is very shabby; he is so continually pecking at it with his sharp bill. I dare say Mrs. Gordon noticed it when she called here last October. I shall always think of you, Mary, when I see him in it. Now we can have him in the drawing-room, for I dare say a French cage will be quite an ornament to the room."

And so she talked on, till we worked ourselves up into high delight at the idea of Polly in his new abode, presentable in it even to the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson. The next morning Miss Pole said she had been dreaming of Polly with her new cap on his head, while she herself sat on a perch in the new cage and admired him. Then, as if ashamed of having revealed the fact of imagining "such arrant nonsense" in her sleep, she passed on rapidly to the philosophy of dreams, quoting some book she had lately been reading, which was either too deep in itself, or too confused in her repetition for me to understand it. After breakfast, we had the cap out again; and that in its different aspects occupied us for an hour or so; and then, as it was a fine day, we turned into the garden, where Polly was hung on a nail outside the kitchen window. He clamoured and screamed at the sight of his mistress, who went to look for an almond for him. I examined his cage meanwhile, old discoloured wicker-work, clumsily made by a Cranford basket-maker. I took out Mrs. Gordon's letter; it was dated the fifteenth, and this was the twentieth, for I had kept it secret for two days in my pocket. Mr. Ludovic was on the point of setting out for England when she wrote.

"Poor Polly!" said I, as Miss Pole, returning, fed him with the almond.

"Ah! Polly does not know what a pretty cage he is going to have," said she, talking to him as she would have done to a child; and then turning to me, she asked when I thought it would come? We reckoned up dates, and made out that it might arrive that very day. So she called to her little stupid servant-maiden Fanny, and bade her go out and buy a great brass-headed nail, very strong, strong enough to bear Polly and the new cage, and we all three weighed the cage in our hands, and on her return she was to come up into the drawing-room with the nail and a hammer.

Fanny was a long time, as she always was, over her errands; but as soon as she came back, we knocked the nail, with solemn earnestness, into the house-wall, just outside the drawing-room window; for, as Miss Pole observed, when I was not there she had no one to talk to, and as in summer-time she generally sat with the window open, she could combine two purposes, the giving air and sun to Polly-Cockatoo, and the having his agreeable companionship in her solitary hours.

"When it rains, my dear, or even in a very hot sun, I shall take the cage in. I would not have your pretty present spoilt for the world. It was very kind of you to think of it; I am quite come round to liking it better than any present of mere dress; and dear Mrs. Gordon has shown all her usual pretty observation in remembering my Polly-Cockatoo."

"Polly-Cockatoo" was his grand name; I had only once or twice heard him spoken of by Miss Pole in this formal manner, except when she was speaking to the servants; then she always gave him his full designation, just as most people call their daughters Miss, in speaking of them to strangers or servants. But since Polly was to have a new cage, and all the way from Paris too, Miss Pole evidently thought it necessary to treat him with unusual respect.

We were obliged to go out to pay some calls; but we left strict orders with Fanny what to do if the cage arrived in our absence, as (we had calculated) it might. Miss Pole stood ready bonneted and shawled at the kitchen door, I behind her, and cook behind Fanny, each of us listening to the conversation of the other two.

"And Fanny, mind if it comes you coax Polly-Cockatoo nicely into it. He is very particular, and may be attached to his old cage, though it is so shabby. Remember, birds have their feelings as much as we have! Don't hurry him in making up his mind."

"Please, ma'am, I think an almond would help him to get over his feelings," said Fanny, dropping a curtsy at every speech, as she had been taught to do at her charity school.

"A very good idea, very. If I have my keys in my pocket I will give you an almond for him. I think he is sure to like the view up the street from the window; he likes seeing people, I think."

"It's but a dull look-out into the garden;

nowt but dumb flowers," said cook, touched by this allusion to the cheerfulness of the street, as contrasted with the view from her own kitchen window.

"It's a very good look-out for busy people," said Miss Pole, severely. And then, feeling she was likely to get the worst of it in an encounter with her old servant, she withdrew with meek dignity, being deaf to some sharp reply; and of course I, being bound to keep order, was deaf too. If the truth must be told, we rather hastened our steps, until we had banged the street-door behind us.

We called on Miss Matty, of course; and then on Mrs. Hoggins. It seemed as if ill-luck would have it that we went to the only two households of Cranford where there was the encumbrance of a man, and in both places the man was where he ought not to have been—namely, in his own house, and in the way. Miss Pole—out of civility to me, and because she really was full of the new cage for Polly, and because we all in Cranford relied on the sympathy of our neighbors in the veriest trifle that interested us—told Miss Matty, and Mr. Peter, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins; he was standing in the drawing-room, booted and spurred, and eating his hunk of bread-and-cheese in the very presence of his aristocratic wife, my lady that was. As Miss Pole said afterwards, if refinement was not to be found in Cranford, blessed as it was with so many scions of county families, she did not know where to meet with it. Bread-and-cheese in a drawing-room! Onions next.

But for all Mr. Hoggins's vulgarity, Miss Pole told him of the present she was about to receive.

"Only think! a new cage for Polly—Polly—Polly-Cockatoo, you know, Mr. Hoggins. You remember him, and the bite he gave me once because he wanted to be put back in his cage, pretty bird?"

"I only hope the new cage will be strong as well as pretty, for I must say a——" He caught a look from his wife, I think, for he stopped short. "Well, we're old friends, Polly and I, and he put some practice in my way once. I shall be up the street this afternoon, and perhaps I shall step in and see this smart Parisian cage."

"Do!" said Miss Pole, eagerly. "Or, if you are in a hurry, look up at my drawing-room window; if the cage is come, it will be hanging out there, and Polly in it."

We had passed the omnibus that met the train from London some time ago, so we were not surprised as we returned home to see Fanny half out of the window, and cook evidently either helping or hindering her. Then they both took their heads in; but there was no cage hanging up. We hastened up the steps.

Both Fanny and the cook met us in the passage.

"Please, ma'am," said Fanny, "there's no bottom to the cage, and Polly would fly away."

"And there's no top," exclaimed cook. "He might get out at the top quite easy."

"Let me see," said Miss Pole, brushing past, thinking no doubt that her superior intelligence

was all that was needed to set things to rights. On the ground lay a bundle, or a circle of hoops, neatly covered over with calico, no more like a cage for Polly-Cockatoo than I am like a cage. Cook took something up between her finger and thumb, and lifted the unsightly present from Paris. How I wish it had stayed there!—but foolish ambition has brought people to ruin before now; and my twenty shillings are gone, sure enough, and there must be some use or some ornament intended by the maker of the thing before us.

"Don't you think it's a mousetrap, ma'am?" asked Fanny, dropping her little curtsy.

For reply, the cook lifted up the machine, and showed how easily mice might run out; and Fanny shrank back abashed. Cook was evidently set against the new invention, and muttered about its being all of a piece with French things—French cooks, French plums (masty dried-up things), French rolls (as had no substance in 'em).

Miss Pole's good manners, and desire of making the best of things in my presence, induced her to try and drown cook's mutterings.

"Indeed, I think it will make a very nice cage for Polly-Cockatoo. How pleased he will be to go from one hoop to another, just like a ladder, and with a board or two at the bottom, and nicely tied up at the top——"

Fanny was struck with a new idea.

"Please, ma'am, my sister-in-law has got an aunt as lives lady's-maid with Sir John's daughter—Miss Arley. And they did say as she wore iron petticoats all made of hoops——"

"Nonsense, Fanny!" we all cried; for such a thing had not been heard of in all Drumble, let alone Cranford, and I was rather looked upon in the light of a fast young woman by all the laundresses of Cranford, because I had two corded petticoats.

"Go mind thy business, wench," said cook, with the utmost contempt; "I'll warrant we'll manage th' cage without thy help."

"If it is near dinner-time, Fanny, and the cloth not laid," said Miss Pole, hoping the remark might cut two ways; but cook had no notion of going. She stood on the bottom step of the stairs, holding the Paris perplexity aloft in the air.

"It might do for a meat-safe," said she. "Cover it o'er w' canvas, to keep th' flies out. It is a good framework, I reckon, anyhow!" She held her head on one side, like a connoisseur in meat-safes, as she was.

Miss Pole said, "Are you sure Mrs. Gordon called it a cage, Mary? Because she is a woman of her word, and would not have called it so if it was not."

"Look here; I have the letter in my pocket."

"I have wondered how I could best fulfil your commission for me to purchase something to the value of—um, um, never mind—fashionable and pretty for dear Miss Pole, and at length I have decided upon one of the new kind of 'cages'" (look here, Miss Pole; here is the word, C. A. G. E.), "which are made so

much lighter and more elegant in Paris than in England. Indeed, I am not sure if they have ever reached you, for it is not a month since I saw the first of the kind in Paris."

"Does she say anything about Polly-Cockatoo?" asked Miss Pole. "That would settle the matter at once, as showing that she had him in her mind."

"No—nothing."

Just then Fanny came along the passage with the tray full of dinner-things in her hands. When she had put them down, she stood at the door of the dining-room taking a distant view of the article. "Please, ma'am, it looks like a petticoat without any stuff in it; indeed it does, if I'm to be whipped for saying it."

But she only drew down upon herself a fresh oburgation from the cook; and sorry and annoyed, I seized the opportunity of taking the thing out of cook's hand, and carrying it upstairs, for it was full time to get ready for dinner. But we had very little appetite for our meal, and kept constantly making suggestions, one to the other, as to the nature and purpose of this Paris "cage," but as constantly snubbing poor little Fanny's reiteration of "Please, ma'am, I do believe it's a kind of petticoat—indeed I do." At length Miss Pole turned upon her with almost as much vehemence as cook had done, only in choicer language.

"Don't be so silly, Fanny. Do you think ladies are like children, and must be put in g-carts; or need wire guards like fires to surround them; or can get warmth out of bits of whalebone and steel; a likely thing indeed! Don't keep talking about what you don't understand."

So our maiden was mute for the rest of the meal. After dinner we had Polly brought upstairs in her old cage, and I held out the new one, and we turned it about in every way. At length Miss Pole said:

"Put Polly-Cockatoo back, and shut him up in his cage. You hold this French thing up" (alas! that my present should be called a "thing"), "and I'll sew a bottom on to it. I'll lay a good deal, they've forgotten to sew in the bottom before sending it off." So I held and she sewed; and then she held and I sewed, till it was all done. Just as we had put Polly-Cockatoo in, and were closing up the top with a pretty piece of old yellow ribbon—and, indeed, it was not a bad-looking cage after all our trouble—Mr. Hoggins came up-stairs, having been seen by Fanny before he had time to knock at the door.

"Hallo!" said he, almost tumbling over us, as we were sitting on the floor at our work.

"What's this?"

"It's this pretty present for Polly-Cockatoo," said Miss Pole, raising herself up with as much dignity as she could, "that Mary has had sent from Paris for me." Miss Pole was in great spirits now we had got Polly in; I can't say that I was.

Mr. Hoggins began to laugh in his boisterous vulgar way.

"For Polly—ha! ha! It's meant for you, Miss Pole—ha! ha! It's a new invention to hold your gowns out—ha! ha!"

"Mr. Hoggins! you may be a surgeon, and a very clever one, but nothing—not even your profession—gives you a right to be indecent."

Miss Pole was thoroughly roused, and I trembled in my shoes. But Mr. Hoggins only laughed the more. Polly screamed in concert, but Miss Pole stood in stiff rigid propriety, very red in the face.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Pole, I am sure. But I am pretty certain I am right. It's no indecency that I can see; my wife and Mrs. Fitz-Adam take in a Paris fashion-book between 'em, and I can't help seeing the plates of fashions sometimes—ha! ha! ha! Look, Polly has got out of his queer prison—ha! ha! ha!"

Just then Mr. Peter came in; Miss Matty was so curious to know if the expected present had arrived. Mr. Hoggins took him by the arm, and pointed to the poor thing lying on the ground, but could not explain for laughing. Miss Pole said:

"Although I am not accustomed to give an explanation of my conduct to gentlemen, yet, being insulted in my own house by—by Mr. Hoggins, I must appeal to the brother of my old friend—my very oldest friend. Is this article a lady's petticoat, or a bird's cage?"

She held it up as she made this solemn inquiry. Mr. Hoggins seized the moment to leave the room, in shame, as I supposed, but, in reality, to fetch his wife's fashion-book; and, before I had completed the narration of the story of my unlucky commission, he returned, and, holding the fashion-plate open by the side of the extended article, demonstrated the identity of the two.

But Mr. Peter had always a smooth way of turning off anger, by either his fun or a compliment. "It is a cage," said he, bowing to Miss Pole; "but it is a cage for an angel, instead of a bird! Come along, Hoggins, I want to speak to you!"

And, with an apology, he took the offending and victorious surgeon out of Miss Pole's presence. For a good while we said nothing; and we were now rather shy of little Fanny's superior wisdom when she brought up tea. But towards night our spirits revived, and we were quite ourselves again, when Miss Pole proposed that we should cut up the pieces of steel or whalebone—which, to do them justice, were very elastic—and make ourselves two good comfortable English calashes out of them with the aid of a piece of dyed silk which Miss Pole had by her.

On Thursday, the Third of December, will be published, price 4d.,

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS,

FORMING

The Extra Double Number for Christmas.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 241.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XLIX.

JULIA, as I have said, went to her own room, wounded unintentionally by a chance speech: she sat down sick at heart; and presently opened her window and looked out upon the starry night, and wondered where Alfred was now; that Alfred for whom nobody else had a human heart, it seemed. "Alfred! my poor Alfred!" she sighed, and half-expected to hear him reply. Then she said to herself, "They all called you false but me; yet I was right. and now they all call you mad; but not I: I believe nothing against you. You are my own Alfred still. Where have the wretches driven you to?" At this her feelings carried her away, and she cried aloud on him despairingly, and leaned upon the window-sill, and the tears ran fast for him.

Presently out of the silence of the night seemed to struggle a faint but clear voice:

"Julia!"

She started, and a muffled scream came from her. Then she listened, all trembling. Again the voice sighed, faintly but clear, "Julia!"

"Alfred?" said she, quivering.

"Yes. Pray be cautious; give no alarm. The house is watched; bring Edward."

She flew down stairs, and electrified Edward and Sampson with the news. "Oh, promise me not to betray him!" she cried.

"Hut!" said the doctor, starting to his feet, "what should we betray him for? I'll cure him for you. I can cure any lunatic that has lucid intervals. Where is he?"

"Follow me," gasped Julia. "Stay. I'll get rid of the servants first. I'll not play the fool, and betray him to his enemies." She sent Sarah eastward, and Jane westward, and then led the way through the kitchen door into the yard.

They all searched about, and found nothing. Then Julia begged them to be silent. She whispered, "Alfred!" And instantly a faint voice issued from the top of a waggon laden with hay and covered with a tarpaulin. "Julia!"

They all stood staring.

"Who are those with you?" asked Alfred uneasily.

"Only friends, dear! Edward and Dr. Sampson."

"Ned, old fellow," groaned Alfred, "you pulled me out of the fire; won't you help me out of this? I think my leg is broken."

At this Julia wrung her hands, and Edward ran into the house for his rope, and threw it over the waggon. He told Julia and Sampson to hold on by one end, and seizing the other, was up on the waggon in a moment. He felt about till he came to a protuberance; and that was Alfred under the tarpaulin, in which he had cut breathing-holes with his penknife. Edward sent Julia in for a carving-knife, and soon made an enormous slit: through this a well-known figure emerged into the moonlight, and seemed wonderfully tall to have been so hidden. His hands being uninjured, he easily descended the rope, and stood on one leg holding it. Then Sampson and Edward put each an arm under his, and helped him into the house.

After the body the mind. That is the rule throughout creation. They examined, not his reason, but his leg. Julia stood by with clasped hands, and a face beaming with pity and anxiety, that repaid his pain. Sampson announced there were no bones broken, but a bad sprain, and the limb very red and swollen. "Now," inquired he briskly of the company, "what is the practice in sprains? Why, leeches and cold water."

Edward offered at once to run and get them.

"Are ye mad?" was the reply. "Daun't I tell ye that is the *practice*? And isn't the practice sure to be th' opposite of the remedy? So get water as hot as he can bear it, and no leeches."

Julia remonstrated angrily. "Is this a case for jesting?"

"Deevil a jest in it," replied the doctor. "Well then, if ye must know, th' opera-dancers apply hot water to sprains: now what is their interest? t' expedite the cure: and the faculty apply cold water: and what is their interest? to procrastinate the cure, and make a long job of it. So just hold your tongues, and ring for hot water."

Julia did not ring; she beckoned Edward, and they flew out and soon brought a foot-pan of hot water. Edward then removed Alfred's shoes and stockings, and Julia bared her lovely arms, and blushed like a rose.

Alfred divined her intention. "Dear Julia," he said, "I won't let you: that is too high an honour. Sarah can do that."

But Julia's blood was up. "Sarah?" said she, contemptuously; "she is too heavy handed:

and—hold your tongue; I don't take my orders from you; then more humbly to the doctor, "I am a district visitor: I nurse all manner of strangers, and he says I must leave his poor suffering leg to the servants."

"Unnatural young monster," said the doctor, affecting horror. "G'im a good nip."

Julia followed this advice by handling Alfred's swollen ankle with a tenderness so exquisite, and prancing it with the full sponge so softly, that her divine touch soothed him as much or more than the water. After nursing him into the skies a minute or two, she looked up blushing in his face, and said coaxingly, "Are you mad, dear Alfred? Don't be afraid to tell us the truth! The madder you are, the more you need me to take care of you, you know."

Alfred smiled at this sapient discourse, and said he was not the least mad, and hoped to take care of her as soon as his ankle was well enough. This closed that sweet mouth of hers exceeding tight, and her face was seen no more for a while, but hid by bending earnestly over her work; only as her creamy poll turned pink, the colour of that hidden face was not hard to divine.

Then Edward asked Alfred how in the world he had escaped, and got into that waggon. The thing was incredible. "Mirawcoulous," said Dr. Sampson in assent.

"No," said Alfred, "it looks stranger to you than it is. The moment I found my pistol was gone I determined to run. I looked down and saw a spout with a great ornamental mouth, almost big enough to sit on; and, while I was looking greedily at it, three horses came into the yard drawing a load of hay. The waggoner was busy clearing the pavement with his wheel, and the waggon almost stopped a moment right under me. There was a lot of loose hay on the top. I let myself down, and lunged by the spout a moment, and then leaped on to the loose hay. Unfortunately there were the hard trusses beneath it, and so I got my sprain. Oh, I say, didn't it hurt? However, I crept under the hay and hid myself, and saw Wolf's men come into the yard. By-and-by a few drops of rain fell, and some fellows clucked down a tarpaulin from the loft, and nearly smothered me: so I cut a few air-holes with my penknife. And there I lay, Heaven knows how long: it seemed two days. At last I saw an angel at a window; I called her by the name she bears on earth: to my joy she answered, and here I am, as happy as a prince among you all, and devilish hungry."

"What a muff I was not to think of that," said Edward, and made for the larder.

"Dear doctor," said Julia, lifting a Madonna-like face with swimming eyes, "I see no change in him: he is very brave, and daring, and saucy. But so he always was. To be sure he says extravagant things, and stares one out of countenance with his eyes: well and so he always did—ever since I knew him."

"Mayn't I even look my gratitude?" whined Alfred.

"Yes, but you need not stare it."

"It's your own fault, Miss Julie," said Sampson. "While ye're fomenting his sprain the creature's fomenting his own insensate passion. Break every bone in a puppy's body, and it's a puppy still; and it doesn't do to spoil puppies: as ye're spoiling this one. Nlist me, ye vagabins. Take your eyes off the lady; and look me in the face—if ye can; and tell me how you came to leave us all in the lurch on your wedding morn."

Julia fired up. "It was not his fault, poor thing: he was decoyed away after that miserable money. Ah, you may laugh at me for hating money; but have I not good reason to hate it?"

"Whist, whist, y' impetuous cracker; and let him tell his own tale."

Alfred thus invited, delivered one of his calm, luminous statements; which had hitherto been listened to so coldly by one official after another. But the effect was mighty different, falling now on folk not paid to pity. As for Dr. Sampson, he bounced up very early in the narrative, and went striding up and down the room; he was pale with indignation; and his voice trembled with emotion, and every now and then he broke in on the well-governed narrative with oaths and curses, and observations of this kind: "Why dinut ye kill um? I'd have killed um. I'd just have taken the first knife and killed um. Man, our Liberty is our Life. Dith to whoever attacks it!"

And so Edward, coming in with Alfred's dinner on a tray, found the soi-disant maniac delivering his wrongs with the lofty serenity of an ancient philosopher discussing the wrongs of another, Julia crying furtively into the tub, and the good physician trampling and raving about the room, like what the stoical narrator was accused of being. Edward stopped and looked at them all over the tray. "Well," said he, "if there's a madman in the room, it is not Hardie. Ahem."

"Madman? ye young ijgit," roared the doctor, "he is no madder than I am."

"Heaven forbid," said Alfred drily.

"No madder than you are, ye young Pump." This to Edward. "That's an ungenerous skit on his profession," said the maniac.

"Be quite now, chattering," said the excited doctor; "I tell ye ye niver were mad, and niver will be. It's just the most heartless imposture, the most rascally fraud I've ever caught the Mad Ox out in. I'll expose it. Gimme pinkpapr. Man, they'll take y' again if we don't mind. But I'll stop that; these inequities can only be done in the dark. I'll shed the light of day on 'em. Eat your dinner, and hold your tongue a minute—if ye can." The doctor had always a high sense of Alfred's volubility.

He went to work, and soon produced a letter headed "PRIVATE MADHOUSES." In this he related pithily Alfred's incarceration, and the present attempt to recapture him, with the particulars of his escape. "That will interest th' enemy," said he drily. He vouched for

Alfred's sanity at both dates, and pledged himself to swear to it in a court of law. He then inquired what it availed to have sent one king to Phalaris and another to Versailles in defence of our Liberty, since after all that Liberty lies grovelling at the mercy of Dr. Pill-box, and Mr. Sawbones, and a single designing relative? Then he drew a strong picture of this free-born British citizen skulking and hiding at this moment from a gang of rogues and conspirators, who, in France and other civilised countries that brag less of liberty than we do, would be themselves flying as criminals from the officers of justice; and he wound up with a warm appeal to the press to cast its shield over the victim of bad laws and foul practices. "In England," said he, "Justice is the daughter of Publicity. Throughout the world deeds of villany are done every day in kid gloves: but, with us, at all events, they have to be done on the sly: here lies our true moral eminence as a nation. Utter then your 'flat lux;' cast the full light of publicity on this dark villany, and behold it will wither, and your oppressed and injured fellow-citizen be safe from that very hour."

He signed it and read it out to them, or rather roared it. But he had written it so well he could not make it bad by delivery. Indeed, he was a masterly writer of English you must know. Julia was delighted; but Alfred shook his head. "The editor will not put it in."

"Th' editor! D'y'e think I'm so green as to trust t' any one editor? D'y'e think I have lived all these years and not learned what poor cowardly things men are? Moral courage! where can you find it? Except in the dickshinary? Few to the world their honest thoughts avow; the groveller, policy, robs justice now,

And none but Sampson dares to lift a hand
Against the curst corruption of the land.

Now, lad, I'm off to my printer with this. They are working night and day just now: there will be two hundred copies printed in half an hour."

"And me, doctor!" said Julia. "Am poor I to have no hand in it? How cruel of you. Oh pray, pray, pray let me help a little."

"Put on your bonnet, then, this minute," said he: "in war never lose a minute."

"But I am so afraid they may be lying in wait for him outside."

"Then we'll give them a good hiding: there are three of us; all good men and staunch," said the indomitable doctor.

"No, no," said the pugnacious Alfred. "Julia does not like fighting: I heard her screaming all the time I was defending myself on the stairs: let us be prudent: let us throw dust in their eyes. Put me on a bonnet and cloak."

"And a nice little woman you'll make, ye fathom."

"Oh, I can stoop—to conquer."

Julia welcomed this plan almost with glee, and she and Edward very soon made a handsome, brazen-looking trollop six feet high. Then it had

to stoop, and Edward and Julia helped it out to the carriage, under the very noses of a policeman and a keeper, who were watching for Alfred: seeing which—oh frailty of woman!—the district visitor addressed it aloud as her aunt, and begged it to take care: which she afterwards observed was acting a falsehood, and "where was her Christianity?"

Alfred was actually not recognised: the carriage bowled away to the great printing-house; it was on that side the water. The foreman entered into the thing with spirit, and divided the copy, small as it was, among two or three compositors: so a rough proof was ready in an incredibly short time: the doctor corrected it; and soon they began to work off the copies. The foreman found them Mitchell's newspaper list, and envelopes by the hundred, and while the copies were pouring in, all hands were folding and addressing them to the London and provincial editors. The office lent the stamps. The doctor drove Alfred to his own lodgings, and forbade him to reappear in Pembroke-street until the letter should come out in the London journals.

That night the letters were all posted, and at daybreak were flying north, south, east, and west. In the afternoon the letter came out in four London evening papers, and the next morning the metropolis and the whole kingdom were ringing with them, and the full blaze of publicity burst upon this dark deed.

Ay, stout Sampson, well you knew mankind, and well you knew the nation you lived in. Richard Hardie, in the very act of setting detectives to find Alfred's lurking-place, ran his nose against this letter in the Globe. He collapsed at the sight of it; and wrote directly to Dr. Wolf enclosing it, and saying that it would be unadvisable to make any fresh attempt. His letter was crossed by one from Dr. Wolf, containing Sampson's thunderbolt extracted from the Sun, and saying that no earthly consideration should induce him to meddle with Alfred *now*. Richard Hardie flung himself into the train, and went down to his brother at Clare Court.

He was ill at ease. He felt like some great general, who has launched many attacks against the foe, very successful at first, then less successful, then repulsed with difficulty, then repulsed with ease, till at last the foe stands before him impregnable. Then he feels that ere long that iron enemy will attack him in turn, and that he, exhausted by his own onslaughts, must defend himself how he can. Yet there was a pause; he passed a whole quiet peaceful day with his brother, assuring him that the affair would go no further on either side; but in his secret soul he felt this quiet day was but the ominous pause between two great battles; one of the father against the son, the other of the son against the father.

And he was right: the very next day the late defender attacked, and in earnest. But for certain reasons I prefer to let another relate it:

Hardie v. Hardie.

"Dear Sir,—If you had been in my office when I received your favour of yesterday relating deff.'s ruffian-like assault, you would have seen the most ridiculous sight in nature—vide-licet, an attorney in a passion. I threw professional courtesy to the winds, and sent Colls off to Clare Court to serve the writ personally. Next day, he found the deff. walking in his garden with Mr. Richard Hardie. Having learned from the servant which was his man, he stepped up and served copy of the writ in the usual way. Deff. turned pale, and his knees knocked together, and Colls thinks he mistook himself for a felon, and was going to ask for mercy, but Mr. Richard stopped him, and said his attorney was Messrs. Heathfield, in Chancery-lane; and was this the way Mr. Compton did business? serving a writ personally on a gentleman in weak health. So Colls, who can sneer in his quiet way, told him 'No,' but the invalid had declined to answer my letter, and the invalid had made a violent attack upon our client's person, avoiding his attorney, 'so, as his proceedings are summary, we meet him in kind,' says little Colls. 'Oho,' says Mr. Richard, 'you are a wit, are you? Come and have some luncheon.' This was to get him away from the weaker brother, I take it. He gave Colls an excellent luncheon, and some admirable conversation on policy and finance; and, when he was going, says this agreeable host, 'Well, Mr. —, you have had your bellyful of chicken and Madeira; and your client shall have his bellyful of law.' And this Colls considers euphatic but coarse.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"JOHN COMPTON.

"P.S.—Colls elicited that no further attempt will be made to capture you. It seems some injudicious friend of yours has been writing to the newspapers. Pray stop that."

On receiving this letter, Alfred bought another double pistol, loaded it, hired a body-guard of two prize-fighters, and with these at his heels, repaired to 66, Pembroke-street. No enemy was near: the press had swept the street alike of keepers and police with one Briarian gesture. He found Julia and Edward in great anxiety about their father. The immediate cause was a letter from Mrs. Dodd, which Edward gave him to read; but not till he had first congratulated him heartily on the agis of the press being thrown over him. "The 'Tizer' has a leader on it," said he.

Mrs. Dodd's letter ran thus:

"My dear dear Children,—I am coming home to you heartbroken, without your poor father. I saw an East Indian ship go to sea, and some instinct whispered, suppose he should be on board that ship! But, foolishly, I did not utter my thoughts: because they call these instincts women's fancies. But now even Mr. Green thinks he is gone to sea, as the town has been ransacked, and no trace of him can we find. I

met my cousin, Captain Bazalgette, here, and he is promoted to the Vulture frigate, and sails to-day. I have told him all our misfortunes, and he has promised to overhaul that merchant ship if he comes up with her: but I can see by the way his eye shuns mine he has no real hopes. His ship is the swifter, but he may pass her in the night. And then he is bound for New Zealand, not India. I told Reginald my poor husband's expression of face is altered by his affliction, and that he takes himself for a common sailor, and has his medal still round his neck. Our cousin is very kind, and will do all he can. God can protect my darling at sea, as he has ashore: and in his power alone have I any trust. Any further stay here is vain: my heart, too, yearns for my other treasures, and dreads lest whilst I am here, and because I am here, some evil should befall you too. Expect me soon after this letter, and let us try and comfort one another under this the heaviest of all our many troubles.

"With sad heart, I am,

"Both my darlings' loving mother and friend,
"Lucy Dodd."

In the discussion of this letter Alfred betrayed a slight defect of character. He poolpoohed the calamity: said David had now a chance, and a good one, of being cured: whereas confinement was one of the common causes of insanity even in sane persons. And he stoutly maintained that David's going to sea was a happy inspiration. Edward coloured, but deemed no reply. Julia was less patient, and though she was too loving and too womanly to tell Alfred to his face he was deceiving himself and arguing thus indirectly to justify himself in taking her father out of the asylum at all, yet she saw it, and it imparted a certain coldness into her replies. Alfred noticed this, and became less confident and louder, and prodigiously logical.

He was still flowing on with high imperious voice, which I suppose overpowered the sound of Mrs. Dodd's foot, when she entered suddenly, pale and weary, in her travelling-dress.

Alfred stopped, and they all started to their feet.

At sight of Alfred she stood dumbfounded a single moment; then uttered a faint shriek; and looked at him with unutterable terror.

He stood disconcerted.

Julia ran, and throwing her arms round Mrs. Dodd's neck, entreated her not to be afraid of him: he was not mad; Dr. Sampson said so. Edward confirmed her words; and then Julia poured out the story of his wrongs with great gushes of natural eloquence that might have melted a rock, and, as anti-climax is part of a true woman, ended innocently by begging her mother not to look so unkindly at him; and his ankle so sprained, and him in such pain. For the first time in her life Mrs. Dodd was deaf to her daughter's natural eloquence; it was remarkable how little her countenance changed while Julia appealed; she stood looking askant

with horror at Alfred all through that gentle eloquent appeal. But nevertheless her conduct showed she had heard every word: as soon as ever her daughter's voice stopped she seemed to dilate bodily, and moved towards Alfred pale and lowering. Yes, for once this gentle quiet lady looked terrible. She confronted Alfred. "Is this true, sir," said she, in a low stern voice. Are you not insane? Have you *never* been bereft of your reason?"

"No, Mrs. Dodd, I have not."

"THEN WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY HUSBAND, SIR?"

CHAPTER L.

It was a thunderbolt. Alfred hung his head, and said humbly, "I did but go up-stairs for one moment to wash my hands for dinner; and he was gone."

Mrs. Dodd went on in her low stern voice, almost as if he had not answered her at all: "By what right did you assume the charge of him? Did I authorise you to take him from the place where he was safe, and under my eye?"

Alfred replied sulkily. "He was not very safe, for he was almost burnt to death. The fire liberated him, not I. After the fire I ran away from him: he followed me; and then what could I do? I made the best of it; and gave up my own desires to try and cure him. He longed for the sea: I tried to indulge him: I hoped to bring him back to you same: but fate was against me. I am the most unfortunate of men."

"Mr. Hardie," said Mrs. Dodd, "what you have done was the act of a madman: and, if I believed you to be anything *but* a madman, the sight of you would be intolerable to me; for you have made me a widow, and my children orphans."

With this she gave a great shudder, and retired in tears.

Alfred rose, pale and dejected. "That is *her* notion of justice," said he bitterly; "pray is it yours, you two?"

"Well, since you ask my opinion," said Edward, "I think it was very presumptuous of you to undertake the care of my father: and, having undertaken it, you ought not to have left him a moment out of your sight."

"Oh, that is your opinion, is it? And you, dear Julia?"

Julia made no reply, but hid her face in her hands and sighed deeply.

"I see," said Alfred sorrowfully. "Even you are against me at heart. You judge by the event, not the motive. There is no justice in this world for me. I'm sick of life. I have no right to keep the mistress of the house out of her own room: there, I'll go: my heart is broken. No it is not, and never shall be, by anything that breathes. Thank Heaven I have got one friend left in this bitter world: and I'll make her the judge whether I have deserved this last injustice. I'll go to my sister."

He jumped up and hobbled slowly across the room, while Julia and Edward sat chilled to the bone by those five little words, so simple, so natural, yet so incredible, and to the hearers so awful. They started, they shuddered, they sat petrified, staring at him, while he hobbled across the room to go to his sister.

As he opened the door to go out he heard stout Edward groan and Julia utter a low wail. But of course he had no idea what it meant. He hobbled down a stair or two. But, ere he had gone far, there was a hasty whispering in the drawing-room, and Edward came after him in great agitation, and begged him to return; Julia must speak with him. He turned; and his face brightened. Edward saw that, and turned his own face away and stammered out, "Forget what I said to you. I am your friend, and always must be for *her* sake. No, no, I cannot come in there with you; I'll go and comfort mamma. Hardie, old fellow, we are very unhappy, all of us. We are too unhappy to quarrel."

These kind words soothed Alfred's sore heart. He brightened up and entered the drawing-room. He found Julia standing in the middle of it, the colour of ashes. Alfred was alarmed. "You are unwell, dearest," he cried; "you will faint. What have I done with my ungoverned temper?" He moved towards her with a face full of concern.

"No, Alfred," said she solemnly, "I am not ill. It is sorrow, deep sorrow for one I love better than all the world. Sit down beside me, my poor Alfred; and oh God help me to speak to him!"

Alfred began to feel due misgivings.

"Yes," said she, "I love you too well to let any hand but mine wound you." And here she took his sneaky hand with her soft palm. "I want to soften it in the telling: and ah, how can I? Oh, why can I not throw myself body and soul between you and all trouble, all sorrow?"

"My Julia," said Alfred gravely, "something has happened to Jane."

"Yes, Alfred. She met with a terrible accident."

"Ah!"

"She was struck by an unfortunate man; he was not in his right mind."

"Struck? My sister struck. What, was there no man by?"

"No. Edward nearly killed the man afterwards."

"God bless him."

"Alfred, be patient. It was too late."

"What, is she hurt seriously? Is she disfigured?"

"No, Alfred," said Julia, solemnly; "she is not disfigured: oh far from that."

"Julia, you alarm me. This comes of shutting her brother up. May Heaven's eternal curse light on those who did it. My poor little sister! How you weep, Julia. My heart is lead."

"I weep for you, darling, not for her."

"Ah, that is how they talk when those we love are—One word! I shall never see my poor little Jenny again; shall I?"

"Yes, Alfred: if you will but follow her steps and believe in Him, who soothed her last hour, and made her face shine with joy like an angel's while we all wept around; oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, he *said* he had but one true friend in the world. Alas! it is so; you have but me now, who pity you and love you more than heart can utter; my own, my beloved, my bereaved."

What could soften such a shock as this? It fell, and his anguish was frightful, all the more so that he ascribed the calamity to his imprisonment, and mingled curses and threats of vengeance with his bursts of grief. He spurned the consolations of religion: he said heaven was as unjust as earth, as cruel as hell.

She cried out and stopped his mouth with her hand: she almost forced him to kneel beside her, and prayed aloud for him: and when at last his agony found vent in tears, she put her innocent arms round his neck and wept with him.

Every now and then the poor fellow would almost shriek with remorse. "Oh, if I had only been kinder to her! if I had but been kinder to her!"

"You were kind to her," said Julia, softly but firmly.

"No, no; I was always sneering at her. And why? I knew her religion was sincere: but my little mind fixed on a few phrases she had picked up from others, and I—" He could say no more, but groaned with anguish; and let his remorse be a caution to us all. Bereaved we all must be, who live on and on: but this, bereavement's bitterest drop, we may avoid.

"Alfred," said Julia, "do not torment yourself. We girls care little about a few sarcasms; it is the cold heart that wounds us." You loved Jane, and she knew it well, and joyed in it. You were kinder to her than you think, and so her dying thoughts were for you. It was for you she asked, and made your father send for you, and poor I hoped you would come. And, dearest, her last act was to write a few words to you, and trust them to her who she knew loved you better than heart can utter. Since it was her wish, let us try and read them together, the last words of a saint (I have never seen them), and, if they do not prove words of love, then I will let you think you were not a good brother to her you and I, and poor, poor Edward, have lost."

He made a sad sign of assent; and Julia rose and got the enclosure. But, as Jane's last-written words reappeared on the scene in a somewhat remarkable way, I will only say here, that both these poor young things tried in vain to read them, and both in turn burst out sobbing, so that they could not: so they held the paper, and tried to see the words out of their streaming eyes. And these two mourners had the room to themselves till midnight; for even Mrs. Dodd's hostility respected Alfred then, and as for Julia, she was one of those who rise with the occasion:

she was half wife, half angel from Heaven to her bereaved lover through all those bitter hours.

CHAPTER XL.

No life was ever yet a play: I mean an unbroken sequence of dramatic incidents. Calms will come; unfortunately for the readers, happily for the read. And I remember seeing it objected to novelists, by a young gentleman just putting his foot for the first time into "Criticism," that the writers aforesaid suppress the small intermediate matters which in real life come by the score between each brilliant event, and so present the ordinary and the extraordinary parts of life in false proportions. Now, if this remark had been offered by way of contrast between events themselves and all mortal attempts to reproduce them upon paper or the stage, it would have been philosophical; but it was a strange error to denounce the practice as distinctive of fiction: for it happens to be the one trait the novelist and dramatist have in common with the evangelist. The gospels skip fifteen years of the most interesting life Creation has witnessed, relating Christ's birth in full, and hurrying from his boyhood to the more stirring events of his thirtieth and subsequent years. And all the inspired histories do much the same thing. The truth is, that epics, dramas, novels, histories, chronicles, reports of trials at law, in a word, all narratives true or fictitious, except those which true or fictitious nobody reads, abridge the uninteresting facts as Nature never did, and dwell as Nature never did on the interesting ones.

Can nothing, however, be done to restore, in the reader's judgment, that just balance of "the sensational" and "the soporific" which all writers, that have readers, disturb? Nothing, I think, without his own assistance. But surely something with it. And, therefore, I throw myself on the intelligence of my readers; and ask them to realise, that henceforth pages are no measure of time, and that to a year big with strange events, on which I have therefore dilated in this story, succeeded a year in which few brilliant things happened to the personages of this tale: in short, a year to be skimmed by chronicler or novelist, and yet (mind you) a year of three hundred and sixty-five days six hours, or thereabouts, and one in which the quiet, unobtrusive troubles of our friends' hearts, especially the female hearts, their doubts, divisions, distresses, did not remit, far from it. Now this year I propose to divide into topics, and go by logical, rather than natural, sequence of events.

THE LOVERS.

Alfred came every day to see Julia, and Mrs. Dodd invariably left the room at his knock.

At last Julia proposed to Alfred not to come to the house for the present; but to accompany her on her rounds as district visitor. To see and soothe the bitter calamities of the poor had done

her own heart good in its worst distress, and she desired to apply the same medicine to her beloved, who needed it: that was one thing: and then another was, that she found her own anger rising when her mother left the room at that beloved knock: and to be angry with her poor widowed mother was a sin. "She is as unfortunate as I am happy," thought Julia; "I have got *mine* back."

Alfred assented to this arrangement with rather an ill grace. He misunderstood Julia, and thought she was sacrificing him to what he called her mother's injustice. This indeed was the interpretation any man would have been pretty sure to put on it. His sorrows, however, did not go very far; because she was so kind and good to him when they were together. He used to escort her back to the door of 66: and look imploringly; but she never asked him in. He thought her hard for this. He did not see the tears that flowed for that mute look of his the moment the door was closed; tears she innocently restrained for fear the sight of them should make him as unhappy as his imploring look made her. *Mauvais calcul!* She should have cried right out. When we men are unhappy, we like our sweethearts to be unhappier; that consoles us.

But when this had gone on nearly a month, and no change, Alfred lost patience: so he lingered one day at the door to make a request. He asked Julia to marry him; and so put an end to this state of things.

"Marry you, child?" cried Julia, blushing like a rose with surprise and pleasure. "Oh, for shame!"

After the first thrill, she appealed to his candour whether that would not be miserably selfish of her to leave her poor mother in her present distressed condition. "Oh, Alfred, so pale, so spiritless, and inconsolable! My poor, poor mother!"

"You will have to decide between us two one day."

"Heaven forbid!" said Julia, turning pale at the very idea. But he repeated doggedly that it must come to that, sooner or later. Then he reminded her of their solemn engagement, and put it to her whether it was a moral proceeding in her to go back from her plighted troth? What had he done to justify her in drawing back from her word? "I admit," said he, "that I have *suffered* plenty for your sake: but what have I done?"

Undeterred by the fear of immorality, the monotonous girl had but one reply to his multi-form reasons: "This is no time for me to abandon my mother."

"Ah, it is *her* you love: you don't care for me," snapped Alfred.

"Don't I, dear Alfred?" murmured Julia.

"Forgive me! I'm a ruffian, a wretch."

"You are my Alfred. But oh, have a little patience, dear!"

"A little patience? I have the patience of Job. But even his went at last."

[I ought to have said they were in the passage now. The encroaching youth had gained an entrance by agitating her so at the door that she had to ask him in to hide her own blushes from the public.] She now gently reminded him how much happier they were than they had been for months. "Dear me," said she, "I am almost happy: happier than I ought to be; could be quite so, but that I see you discontented."

"Ah, you have so many about you that you love: I have only you."

"And that is true, my poor Alfred."

This softened him a little; and then she interwove her fingers together, and so put both palms softly on his shoulder (you never saw a male do that, and never will), and implored him to be patient, to be generous. "Oh," said she, "if you knew the distress it gives me to refuse to you anything on earth, you would be generous, and not press me when my heart says 'Yes' but my lips *must* say 'No.'"

This melted him altogether, and he said he would not torment her any more.

But he went away discontented with himself for having yielded: my lord did not call it "yielding," but "being defeated." And as he was not only very deep in love, but by nature combative, he took a lodging nearly opposite No. 66, and made hot love to her, as hot as if the attachment was just forming. Her mother could not go out, but he was at the door directly: she could not go out but he was at her heels. This pleased her at first, and thrilled her with the sense of sweet and hot pursuit: but by-and-by, situated as she was between him and her mother, it worried her a little at times, and made her nervous. She spoke a little sharply to him now and then. And that was new. It came from the nerves not the heart. At last she advised him to go back to Oxford. "I shall be the ruin of your mind if we go on like this," said she sadly.

"What, leave the field to my rivals? No, thank you."

"What rivals, sir?" asked Julia, drawing up.

"Your mother, your brother, your curates that would come buzzing the moment I left; your sick people, who bask on your smiles and your sweet voice till I envy them; Sarah, whom you permit to brush your lovely hair, the piano you play on, the air you deign to breathe and brighten, everybody and everything that is near you; they are all my rivals; and shall I resign you to them, and leave myself desolate? I'm not such a fool."

She smiled, and could not help feeling it was sweet to be pestered. So she said with matronly dignity, and the old Julian consistency, "You are a foolish, impetuous boy. You are the plague of my life: and the sun of my existence." That passed off charmingly. But presently his evil genius prompted Alfred to endeavour to soften Mrs. Dodd by letter, and induce her to consent to his marriage with her daughter.

He received her answer at breakfast-time. It

was wonderfully polite and cold; Mrs. Dodd feigned unmixed surprise at the proposal, and said that insanity being unfortunately in her own family, and the suspicion of insanity resting on himself, such a union was not to be thought of; and therefore, notwithstanding her respect for his many good qualities, she must decline with thanks the honour he offered her. She inserted a poisoned sting by way of postscript. "When you succeed in publicly removing the impression your own relations share with me, and when my husband owes his restoration to you, instead of his destruction, of course you will receive a very different answer to your proposal—should you then think it consistent with your dignity to renew it."

As hostile testators used to leave the disinherited one shilling, not out of a shilling's worth of kindly feeling, but that he might not be able to say his name was omitted through inadvertency, so Mrs. Dodd inserted this postscript merely to clench the nail and tantalise her enemy. It was a masterpiece of feminine spite.

She would have been not a little surprised could she have seen how Alfred received her missive.

He sat in a cold stupor of dejection for a good half hour.

Then he lifted up his head, and said quietly, "I'll get the trial over, and my sanity established, as soon as possible: and then I'll hire a yacht and hunt her husband till I find him."

Having settled this little plan he looked out for Julia, whose sympathy he felt in need of after such a stern blow.

She came out much later than usual that day, for, to tell the truth, her mother had detained her to show her Alfred's letter, and her answer.

"Ah mamma," said poor Julia, "you don't love me as you did once. Poor Alfred!"

Mrs. Dodd sighed at this reproach, but said she did not deserve it. No mother in her senses would consent to such a match.

Julia bowed her head submissively and went to her duties. But, when Alfred came to her open-mouthed to complain of her mother's cruelty, she stopped him at once, and asked him how he could go and write that foolish, unreasonable letter. Why had he not consulted her first? "You have subjected yourself to a rebuff," said she angrily, "and one from which I should have saved you. Is it nothing that mamma out of pity to me connives at our meeting, and spending hours together? Do you think she does no violence to her own wishes here? and is she to meet with no return?"

"What, are you against me too," said poor Alfred.

"No, it is you, who are our enemy with your unreasonable impatience."

"I am not so cold-blooded as you are, certainly."

"Humility and penitence would become you

better than to retort on me; I love you both, and pray God on my knees to show me how to do my duty to both."

"That is it; you are not single-hearted like me. You want to please all the world, and reconcile the irreconcilable. It won't do: you will have to choose between your mother and me at last."

"Then of course I should choose my mother."

"Why?"

"Because she claims my duty as well as my love; because she is bowed down with sorrow, and needs her daughter just now more than you do; besides, you are my other self, and we must deny ourselves."

"We have no more right to be unjust to ourselves than to anybody else: injustice is injustice."

"Alfred, you are a high-minded Heathen, and talk Morality. Morality is a snare. What I pray to be is a Christian, as your dear sister was, and to deny myself; and you make it oh so difficult."

"So I suppose it will end in turning out your heathen and then taking your curate. Your mother would consent to that directly."

"Alfred," said Julia with dignity, "these words are harsh, and, forgive me for saying so, they are coarse. Such words would separate us two, without my mother, if I were to hear many of them; for they take the bloom off affection, and that mutual respect, without which no gentleman and lady could be blessed in holy wedlock."

Alfred was staggered and mortified too: they walked on in silence now.

"Alfred," said Julia at last, "do not think me behind you in affection, but wiser, for once, and our best friend. I do think we had better see less of one another for a time, my poor Alfred."

"And why for a time? why not for ever?"

"If your heart draws no distinction, why not, indeed?"

"So be it then: for I will be no woman's slave. There's my hand, Julia: let us part friends."

"Thank you for that, dear Alfred: may you find some one who can love you more—than—I do."

The words choked her. But he was stronger, because he was in a passion. He reproached her bitterly. "If I had been as weak and inconstant as you are, I might have been out of Drayton House long before I did escape. But I was faithful to my one love. I have some right to sing Aileen Aroon, you have none. You are an angel of beauty and goodness; you will go to Heaven, and I shall go to the devil now for want of you. But then you have no constancy, nor true fidelity: so that has parted us, and now nothing is left me but to try and hate you."

He turned furiously on his heel.

"God bless you, go where you will," faltered Julia.

He replied with a fierce ejaculation of despair, and dashed away.

Thus temper and misunderstanding triumphed, after so many strange and bitter trials had failed.

GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

MANIAS are remittent fevers which seize the public mind at uncertain intervals. There will often occur a temporary lull, when a mania is laid, used up, exhausted, and the symptoms of its successor have not yet broken out. But it may be assumed as a rule that the civilised public cannot go on long without some dominant mania. Manias, by their very nature, are social, gregarious, wide-spreading, contagious affections of the national intellect. They are epidemics pervading either the whole country, or considerable classes and communities of the country. They do not exist as solitary cases; for if, indeed, they show themselves in the eccentricities of single individuals, they cease to be manias, and become monomanias merely.

Manias, like comets, mostly come upon us unexpectedly. Some of them, nevertheless, cast their flaming tails before. Therefore, although prophecies are hazardous, I venture to announce the proximate coming of a new-old mania which has long since been left to charlatans and mountebanks, but which is now reappearing, tinkered up, repaired, and renovated, with additions and emendations, backed by pseudo-scientific proof enough to shake the most hardened scepticism. Fortune-telling, by crossing the hand with a piece, not of silver, but of gold, is already becoming the mode abroad. M. Desbarrolles is being made so much of by the high-minded dwellers in German Schlosses, that he cannot get back to his Parisian home; notwithstanding which he announces, in reply to numerous inquiries, his place of residence there, and that the price of his chiromantic consultations is twenty francs.

Certainly, what with spirits and supernaturalities, we are making great psychological advances in this our nineteenth century. While all was still dark in 1745, Dennis de Coetlogon (Knight of St. Lazare, M.D., and Member of the Royal Academy of Angers) published, in English, his decided opinion: "Chiromancy, from *χρηρ*, hand, and *μαντεια*, divination, is the Art of Divining the Fate, Temperament, and Disposition of a Person, by the Lines and Lineaments of the Hand; otherwise called Palmistry. This fictitious Art is only practised by Gypsies, Vagabonds, and silly old Women; who have, however, cunning enough to make the Vulgar believe that the seven Planets predominate over the seven Mountains which this Art places in the Palm of a Man's Hand; that the lines therein have a Doctrine of Community with the Length of Life; and that Riches, Accidents, or other Events, are to be judged thereby."

Earlier still, in 1712, our old friend the Spectator says (in No. 505): "This natural im-

patience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found the prescience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own handwriting. Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and the learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant are still slaves to them"—worn out even in the so-called Augustan age.

Sir Thomas Browne, fond as he was of the marvellous, displays no faith in Palmistry. He turns up the ridiculous side of the question. "Great variety there is in the lines of the hand. There are also master and principal lines, in some analogy to these, in creatures of five divisions of foot, as apes, monkeys, frogs, with like lesser also, and in great variety. These are also observed in most digitate animals, and variously disposed, as in dogs, cats, &c.; in fin-footed birds, swans, geese, ducks." The kitchen-maid, therefore, while killing her ducks and geese, may beguile her pensive thoughts by telling their fortunes.

In 1863, the wise and learned are endeavoured to be converted to mysterious arts which are despised by multitudes of weak and ignorant people. M. Desbarrolles asserts that chiromancy is as true as nature, because it is based on the harmonies of nature.* He admits that his book was laughed at when it first came out; but when men saw that it was such a big one, so full of research, quotation, and so on, that they began to fancy there must be something in it. It has rapidly attained its fourth edition, which is more than its author expected, especially in France, for it treats of a science long decried, and which at the first glance appears inexplicable. Now, with slight hopes of gaining the ear of his countrymen, he is sanguine as to the conversion to chiromancy of Germany, and by-and-by of England. He is convinced that it will come in time.

That the hand *is* a feature, cannot be denied. In proof whereof, there are two classes of portrait-painters; those who can, and those who cannot paint a hand—the multitudinous limners who stick it out of sight in their sitter's pocket, and the real artists who, like Vandyke, delight in working out its beauty and its individuality. As Physiognomy judges character from the aspect of the countenance, so Chiromancy appreciates it from the aspect of the hand.

The light broke upon M. d'Arpentigny in this wise: While quite young, he lived in the country, and frequently attended the parties given by the great man of the neighbourhood,

* Les Mystères de la Main Révelés et Expliqués, Art de connaître la vie, le caractère, les aptitudes et la destinée de chacun d'après la seule Inspection des Mains. Par Ad. Desbarrolles. Quatrième édition. Pp. 624.

who was extremely fond of the exact sciences, and of mechanics in particular. Consequently, he was visited by numerous geometricians and mechanicians. His lady (through the immutable law of contrast) was passionately fond of the arts, and received nobody but artists. From which it resulted that Madame had her reception days, and Monsieur his.

M. d'Arpentigny, neither mathematician nor artist, and wearing the badge of neither clique, indiscriminately attended the evening parties given both by the husband and the wife. He had a handsome hand, and made the most of it, complacently indulging in silent comparisons which always turned to his own advantage. This led him to remark that the arithmeticians and engineers had all knotty fingers, while those of all the artists were smooth. The two entire parties, without exception, seemed to have adopted, as their badge, two different kinds and forms of hand. He was struck by the contrast, and on seeking further proof, met with it. He imagined in people whose fingers were smooth, the impressionability, the spontaneity, the intuition, the momentary inspiration which replaces calculation, the caprice, the faculty of judging at a glance, whose consequence is a taste for the arts. In persons with knotty fingers, he found reflection, order, an aptitude for figures and such sciences as mechanics, agriculture, architecture, engineering, navigation—for everything, in short, which requires the exercise of the reasoning faculty. Convinced on one point, he did not stop there, but went on comparing, studying, interweaving. After thirty years' experience, he established a system based on facts, without troubling himself about the causes of those facts.

M. Desbarrolles goes further. He has fathomed the proof of chiromancy to lie in Magic, and thereby in "The Three Worlds": the heavens, the earth, and the infernal regions. By the material world, we are connected with the lower world, with things infernal; by the intellectual world, we hold on to the earth; by the divine world, we are attached to the upper world, the heavens.

Chiromancy, adds M. Desbarrolles, is entirely based on the Kabbala. Now, the whole of the Kabbala may be summed up in the sentence, "The strongest magical power is **THE WILL**." The first kabalistic precept is, "What you always will to do, you will be able to do one day or another." The profundity of which saying becomes evident by putting it in another form. "Is there any greater impediment to a thing's being done than an unwillingness to do it? Is a man ever likely to accomplish anything which he has no will to accomplish?" The rule applies even to animals. One man can lead a horse to water, but can a hundred make him drink, if he won't?

The hand is the summary of the man, his active microcosm. The index, pointer, or first finger, belongs to the planet Jupiter; the medium, middle, or second finger, to Saturn; the annular, ring-finger, or third, to Apollo or the Sun; and

the auricular, the ear-finger, or fourth, to Mercury. At the base of each finger, just on the palm, is, or should be, a little mountain, influenced by its respective planet. The base or root of the thumb is the mount of Venus, opposite to which, and next the wrist, is the mount of the Moon. Between that and the little finger, and separated by two lines from the mount of Mercury, is the mount of Mars. The hand has thus seven mountains, influenced by seven planets, reckoning the Sun and Moon as such.

It will be objected that the planets have long since exceeded seven in number, and that new ones are now being discovered every day. But if they have hitherto been so hard to discover, it was because they are hardly visible, either on account of their distance or their smallness, and that their influence, consequently, can only be secondary. Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, are still the most important planets. Uranus, through his immense distance from the Sun, loses his influence over us. Vesta, Juno, Pallas, and the rest, are so minute that their influence is the strength of flies compared with that of elephants. All which logic may be good; still, I do not see how it connects the planet Venus with the thumb, or Mercury with the little finger.

Keep silence, caviller, and hearken to the seer. An overgrown mount of Jupiter produces superstition, excessive pride, the love of domination at any price, the desire to shine. The absence of the mount causes sloth, egotism, irreligion, want of dignity, vulgar tendencies. Saturn is fatality. His mount in excess induces taciturnity, melancholy, love of solitude, rigid religion, the fear of future punishment, ascetism, remorse, and frequently a propensity to suicide. Its absence presages misfortune, or at best insignificance.

Passing by the two remaining fingers, listen we to the revelations of the thumb. The thumb represents the creation. It unites in itself generation, reason, and realisation or the will (which in magic are one). The thumb, then, is the life, the being, the entire man surrounded by the influences with which he must mould his good or his evil, according to the direction which he gives to his will and his intelligence. "In default of any other proof," said Newton, "the thumb would convince me of the existence of a God." *The superior animal is in the hand; the man is in the thumb.* M. d'Arpentigny gives us proofs in born idiots, who come into the world without thumbs, or with impotent and withered thumbs, and epileptic sufferers who, in their fits, close their fingers over their thumbs. Moribund persons, he says, do the same.

Magically, the thumb comprises the three worlds with perfect distinctness. The first joint, that which carries the nail, gives the measure of the will, the invention, the initiative faculty. It is the divine world of the kabbalists. The second phalange is the token of logic; namely, of perception, judgment, and reasoning power. It is the world of abstraction. The third, which forms

the root of the thumb, measures, say the chiromantists (who have named it the Mount of Venus), the tendency to amorous passions. It is the material world. The importance of the thumb will also be understood, by observing how it is placed before the other fingers, like an officer in front of the soldiers who obey him. In the thumb, we have at once combined the will, the reasoning powers, and sensual love, the three prime movers of human life.

The nailed portion of the thumb, the first phalange, is in direct communication with the astral light, and is necessarily, from that very circumstance, divine. Consequently, every one who has the first joint of the thumb long and strong, will have a powerful and energetic will, great self-confidence, and an ardent desire to attain perfection in everything he does. If this joint be too long, the force of the will will amount to domineering and tyranny. If it be of medium length, there will be no domineering, but passive resistance, force of inertia. If it be short, there will be a feeble will, fickleness, uncertainty, distrust of one's self, and a disposition to adopt the opinion of others. If very short indeed, there will be an incapacity of resistance, a powerlessness to say "No," complete indifference, recklessness in the concerns of life, discouragements, enthusiasms, unaccountable fits of high or low spirits, brought on, perhaps, by a gloomy or a brilliant sky, religious or military music, and especially by surrounding circumstances, which communicate the punch of their own proper key-note.

The second phalange represents logic, reason, and the faculty of seeing things clearly at a glance. If it be long and strong, the logic and the reason will be powerful accordingly; if it be short, the logic and the reason will be weak.

The third phalange (which in reality is rather the root of the thumb, and occupies an important place in the *palm* of the hand) shows the greater or less power of the senses, but particularly of sensual, material love. If it be very thick and very broad, the man will be the slave of brutal passion. If it be moderate, and in harmony with the rest of the hand, the man will be amorous, but not in excess. If it be weak, flat, and but slightly apparent, he will have but few and feeble sensual appetites.

To draw a few consequences from the above: The possessor of great force of will (indicated by a long and thick first joint of the thumb) and of small logic (betrayed by a short second joint) will domineer under any circumstances. He will form strong resolutions, but without rhyme or reason. His life will be a storm in which he will be constantly shipwrecked. He will be like a fearless blind man, walking without staff or guide along a rugged path bordered by precipices. He *must* fall down them some day or other. If he have will and logic united, he cannot help succeeding in his undertakings, for he will be gifted with reason and resolution in equal doses. When the will and the logic are of equal length, and the thumb is long in proportion to the other fingers, it is the sign of

a powerful will, since it is based on logical foundations. Such a will may even make itself dominant, but will never tyrannise. When such a thumb is of ordinary dimensions, it means passive resistance.

A person who has the second joint (*logic*) long and strong, and the first (the will) short, will manifest more reason than resolution. He will see clearly enough, but will incessantly hesitate; he will lay out magnificent plans which he will fear to execute. His reason will tell him to march boldly forward, but he will be kept back by indecision and prudential doubts. He will attempt, and then stop short. He may give excellent advice to others, but he will never do any good to himself.

The dissolute have the two first joints of their thumbs short and slender, and the third, or root, very fully developed.

In the fingers also, the phalanges which carry the nails belong to the divine world; they are the eyes of the hand. [Which calls the eyes of the star-fish to mind.] The second phalanges belong to the world of reason; the third to the material world, as we saw in the thumb. The third phalanges vary but slightly in different individuals, because they represent the material portion of our nature. In general terms, it may be stated that fingers swollen or very thick at the base, invariably indicate a taste for sensual pleasures. Nevertheless, such tastes may be modified by the influence of the mounts and the lines. Short nails, broader than they are long, and on which the skin of the fingers encroaches far, always announce a quarrelsome temper. If the person is naturally good-natured at bottom, such nails cause him to indulge in habits of mockery, jeering, criticising, and contradiction.

These details, and others too numerous to particularise, make one curious to know *what* it was exactly that our chiromantist saw when vouchsafed an inspection of the imperial hand, which warmed his admiration and closed all his doubts. "When we were permitted," he enthusiastically exclaims, "to see the hand of the most extraordinary man of our age, the hand which guides the epoch, did we not behold it so well balanced that it is destined by the necessity of the laws of harmony to restore equilibrium to the world? Did we not discover in it the signs of a superhuman sagacity and intelligence which, in spite of our innumerable experiences, we have never beheld elsewhere?" The seer, it is rumoured, also saw the empress's hand, but was not allowed to examine the Prince Imperial's.

There are Lines to be studied, weighed, and accounted for. The Line of the Heart runs across the hand, nearest to the base of the fingers. It should be clear, decided, well-coloured, reaching the mount of Jupiter. It then signifies a good heart, strong and happy affection. If broken up into several fragments, it is inconstancy in love and friendship, contempt of women, even going so far as to insult them. The line running parallel to it,

nearer the wrist, is the Line of the Head. If the lines of the heart and the head join each other between the forefinger and thumb, it is a bad sign—the presage of a violent death, if occurring in both hands. The head and the heart are led captive by life, by instinct. The man puts a bandage over his eyes while walking close to precipices. M. Desbarrolles, by the way, appears rather fond of precipices. If the line of the heart join the line of the head under the Saturnian finger, it becomes the sign of a violent death, Saturn being fatality. A hand without a line of the heart, is bad faith, maliciousness, aptitude for mischief, iron will, and premature death.

The Line of Life surrounds the base of the thumb, the mount of Venus. When it is long, well formed, and bright coloured, it announces a long and happy life, exempt from serious illnesses; it is also the sign of a kindly temper. When pale and broad, it denotes bad health, evil instincts, and an envious disposition. Breadth and paleness always influence lines unfavourably; opposite qualities are conferred by long, well-coloured lines. A short line of life is a brief span of existence. A double line of life is an extra allowance of longevity.

The Saturnine Line, running from the mount of Saturn towards the wrist, is destiny, fatality. Its combinations are multifold, ranging from the height of good fortune to inevitable death upon the scaffold. Chiromantists, therefore, out of kind consideration, often refrain from telling their clients all they see. Hands without a Saturnine belong to insignificant beings. The Esquimaux, for the most part, have no Saturnine; theirs is a vegetative life, slowly dragged on through the rigorous seasons of their tedious year. M. Serras, a celebrated anthropologist, even asserts that the Saturnine, which he calls the Caucasian fold, is found only in individuals of the white race of mankind and its varieties. The Hepatic Line, or Line of the Liver, runs from the mount of Venus to the mount of Mercury. The Ring of Venus is a semicircular Line enclosing the mounts of Saturn and Apollo. It betrays more secrets than I dare tell.

Chiromancy, like other modes of divination, leaves the chiromancer many a loophole of escape, many an opportunity of embroidering the web of the human palm with accidental ornamentation, suggested possibly by some lucky piece of private information. Thus, a broken line, or any other menacing circumstance of the kind, is not fatally bad unless it is repeated in both hands; in the contrary case, one hand almost always corrects the malignant influence of the other. One single unfavourable sign does not suffice to announce a catastrophe; there must be a combination of several fatal signs. One isolated adverse mark is the presumption of an untoward event, a warning of a danger which will present itself, but which may be avoided by consulting the causes—always indicated in the hand by the excess of such or such a mount, the form of such or such

a line, or by other marks as transverse stripes, crosses, stars, on spots where their influence becomes pernicious. Even when all the lines concur in announcing a danger, that danger still may be, if not avoided, at least rendered less terrible by the will and by prudence placed at the service of the will. Herein lies the great use (and charlatanism) of chiromancy.

In this, as in every other art, we are told, the leading rules can be indicated; BUT they are incessantly modified, because diversity, taking its source from unity, is the law of nature. You say, "A man;" but there are a hundred thousand different men: you say, "A tree," but there are a hundred thousand different trees.

Thus, the mounts of the hand are rarely in their proper place, at the root of their respective fingers. But as nothing in the hand is without its meaning, the displacement of the mounts has also its significance. The mounts, at the base of each finger, resume, as we have seen, the aptitudes or the instincts with which each one of the fingers is inspired by the influence of a corresponding planet; which planet is indicated by the name of the mount. Consequently, the mounts which are in more vehement correspondence with a planet, will exercise on the neighbouring mounts a stronger attraction. Sometimes they will entirely absorb them; and consequently, a mount, by approaching or inclining towards another stronger mount, will carry over to it its instincts, which will be modified by the leading instinct of the planet (or of its representative mount) which attracts it.

If, for instance, the mount of Jupiter inclines towards the mount of Saturn, it is a sad, grave, and sometimes fatal modification of the inclinations inspired by Jupiter. It is often a noble desire to succeed in science, theology, or academic ambition, according to the significations of the other signatures of the hand. If it is the mount of Saturn which inclines towards the mount of Jupiter, it is ambition which gets the upper hand of science; it is a desire to shine in serious matters, to acquire a reputation for austerity or learning, even without deserving it. It also announces celebrity, notoriety mingled with misfortune, brought on, either of them, by overweening pride. The lines are the sensitive, intelligent portion of chiromancy; they modify the actions of the mounts, and the Saturnine suffices, and more, to replace the mount of Saturn in a hand. But—the cool looker-on would say—with such a nice balancing of lines and mounts, it is possible to read, in any hand, any character and any destiny. If M. D. practises chiromancy in sincerity and good faith (which is not denied), he certainly gives dangerous hints to a hundred imitators who will exercise the art quite otherwise.

M. Desbarrolles has a rival fortune-teller, who beats him hollow. One M. Collonges can tell the age and temperament of individuals presented to him; he pronounces whether they are fatigued or not, sick or well; he

states whether a disease is serious or trifling, if death be near, and if death be real or only apparent. And, to ascertain all these particulars, it suffices to place in his ear a finger, or a toe, of the individual to be fortune-told. He then hears a continual buzzing sound proceeding from the finger, interrupted at intervals by chirpings and crackings as of sparks, which tell the gifted listener all he requires to know. If a dead person's finger or toe be employed, no such oracular sounds are heard; all is still; the corpse has no further fortune to tell.

MILITARY MISMANAGEMENT.

ABOUT seventeen years ago, I went through a short campaign with French troops in Algeria, an account of which was published in *Household Words*.* At the period of my wanderings in Gallie Africa I made several notes respecting various matters connected with the troops in that colony, and those notes I have still by me. On referring to them, I find that the average yearly mortality among the soldiers during the first fifteen years—from 1830 to 1845—during which the French occupied the country, was 29.7 per thousand, inclusive of men killed in action, or who died of wounds received on the field of battle. This is considerably less than half the average mortality of our troops in India, which the late Sanitary Commissioners' report has shown to be 67.9 per thousand. It may fairly be asked, what causes so vast a difference in the deaths among the troops of the two nations serving in these countries? India is, in truth, a hot place, but Algeria is not a cool one; and, in India, very much greater expense is incurred with a view to keeping troops healthy, than Algeria. I, who wrote these lines, have served upwards of fifteen years in India, and should know something of the climate, as well as of the working of the military system in that land. In India, too, we have many times lost numbers of men in action, but our campaigns have by no means been so frequent as those of the French in Algeria during the first fifteen years of their occupation of that colony. Moreover—at any rate until the great mutiny of 1857—whenever any great engagement took place in India, by far the most numerous troops employed were native troops, and consequently the number of men killed was very much greater among them than among English soldiers; whereas, the enormous average mortality of 67.9 per thousand relates only to our own countrymen. The question as to how such mortality can be prevented—or the inquiry as to what are the real causes of it—is of vital importance to England, if only as a matter of £ s. d., to say nothing of higher and more humane considerations.

No one who has served in India can say that

our soldiers die in cantonments or barracks from want of looking after, or from over-work. The care taken of them may be injudicious, and may be calculated to cause the very result which it is meant to prevent, but we must not deny that—by the regimental authorities and medical officers, at any rate—the health of the men is held to be a matter of primary consideration. During the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle in September last, this subject was brought under discussion, and I observe that nearly every one of the speakers assigned a different cause for the existing evil. Some, laid the blame on the intemperance and vice of the men; others, on the bad climate and the heat of the country; many, on the “ill-ventilated barracks, with filthy cesspools in the midst of them,” in which the men are obliged to live; but none of these do I hold to be the reason for the enormous number of deaths, by which a whole regiment, a thousand strong, is completely swallowed up in from fourteen to sixteen years. I maintain that the intemperance of our soldiers in India is not greater than that of French regiments stationed in Algeria; and whatever amount of drunkenness exists is much more the effect of the idle life the men are forced to lead than the cause of their sickness. That India is by no means as healthy as Great Britain, or that the heat of the climate is very great, no one will deny, but neither the one nor the other of these reasons would account for the mortality lately brought to light by the Sanitary Commissioners' report. In the first place the English regiments in India are seldom stationed in unhealthy localities, nor are the men allowed to expose themselves to the heat of the sun. The officers, most of whom expose themselves very much in shooting or hunting, do not die in any thing like the proportion of the men. Moreover, I have always remarked that the men are never so healthy as when on the line of march, or in camp, when they are much more exposed to the heat than in barracks or quarters. Nor do I attribute so much of the evil to faulty barracks. Although much might be done to improve those buildings, I have seen far worse ventilated barracks in England and Ireland, than I have in the East; and of late years there has been a vast improvement in barrack accommodation throughout India. And I may here notice a singular fact connected with the mortality of our troops in India, which is, that I have remarked almost invariably that the number of admissions to hospital are greater, and the deaths are far more numerous, in regiments where the commanding officers take the greatest care to prevent men drinking more than a certain quantity of liquor at the regimental canteens, and where there are most “check roll calls” in the day to keep the men out of the sun.

What, then, can be the true cause of such vast sickness and so great a mortality among men who are selected from the most healthy of their class when they leave England, and who land in India as strong as on the day when they

* See *A Campaign with the French*, in vol. xiv., page 49, *Household Words*.

embarked? I hold the reason—the original reason—to be far more of a moral than a physical kind, or at any rate that moral reasons form the causes, while the physical reasons which most persons regard as the causes, are simply the effects, of the evil. Our men in India have too little to do, and idleness in India, as in every other part of the world, is the cause of evil, even to the prostration of nearly all physical energy.

Take the daily life of an English soldier in India. It is one of enforced idleness. By seven o'clock in the morning, his drill and duty for the day are over. He has no fatigue or cooking duty to do; all that, is done for him by the native servants of his troop or company. In some regiments he does not even clean his arms; and I have known cavalry corps in which the grooming of the horses was done by native syces: the men merely looking on or making believe to brush the horses' manes and tails during stable hours. By eight o'clock the breakfast-time is over, and from that time until one the men have nothing whatever to do but to lounge on their cots and sleep away the forenoon. From dinner to evening parade, or stable hour, the men are similarly without any occupation. Those who would like to go out shooting, are forbidden, as it is supposed that exposure to the sun is injurious to health. It is true that in most regiments there are libraries for the men: but how many of the latter can read, or of those who can read how many do so; how many are there who care to read hour after hour and day after day? To drive away the ennui caused by a hot climate, the men require physical as well as mental work, and this physical work should have an object in it, or the men will not take to it in earnest. I have seen in some regiments in India, large buildings erected in which all kinds of games and gymnastics were encouraged, so as to keep the men engaged during the heat of the day. So far as it goes, this plan is good, but all play is no more beneficial than all work. These makeshifts to give the men occupation, do very well for a time, but they soon die a natural death. Nothing can be better than athletic games and gymnastics for soldiers, but these should be in hours of play, not, in hours of work; and this reminds me how I observed the men of the French army occupied in Algeria when not engaged in their military duties.

In the French army, every recruit is supposed to know a trade on joining the army. If he has not yet learnt a trade, he is taught some occupation after joining his corps. Should he be ignorant of reading and writing—or, knowing these, should he wish to improve his education, so as to qualify himself for promotion—he goes to the regimental school for four hours every day when he is not on guard or on fatigue duty. Once his schooling is over, he is put to work at some trade or handicraft: or should he not know one, he is put to learn one. In every French regiment, there are regular gangs of butchers, bakers, cooks, carpenters, masons, gardeners,

builders, labourers, cart-drivers, watchmakers, silversmiths, tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and what not. All these trades or handicrafts are under their regular head men, and every soldier when he can work, may, and does, gain a certain sum per day, by working in the shop of his trade. In Algeria, the whole of the government work is done by these military artisans, who, as well as the state, are gainers thereby. The men thus earn extra pay, and the government get work done better and cheaper than they could do by employing the people of the country: besides treasuring up the vast advantage of always having a corps of workmen at command. The system of regular organised workmen is the true secret why the French army get on so well when on service. In the English army we have nothing of the kind, except as regards the tailors and shoemakers, and (in cavalry regiments) the saddlers and farriers. There are many good workmen who enter our ranks, but, through want of practice, they soon forget what they knew. In Algiers, I have seen a whole pile of barracks, large enough to contain three thousand men, that was built entirely by a regiment of the line, from the digging of the foundations to the making of glass for the barrack windows, and not a day's drill or manœuvring had been neglected while the work was going on. Throughout Algeria, miles upon miles of excellent public roads have been made entirely by the troops: the men being paid a small additional sum by the state while so employed. Thus the government gained by getting their work better and very much cheaper done than could have been effected by private contractors, while the troops gained a very comfortable addition to their regular pay. I don't say that out-door work of this nature could be carried on in India at all seasons of the year without more or less detriment to the health of the men; but I am very certain that it could be done for several months in the Upper Provinces and other parts, and that the men would look upon the change as the greatest blessing—as affording them a most wholesome relief from the dreadful monotony of cantonment life. What would be easier than for a regiment to go under canvas every year, and move to wheresoever its services might be wanted for road-making, bridge-building, or other such work? The men would gain in health, in pocket, and, above all, in that knowledge how to overcome difficulties on actual service which so distinguishes the French army. When one of our Anglo-Indian regiments takes the field the men are as helpless as babies. They have been so long accustomed to have everything done for them by their cook-boys and other native servants, that they can do nothing for themselves, save clean their clothing and arms, and not always that. They can and do fight well, but this is not all that is required of a thorough soldier. He is obliged to work at every other trade in turn. We repeat what was said in a former paper, "The handicraft trade a man has been brought up to, his peculiar fitness for one occupation more than another, even the hobby which it pleases him to

ride, are all swept into the general fund, as contributions of labour." Surely here are golden rules for military observance, and which we ought not to be above copying of our neighbours. If ever an army wanted an entire and radical reform in this respect, it is our army in India. We drive our soldiers in that country into all kinds of vice and intemperance, by the do-nothing life which we force them to lead. And this, with the fact before our eyes, that so long as a man is properly clothed, and his head protected from the sun, those persons who are actively employed in the open air are invariably the most healthy. Algeria is quite as hot during the summer months as any part of India that I have been in; yet the French soldiers in that colony labour at all kinds of handicraft in and out of doors, without detriment to themselves, and with a far smaller amount of mortality than obtains among our European troops in India.

Let any one who wishes to know the amount of baggage, and the number of camp-followers which follow our armies into the field in India, read Mr. RUSSELL'S Diary in India, recording what he saw in that country during the campaigns under Lord Clyde, which followed the mutiny of 1857. The native cooks, washermen, grooms, tent-pitchers, and the hundred other natives who follow the soldier whenever he goes into camp—each individual native taking with him his wife and children, and often his father, mother, uncles, and brothers—exceed all belief. They seem to be more numerous than the sands of the sea. Nor is the evil of this immense following confined to the camp-followers themselves, for these, in their turn, must have their followers. In addition to the commissariat that feeds the troops, each corps must have a large bazaar establishment to feed its followers. The extent and ramifications of these hangers-on may be in some degree conceived, when I mention that, during one of our campaigns in Afghanistan, although the followers were reduced to the lowest possible numbers, there were European regiments that counted no less than seven native camp-followers to every effective English soldier. Many old Indians will say that our men could not dispense with these native servants, and that if they attempted themselves to do the menial work of the barracks their health would suffer. Now, I am an old Indian, and have seen service in the Punjab, in Afghanistan, and in other countries; and I altogether deny that our English soldiers would suffer, even if deprived of all their native servants, to-morrow. Surely our men are not more helpless than Frenchmen! And I have seen a brigade of the latter take the field for months in the burning plains towards the frontier of Morocco—a far hotter climate, with far fewer resources than any I have marched through in India from Peshawar to Calcutta—not having with them more camp-followers than they would have in Europe. The average number of non-combatants with a French column in the field in Algeria, is less than one per cent of the soldiers

present, and these are nearly all sutlers or shopkeepers, who are allowed to follow the troops and sell odds and ends of comfort to the men. In our Anglo-Indian camps, the number of camp-followers is something like seven or eight hundred—I have known it as high as eleven hundred—per cent more than the fighting men! In other words, where the French in Algeria take one camp-follower in the field, we take from seven to eleven hundred!

Our military legislators need not go far to learn why campaigning in India is ruinous work. When every company of a hundred men requires something like a thousand followers to administer to their comforts, no wonder that we have often to extricate ourselves from difficulties with little credit or honour. According to the last army estimates, the number of English soldiers now serving on the Indian establishment is eighty-three thousand five hundred and twenty-one: so that, if the statistics of the Sanitary Commission be true, the number of deaths in that country must be close upon six thousand every year; and, from what I have witnessed in the country, I believe this figure is not overstated. Surely such a state of things should not be allowed to exist without some attempt being made to alter it for the better! Six thousand men represent the whole brigade of Foot Guards. Imagine the whole of this corps dying off and having to be replaced every year! Even reduce the number by one-half, and it is hardly conceivable that we should allow three thousand able-bodied men to vanish off the face of the earth every year, without making an attempt to stop such mismanagement as must exist somewhere. Yet I fear that no effort will be made in the right direction. Old Indians, and particularly old Indian doctors, have an idea that to save English soldiers' lives in the East they must be allowed to do nothing whatever for themselves; and if changes be made in our Anglo-Indian military system, I fear they will be for the worse, and not for the better.

Connected with the subject of our soldiers' health in the East, there is the subject of military cookery: which is and has been, from time immemorial, a standing disgrace to the English army. In India the cooking for the men is done by native cook-boys: the men themselves being allowed to take no part whatever in preparing their own food. What are the consequences? A recruit joins his corps, lives and serves his time in India, and—if spared to return—comes back to England entirely helpless to perform what every officer or soldier who has been on service knows to be the very first of military duties, unconnected with actual fighting: namely, that of turning to the best and most healthy account for himself and his comrades, the meat, flour, vegetables, and rice, provided for rations. Unless, or until, the cook-boys of his troop or company have reached the camping-ground, there is no breakfast or dinner that day. I have seen again and again, on the march in India, dozens of

pounds of rice and flour thrown away, after being drawn from the commissariat, because the native cook-boys of the troop had not reached the camp in time to prepare these rations for food. As to preparing coffee, baking bread, making soup, or roasting meat, you might as well ask an Anglo-Indian soldier to draw out the lines of a ship of war.

And need I speak of the waste, the dirt, the uncleanliness, of the soldier's food when it is prepared by the greasy native cooks who spoil what is given them to cook, and who as often as not disgust the soldier with his rations, owing to their own personal filth alone? It would be out of reason to expect that the rations and means of the private soldier could, either in India or in any other country, be made to furnish such dinners as are to be had only in wealthy households; but there is no reason why our troops should not have wholesome, clean, and even tasty cookery, such as is to be had in the French army, and, of late years, in our own navy, whenever a man-of-war is in port, or can obtain fresh vegetables. To visit the cook-house of a French regiment, or of an English man-of-war, half an hour before dinner-time, would give a satiated alderman an appetite. I have tasted as good vegetable soup on board H.M.S. Marlborough, in Malta harbour, as any gentleman would wish to put upon his table. Why should our troops not have their rations as well cooked as their brethren of the navy? Our ships go into every climate and to every country; but do we ever hear it said that in any part of the world it is too hot for Englishmen to cook sailors' dinners, and that native cooks ought to be provided for the men-of-war on the African or East Indian stations? Some years ago, I visited the French settlement of Pondicherry, on the Madras coast, and visited the barracks of the battalion of Marine Infantry doing duty in the garrison. I found the cooking all carried on by the men themselves, as in France, and I found the kitchens as clean and neat as they would have been in Europe. I found that the men had excellent bread, baked by soldiers who were paid for their work, good soup, well cooked vegetables and rice, and were much better fed than our men in the Madras Presidency, at less than two-thirds of the cost.* With the French troops in the East Indies there is not one single native follower of any kind, except with the officers: who, if they keep horses, or if they are married men, have servants of the country. The consequences are, the soldiers are much more healthy than our men, their pay goes very much further, and the government feeds them at two-thirds of the ex-

* This, however, ought to surprise no one, for according to the French and English budgets of 1862-63, we pay 15,139,379*l.*, for an army of 145,450 men and 14,116 horses, whilst the French pay 14,599,000*l.*, for an army of 400,000 men, a reserve of 150,000 men, and 105,000 horses. That is to say, we pay over half a million more money than the French pay for one-fourth the number of men, and about one-seventh the number of horses.

pense we incur, which, with our Anglo-Indian force of nearly eighty-four thousand men, would be no small item in our Indian budget.*

PAINT AND VARNISH.

How should the world get on without Paint and Varnish? Though damaging to the core beneath, when laid on with too broad a sweep and too juicy a brush, they are yet, in a certain degree, necessities in a make-believe old life, "where nothing is but all things seem," and where matters are so oddly ordered, that sometimes the highest truths have the effect of the wildest falsehoods. Think what it would be if we all lived in rough-hewn moral chambers, unpainted and unvarnished—nothing but the bare boards, with the grain of the wood showing up in jagged lines, and the heads and points of the nails starting out for the riving of our garments! Horribly uncomfortable, surely, with no good sleeping accommodation possible—not so much as would give one space or ease for a noonday siesta, with the sun stalking through Leo overhead! This was the kind of thing that was tried once—in imagination at least—when Madame de Genlis built up her Palace of Truth out of her internal consciousness, and set her puppets to inhabit it. And a fine mess they all made of it: all but the little sly boots who had the wit to secure the talisman which included paint and varnish among its properties, and so was enabled to send her husband blessed and deluded to the grave. And sly boots, if not right according to the nobler patterns, was at least wise in her generation, and understood the nature of men and husbands.

Think of the miserable gorilla-don of the world, if the outside sweetness of society were laid aside—if the paint-pot was empty and the varnish-brush dry; if, instead of "My dear Mrs. Smith, this is indeed kind of you—I am charmed to see you," said amiably, and with an electric clasp of the fingers, your friend growled out, "Here is this odious woman again! why did they let her up?" Think of the consternation that would seize on poor Mrs. Smith's undoubting soul, if, in place of the smooth serenity of former custom, this gnarled and knotted reality was suddenly to meet her! Would it be right, indeed, that it should? Where the necessity of turning the seams outside, and letting the north wind whistle through chinks and cracks, which a little putty, painted over and varnished, could stop out as well as heart of oak? Look at that assemblage of bland and well-dressed guests, each accustomed to adulation, and preparing for it as in the natural order of things; and think of the apoplectic

* The Conductor of this Journal has, in his rambles during the last few years, watched the training of French soldiers in several large garrison towns of France. It is scarcely credible that such a system can be in daily action at a dozen places within a few hours' steam-journey of these shores, and be so lost on authorities at home.

indignation that would seize on each if the truth came out instead! There is that old lady mumbling through her false teeth on the sofa, in the delightful pursuit of hunting down her neighbour's reputation; she is nearer eighty than seventy, is as brown as chocolate, and as lean as the starved apothecary; yet she dresses with the youngest. Her head is adorned with a flowery wreath perched on the top of her luxuriant bright brown wig; her arms and neck are bare; and, for all pretence of matronly covering, she wears a gauzy Indian scarf thrown gracefully round her bust of whalebone and wadding, through which the chocolate-coloured wrinkles are distinctly visible. But the ladies cluster round the old creature—the gentlemen too—admire her dress, praise her good taste, and tell her that she surpasses herself to-night, and looks younger than the pretty little bride there in the corner. Her foolish old head wags with contentment, and her silly old heart swells with satisfaction. But they?—they laugh quietly in their sinful sleeves while thus painting her wretched effigy an inch thick. If she could hack away that great mass of glaring red, she would see some rather different linings underneath. "You wretched mockery of womankind—you poor benighted old coquette—why, in Heaven's name, don't you go home and cover your miserable bones decently? Have you no daughter of the third generation to tell you what an object you make of yourself, and how utterly absurd you are?"

Then there is that household of small means—notoriously small; but where the lady dresses so stately in her well-preserved velvet, and the husband has always a decent shirt-front, miraculously washed; where such a noble and sufficing outside is kept up, no matter what the poverty or scantiness of the material beneath. How they are flattered and complimented to their faces! How her tact and management, and their joint tastefulness and power of adaptation, are acknowledged and commented on!—winged words of honeyed sweetness flying like cooing Cupids in their ears. Strip them of their paint and varnish, their horseshair, their wadding, and their peacock's feathers, and the cooing Cupids would reveal themselves then as ugly, water-logged, wooden dolls: the household of small means would hear one-half of their world laugh at them for pretentiousness, and the other half condemn them for extravagance. So, too, that pretty-looking girl with her long repentant meandering down her neck, her embroidered jackets, her high-heeled boots, her bead necklaces, and all the thousand-and-one pardonable coquetties of her age and condition, how would she find herself travestied from the pleasant limning of her daily contemplation? "Pretty" and "attractive," and "always so nice, Julia, dear," now—with her patterns in every one's hands and her fashions on every one's back—she would be "bold," "forward," "dressy," "vulgar," "done only to attract men, odious creature!" then. Suppose, too, instead of "Jones, my boy, you are a connoisseur in wine.

Just taste this capital port, and give me your candid opinion," it were, "Jones, you barely know South African from 'forty-eight; and all the heavens might blaze with comets before your dull palate could discover any special flavour in the vintage. I grudge throwing away that yellow seal on you!" why Jones's dinner would choke him.

Why do we live in a genteel neighbourhood, with the rents steadily rising everywhere, when we are so poor we can scarcely find sustenance to feed that Behemoth of a rent of ours, which eats us up, body and bones? Simply because we are poor; because we must paint over the bare boards of our impecuniosity, and varnish our deal, and stain our pine too cleverly for detection; because we cannot afford to do the daringly simple things permitted to our friend Snooks, with any number of thousands at his back. Snooks may, if he chooses, give an Apician feast in a woodman's hut, and people would only say "How odd!" winking to each other as they sipped his claret with the velvet on. Claret with the velvet on may be sipped in woodmen's huts if Apicius wills: but La Mère Gregoire's piquette drunk in small tumblers outside the barriers?—My friend, if you patronise the piquette, and cannot rise to the height of the claret, take care to paint your deal table of the latest fashion, and spend an extra penny on a superior kind of varnish. A man must be wealthy who can afford to appear poor, according to the way of the present world, and the morality of the generation extant.

The telling of diplomatic lies is another matter of paint and varnish, which one scarcely likes but cannot see one's way out of, for many governmental cycles at all events. A vast deal of this paint and varnish flows from the Treasury Bench; and the Foreign-office is so smothered in successive layers of them that no one now attempts to understand the nature of the original wood beneath, or to dream of guessing at the name of the forest-tree which supplied it. But if this is bad, the undraped truth would be sometimes worse; and, when delicate questions were incubating, and either a dove or a cockatrice depended on the careful handling of both egg and hatcher, perhaps, if a thousand free but clumsy hands were thrust into the nest perpetually and all at once, the cockatrice would be hatched oftener than the dove: so often, indeed, that the whole revenues of the land would be swallowed up in keeping his comb red and his scales shining. Paint and varnish in the Foreign-office do a great many questionable things: they make seemingly clean and wholesome, dirty places which ought to have been washed out, or cut out, or burnt out, instead of being merely varnished over into a fine mellow tone; they hide weak places and unsound places; make a grand marble column out of a sorry deal board; line the walls with antique oak when the real core is lath and plaster; and cover an acre of soiled hempen canvas with the picture of heaven, tenanted by angels and the loves and graces. They renew last year's decay, and huddle up the dilapidations

of centuries under a bran new coat of arsenious green: all of which is bad enough; but the clumsy hands breeding an endless succession of cockatrices might perchance be worse, and of graver consequences in the end.

Marrying for love seldom needs much paint beyond that belonging to the condition as by right: but marrying for money, and making believe that it is for love?—convenience transformed to passion?—interest putting on the semblance of devotion?—why, bushels of paint and gallons of varnish are not enough to make black white there, or to smooth over the awkward inequalities that cannot be planed away! The wicked little lady daubs herself all over with the rosiest pigment at command: she hides the pictures in her heart—the big yellow purse, the opera-box, the diamond necklace, the flaming carriage, and the stately household, under the paint of an all-shadowing love—she scrawls all sorts of Arcadian pastorals over the hempen canvas which else would show too coarsely; and if she is wise as well as wicked, she will go on painting and scrawling to the end of time. Usually she is too indolent and too careless to renew the dilapidations; and, when the first coating has rubbed off, never seeks to lay on a fresh one. Unless, indeed, there is a contingency in the background, and her husband's will may still make or mar her fortunes. When rich old men, or rich unpersonable young men, marry pretty portionless wives, they had better keep that contingency in their own hands, if they care for pleasing landscapes on their walls, or visions of Arcadian beauty in their galleries. We have our special paint-pots for love, whereby we cover up all the ugly spots of temper and unkindness, of small passions and mean ways that else belong to us, till we seem wingless angels to our fellow-love. This we all do alike; not of design, and with no foregone intention to deceive, but by the natural ordering of the condition. Ah, well! wait till matrimony, that terrible disenchanter, has worn off the varnish, and then see what knots come up through the bare boards, what ugly veinings, what flaws and cracks and rents and rotten fibres are beneath, not one of which was seen in the beginning, while the varnish of love was fresh and bright. Is it good for man that there should be this time of dreaming and deceit?—is it good that the ruggedness of the future should be masked beneath the varnished smoothness of the present?—that love should usher in the soul's waking with the morning songs of birds and the hived sweetness of flowers, with rosy clouds resting on the mountain-tops, and the gracious veiling of the lake breaking up into multiplied forms of misty beauty, when the truth lying behind all this loveliness and delight traces out but sadness and despair and the terrible rising to the gaunt day-work of disenchantment? It may be that some good purpose, some strong and holy shaping, lies in these fond dreams of the spirit: it may be that truth, in the beginning, would be too hard and

angular for the soul to bear, and that if men were not softly led by illusion, they would faint by the way, and droop and die, and never reach the goal at all. If Love could not plume himself in angel's wings, who would care to harbour him in their hearts? Should we choose unrest, disquiet, sick jealousy, the maddening strife of passions unallayed, and duty and desire impossible to be united, unless we believed we held the ultimate good of life in our hands?—unless we thought to hear seraph's footsteps round about us, and the songs of cherubs over our heads? Love! Love! oh, you do well to paint your wings rainbow-hued, and your bow of golden glimmer, and your arrows flowery red! You do well to promise everlasting joys now in the beginning! What if we waited for truth and the ending, Love? What if we peeped behind the mask, and stripped the paint from the bow and the wings, dear Love? What if we saw you as you are, and as you will be, when you have flowed down the turbid stream of use and many days, and are then no longer young Love, but old and well accustomed—no longer hope and the unknown, but disappointment and the fathomed? Ah! and what then? Why, then, dear Love, all the wise in heaven and earth would shade their eyes from yours, and hide their faces when you passed by; they would snatch their hands from out your grasp, and steel their lips against your touch; they would work and they would weep, they would fast and they would pray, but they would put from them, as too bitter to be borne, the disenchantments of your arts and the waking from your sorceries! Ah, Love! Love! Love! for one honest soul that you have blessed with true joy and led up to unswerving good, count your hecatombs of slain in the plain and the flood, and your legions left stranded in despair, desolate, undone, and withered for ever!

Good humour, or what passes by that name, is very often only a matter of paint and varnish. It ought to be more, I know; it ought to be the clear grain, close and well knit, of a pure and cleanly growth—true marble and no stucco—mahogany or rosewood or knotted oak or grand old ebony, no wretched make-believe of pine and deal painted and varnished to a lifeless simulacrum. And yet how often it is nothing else! What fiery passions are seething in that inner caldron, when the outward seeming is the smoothest and fairest to be imagined! What a blackened monument of angry tempers and burning hatred, of despair, and all uncharitableness, are daubed into the likeness of a Carrara monolith, with the base surrounded by a procession of all the virtues, and on the capital an angel: and a first-rate likeness! Often when the smile is sweetest and the laugh is loudest, and the veiled eyes are cast down with gentlest pressure, or lifted up with broadest glory—often when the pictured story on the surface is of the blithest, sometimes of the most heroic—the heart beneath is most cankered, and the original tracing

of that pleasant picture was made by the twists and folds of the serpent's trail. But paint and varnishing do wonders; and if you cannot dig down your blackened monument of angry passions, as you ought to do, perhaps the next best thing is to make it look as much like Carrara marble as you can. Which has a better effect from the hill-tops, and is not defacing to the landscape. But whitening sepulchres is a perilous employment.

A church is not exactly the fitting place where to hide the paint-pot, one would think; and yet the church-pew has very often a large supply hidden under its well-cushioned seat, with a varnish-brush lying to the left all handy, and a first-rate choice of colours. Church-pews are thick with paint, and no expense of wit and material spared to make plain and ordinary woods do the duty of the costliest and the rarest. One has to be contented with a vast amount of stucco and painted hempen canvas there; but, like the Treasury Bench, perhaps the truth unvarnished would be worse, so we may be content to be saved from greater evils by the sacrifice of small veracities. Is it for the good, quite, of simple souls, that those small veracities should be stripped of their paint and varnish, and the inharmonious mosaic work underneath pointed out to all eyes? It may be; but it is surely just a question, touching the ultimate value of the present course. Paint and varnish the beginnings and the ends of letters; those much-abused conventionalisms, which stand as rampant unvaricities confessed by all! "Dear sir" to one man whom your soul despises, and against whom your gorge rises; and "your obedient servant" to another, on whom you are comfortably wiping your feet. Paint and varnish, my dear friend, paint and varnish every inch of it!—only to be defended on the plea that the gorilla-don of the Palace of Truth would be a worse condition of things; and Taranaki ransacked for steel to supply bowie-knives and tomahawks not the best translation of Plato's Model Republic or Sir Thomas More's Utopia.

Paint and varnish, too, overlie the whole system of hospitality, and the manner of entertaining your friends, now in use; from the cumbersome dinner, costing more than a month's quiet issue of the household funds, to the crowded soirée, where the lace flounces are torn, and the silk trains are walked on, where nobody speaks to anybody, and where the supper-table is a scramble, and the drawing-room a Babel; where there is no enjoyment, no sociability, no real hospitality, and no true pleasure, but only paint and varnish, and very coarse gilding to look at, and the core just the dearest and stupidest wooden puppet ever pulled by strings, and made to dance to order. But what is *not* paint and varnish, is the pleasant supper. If any one wants to know the meaning of good company, let him inaugurate a series of small suppers, where the men have brains and can talk, and the women are all amiable and pretty, perhaps some of them too with brains and the power

of being vocal—let him compare his creed with that other code of gilded magnificence, and say which is best. He will get no credit for the one, granted; he will make no show, cut no dash, eclipse no one, rival no one, make no one envious, and perhaps incite to no emulation: but he will have drunk his pure spring water out of a crystal goblet, which is better than wine-merchant's wine turned over the lip of a huge vase of gilt alabaster, studded with mock jewels.

Paint and varnish the social orderings, everywhere. Paint and varnish all the funeral pomp, and all the marriage pomp, and all the christening pomp, so much delighted in, and in which weak men and women invest so large an amount of social salvation. Paint and varnish—and of what dim and mournful hue!—the heavy silver plates, the silver handles, and the polished oaken coffin, the pall and the plumes and the mutes and the housings—all to convey a wretched bit of senseless clay to its last resting-place, where, in a few years, it will have mingled with the dust, the oaken coffin crumbling and decayed, the silver plates and handles blackened and destroyed, and the whole of that once grand and living humanity compressed into a tibia and a skull, an os femoris or a few scattered vertebrae, tossed out at random by a sexton in his cups. Paint and varnish—white lead and lake for the most part—the marriage pomp of cake and carriage, wedding breakfast and the prancing horses with white favours at their ears. Why not be content to come together in God's name and Love's, without all this silly symbolism, which, though it once meant something true and human, is now but a mere piece of conventional acting, meaning so much money squandered on the occasion, and no more? What does it signify to the world at large that Miss Sarah Jones has married Mr. William Brown, she without a penny-piece to bless herself withal, and he with his clerk's salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year, paid quarterly, income-tax deducted? The only persons interested on the occasion are the respective fathers and mothers, a stray sister or two, or perhaps a home-keeping brother: it may also be that a young lady or so—one or more—looks pale and is down-spirited, perhaps has a cough, loses appetite and flesh, and is often seen with wet eyelashes and a swollen upper lip for some weeks during the event, before and after; or that sundry young gentlemen, in numbers proportioned to Miss Sarah's personal charms, become suddenly moody and Byronic, or spiritual in a melancholy sort, and Emersonian; but beyond that very limited circle who is there to care for the proceedings of these two worthy young people? And oh! why should they make street shows of themselves, and spend no end of money on certain rites and ceremonies, which, for all positive value, are just so many "medicine bags," or Numbo-Jumbo fetichisms, and no more?

Poor young mother! You let baby cut his teeth on your best Trichinopoly chain now, be-

cause the glitter pleases him, and you know the gold to be pure: wait for the tenth! I think that you will find that old battered ring of well-chewed India rubber quite good enough for Decimus, for all that he is the finest of the lot and the most beautiful: "Sitting up like a king," says nurse, at an age when, by natural rights, his head should be hung upon damaged springs, with his backbone a mere line of gristle, jointed *secundum artem*. You have learnt the core of motherhood by this time, and can dispense with pigments.

Paint and varnish, on the hands and lips of the fashionable physician, who declares, my dear madam, that you are all nerves, the most sensitive creature alive, needing with tenderness a perpetual change of air and amusement; when all you want, my dear madam, is a severe course of the Whole Duty of Man, and some little skill in mastering a refractory temper. Paint and varnish on the lawn bands of the fashionable preacher thundering against vulgar vices, not likely to assail his well-bred congregation, but salving delicately over those to which by nature and position they are prone; paint and varnish on the barrister defending an unsavoury cause—on the attorney making black seem white, and smudging over white with pailfuls of forensic ink; paint and varnish on the politician talking bunkum on the hustings, or nonsense in the House—on schoolmasters and schoolmistresses writing their half-yearly reports to the parents—on testimonials—on quack advertisements, with their respectable vouchers. Paint and varnish, indeed, on nine-tenths of our modern life: the real thing covered up and hidden, and no honest showing forth of difficulties or blemishes, of weak spots or of splinters. And though a fair outside is a grace, yet when the whole thing is outside, we may be excused for longing earnestly for something solid within, and for relegating paint and varnish to the limbo of shams insupportable to honest human souls.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

IN the autumn after the election of the present Napoleon to the French Presidency, law business of importance took me to Châlons, the well known central station on the great *Chemin-de-Fer de l'Est*, that joins Paris to Strasbourg.

A valuable estate near Luneville had been left to my ward, Mademoiselle Eloise Espinasse, the year before, by her uncle: a rich manufacturer of Lyons, whose affairs, thanks to the raschality of a lawyer at Bar-le-Duc, had become so embarrassed and in such a frightful state of confusion, as to require my personal attention. It was important that I should help my agent, Monsieur Fabrice Rouget, of Châlons, to disentangle the difficulties and defeat the mean arts and subtle machinations of the pettifogger whom we had combined to expose and to defeat.

Nine weary days I passed at Châlons, toiling over chests of dusty parchments, and trying to master the intricacies of French provincial law. O what muddy seas of mediæval

lore did not that wearisome M. Rouget plunge me into! What endless harangues did he not deliver on the former frontiers of Poitou and Guienne! What hateful and irrelevant discussions did he not lead me into, about feudal rights, military tenure, soccage, and the *Salic law*! Whether he purposely intended to confuse me, whether he was unable to explain the provincial law, or whether he wished to make an endless Penelope's web of the whole business, I could not decide.

All I was certain of, was, that at the end of the third day I got very irritable at the tedious way in which French provincial lawyers managed their affairs, and devoted to the infernal gods M. Rouget, mediæval law, Châlons, and the *La-touche* estate. I devoted to the same gloomy deities, all those dull-eyed pedants and obscure legal writers who hid themselves, like the pursued cuttle-fish, in clouds of ink and water; who would not set down a plain thing plainly, or a brief thing briefly, but who went on shaving and shaving at a simple enunciation of justice until they had reduced it to as many slices as an eating-house ham.

But let me describe my tormentor, M. Rouget. He was a thin fleshless man of fifty, who rendered his natural pallor more perfectly corpse-like by always wearing a badly-cut seedy suit of black. I suppose he had eyes, but I really never particularly saw them, as he always wore huge green spectacles of the sort offensively denominated "goggles"—blinkers, in fact, rimmed with blue steel, and glassed in like miniature railway danger-signals. If his eyes showed at all inside these green caverns, they showed no more than the wick of a candle shows, inside a horn-lantern. By no bold front view, by no stealthy side view, of those eyes, could I discover any expression in them. M. Rouget might be dying of ophthalmia; but, for all that, those hideous spectacles had much the effect of intentional masks until the candles were lighted or the gas-light fell on them; and then they struck me as resembling the two lamps that you see on an advancing express train.

Yet, who could be afraid of such a living corpse, such a legal Lazarus, with his flabby uncertain walk, his restless imbecile shuffling manner, and his thin tremulous yellow lips? Why, one blow from the shoulder would have killed him; with one grip of my hand I could have flattened him against his wall of deed boxes; with one wrestling throw I could have dashed him through his office-window into the cathedral court-yard below.

This was almost my nightly train of thought, as at nightfall I left the great ecclesiastical lawyer of Châlons, and paced slowly back to my hotel. The very suspicion I felt to be a sort of crime, for M. Rouget had overwhelmed me with attentions. I had been literally fêted at Châlons. It had been all I could do, to remain at the hotel, and not take up my quarters with my French colleague.

I bore this entanglement, intentional or unintentional, pretty well, for nine days. It is my

habit, my nature, to appear to bear, to listen, to dally, and then at once to rise and snap all hindrances, and plunge away into freedom. M. Rouget thought he had in me a patient, on whom he was daily to rub in liniments of old law, for any length of time; but imagine his astonishment when, on the tenth morning, I announced my resolution to set off by the eleven o'clock A.M. train, that very day, to Bar-le-Duc, and there confront our enemy, the lawyer who had given us so much trouble.

"I advise you not, I advise you not, Monsieur Hudson," said M. Rouget. "You are impetuous, he is a fox; you will make nothing of him; you will lose a valuable day, which I had intended to devote to the topography of the Latouche property in the thirteenth century, tracing it downward to the present hour."

Anything, even a fight with M. Gouffet, was better than that, so off I went, leaving the thirteenth century entirely at the disposal of M. Rouget.

I found M. Gouffet, a benevolent-looking cheery person, with white hair and a red face. He was all submission, all politeness, all conciliation—until at last I drove him into a corner, and slightly punctured him with the needle of logic; then, he arose a devil—a devil wrapped in flames—he seemed not to speak to me, but to spit at me; he defied me, he threatened to beggar Madlle. L'Espinasse, and all who aided her. He paraded before me all the flaws in the legal ropes by which old M. Latouche had hoped to bind his estate together.

A lawyer never strikes. I bowed, I smiled—which made him flame out again—put on my hat, and took my leave. I got back to Châlons in time for the table d'hôte. I found, however, on my table, a pressing invitation from M. Rouget to come and dine with him at six o'clock, tête-à-tête. I had no time to refuse, though I was tired and worried: so I dressed and went.

The dinner was a good one; the wine was excellent. M. Rouget's eyes gave a glow-worm, or rather corpse light, kind of glitter when I told him of my ill success.

"M. Gouffet is not so patient as I am," he said.

"It is war to the knife, now," I replied. "We must press the matter fast. I will go to Luneville myself to-morrow, survey the estate, and collect witnesses."

He startled when I said to-morrow.

"Good!" said M. Rouget, oracularly; and was silent for some minutes, as if thinking. "Just what I was going to propose."

All at once he rose, went to the chimney-piece with a preoccupied air, and took down a letter that was stuck in the frame of the mirror.

"A thousand pardons," said he, "but I have been so absorbed in thought to-day about this business, seeing how much you want it settled. This letter came for you half an hour after you left."

I took the letter; it was from England; from my ward, Mademoiselle Espinasse. It ran thus:

"Dear Guardy. I write you a hurried line to tell you that I have heard lately from our friends at Luneville. They do not know you are in France, but beg me to warn you against your agent, M. Rouget, of Châlons. He was many years ago, they have discovered, imprisoned at Bordeaux for aiding in a forgery. He is now supposed to be deeply engaged in Red plots. He is 'a bad subject' altogether, and no one knows what he is aiming at, as he seems to preserve a sort of respectability. Alfred is so fond of his pony. Mary Danvers is the dearest girl," &c. &c. &c.

My worst suspicions, then, were realised. My presentiment had been well founded. That green-eyed corpse in the seedy evening-dress, was a villain, perhaps in league with the more violent Satan of Bar-le-Duc to rob my poor ward of her little property, and to bamboozle me.

I could have beaten down the green-eyed corpse with that heavy Bourdeaux decanter that stood at my elbow; but, it was necessary for me to dissemble, so I bit my lips, and folding up the letter, apologised for reading it.

M. Rouget laid down a bunch of raisins he was stripping, and a green glimmer of distrust, as from the eyes of a starving wolf, emanated from his spectacles. I suppose my voice had for the moment changed; perhaps I had turned paler.

"Nothing disagreeable, I hope, in the letter from England?"

"Well," said I, hesitatingly, "it does not contain very pleasant news. Some law business of mine has gone rather against me."

M. Rouget went on with the raisins; his suspicions were disarmed. He took an almond and dipped it in his white wine.

"Ha," he said, "law business *will* sometimes go wrong. One plants, one waters; but another picks the fruit."

How could I deny such a truism? I turned the conversation.

"Is there any truth," I said, "by the way, M. Rouget, in these perpetual rumours of plots against the President? The Journal des Débats seems full of them to-day. Some railway clerks have been seized—"

"Seized!" said Rouget, spasmodically, leaping up and clutching at the tablecloth. "I did not read it! Where?"

"At Rosières aux Salines," I replied, somewhat astonished at the lawyer's unusual excitement.

"Oh, at Rosières," said M. Rouget, quietly resuming his seat and his ordinary death-like manner; "that is nothing to us Châlons people. These newspaper fools, these apocryphs, are always discovering mares'-nests now, especially in these eastern departments, where we are all so loyal. Besides, railway clerks! Why should railway clerks conspire! Now, to prove to you the absurdity of these libellous stories, let me tell you that our beloved President has been stopping incognito near here, and comes through to-morrow night with only two attendants, on his way to Nancy, whence he returns to Paris. The few who know this, have been much agitated

by the news, for we should have liked to have fêted our beloved President."

"It is strange," I said. "Are you sure of this?"

"Am I sure? A word with you, my dear English coadjutor. Take my advice; go to Luneville to-morrow, by the President's train; you will have good opportunities of seeing him; moreover, you like quickness. There will be no delays; the train will be sure to go at express speed."

I had already determined to go to Luneville to-morrow, and, canard or not, I might as well go by the President's train, both for speed and safety. If the story were a mere provincial on dit, the train would be real enough.

I decided to go, and told M. Rouget so. The train was the 4.30 P.M. train, that would bring me into Luneville about daybreak, and give me a long day for the survey.

I never saw any one so exhilarated as M. Rouget seemed to be at my decision. He rubbed his skeleton hands; his eyes shot out a green light, as if they had been moderators, with the lights newly screwed up; he said "Good!" three times, and then, advancing towards me, shook both my hands.

"Now, my dear sir," he said, "before I wish you good night—for I must work till midnight—frankly, did you not begin to think me slow?"

"Well, I did."

"Ah! You do not understand the ways of us French lawyers; we begin slowly, and end by storm. Let me assure you, on my word of honour, that the day you return from Luneville shall see our affairs assume a very different shape. Mon Dieu! How easily I forgive a zeal so honest, an impatience so natural, in such a cause, on the part of a young practitioner. Good night—au plaisir—au revoir! I meet you to-morrow at the station. I may be of use to you, and I want to see your beloved fellow-passenger. I am proud to be of the least service to you, monsieur; there is no obligation on your side. Good night. God have you in his keeping!"

My suspicions began to thaw. "Those friends of Eloise are," I thought to myself, "prejudiced—no prejudice like country-town prejudice—I will not believe them. No rogue would have rejoiced at my going to Luneville, to see matters and collect witnesses, for myself. M. Rouget is a pedant, but no rogue. The Luneville people have, perhaps, confounded Rouget with Gouffet."

I went to bed and slept soundly, and yet even through my dreams there buzzed a reviving distrust of the reanimated corpse. And the words of Eloise's letter rose before my eyes, as if they had been written with phosphorus.

Tuesday, the seventh of November, was a beautiful autumn morning. The sky was pale, but clear and radiant. The beech-leaves glowed dusky-orange in the sun; the birds, those little spendthrifts of the moment, sang, heedless of coming winter; the yellow lime-leaves blew

gaily round the children playing in the public walks of Châlons; the dew hung in quicksilver drops on the nail plants in the garden of the Hotel of the Red Eagle. My day passed in writing letters. Eloise, my ward, was to be married in January. I had to further matters, and to write to Captain Mason, her intended, who would be detained at Malta until Christmas.

An early dinner, and a short preliminary walk along the banks of the Marne, soon brought round the time for the 4.30 train. By a few minutes past four, I was in the station, superintending the pasting a blue label, inscribed "Luneville," on my solitary trunk.

"Now," thought I to myself, still suspicion-haunted, "I will go to Eloise's friends at Luneville, as soon as I set foot in the place; I will ascertain at once what grounds they have for bringing these strange charges against a man like—"

A corpse-like hand touched my shoulder; it was M. Rouget's. He was cold and taciturn as ever.

"Come, come," he said, "take your ticket before the Unknown comes; he will be here soon."

The lawyer glided before me with soundless feet, and a haste and energy unusual in him. We came to the grated aperture where tickets were given out.

"One first-class ticket to Luneville," I said.

The clerk made no answer, but looked at M. Rouget.

I repeated my request.

"Not by the 4.30 train?" said the clerk, interrogatively, to M. Rouget.

"Yes, yes! I tell you, by this train, by this train. Why not this train?" replied M. Rouget, angrily, and thrusting a card, with some writing on it, towards the clerk.

The clerk muttered something, drew a ticket from a pigeon-hole, stamped it, handed it to me, raked in the money I paid, bestowed another peculiar look on M. Rouget, and sat down and continued his perusal of the newspaper.

"The poor fellow," said M. Rouget, seeing me surprised, "is brother to one of those clerks who have been arrested at Rosières, and he has been to me about the affair to-day. I advised him to take no steps. But hush, here comes the President!"

At that moment three close carriages drove up to the station gate, and two gentlemen wrapped in military cloaks, their faces hidden by high fur collars, leaped lightly out, and hurrying across the platform, entered a first-class carriage; four others, in ordinary travellers' dress, went to take tickets for the whole party.

The passengers for the train were numerous. They were already taking tickets, disputing about change, buying newspapers, securing seats, ebbing to and fro. M. Rouget had already directed my trunk to be put under the seat of a carriage—four from the luggage-van—for, he said, that was the safest place in the train, and with the least vibration. He was so cordial and anxious for my comfort, that I could not help thanking him.

My travelling companions were an Austrian gentleman, his wife and daughter, and three sons. The father was a portly round-headed man, with large prominent moustachios, and no beard; his wife a lady-like well-dressed person, with a courtly manner. The boys were sturdy little fellows, about ten, seven, and four years old. The daughter was a pretty blonde of seventeen, blue-eyed, lively, and radiant with all the happiness and hopefulness of youth.

M. Rouget saw where my eyes were magnetically drawn.

"Ha! you fripon," he whispered, "I see you will have a pleasant journey to Luneville. Ha! Beautiful young English miss at home, take care, you are about to lose one of your slaves!"

I laughed, and bantered M. Rouget on his versatility. "I never before," I said, "heard you attempt so poetical an ejaculation."

"Ha!" he replied, turning away his green eyes, "an old lawyer had need be versatile; he meets many sorts of people, many friends, many enemies."

I got in, bowed to the family, and took my seat. I threw my plaid over my knees, I placed my hat on its peg, I put on my travelling-cap, and, shutting the door, talked through the open window to M. Rouget. The stoker and the driver, wrapped in winter great-coats, and silent as men of their craft usually are, had already taken their places on the engine. The guards seemed invisible, it struck me; but they had, I supposed, taken their seats in their own special carriages. Indeed, M. Rouget said so.

It was a peculiarity about M. Rouget's eyes that they sometimes seemed phosphorescent; they were phosphorescent now, when he re-slammed my carriage-door, and screwed the handle round tight. He was in a state of good-humoured delight, the corpse was animated, all because I was going to Luneville in company with a pretty Austrian blonde and her family!

The bell rang, the last passengers leaped in, just in time; the engine's mighty heart began to beat; a red flag was waved in a way I had never observed before; M. Rouget cried "Adieu!" there was a smother of white steam cloud, a battle-rattle echoing from the station roof, and we were off. Châlons-on-the-Marne, town-house, cathedral, parish churches, convents, champagne cellars, beautiful bridge, adieu!

In continental travelling there is none of that irrational and disagreeable suspicion so common in the Island of Islands. I and the Austrian family soon got acquainted. I and the count exchanged newspapers and discussed politics. I won the countess's heart by playing with the children, and drawing odd faces for them on the steam of the window. The count, a good-natured though not a brilliant man, was full of the rumours of revolution in Paris, and the reports of republican discontent in the east of France. He was specially astonished when I told him of our illustrious fellow-traveller; he could scarcely "credit the rumour," he said, "as he had come that very morning from Paris, only

stopping an hour or two to show his daughter Châlons; and the Journal des Débats announced that the President would that very day receive a deputation from Cherbourg. But this may be a mask," he added, "for the President is a dark man, and moves in darkness."

Soon after this remark the count fell asleep, and the countess and the children following suit, I and the beautiful blonde had the conversation to ourselves. The sunset began transforming the whole world with its enchanted light; the crimson and yellow vine-leaves glowed like burning metal; the broad grey curtain of western cloud melted into yellow, and in a moment afterwards flushed into rose; my companion was enchanted by the sight, and her beautiful eyes were fixed on those lines of golden light that seemed like steps to some heavenly temple, with absorbed delight. I was charmed by her enthusiasm, and told her so. Then we talked about art and music. Gradually as it became darker we grew silent. That sunset had undone me; I was in love.

Loisy and Vitry le François flew by us; my fair vis-à-vis had fallen asleep; I was looking out of window, amusing myself in trying to distinguish forms in the uncertain light. All I could see, was, that it was a wide lonely open country. We must have been somewhere between Vitry and Blesme when a crackling sound awoke me. I thought at first it was fancy, but it increased. It was like the sharp crackle of fire spreading among straw. I had visited America and had stood in danger from prairie fires, and I knew the terrible sound well.

I softly opened the window and looked out. A gust of hot smoke, mingled with sparks, drove towards me from the carriage next but one, the carriage next the luggage-van. The train was on fire!

I turned to awake my fellow-passengers, but some mysterious instinct of fear had already aroused them. The count was wild with excitement, the children and the ladies were clinging together. The count flung open the carriage-door, and shouted to the guards for help. The whole train was now alarmed. When I looked out of the opposite window there were men thrusting their heads out of every window. But no guard came or answered. On went the train at a more tremendous speed than before, swaying with the fury of its speed, and hurrying on flaming through the darkness.

"There is but one thing to do, count," said I. "The flame spreads towards us; it will soon reach the next carriage, which is empty. I will try and creep along the footboard, and find a guard, to signal the engine-driver. The wind is high; no guard hears our voices. Do you remain firm, and tranquillise the ladies. Dear ladies, be calm, the train must soon stop!"

I stepped out on the footboard, and, clinging from window to window, contrived to reach the guard's carriage. But it was empty. A torn signal-flag lay on the floor. When I returned, I found the count gone. No one knew when, where, or how he had gone; he had either fallen or thrown himself out. The countess lay

swooning on the floor, the children were crying, the smoke, now poured in through the lamp-hole at the top of the partition, and the panel was hot to the hand.

Suddenly the countess rose to her feet, stared round her with the eyes of madness, and exclaimed: "O Karl, Karl! He is dead! Karl is dead; he has fallen." And stepping out on the footboard before I could touch her, she either fell or threw herself into the darkness.

I shall never forget the shriek of the countess's daughter as her mother reeled and fell. Some dreadful impulse seemed to urge her to the same dreadful death; but I held her, and implored her to be calm, and to help me to save the children. By this time the flames had begun to reach us through the charred partition; the very floor would soon be hot under our feet. She promised me she would do what I advised, and drew the children to her.

The train still went on at the same appalling speed; already many of the passengers had cast themselves out; many others were frantically screaming to have the train stopped. Again I tried to reach a guard, but the flames drove me back. The luggage-van, and the next carriage, were vomiting flames. I returned to my own carriage, and found it empty—on fire. I staggered, and fell back into the darkness. I remember no more.

When I awoke, I was in the hospital at Luneville. I was lying with my head bandaged; my bed was one of a long row of beds. A neatly-dressed nurse smiled when she saw me open my eyes, and made a gesture to some one who stood out of sight. A soft little hand pressed mine, and I heard a voice: it was the voice of Eloise Espinasse.

"Dear, dear Guardy," she said, "how ill you have been! Alfred and I thought at one time you would never have got over it; but, God be thanked, you are at last given to us again."

"Bless you, Eloise, and Alfred too; how long have I been here?"

"Six weary weeks. They telegraphed for me, and Alfred brought me over. The doctor says you will soon recover now."

"And the count," I said, "and the countess, and—all."

"And all? And Mademoiselle Hélène, you

mean; all nearly well—only bruised—thank God, all escaped without much hurt. Mademoiselle Hélène talks much of you. And O Guardy, you love her—I'm sure you do."

By degrees, as I recovered strength, I heard the whole story. The train had been set on fire by some Red conspirators in hopes of destroying the President: who, after all, had not travelled by it, although he had sent two or three officers of his personal staff. The engine-driver and guards had been bribed, or in some way or other gained over. They were sent to the galleys for life. The accident was but slightly mentioned in the French papers, although several persons lost their lives. The President desired the plot to be as little known as possible.

From the count—whom I strongly suspected of having made a rather premature attempt on his own selfish account—I heard that he had thrown himself over a sloping bank, and suffered nothing more severe than a bad shaking. The countess had fallen stunned, with her head not more than two inches from the rails. The long train of carriages had passed her as she lay insensible, but she had escaped. When I left the carriage one of the children got on to the seat, trying to look out of window to see where his mother had fallen; in doing so he had overbalanced himself and fallen. The flames had then come in so fast that they had threatened instant death to Mademoiselle Hélène and the remaining children, who, believing me killed, had stepped out on the footboard, and one by one dropped. Many extraordinary escapes of this kind could be testified to, by many living persons who were in that train.

"But the best of all, Guardy," said my ward to me one day when she came to see me, "is, that they have discovered that M. Gouffet, at Bar-le-Duc, and M. Rouget, at Châlons, were in league in this affair; and they are both to be sent to the galleys; and ever since they have been arrested, our law matters at Luneville have gone on well, and all will soon be settled; and Alfred says I am to marry him as soon as you are well enough to give me away."

It must have been a sudden thought of the lawyer of Châlons to make me a victim to his cruel plot. But he did much better. He made me known to a charming wife, to whom I am devoted.

Now ready, Stitched in a Cover, price Fourpence,

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS,

FORMING THE

EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER FOR CHRISTMAS.

CONTENTS:

How Mrs. Lirripier carried on the Business
How the First Floor went to Crowley Castle.
How the Side-Room was attended by a Doctor.
How the Second Floor kept a Dog.

How the Third Floor knew the Potteries.
How the Best Attic was under a Cloud.
How the Parlours added a Few Words.

On the 4th of January, 1864, will be commenced, to be completed in Six Numbers of ALL THE YEAR ROUND, a New Story, called A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

Volume XI. will begin on the 15th of February, 1864, with a New Serial Story, entitled QUITE ALONE, by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS

N^o 242]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

[PRICE 2d

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND"

CHAPTER LII

BOTH the parted lovers were wretched. Julia never complained, but drooped, and read The Psalms, and Edward detected her in tears over them. He questioned her and obtained a true account, she being more bent on screening Alfred than on telling the truth.

So he called on the other, and found him disconsolate, and reading a Heathen philosopher for comfort, and finding none. Edward questioned him, and he was reserved and even sulky. Sir Imperturbable persisted quietly, and he exploded, and out came his wrongs. Edward said he was a pretty fellow, and wanted it all his own way. Suppose my mother with her present feelings, was to take a lead out of your book and use all her power, where would you be then? Come, old fellow. I know what love is, and one of us *shall* have the girl he loves, unless my harm should come to my poor father owing to your blunder—oh, that would put it out of the question I feel—but let us hope better. I pulled you out of the fire, unless some how I seem to like you better than ever after that, let me pull you out of this mess, too.

"Pull away," cried the impetuous youth. "I'll trust you with my life, as with more than my life, with my love, for you are the man for me. Reason is always uppermost with you."

Give me the man that is not passion's slave.

And I will wear him in my heart's core—

"Oh, bother that! If you are in earnest, don't mouth, but put on your hat and come over."

He assented, but in the middle of putting on his coat, made this little observation: "Now I see how wise the ancients were—yes, friendship is better than love, calm, more constant, free from the heats and chills of that impetuous passion, its pure reason is ruffled by none of love's jealousies and irritabilities. *Solemnemundo tollunt qui tollunt amicitiam*."

"Oh, bother quoting, come and shake hands with Julia." They went over, Mrs. Dodd was in the City. Edward ushered in Alfred, saying "here is the other Impetuosity," and slightly returned for a few minutes when he came back they were sitting hand in hand, he gazing on her,

she inspecting the carpet. "That is all right," said Edward drily "now the next thing is, you must go back to Oxford directly, and read for your first class."

The proposal fell like a blight upon the reconciled lovers. But Edward gave potent reasons. The delays of law were endless. Alfred's defendant had already obtained one postponement of the trial on frivolous grounds. Now the Oxford examination and Doncaster races come on at a fixed date, by a Law of Nature, and admit of no "postponement swindle."

You mark my words you will get your class before you will get your trial, and it won't hurt you to go into court first class man, will it? And then you won't quarrel by letter, you two, I know. Come will you do what I tell you? It is friendship but a name? eh Mr. Bombast? He ended with great though quiet force. "Come, you two, which is better to put like the scissors, or put like the third?"

Such are no arguments, and perhaps that is why they convince people so. Alfred capitulated to the scissors and third, and only asked with abnormal humility to be allowed to taste the joys, the consolation for two days. The third found him at Oxford. He called on the head of his college to explain what had prevented his return to Exeter in the October term twelve months ago, and asked for rooms. Instead of siding with a man of his own college so cruelly injured, the dignity was alarmed by the bare accusation, and said he must consider. Insanity was a terrible thing.

"So is false accusation, and so is false nuptial sonnet," said Hudge bitterly.

"Unquestionably. But I have at present no means of deciding how far those words apply." In short, he could give no answer, must consult the other officers, and would convey the result by letter.

Alfred's pride was deeply mortified, not less by a certain cold repugnant manner than by the words. And there came over his heart a sickening feeling that he was now in the eyes of men an intellectual leper.

He went to another college directly, and applied to the vice president, the vice president sent him with a letter to the dean, the dean looked frightened, and told him hesitatingly the college was full, he might put his name

down, and perhaps get in next year. Alfred retired, and learned from the porter that the college was not full. He sighed deeply, and the sickening feeling grew on him; an ineradicable stigma seemed upon him, and Mrs. Dodd was no worse than the rest of the world then; every mother in England would approve her resolution. He wandered about the scenes of his intellectual triumphs: he stood in the great square of the schools, a place ugly to unprejudiced eyes, but withal somewhat grand and inspiring, especially to scholars who have fought their keen, though bloodless, battles there. He looked at the windows and gilt inscription of the Schola Metaphysices, in which he had met the scholars of his day and defeated them for the Ireland. He wandered into the theatre, and eyed the rostrum, whence he had not mumbled, but recited, his Latin prize poem with more than one thunder of academic applause: thunder compared with which Drury Lane's is a mere cracker. These places were unchanged; but he, sad scholar, wandered among them as if he was a ghost, and all these were stony phantoms of an intellectual past, never, never, to return.

He telegraphed Sampson and Edward to furnish him with certificates that he had never been insane, but the victim of a foul conspiracy; and, when he received them, he went with them to St. Margaret's Hall; for he had bethought him that the new principal was a first-rate man, and had openly vowed he would raise that "refuge for the oft-times ploughed" to a place of learning.

Hardie called, sent in his card, and was admitted to the principal's study. He was about to explain who he was, when the doctor interrupted him, and told him politely he knew him by reputation. "Tell me rather," said he, shrewdly, "to what I owe this application from an undergraduate so distinguished as Mr. Hardie?"

Then Alfred began to quake, and, instead of replying, put a hand suddenly before his face and lost courage for one moment.

"Come, Mr. Hardie," said the principal, "don't be disconcerted: a fault regretted is half atoned, and I am not disposed to be hard on the errors of youth; I mean where there is merit to balance them."

"Sir," said Alfred sadly, "it is not a fault I have to acknowledge, but a misfortune."

"Tell me all about it," said Dr. Alder, guardedly.

He told it, omitting nothing essential that could touch the heart or excite the ironical humour of an academician.

"Well 'truth is more wonderful than fiction,'" said the doctor. And I conclude the readers of this tale are all of the doctor's opinion; so sweet to the mind is cant.

Alfred offered his certificates.

Now Dr. Alder had been asking himself in what phrases he should decline this young genius, who was sane now, but of course had been mad,

only had forgotten the circumstance. But the temptation to get an Ireland scholar into his Hall suddenly overpowered him. The probability that he might get a first-class in a lucid interval was too enticing; nothing venture, nothing have. He determined to venture.

"Mr. Hardie," said he, "this house shall always be open to good morals and good scholarship while I preside over it, and it shall be open to them all the more when they come to me dignified and made sacred by 'unmerited calamity.'"

Now this fine speech, like Minerva herself, came from the head. Alfred was overcome by it to tears. At that the doctor's heart was touched, and even began to fancy it had originated that noble speech.

It was no use doing things by halves; so Dr. Alder gave Alfred a delightful set of rooms; and made the Hall pleasant to him. He was rewarded by a growing conviction that he had made an excellent acquisition. This opinion, however, was anything but universal: and Alfred, finding the men of his own college suspected his sanity, and passed jokes behind his back, cut them all dead, and confined himself to his little Hall. There they petted him, and crowded about him, and betted on him for the schools as freely as if he was a colt the Hall was going to enter for the Derby.

He read hard, and judiciously, but without his old confidence. He became anxious and doubtful; he had seen so many first-rate men just miss a first class. The brilliant creature analysed all his Aristotelian treatises, and wrote the synopses clear with marginal references on great pasteboard cards three feet by two, and so kept the whole subject before his eye, till he obtained a singular mastery. Same system with the historians: nor did he disdain the use of coloured inks. Then the brilliant creature drew lists of all the hard words he encountered in his reading, especially in the common books, and read these lists till mastered. The stake was singularly heavy in his case, so he guarded every crevice.

And at this period he was not so unhappy as he expected. The laborious days went swiftly, and twice a week at least came a letter from Julia. Oh how his grave academic room with oaken panels did brighten, when her letter lay on the table. It was opened, and seemed written with sunbeams. No quarrels on paper! Absence made the heart grow fonder. And Edward came to see him, and over their wine let out a feminine trait in Julia. "When Hurd calls she walks out of the room, just as my poor mother does when you come. That is spite: since you are sent away, nobody else is to profit by it. Where is her Christianity, eh? and echo answers—Got a cigar, old fellow?" And, after puffing in silence a while, he said resignedly, "I am an unnatural monster."

"Oh, are you?" said the other serenely, for he was also under the benign influence.

"Yes," said Edward, "I am your ally; and a mere spy in the camp of those two ladies. I watch all their moves for your sake."

Alfred forgave him. And thus his whole life was changed, and for nearly twelve months (for Dr. Alder let him reside in the Hall through the vacation) he pursued the quiet tenor of a student's life, interrupted at times by law; but that is another topic.

WIFE AND NO WIFE.

Mrs. Dodd was visibly shaken by that calamity which made her shrink with horror from the sight of Alfred Hardie. In the winter she was so unwell that she gave up her duties with Messrs. Cross and Co. Her connexion with them had been creditable to both parties. I believe I forgot to say why they trusted her so; well, I must tell it elsewhere. David off her hands, she was independent, and had lost the motive and the heart for severe work. She told the partners, she could no longer do them justice, and left them to their regret. They then advised her to set up as a milliner, and offered her credit for goods at cash prices up to two thousand pounds; she thanked them like a sorrowful queen, and went her way.

In the spring she recovered some spirit and health: but at midsummer a great and subtle misfortune befel her. Her mind was bent on David night and day, and used to struggle to evade the laws of space, that had its grosser companion, and find her lost husband on the sea. She often dreamt of him, but vaguely. But one fatal night she had a dream as clear as daylight, and sharp as white pebbles in the sun. She was on a large ship with guns: she saw men bring a dead sailor up the side; she saw all their faces, and the dead man's too. It was David. His face was white. A clear voice said he was to be buried in the deep next morning. She saw the deck at her feet, the breeches of the guns, so clear, so defined, that, when she awoke, and found herself in the dark, she thought reality was an illusion. She told the dream to Julia and Edward. They tried to encourage her, in vain. "I saw him," she said, "I saw him; it was a vision, not a dream: my David is dead. Well, then, I shall not be long behind him."

Dr. Sampson ridiculed her dream to her face. But to her children he told another story. "I am anxious about her," he said, "most anxious. There is no mortal ill the distempered brain may not cause. We can hear nothing of him. She will fret herself into the grave, as sure as fate, if something does not turn up."

Her children could not console her: they tried, but something hung round their own hearts, and chilled every effort. In a word, they shared her fears. How came she to see him on board a ship with guns? In her waking hours she always said he was on a merchant ship. Was it not one of those visions, which come to mortals, and give them sometimes a peep into broad space, and far more rarely, a peep into futurity itself?

One day in the autumn, Alfred, being in town on law business, met what seemed the ghost of Mrs. Dodd in the streets. She saw him not; her eye was on that ghastly face she had seen in her dreams. It flashed through his mind that she would not live long to part him and Julia. But he discouraged the ungenerous thought; almost forgave her repugnance to himself, and felt it would be worse than useless to ask Julia to leave her mother, who was leaving her visibly.

But her horror of him was anything but softened; and she used to tell Dr. Sampson she thought the sight of that man would kill her now. Edward himself began to hope Alfred would turn his affections elsewhere. The house in Penbroke-street was truly the house of mourning now; all their calamities were light compared with this.

THE DISTRICT VISITOR.

While Julia was writing letters to keep up Alfred's heart, she was very sad herself. Moreover he had left her for Oxford but a very few days, when she received an anonymous letter: her first. It was written in a female hand, and couched in friendly and sympathetic terms. The writer thought it only fair to warn her that Mr. Alfred Hardie was passionately fond of a lady in the asylum, and had offered her marriage. If Miss Dodd wished to be deceived, let her burn this letter and think no more of it: if not, let her insert this advertisement in the Times: "The whole Truth.—L. D.," and her correspondent would communicate particulars by word or writing.

What a barbed and poisoned arrow is to the body was this letter to Julia's mind. She sat cold as a stone with this poison in her hand. Then came an impetuous impulse to send it down to Alfred, and request him to transfer the other half of his heart to his lady of the asylum. Then she paused; and remembered how much unjust suspicion had been levelled at him already. What right had she to insult him? She would try and keep the letter to herself. As to acting upon it, her good sense speedily suggested it came from the rival in question, real or supposed. "She wants to make use of me," said Julia; "it is plain Alfred does not care much for her; or why does she come to me?" She put the letter in her desk, and it rankled in her heart. *Mareti lateri lethalis arundo.* She trembled at herself: she felt a savage passion had been touched in her. She prayed day and night against jealousy.

But I must now, to justify my heading, skip some months, and relate a remarkable incident that befel her in the said character. On the first of August in this year, a good Christian woman, one of her patients, asked her to call on Mr. Barkington, that lodged above. "He is a decent body, miss, and between you and me, I think his complaint is, he don't get quite enough to eat."

"Barkington!" said Julia, and put her hand to her bosom. She went and tapped at his door.

"Come in," said a shrillish voice.

She entered, and found a weakened old man seated, mending his own coat.

He rose, and she told him she was a district visitor. He said he had heard of her; they called her the beautiful lady in that court. This was news to her, and made her blush. She asked leave to read a chapter to him; he listened as to some gentle memory of childhood. She prescribed him a glass of port wine, and dispensed it on the instant. Thus physicked, her patient became communicative, and chattered on about his native place—but did not name it—and talked about the people there. Now our district visitor was, if the truth must be told, a compounder. She would permit her pupils to talk about earthly affairs, on condition they would listen to heavenly ones before she went. So she let this old man run on, and he told her he had been a banker's clerk all his life, and saved a thousand pounds, and come up to London to make his fortune on the Stock Exchange; and there he was sometimes a bull, and sometimes a bear, and, whichever he was, certain foxes called brokers and jobbers got the profit and he the loss. "It's all the same as a gambling table," said he. "The jobbers and brokers have got the same odds the bank has at Rouge et Noir, and the little capitalist like me is doomed beforehand." Then he told her that there was a crossing-sweeper near the Exchange who came from his native place, and had started as a speculator, and come down to that, only he called it rising, and used to speak with a shudder of when he dabbled in the funds, and often told him to look sharp and get a crossing. And lo! one day when he was cleaned out and desperate, and hovering with the other ghosts of little capitalists about the tomb of their money, he saw his countryman fall flat, and the broom fly out of his hand. Instantly he made a rush, and so did a wooden-legged sailor; but he got first to the broom, and began to sweep while others picked up his countryman, who proved dead as a herring, and he succeeded to his broom, and it made money by the Exchange, though he never could: still, one day he picked up a pocket-book in that neighbourhood, with a lump of money, which he straightway advertised in—no newspapers. And now Julia thought it time to interpose the eighth commandment, the golden rule, and such branches of learning.

He became a favourite of hers: he had so much to say: she even thought she had seen his face before: but she could not tell where. She gave him good books and tracts; and read to him, and ploughed his heart with her sweet voice, and sowed the good seed in the furrows—seed which, like wheat or other grain, often seems to fall flat and die, but comes out green after many days.

One Saturday she invited him to dine with the servants next day. He came during church-time, and went away in the afternoon while she was with her mother. But she asked Sarah, who proved eager to talk about him. "He was a rum customer; kept asking questions all dinner-

time. 'Well,' says I, 'you're good company, you are; be you a lawyer? for you examines us; but you don't tell us nothing.' Ye see, miss, Jane she is that simple, she was telling him everything, and about Mr. Alfred's lawsuit with his father and all."

Julia said that was indiscreet; but after all what did it matter?

"Who knows, miss?" Sarah replied: "least said is soonest mended. If you please, miss, who is he? Where does he bide? Where does he come from? Does he know Hardies?"

"I should think not. Why?"

"Because I'm much mistaken if he doesn't." Then putting on a stolid look, she asked. "Does he know your papa?"

"Oh no, Sarah. How should he?"

"There now," said Sarah: "miss, you are all in the dark about this old man: I'll tell you something; I took him out of the way of Jane's temper when she began a dishing up, and I had him into the parlour a minute; and in course there he sees the picture of your poor papa hung up. Miss, if you'll believe me, the moment he claps eyes on that there picture, he halloes out, and out goes his two hands like this here. 'It's him' says he; 'it's him' and stares at the picture like a stuck pig. Forgot I was close behind him, I do believe. 'She's his daughter,' says he in a whisper, a curious whisper; seemed to come out of his stomach. 'What's the matter now?' says I, just so. He gave a great start, as if my speaking had wakened him from a dream, and, says he, 'Nothing,' as quiet as a lamb. 'Nothing isn't much,' says I, just so. 'It usen't to be anything at all when I was your age,' says he, suckin'. But I paid him in good coin; says I 'Old man, where you comes from do the folks use to start and halloo out, and cry 'It's him! she's his daughter!' and fling their two arms abroad like a windmill in V-urch, and all for—nothing?' So at that he changed as white as my sock, and fell all of a tremble. However, at dinner he perks up, and dews that poor simple Jane out a good one. But he didn't look towards me much, which I set opposite to watch my lord."

"Sarah," said Julia, "this is really curious, mysterious; you are a good, watchful, faithful girl; and, to tell the truth, I sometimes fancy I have seen Mr. Barkington's face; however, I will solve this little mystery to-morrow; for I will ask him: thank you, Sarah."

On Monday she called on Mr. Barkington to solve the mystery. But, instead of solving, her visit thickened it; for Mr. Barkington was gone, bag and baggage. When Edward was told of this business, he thought it remarkable, and regretted he had not seen the old man.

So do I; for it is my belief Edward would have recognised him.

DAVID DOOD.

The history of a man is the history of his mind. And that is why you have heard so little of late.

about the simplest, noblest, and most unfortunate of all my personages. Insanity is as various as eccentricity; I have spared the kind-hearted reader some of David's vagaries; however, when we parted with him, he had settled into that strange phase of lunacy, in which the distant past seems nearly obliterated, and memory exists, but revolves in a narrow round of things present: this was accompanied with a positive illusion—to wit, a fixed idea that he was an able seaman: and, as usual, what mental power he retained came out strongest in support of this idea. All this was marked by a bodily agility somewhat more than natural in a man of his age. Owing to the wind astern, he was enabled to run into Portsmouth before the steam-tug came up with him: and he did run into port, not because he feared pursuit, but because he was desperately hungry; and he had no suicidal tendencies whatever.

He made for a public-house, and called for some bread and cheese and beer; they were supplied, and then lo! he had no money to pay for them. "I'll owe you till I come back from sea, my bo," said he coolly. On this the landlord collared him, and David shook him off into the road, much as a terrier throws a rat from him; then there was a row, and a naval officer, who was cruising about for hands, came up and heard it. There was nothing at all unseamanlike in David's conduct, and the gentleman took a favourable view of it, and paid the small demand; but not with unlearned motives; he was the second lieutenant of H.M. Frigate *Vulture*; she had a bad name, thanks to her last captain, and was short of hands: he took David aside and asked him would he like to slup on board the *Vulture*.

David said yes, and suggested the foretop. "Oh yes," growled the lieutenant, "you all want to be there." He then gauged this Jacky Tar's intellects; asked him inter alia how to send a frigate's foretop gallant yard down upon deck: and, to show how seamanship sticks in the brain when once it gets there, David actually told him. "You are rather old," said the lieutenant, "but you are a seaman;" and so took him on board the *Vulture* at Spithead, before Green began to search the town in earnest. Nobody acts his part better than some demented persons do: and David made a very tolerable sailor, notwithstanding his forty-five years: and the sea did him good within certain limits. Between him and the past lay some intellectual or cerebral barrier as impenetrable as the great wall of China: but on the hither side of that wall his faculties improved. Of course the crew soon found out the gap in his poor brain, and called him Soft Billy, and played on him at first. But by degrees he won their affection; he was so wonderfully sweet-tempered: and besides, his mind being in an abnormal state, he loathed grog, and gave his allowance to his messmates. One day he showed an unexpected trait; they were lying becalmed in southern latitudes, and, time

hanging heavy,* each whiled it how he might; one fiddled, another wrote to his Polly, another fished for sharks, another whistled for a wind, scores fell into the form of meditation without the reality, and one got a piece of yarn and amused himself killing flies on the bulwark. Now this shocked poor Billy: he put out his long arm and intercepted a stroke. "What is the row?" said the operator.

"You mustn't!" said Billy solemnly, looking into his face with great dreamy eyes.

"You be —," said the other, and lent him a tap on the cheek with the yarn. Billy did not seem to mind this; his skin had little sensibility, owing to his disorder.

Jack recommenced on his flies, and the bystanders laughed. They always laughed now at everything Billy said, as Society used to laugh when the late Theodore Hook asked for the mustard at dinner; and would have laughed if he had said, "You see me sad, I have just lost my poor father."

David stood looking on at the slaughter with a helpless puzzled air.

At last he seemed to have an idea; he caught Jack up by the throat and knee, lifted him with gigantic strength above his head, and was just going to hurl him shrieking into the sea, when a dozen strong hands interfered, and saved the man. Then they were going to bind Billy hand and foot; but he was discovered to be perfectly calm; so they remonstrated instead, and presently Billy's commander-in-chief, a ship-boy called Georgy White, shoved in and asked him in a shrill haughty voice how he dared do that. "My dear," said Billy, with great humility and placidity, "he was killing God's creatures, no allowance: so, ye see, to save their lives, I was obliged."

At this piece of reasoning, and the simplicity and gentle conviction with which it was delivered, there was a roar. It subsided, and a doubt arose whether Billy was altogether in the wrong.

"Well," said one, "I dare say life is sweet to them little creatures, if they could speak their minds."

"I've known a ship founder in a fair breeze all along of killing 'em," said one old salt.

Finally, several sided with Billy, and intimated that "it served the lubber right for not listening to reason." And, indeed, methinks it was lovely and touching that so divine a ray of goodness and superior reason should have shot from his heart or from Heaven across that poor beighted brain.

But it must be owned his mode of showing his humanity was somewhat excessive and abnormal, and smacked of lunacy. After this, however, the affection of his messmates was not so contemptuous.

Now the captain of the *Vulture* was Billy's cousin by marriage, Reginald Bazalgette. Twenty

* Nautical phrase, meaning without stint or limit, or niggardly admeasurement; as there is of grog.

years ago, when the captain was a boy, they were great friends: of late Bazalgette had seen less of him; still it seems strange he did not recognise him in his own ship. But one or two causes co-operated to prevent that. In the first place, the mind when turned in one direction is not so sharp in another; and Captain Bazalgette had been told to look for David in a merchant ship bound for the East Indies. In the next place, insanity alters the expression of the face wonderfully, and the captain of a frigate runs his eye over four hundred sailors at muster, or a hundred at work, not to examine their features, but their dress and bearing at the one, and their handiness at the other. The worst piece of luck was that Mrs. Dodd did not know David called himself William Thompson. So there stood "William Thompson" large as life on the ship's books, and nobody the wiser. Captain Bazalgette had a warm regard and affection for Mrs. Dodd, and did all he could. Indeed, he took great liberties: he stopped and overhauled several merchant ships for the traitor; and, by-the-by, on one occasion William Thompson was one of the boat's crew that rowed a midshipman from the Vulture alongside a merchant ship to search for David Dodd: he heard the name and circumstance mentioned in the boat, but the very name was new to him. He remembered it, but only from that hour; and told his loving tyrant, Georgie White, they had been overhauling a merchant ship and looking for one David Dodd.

It was about midsummer the Vulture anchored off one of the South Sea islands, and sent a boat ashore for fruit. Billy and his dearly beloved little tyrant, Georgie White, were among the crew. Off goes Georgie to bathe, and Billy sits down on the beach with a loving eye upon him. The water was calm: but the boy, with the heedlessness of youth, stayed in it nearly an hour: he was seized with cramp and screamed to his comrades. They ran, but they were half a mile from the boat. Billy dashed into the water and came up with Georgie just as he was sinking for the last time; the boy gripped him; but by his great strength he disentangled himself and got Georgie on his shoulders, and swam for the shore. Meantime the sailors got into the boat, and rowed hastily towards them.

Now Billy was undermost and his head under water at times, and Georgie, some thought, had helped strangle him by gripping his neck with both arms. Anyway, by the boy's account, just as they were getting into shallow water, Billy gave a great shriek and turned over on his back; and Georgie paddled with his hands, but Billy soon after this sunk like a dead body while the boat was yet fifty yards off. And Georgie screamed and pointed to the place, and the boat came up and took Georgie in, and the water was so clear the sailors saw Billy lie motionless at the bottom, and hooked him with a boat-hook and drew him up: but his face came up alongside a deadly white, with staring eyes, and they shuddered and feared it was too late.

They took him into a house and stripped him, and rubbed him, and wrapped him in blankets, and put him by the hot fire. But all would not do.

Then, having dried his clothes, they dressed the body again and laid him in the boat, and cast the Union Jack over him, and rowed slowly and unwillingly back to the ship, Georgie sobbing and screaming over the body, and not a dry eye in the boat.

The body was carried up the side, and uncovered, just as Mrs. Dodd saw in her dream. The surgeon was sent for and examined the body: and then the grim routine of a man-of-war dealt swiftly with the poor skipper. He was carried below to be prepared for a sailor's grave. Then the surgeon walked aft and reported formally to the officer of the watch the death by drowning of William Thompson. The officer of the watch went instantly to the captain in his cabin and reported the death. The captain gave the stereotyped order to bury him at noon next day; and the body was stripped that night and sewed up in his hammock with a portion of his clothes and bedding to conceal the outline of the corpse, and two cannon-balls at his feet; and so the poor skipper was laid out for a watery grave, and covered by the Union Jack.

I don't know whether any of my young readers are much affected by the catastrophe I have just related. If not, I will just remind them that even Edward Dodd was prepared to oppose the marriage of Julia and Alfred, if any serious ill should betel his father at sea, owing to Alfred's imprudent interference in rescuing him from Drayton House.

CHAPTER LIII.

LAW.

MINUTE study of my fellow-creatures has revealed to me that there are many intelligent persons who think that a suit at law commences in court. This is not so. Many suits are fought and decided by the special pleaders, and so never come into court; and, as a stiff encounter of this kind actually took place in *Hardie v. Hardie*, a word of prelatory explanation may be proper. Suits come into court only to try an issue: an issue is a mutual lie direct: and towards this both parties are driven upon paper by the laws of pleading, which may be thus summed: 1. Every statement of the adversary must either be contradicted flat, or confessed and avoided: "avoided" means neutralised by fresh matter. 2. Nothing must be advanced by plaintiff which does not disclose a ground of action at law. 3. Nothing advanced by defendant, which, if true, would not be a defence to the action. These rules exclude in a vast degree the pitiable defects and vices that mark all the unprofessional arguments one ever hears; for on a breach of any one of the said rules the other party can demur: the demurrer is argued before the judges

in Banco, and, if successfully, the faulty plea, or faulty plea, is dismissed, and often of course the cause won or lost thereby, and the country saved the trouble, and the suitors the expense, of trying an issue.

So the writ being served by plaintiff's attorney, and an appearance put in by defendant's, the paper-battle began by Alfred Hardie, through his attorney, serving on defendant's attorney "THE DECLARATION." This was drawn by his junior counsel, Garrow, and ran thus, after specifying the count and the date:

Subdiviser Alfred Hardie by John Compton his attorney sues Thomas Hardie For that the Deft. assaulted Plt. gave him into custody to a certain person and caused him to be imprisoned for a long space of time in a certain place to wit a Lunatic Asylum whereby the Plt. was much inconvenienced and suffered much anguish and pain in mind and body and was unable to attend to his affairs and was injured in his credit and circumstances.

And the Plt. claims 5000*l*.

Mr. Compton conveyed a copy of this to Alfred, and said it was a beautiful declaration. "What," said Alfred, "is that all I have suffered at these miscreants' hands? Why, it is written with an iron."

Mr. Compton explained that this was the outline; "Counsel will lay the colours on in court as thick as you like."

The defendant replied to the above declaration by three pleas.

By statute
5 & 9 Vic,
c. 100, s.
105

1. The Deft by Joseph Heathfield his attorney says he is not guilty

2. And for a further Plea the Deft says that before and at the time of the alleged imprisonment Plt. was a person of unsound mind and incompetent to take care of himself and a proper person to be taken care of and detained and it was unfit unsafe improper and dangerous that he should be at large thereupon the Deft. being the uncle of the Plt. and a proper person to cause the Plt. to be taken charge of under due care and treatment in that behalf did cause the Plt. to be so taken charge of and detained under due care and treatment, &c. &c.

The third plea was the slinger, but too long to cite *verbatim*; it went to the tune, that the plaintiff at and before the time &c. had conducted himself like a person of unsound mind &c. and two certificates that he was insane had been given by two persons duly authorised under the statute to sign such certificates, and the defendant had believed and did *bonâ fide* believe these certificates to be true, &c. &c.

The first of these pleas was a mere formal plea, under the statute.

The second raised the very issue at common law the plaintiff wished to try.

The third made John Compton knit his brows with perplexity. "This is a very nasty plea," said he to Alfred: "a regular trap. If we join issue on it we must be defeated; for how can we deny the certificates were in form; and yet the plaguy thing is not loose enough to be demurred to. Colls, who drew these pleas for them?"

"Mr. Colvin, sir."

"Make a note to employ him in our next stiff pleading."

Alfred was staggered. He had thought to ride roughshod over defendant: a common expectation of plaintiffs, but seldom realised. Lawyers fight hard. The pleas were taken to Garrow; he said there was but one course, to demur to No. 3. So the plaintiff "joined issue on all the defendant's pleas, and as to the last plea the plaintiff said the same was bad in substance." Defendant rejoined that the same was good in substance, and thus Hardie v. Hardie divided itself into two cases, a question of law for the judges, and an issue for the mixed tribunal loosely called a jury. And I need hardly say that should the plaintiff win one of them, and the defendant the other, the cause would be won by the defendant.

Postponing the history of the legal question, I shall show how Messrs. Heathfield fought off the issue, and cooled the ardent Alfred and sickened him of law.

In theory every Englishman has a right to be tried by his peers; but in fact there are five gentlemen in every court, each of whom has by precedent the power to refuse him a jury, by simply postponing the trial term after term, until the death of one of the parties, when the action, if a personal one, dies too: and, by a singular anomaly of judicial practice, if a slippery defendant can't persuade A. or B., judges of the common law court, to connive at what I venture to call

THE POSTPONEMENT SWINDLE,

he can actually go to C. D. and E., one after another, with his rejected application, and the previous refusal of the other judges to delay and baffle justice goes for little or nothing; so that the postponing swindler has five to one in his favour.

Messrs. Heathfield began this game unluckily. They applied to a judge in chambers for a month to plead. Mr. Compton opposed in person, and showed that this was absurd. The judge allowed them only four days to plead. Issue being joined, Mr. Compton pushed on for trial, and the cause was set down for the November term. Towards the end of the term Messrs. Heathfield applied to one of the punes judges for a postponement, on the ground that a principal witness could not attend. Application was supported by the attorney's affidavit to the effect that Mr. Spoers was in Boulogne, and had written to him to say that he had met with a railway accident, and feared he could not possibly come to England in less than a month. A respectable French doctor

confirmed this by certificate. Compton opposed, but the judge would hardly hear him, and postponed the trial as a matter of course: this carried it over the sittings into next term. Alfred groaned, but bore it patiently; not so Doctor Sampson: he raged against secret tribunals: "See how men deteriorate the moment they get out of the full light of publicity. What English judge, sitting in the light of Short-hand, would admit 'Jack swears that Gill says' for legal evidence. Speers has sworn to no facts. Heathfield has sworn to no facts but th' existence of Speers's hearsay. They are a couple o' lyres. I'll bet ye ten pounds t' a shilling Speers is as well as I'm."

Mr. Compton quietly reminded him there was a direct statement—the French doctor's certificate.

"A medical certificut!" shrieked Sampson, amazed. "Mai—dearr—sirr, a medical certificut is just an article o' commerce—like an attorney's conscience. Gimme a guinea and I'll get you sworn sick, diseased, disabled, or dead this minute, whichever you like best."

"Come, doctor, don't fly off: you said you'd bet ten pounds to a shilling Speers is not an invalid at all. I say done."

"Done."

"How will you find out?"

"How? Why set the thief-takers on 'um, to be sure."

He wrote off to the prefect of police at Boulogne, and in four days received an answer, headed "Information in the interest of families." The prefect informed him there had been no railway accident: but that the Sieur Speers, English subject, had really hurt his leg getting out of a railway carriage six weeks ago, and had kept his room some days; but he had been cured some weeks, and going about his business, and made an excursion to Paris.

On this Compton offered him the shilling. But he declined to take it. "The lie was self-evident," said he: "and here's a judge wouldn't see't, and an attorney couldn't. Been all their lives sifting evidence too. Oh the darkness of the professional mind!"

The next term came. Mr. Compton delivered the briefs and fees, subpoenaed the witnesses, &c., and Alfred came up with a good heart to get his stigma removed by twelve honest men in the light of day; but first one case was taken out of its order and put before him, then another, till term wore near an end. Then Messrs. Heathfield applied to another judge of the court for a postponement. Mr. Richard Hardie, plaintiff's father, a most essential witness, was ill at Clare-court. Medical certificate and letter herewith.

Compton opposed. Now this judge was a keen and honourable lawyer, with a lofty hatred of all professional tricks. He heard the two attorneys, and delivered himself to this effect, only of course in better legal phrase: "I shall make no order. The defendant has been here

before on a doubtful affidavit. You know, Mr. Heathfield, juries in these cases go by the plaintiff's evidence, and his conduct under cross-examination. And I think it would not be just nor humane to keep this plaintiff in suspense, and civiliter mortuum, any longer. You can take out a commission to examine Richard Hardie."

To this Mr. Compton nailed him, but the commission took time; and while it was pending, Mr. Heathfield went to another judge with another disabled witness; Peggy Black. That naive personage was nursing her deceased sister's children—in an affidavit: and they had scarlatina—surgeon's certificate to that effect. Compton opposed, and pointed out the blot. "You don't want the children in the witness-box," said he: "and we are not to be robbed of our trial because one of your witnesses prefers nursing other people's children to facing the witness-box."

The judge nodded assent. "I make no order," said he.

Mr. Heathfield went out from his presence and sent a message by telegraph to Peggy Black. "You must have Scar. yourself, and telegraph the same at once, certificate by post."

The accommodating maiden telegraphed back that she had unfortunately taken scarlatina of the children: medical certificate to follow by post. Four judges out of the five were now awake to the move. But Mr. Heathfield tinkered the hole in his late affidavit with Peggy's telegram, and slipped down to Westminster to the chief judge of the court, who had had no opportunity of watching the growth and dissemination of disease among defendant's witnesses. Compton fought this time by counsel and with a powerful affidavit. But luck was against him. The judge had risen to go home: he listened standing; Compton's counsel was feeble; did not feel the wrong: how could he? lawyers fatten by delays of justice, as physicians do by tardy cure. The postponement was granted.

Alfred cursed them all, and his own folly in believing that an alleged lunatic would be allowed fair play at Westminster or anywhere else. Compton took snuff, and Sampson appealed to the press again. He wrote a long letter exposing with fearless irony the postponement swindle as it had been worked in Hardie v. Hardie: and wound up with this fiery peroration:

"This Englishman sues not merely for damages, but to recover lost rights dearer far than money, of which he says he has been unjustly robbed; his right to walk in daylight on the soil of his native land without being seized, and tied up for life like a nigger or a dog; his footing in society; a chance to earn his bread; and a place among mankind: ay, among mankind; for a lunatic is an animal in the law's eye and society's, and an alleged lunatic is a lunatic till a jury clears him.

"I appeal to you, gentlemen, is not such a suitor sacred in all wise and good men's minds? Is he not defendant as well as plaintiff? Why his stake is enormous compared with the nominal

defendant's; and, if I know right from wrong, to postpone his trial a fourth time would be to insult Divine justice, and trifle with human misery, and shock the common sense of nations."

The doctor's pen neither clipped the words nor minced the matter you see. Reading this the water came into Alfred's eyes: "Ah, staunch friend," he said, "how few are like you! To the intellectual dwarfs who conspire with my oppressors, Hardie v. Hardie is but a family squabble. *Parvis omnia parva.*" Mr. Compton read it too; and said from the bottom of his heart, "Heaven defend us from our friends! This is enough to make the courts decline to try the case at all."

And, indeed, it did not cure the evil: for next term another malade affidavitaire was set up. Speers to wit. This gentleman deposed to having come over on purpose to attend the trial; but, having inadvertently stepped aside as far as *Wales*, he lay there stricken with a mysterious malady, and had just strength to forward medical certificate. On this the judge, in spite of remonstrance, adjourned Hardie v. Hardie to the summer term. Summer came, the evil day drew nigh: Mr. Heathfield got the venue changed from Westminster to London, which was the fifth postponement. At last the cause came on: the parties and witnesses were all in court, with two whole days before them to try it in.

Dr. Sampson rushed in furious. "There is some devilry afoot," said he. "I was in the House of Commons last night, and there I saw the defendant's counsel carwinging the judge."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Compton; "such suspicions are ridiculous. Do you think they can talk of nothing but Hardie v. Hardie?"

"Mai—dearr sirr—my son met one of Heathfield's clerks at dinner, and he let out that the trial was not to come off. Put this and that together now."

"It will come off," said Mr. Compton, "and in five minutes at furthest."

In less than that time the learned judge came in, and before taking his seat made this extraordinary speech.

"I hear this cause will take three days to try: and we have only two days before us. It would be inconvenient to leave it unfinished; and I must proceed on circuit the day after to-morrow. It must be a remanet: no man can do more than time allows."

Plaintiff's counsel made a feeble remonstrance; then yielded. And the crier with sonorous voice called on the case of *Bread v. Cheese*, in which there were pounds at stake but no principle. Oh, with what zest they all went into it; being small men escaping from a great thing to a small one. Never hopped frogs into a ditch with more alacrity. Alfred left the court and hid himself, and the scalding tears forced their way down his cheeks at this heartless proceeding: to let all the witnesses come into court at a vast expense to the parties; and raise the cup of justice to the lips of the oppressed, and then

pretend he knew a trial would last more than two days, and so shirk it. "I'd have made that a reason for sitting till midnight," said poor Alfred, "not for prolonging a poor injured man's agony four mortal months." He then prayed God earnestly for this great postponer's death as the only event that could give him back an Englishman's right of being tried by his peers, and so went down to Oxford broken-hearted.

As for Sampson he was most indignant, and said a public man had no business with a private ear: and wanted to appeal to the press again: but the doughty doctor had a gentle but powerful ruler at home, as fiery horses are best ruled by a gentle hand. Mrs. Sampson requested him to write no more, but look round for an M.P. to draw these repeated defeats of justice to the notice of the House. Now there was a Mr. Bite, who had taken a prominent and honourable part in lunacy questions; headed committees and so on: this seemed the man. Dr. Sampson sent him a letter saying there was a flagrant case of a sane man falsely imprisoned, who had now been near a year applying for a jury, and juggled out of this constitutional right by arbitrary and unreasonable postponements: would Mr. Bite give him (Dr. Sampson) ten minutes and no more, when he would explain the case and leave documentary evidence behind him for Mr. Bite to test his statement. The philanthropical M.P. replied promptly in these exact words:

"Mr. Bite presents his compliments to Dr. Sampson to state that it is impossible for him to go into his case, nor to give him the time he requests to do so."

Sampson was a little indignant at the man's insolence; but far more at having been duped by his public assumption of philanthropy. "The little pragmatist impostor!" he roared. "With what a sense o' relief th' animal flings off the mask of humanity when there is no easy élat to be gained by putting 't on." He sent the philanthropical Bite's revelation of his private self to Alfred, who returned it with this single remark: "*Homunculi quanti sunt!*"

Dishonest suitors all try to postpone; but they do not gain unmixed good thereby. These delays give time for more evidence to come in; and this slow coming and chance evidence is singularly adverse to the unjust suitor. Of this came a notable example in October, and made Richard Hardie determine to precipitate the trial, and even regret he had not fought it out long ago.

He had just returned from consulting Messrs. Heathfield, and sat down to a nice little dinner in his apartments (Sackville-street), when a visitor was announced; and in came the slouching little figure of Mr. Barkington, alias Noah Skinner.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Mr. Hardie suppressed a start, and said nothing. Skinner bowed low with a mixture of his old cringing way, and a certain airy triumphant leer, so that his body seemed to say one thing,

and his face the opposite. Mr. Hardie eyed him and saw that his coat was rusty, and his hat nameless: then Mr. Hardie smelt a beggar, and prepared to parry all attempts upon his purse.

"I hope I see my old master well," said Skinner, coaxingly.

"Pretty well in body, Skinner; thank you."

"I had a deal of trouble to find you, sir. But I heard of the great lawsuit between Mr. Alfred and you, and I knew Mr. Heathfield was your solicitor. So I watched at his place day after day: and at last you came. Oh, I was so pleased when I saw your noble figure; but I wouldn't speak to you in the street, for fear of disgracing you; I'm such a poor little guy to be addressing a gentleman like you."

Now this sounded well on the surface, but below there was a subtle something Mr. Hardie did not like at all: but he took the cue, and said, "My poor Skinner, do you think I would turn up my nose at a faithful old servant like you? have a glass of wine with me, and tell me how you have been getting on." He went behind a screen and opened a door, and soon returned with a decanter, leaving the door open: now in the next room sat, unbeknown to Skinner, a young woman with white eyelashes, sewing buttons on Mr. Hardie's shirts. That astute gentleman gave her instructions, and important ones too, with a silent gesture, then reappeared and filled the bumper high to his faithful servant. They drank one another's healths with great cordiality, real or apparent. Mr. Hardie then asked Skinner carelessly if he could do anything for him. Skinner said, "Well, sir, I am very poor."

"So am I between you and me," said Mr. Hardie confidentially; "I don't mind telling you; those confounded Commissioners of Lunacy wrote to Alfred's trustees, and I have been forced to replace a loan of five thousand pounds. That Board always sides with the insane. That crippled me, and drove me to the Exchange; and now what I had left is all invested in time-bargains. A month settles my late a little fortune, or absolute beggary."

"You'll be lucky, sir, you'll be lucky," said Skinner cheerfully, "you have such a long head: not like poor little me. The Exchange soon burnt my earnings. Not a shilling left of the thousand pounds, sir, you were so good as to give me for my faithful services. But you will give me another chance, sir, I know, I'll take better care this time." Mr. Hardie shook his head sorrowfully, and said it was impossible. Skinner eyed him askant, and remarked quietly, and half aside, "Of course I *could* go to the other party: but I shouldn't like to do that. They would come down handsome."

"What other party?"

"La, sir, what other party? why Mr. Dodd's, or Mr. Alfred's; here's the trial coming on, you know, and of course if they could get me to go on the box and tell all I know, or half what I know, why the judge and jury would say locking Mr. Alfred up for mad was a conspiracy."

Mr. Hardie quaked internally: but he hid it grandly, and once more was a Spartan gnawed beneath his robe by this little fox. "What," said he sternly, "after all I and mine have done for you and yours, would you be so base as to go and sell yourself to my enemies?"

"Never, sir," shouted Skinner zealously: then in a whisper, "not if you'll make a bid for me."

"How much do you demand?"

"Only another thousand, sir."

"A thousand pounds!"

"Why, what is that to you, sir: you are rich enough to buy the eighth commandment out of the tables of ten per cent: and then the lawsuit, Hardie versus Hardies!"

"You have spoken plainly at last," said Mr. Hardie grimly. "This is extorting money by threats. Do you know that nothing is more criminal, nor more easy to punish? I can take you before a magistrate, and imprison you on the instant for this attempt. I will, too."

"Try it," said Skinner coolly. "Where's your witness?"

"Behind that screen."

Peggy came forward directly, with a pen in her hand. Skinner was manifestly startled and disconcerted. "I have taken all your words down, Mr. Skinner," said Peggy softly: then to her master, "Shall I go for a policeman, sir?"

Mr. Hardie reflected. "Yes," said he sternly. "there's no other course with such a lump of treachery and ingratitude as this."

Peggy whipped on her bonnet.

"What a hurry you are in," whined Skinner; "a policeman ought to be the last argument for old friends to run to." Then, fawning spitefully, "Don't talk of indicting me, sir," said he; "it makes me shiver: why how will you look when I up and tell them all how Captain Dodd was took with apoplexy in our office, and how you nailed fourteen thousand pounds off his senseless body, and forgot to put them down in your balance-sheet, so they are not whitewashed off like the rest."

"Any witnesses to all this, Skinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"Well; your own conscience for one," said Skinner.

"He is mad, Peggy," said Mr. Hardie, shrugging his shoulders. He then looked Skinner full in the face, and said, "Nobody was ever seized with apoplexy in my office. Nobody ever gave me 14,000*l*. And if this is the probable tale with which you come here to break the law and extort money, leave my house this instant: and if ever you dare to utter this absurd and malicious slander, you shall be within four stone walls, and learn what it is for a shabby vagabond to come without a witness to his back, and libel a man of property and honour."

Skinner let him run on in this loud triumphant strain till he had quite done, then put out a brown skinny finger, and poked him lightly in

the ribs, and said quite quietly, and oh, so drily, with a knowing wink,
"I've got—THE RECEIPT."

THE BENGAL POLICE.

THE Bengal police has been in existence for eighteen months; and, although its organisation is materially the same as the constabulary systems of Madras and the North-West Provinces—is in fact identical with that of Ireland—there are comparatively few in this country who are aware of the field it opens out for young men.

The foundation of police reform in Bengal is due to a minute by Sir J. P. Grant in November, 1854. He contended for the severance of the functions of criminal judge, from those of thief-catcher and public prosecutor, then combined in the office of magistrate; and he strongly argued that government should "work out this one sound improvement to the utmost" by subdividing the districts, and having in each subdivision an officer, whose sole duty should be "to control the police of the sub-division, but without any judicial power whatever."

Before the new force was established, there were two kinds of police in Bengal;—the military police, and the civil police. The former were nothing more nor less than native regiments, or, as they were designated, "battalions," were under the charge of commandants and adjutants, and were essentially military; the latter were under the control of the chief magistrate of the district, and in no way interfered with the duties of the battalions.

The military police had an enormous and very troublesome frontier to guard, Bengal being more exposed to the depredations of semi-savage tribes than any other government in India. In the Coles, the Santhals, the Assamese, the Kookies, and others, this presidency always had an element of danger within its own territory, while the frontier was exposed to the depredations of the misgoverned Bootanese, and innumerable uncivilised hill tribes. It was to obviate the necessity of keeping up the two distinct forces mentioned, that the present Bengal police was organised.

They are not soldiers, but constables. They have to undergo a certain amount of drill to secure discipline and proper spirit. All are taught the use of arms, which are a light carbine and sword, in the proportion of one fire-arm and sword to every two men. They never carry arms except when employed on treasure escort or jail duty, the bâton being the ordinary and sufficient instrument of defence. They are not required to observe the strict discipline essential in a military body. The details of police administration is in the hands of the officers of the force, and the magistracy can in no way interfere, although supposed to exercise a general control. This control, however, is confined to the chief magistrate of the district, and does not extend to subdivisive authorities. Even his powers are of a most general descrip-

tion; the police being, in fact, a departmentally distinct body, subordinate to its own officers only.

The various grades of officers, with the salary attached to each, are as follows:

| Grades. | | Monthly Salary. | Yearly Income. |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|-----------------|----------------|
| | | Rupess. | £ |
| Inspector-General | ... | 3000 | 8600 |
| Deputy-Inspectors-General | ... | 1200 | 1440 |
| Assistant Deputy-Inspectors-General | ... | 1000 | 1200 |
| District Superintendents | 1st Class | 700 | 840 |
| Ditto | 2nd Class | 600 | 720 |
| Ditto | 3rd Class | 500 | 600 |
| Assist. Dist. Superintendents | 1st Class | 400 | 480 |
| Ditto | 2nd Class | 300 | 360 |
| Ditto | 3rd Class | 250 | 300 |

Each district has its superintendent of either the first, second, or third grade, according to its position and importance. The head-quarters are at the principal station in that district, or wherever the chief civil authority resides; the assistant superintendents being in charge of smaller portions of the same district, and immediately responsible to the district superintendent, who again is under the authority of a deputy-inspector-general, or an assistant deputy-inspector-general. The lower grades are entirely composed of natives, and are filled by men enlisted in the locality. For instance, in the Assam circle, which includes Cachar, Sylhet, and the Kossiah and Jynteah Hills, we have Assamese, Cacharce, Kossiah, and Jynteah natives, who are thoroughly conversant with the country they serve in, and with the peculiar rascality for which each race is remarkable. A Kossiah policeman would be as useless in Assam, as a Chinese constable in the streets of London.

The deputy-inspectors-general are responsible for the efficiency of the whole police in their divisions, and are constantly moving about from one district to another, keeping a watchful eye on the general working of the police system. The district superintendents and assistants have by no means easy work, and if they conscientiously perform their duties, have little leisure time left them. Every offence, however small, has to be thoroughly investigated before it is sent up to the magistrate. If a murder be committed miles away from a station, the moment the news is brought in, an officer has to gallop off to the locality and hold a kind of coroner's inquest; and, when we consider that the scene of the murder may be thirty or forty miles distant, that turnpike roads are not so common in India as they are in England, and that travelling is by no means as pleasant, though possibly more exciting, it will be allowed that the service is no child's play or recreation, but downright hard work. Every morning the men off duty are paraded and drilled, then the daily reports from each quarter of the districts are brought in, the prisoners are examined, and the charges made out. During Cutcherry—that is, while the court is sitting—the officers of police are in attendance, unless employed on any other special duty. Disturbances are of the commonest description, whether it be amongst the indigo

ryots of Bengal, or the fanatics of Nowgory; and, if a police-officer did not speedily find his way to the spot supported by a sufficient force to uphold his authority, he would have to answer for it to his superior officers. The natives of India do not value life as dearly as we do, and a disturbance generally terminates fatally to one or two concerned in it. It may happen that a village objects to an income tax, or a new license tax, and, if it have the advantage of overwhelming numbers, the unfortunate collector fares ill. Hardly two years since, Lieutenant Singer, deputy commissioner of Nowgory, rode out a short distance from the station to make some inquiries into the disaffection manifested by the natives of a village regarding taxation, when he was met by a number of men with clubs, who at first threw down their weapons at his suggestion, but seized them again while he was endeavouring to collect them, attacked and killed him on the spot, and afterwards threw his body into a river. Thus was before the new police system was in existence, but affrays of the kind are very frequent even now, though generally unattended with loss of European lives.

The peace of a district depends greatly on the officers of the police. If they be vigilant and hard-working; and take care that their men do their duty, outbreaks are rare, and dissatisfaction is excited only by those who sooner or later find their proper level on the stone pavement of the district prison. Amongst other duties too numerous to give in detail, is the constant visiting of outposts by the officers to ascertain that the inspectors and overseers are discharging their duties faithfully. Bribery and corruption are notorious in all native officials, however high their position may be, and, to prevent this, is in itself no light work.

The prospect of promotion in the Bengal police for officers is very good. A young fellow entering the service at eighteen or nineteen years of age, on two hundred-and-fifty rupees per month, or three hundred pounds a year, will—if he be steady, pass his examination, and thoroughly do his duty—probably by the time that he is five-and-twenty, find himself in the receipt of six hundred pounds per annum. There may be Dowds in the police of Bengal, as well as in every other service; but, as a rule, the promotion is very fair indeed, and is given to those who best deserve it.

All the appointments are in the sole gift of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, to whose impartiality, firmness, and vigilance, the excellent working of the system is mainly due. When it first came into operation, the higher grades were filled almost entirely by officers of the army. Captains and subalterns of twelve and fifteen years' standing, and even field-officers, were only too glad to get into a service that was so well paid. It cannot long continue to be officered by military men however, for the simple reason that promotion must be given, when vacancies occur, according to

seniority and good service; and, as military men will not, as a rule, consent to enter as third class assistant superintendents, on two hundred and fifty rupees per annum, in time the force will be officered entirely by men whom it has brought up and trained.

According to the present rules, it is not necessary to pass any examination before appointment, eighteen months being allowed to all officers to acquire a knowledge of Hindustanee, Bengalee, law—as far as it relates to the police code—and a general knowledge of police duties; if, however, a candidate fail to pass his examination within the prescribed period, the appointment is forfeited.

Besides the monthly salaries attached to each office, there is a travelling allowance equal to one shilling per mile, whenever an officer is required to move about his district; and this, together with office allowances, adds sometimes considerably to his pay. The expenses on appointment are solely incurred for uniform, saddle, and a couple of horses.

The Bengal police is a very healthy, pleasant, and exciting service, and affords appointments which we doubt not many young men in England will be glad to know of.

WATCHING AT THE GATE.

Why was it that, on the twenty-fourth of July, sixty-two, a luxurious suite of rooms in the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, at Toulon, seemed to me the most uncomfortable place on earth—the sofas too hard, the bed too soft, the carpets oppressively yielding, the windows, whether open or closed, equally wrong. Why could I neither work, nor read, nor write? Why did my piano produce frightful discords, my head ache, my heart throb?

For this reason. I had passed a long morning in the dockyards—sheltering myself from the fierce influence of that southern sun under whatever patches of shade I could find—and watching, from thence, strings of felon men, ironed, and at work. The sun's rays, reflected from every object—pavement, water, sand, iron—were almost insupportable.

"How fatiguing it is," observed one of our company, "to walk through a dockyard!"

"Try working in it," said another.

We formed a small party of fifty-two. By the courtesy of the authorities, all strangers, furnished with a proper pass—obtained at the Admiralty-office, close at hand—are admitted at a certain hour.

An intelligent official had the duty of attending us, and commenced with an earnest, almost solemn exhortation that we should "keep together." From beginning to end of our progress, this poor man was in a fever of anxiety lest we should separate and stray. If an unlucky sheep did for an instant quit the flock, our guide became almost wild with excitement and rage, rushing after the missing one, capturing him with little ceremony, and

urging him ignominiously back with none at all; yet managing, all the time, to keep an eye on the wavering fifty-one. Foaming at the mouth, he explained in a breathless manner that he was "responsible at the gate" for fifty-two bodies, no more, no less, whose entrance-orders and passports were in his pocket. Furthermore, he was responsible for the safety of all dockyard property. On this point it was vain to assure him that the abstraction of anchors, cables, bars, and beams, was the last object we had in view. It was clear that he never ceased to regard us with suspicion, and to watch every movement within his range of vision, as if he thought it boded an attempt to confound marine stores in our hats and handkerchiefs.

Nothing could exceed the order and neatness of the whole department, the grand yet simple arrangement of its apparently inexhaustible resources of every kind; its pompous pyramids of iron hail; the trophy Napoleon, and the magnificent armoury, a work of absolute genius, with its interminable avenues of small-arms arranged in every conceivable form, with faultless accuracy, and bright as though dusted every hour. Among other quaint devices, there were orange-trees, in full bearing, whose leaves and branches were musket-locks, triggers, &c., and the fruit, nine-pound shot.

We had been handed over to a military escort through the armoury, and, on descending again to the court, rejoined our guide, when the clashing, capturing, shouting, and remonstrance, recommenced with new vigour. Here, again, we encountered stings of sullen-browed convicts. Most of these wore the most horrible expression of hate and rancour; some few were rather cheerful than otherwise, and gazed at us with a sort of impudent curiosity. In general, however, they seemed to avoid looking at us at all, and when some of our party with an impulse of compassion touched their hats in passing, very few returned the salute. Their guard did not treat them harshly; but, as drove after drove passed by weary and lame from labour, allowed them to rest and drink at frequent intervals. It struck us as singular that so many were lame; but, when it is remembered that a convict who has escaped lameness, after but a year's imprisonment, may be recognised by the shuffling gait acquired by his shackled leg, it may easily be believed that a prolonged familiarity with the ring and chain may permanently affect the limb.

The faces of these miserable people were burned to a dark mahogany tint; most of them were condemned "for life," none for less than twenty years. Twenty years! Who can realise it? The heart of life cut hopelessly away—the time of hope, and joy, and profitable labour riven from the little span—and, in its stead, twenty long years of scorching sun, of biting wind, of work, and silence, and shame.

It must be owned that the forcats are commodiously lodged. The dormitories are large and high, and very airy. There is an inclined plane the whole length of the room, on which

the mat and rug are placed. At the foot, an immense iron bar passes round the apartment, to which the prisoner's foot is attached by a ring and chain.

From hence we went to the bazaar, where many little articles of really beautiful workmanship—carved wood and gourds, powder-horns, pouches, egg-cups, made by the convicts—were for sale, at prices ranging from two hundred francs to fifty cents. Some of the more important objects were exquisitely designed and wrought. The vendors were all convicts, and the secretary who receives the money and undertakes all the business arrangements, was himself a prisoner for life—for murder. An extraordinary thing about this man was the grim coxcombry of his dress. He was, of course, attired "en forçat," in red and yellow; but had somehow contrived to bring his unhappily-tinted garments within the rules of the prevailing fashions. His prison trousers were reduced in width one-half, and made to fit neatly round the calf and ankle, and the red blouse had been metamorphosed into a handsome scarlet swallow-tailed hunting-coat. The ring round his ankle was probably as bright as silver, but it was skilfully hidden. He bowed with much grace, and accompanied us politely to the door. Beyond it he dared not go. A ball from one of those good-natured-looking soldiers would speedily stop him if he did. He lifted his green cap—fatal badge of a life-captivity—and retired to his daily avocations.

We made many small purchases, the convict-mechanics showing unlimited confidence in our honesty and filling our hands with minute objects, many of which were of considerable value. One of the men showed me with his instruments the manner of carving cocoa-nut shells. While doing so, a tiny particle flew up into my eye, giving me for the moment intense pain. The poor man was overwhelmed with despair. His politeness—his pity—rose up in arms. Was madame much injured? Alas! she was enduring exquisite anguish—was it not truly insupportable? And all, unhappy one! by his mal-address! "Kind-hearted creature!" I might have thought. But my uninjured eye rested on the green cap—"Life"—"Murder."

After all, there were few of the fifty-two who did not leave that melancholy spot more sorrowful than they came.

Just as our ciccone was on the point of taking leave, he directed my attention to a little woman, quietly dressed, who was walking up and down on the pavement outside the gate. She looked nervously in at the open entrance, then, turning, walked hurriedly away. The glance, and the hurried turn, were repeated every time, and my friend of the dockyard told me that she had walked there, with few exceptions, every day for nine years. The guards at the gate know her as well as their own sentry-boxes, and some of them could note the gradual decay that had changed her from a bright young pretty-featured woman, to what she now appeared.

"She is so aged and altered," said the gardien,

"that if she is waiting for anybody *in there*, he will not recognise her when he comes out, for all her constancy. There are none *in* under twenty years, so eleven years more of this work will hardly add to her beauty!"

He said this with an awkward attempt to laugh; but there was an expression in his eye that showed me it was but an effort to conceal his sympathy, and he went on: "Any one who has observed her, as we have, can see that she is *dying now*. Yes, she is killing herself, for certain, about the one *in there*."

I was watching the poor little creature, when she came quickly towards us, gazed, in her nervous half-frightened manner, through the gate, then, with a hurried "Good morning" to my friend, walked hastily away, and disappeared. The good-natured fellow had lifted his cap, and returned her greeting; but looked half-ashamed of his politeness, and, in a semi-apologetic tone, began to explain to me that she always said *that* when her weary walk was over for the day, and added:

"She is so well known, that nobody thinks of stopping or questioning her, and this pavement is open to the public. There are only a few of us who can remember what a little beauty she was, nine years ago. She was always in tears, then, but now she only looks sad—as sad as ever. She had black hair then. Once, I asked her if I should try to get her an order to enter, and see any one *in there*. This so touched her, that she would have fallen, if I had not caught her. I shall never forget her face. She looked, somehow, frightened—I don't know what else to call it. She never answered me a word; but, as soon as she could stand, crept slowly away, steadying herself by the wall. She raised her hand, once, as if she was going to say something; but she did not speak, and went away, as I said, not coming back for several days. I began to feel sorry; thinking that, though I meant well, I might have scared the poor creature away; but, at last (on the fourth or fifth morning), there she was again, looking so changed and ill, that I only knew her by her ways. That day she said 'Good morning,' for the first time. It's more than eight years, now, and nobody has meddled with her since."

I asked him if it were possible to get news of a prisoner, through him.

He answered that the convicts leave all identity outside the walls. Within, they are nameless units, distinguished merely by a number. It is only the highest authorities who can identify or communicate individually with any convict.

As I left the gates, my thoughts returned from the pitiable watcher at the gate to the convicts within it. Could nothing be done to ameliorate the moral condition of the imprisoned outcasts? Did no man care for their souls? The enforced labour, the hard diet, the rigid disciplinary regulations, these, though painful, could be endured, and might each in the end bear wholesome fruit. It is a system that degrades the spirit, and extinguishes

those last glimmerings of self-respect which sometimes fight so hard for life; this it is which is most inimical to repentance, and wages insensate war against the very object it is the dearest aim of punishment to promote. The horrors of Norfolk Island were themselves the immediate sources of crimes too fearful to recall. Degrade a man into a beast, without stupifying his intellect to the beastly level, and wonder not that the maddened wretch—abandoned, as it seems, by God and man—yields up the relics of his judgment to the most ghastly conceptions of crime. Is not this playing into the hands of the tempter? True, we, in England, have been so eager to ameliorate this real "darkness within," as to be betrayed into an opposite danger; but even this, with its acknowledged inconveniences, was a noble error compared with that which, while confessing that a criminal is not deserving of death, eliminates him from the pale of humanity, extinguishes his individuality, and, teaching him neither penitence nor resignation, leaves him to weeping and gnashing of teeth, without one gleam of hope.

Now, I could understand why the poor little woman dared not relieve her heart-thirst by gazing on her fallen hero. The remembrance of him, even in his days of recklessness and crime, was more tolerable than the sight of his sullen apathy—the offspring of despair.

THE SHOP-SIDE OF ART.

I.

THE earth is full of couples who are made for each other; not only of couples whose destiny it is to love, but of those whose destiny it is to hate. For every spider there is created a fly; for every cat a mouse; for every bird a worm; for every "innocent" bill-holder a really innocent bill-acceptor, and for every picture-dealer a picture-buyer. It is doubtful if that favourite target of small divines—the world—could be kept revolving in mid-air without such a provision of nature, and, therefore, if we record the habits and manners of antagonistic races, let us do it with so little party-feeling, and so much philosophical calmness, that something like the truth may be arrived at.

II.

Though Mr. Huggin was born some twenty years before Mr. Eizak Slemán, yet the latter gentleman was evidently destined to exert a peculiar influence over the former. The start that Mr. Huggin got in life over Mr. Slemán seemed only to have been used in preparing for that gentleman's appearance. If money was accumulated by Mr. Huggin—and it *was* accumulated—in a business so unpictorial as the tallow-trade, it was allowed to grow in all its rank luxuriance until Mr. Slemán presented himself to pluck it.

III.

In tracing the rise and progress of Mr. Eizak Slemán, we are struck by the many changes

which a single name may undergo. The father of Mr. Sleman thought proper to sign himself Salamans, while another son gently changed his title to Slayman, a second to Sloman, and a third to Sleighman. The vowels are very accommodating. Another branch of the same family—an uncle of the subject of our sketch—went even further, and by adding “Van” to one end of his name, and the letter “n” to the other, he came out as Mr. Van Sleman. Without going into the question of how far individual taste may have had an influence in these changes, there is no doubt that they were found useful in all matters of business.

Young Eizak Sleman (or Solomons) was born in a mingled atmosphere of horses and art. If he had come into the world only ten years earlier, he might have found himself cradled in a low gaming-house, and ten years before that—about the time that Mr. Huggin was born—he might have wondered what took his father away for exactly seven years and a half—neither more nor less. As it was, however, he first saw the light in an obscure by-street, and in a low, brown shop, where betting-books had scarcely been driven out, and Holy Families (painted in oil) had hardly been gathered in. As he grew a little older, and able to use his eyes, he found that his father’s permanent stock-in-trade was a large treacly portrait much cracked, of a woman in a ruff, a couple of bronze candlesticks, a few pieces of dusty old china, some empty picture-frames, and a parchment-coloured statuette of a figure that had no head, only half an arm, and one leg that wanted a foot. These things were always displayed in a coal-hole kind of gloom, and were never disturbed, either by buyer or seller.

As Eizak Sleman grew older still, and able to use his mind as well as his eyes, he was gradually taught some of the secrets of his father’s business. He had the pleasure of seeing that business increase, and of learning the main principles upon which it was conducted. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever, was old Salamans’s maxim; but only if you know how to deal with it.

The first step was to get the thing of beauty—the Holy Family, or the Head of the Madonna, as the case might be—and then to carefully prepare it as bait for the trap. This picture was never one of those manufactured masses of paint and varnish that are popularly supposed to be produced, in any quantity, in certain garrets, and to be baked and smoked in certain ovens and kitchen chimneys. The class of buyers that old Salamans angled for, were persons of some intelligence, some taste, much wealth, more vanity and cupidity, and a little judgment. These hucksters—for hucksters they were—could not be deceived by copies a week old, even if copyists of sufficient talent were to be drawn from more profitable work upon tenth-rate original pictures, or the reproduction of the modern masters. The common instinct of trade was against this form of fraud. If the well-known wormeaten wood,

or the peculiar canvas of the old masters, could be successfully imitated, what inducement would there be to exert this extra ingenuity, when a hundred safer and cheaper contemporary copies are to be found in the market?

The chief works, then, that Eizak Sleman’s father was always endeavouring to secure, were pictures painted by those few earnest pupils who had sat at the living feet of the old masters. Sometimes the eyes of the masters had rested approvingly upon these works; sometimes their hands had kindly given them a touch of grace beyond the reach of the humble students’ art. It may be, that amongst these nameless students, were many who strove hard to create something that the world should cherish, and who sank to rest with a faint hope that they had accomplished their task. They were spared the pain of seeing their images of beauty mellowed with age, encrusted with a thousand falsehoods, and patronised by greasy touters in low sale-rooms. If the bitter destiny of their lofty labour had been unfolded to them, they would surely have destroyed their handiwork, and the great Salamans family would have been fed only upon those coarse contemporary imitations that were openly painted and sold in the lifetime of the masters, by hucksters who knew no guile.

The elder Salamans, however, did not confine his dealings to the stray pictures of antiquity, but he became a patron of living art. He found out many British artists whose necessities were slightly in advance of their income, and, while he played the Samaritan, he made many presentable additions to his pictorial stock. With these productions, and the pupil pictures before described, a mass of framed and unframed rubbish was freshened up, and a catalogue prepared of a high class periodical sale. This sale was always largely supported by contributions from the great Salamans family; by pictures from “Slayman and Co.” (the eldest son) of Polyglot-square; by bronzes and articles of virtu from Humphrey “Sloman” (the second son) of Cameo-court, Oxford-street; and by more “charming” pictorial productions from “Sleighman and Sleighman” (the third son) of Sligo-buildings, City. The sale always took place at the auction-rooms of Mr. Van Sleman (the brother of the elder Salamans), which were situated in a prominent part of Mudgate-hill, the chief thoroughfare of London. These rooms were very gay and enticing in front, and very small and dark in the interior.

On the morning of the sale—or the attempted sale—about half an hour before the official arrival of the auctioneer—a little crowd was always collected on Mudgate-hill turning over the fluttering leaves of the catalogues that were nailed upon green-baize boards at the doorway, or looking at the great picture, with which the trap was baited on that particular occasion, and which was displayed so as to catch the eye of passers-by at the single window in front. The greatest part of this crowd consisted of a number of middle-aged men, who were made up to play a part in such a manner, that they

ought not to have deceived a child. A ragged-edged yellow collar on a starch-caked yellow shirt, a high black stock worn threadbare at the sides, a well-brushed thin black dress coat, and rather shiny black trousers that would bear no violent exercise, a pair of mended Blucher boots, and a pair of ragged cotton gloves, is not the costume usually worn by wealthy collectors of art. Yet these were the highly polished men who were supposed to be regardless of money when a Rubens or a Corregio came in their way, and who, if not investing for themselves, were the confidential agents of Lord Mumblepeg, a devoted buyer of pictures, who was prevented by paralysis from attending personally at the sales. Poor wretches; they looked with their clean-shaven, melancholy faces, as if the slightest whispered invitation to a substantial dinner at a snug warm City tavern would have thrown them off their balance, and have caused them to fly, like a cloud of swallows, from the barren feast of paint.

Inside the auction-trap was a sprinkling of eager confederate dealers; the four or five porters, who were probably "junior partners," and who looked like prize-fighters; and the usual number of "picture agents." As soon as a promising stranger entered the room, it was the business of one of these latter men to fasten on him, and to explain the beauties and defects of the collection under sale. It must always be delightful to a man of refinement, to have such agreeable guides at his elbow, and to overlook their flavour of onions, tobacco, and stale-clothes, in admiration of their intense appreciation of art. There can, of course, be nothing to jar the most sensitive nerves in hearing a thick hoarse spunging-house voice enlarging upon the minute rendering of the crown of thorns, or in seeing a grimed knobby finger half hooped with brassy rings, employed in pointing out the hidden touches of the agony in the garden.

The sales at Mr. Van Slemann's were not entirely supported by family contributions, but were swollen by many "noble works" and "religious subjects" that were sent by other traders of a similar stamp. A fine of two shillings and sixpence upon every lot was found sufficient to cover the expenses upon these consignments, and pay the auctioneer a trifle for his trouble. When the sale of a high-priced picture to an ignorant but greedy purchaser did really occur—as it sometimes did—the transaction was saddled with, and able to bear, a commission of a very princely character. No man ever entered those rooms, or even peeped in at the window, who was not followed, and whose position in society was not thoroughly learnt, if he looked like, or promised to bud into a buyer. He may have been astonished to find that the pictorial treasures of his mansion were known to numbers of unsightly men, like sheriff's officers. He may have been astonished to find that after he had inquired about a landscape or a tavern scene at the shop of "Slayman and Co.," his hall table was loaded the next morning with Claudes and Tenierses,

from "Sleighman and Sleighman's," that had been left for his examination and approval by a strange man, a strange woman, or even a strange boy. He may have been astonished to find that his steps had been dogged from a print-shop; and that when he wanted a little advice about a picture to guide his not very reliable judgment, the owner of the property seemed to know where he had applied for that advice, if not the exact words of the advice that had been given. He would have been more astonished, if he had not "bled freely," to find himself the purchaser of a fine old trusted collection of Italian saints, and half a dozen sturdy witnesses springing out of the ground, who had each and all a distinct recollection that he had promised to pay two thousand guineas for them. If he gave any indications that, with proper care and management, he was likely to become that fallow-faced, wild-eyed spectre—the collector who would "bleed to death"—a net was woven round him, from which there was little chance of escape; he was fed with nothing but what was likely to encourage his one idea, and he was never deserted until he was reduced to madness, or to a mere fruitless husk.

This is the great victim that every art-huckster is always searching for, and who he knows is existing for him in some hidden corner of the world. His shops—his family organisation—his "knock-out" combinations—his delusive sales—are nothing but ingenious devices to employ his time, compared with the great mission of his life—the necessity for finding this victim in the crowd.

These were the experiences and teachings that were constantly before young Ezrak Slemann as he grew to be a man; and when he attained that period of life, of course he became a picture-dealer.

IV.

And what had Mr. Huggin been doing for the last five-and-twenty years to prepare himself for the slaughter? Beyond the fact, already recorded, that he had made a good deal of money in the tallow-trade, he seemed to have reached the age of five-and-forty without being much the wiser for it.

His business was not sufficient to occupy his mind, and he wished to be known as something more than a successful merchant. Society did not fraternise with him. His dinners were eaten; but eaten with silent contempt; and it was while suffering under this galling treatment that, being unable to write a book or shake the senate, he formed the melancholy idea of setting up as a person of taste. He proceeded very gently—almost imperceptibly at first—as a man with his trading instincts and knowledge of the value of money would naturally do; but, by degrees, he gained courage, or found that timidity was worse than useless in the art-collecting world. He deserted his prints and etchings, his Antonios and Bolswards, for paintings of various qualities and many schools. Living in a northern town, he employed in commissions a rude provincial practitioner, like a country barber, with no more

honesty than the great Salamans family, but with none of their keenness and experience. This man was so clumsy, and so greedy of present profit, that he would have nipped the most promising innocent purchaser in the bud. Before, however, he could succeed in disgusting the mind and opening the eyes of Mr. Huggin, that gentleman was carried out of his reach by important business in town.

V.

It was at this period that the death of Sir Saffron Hill, the great collector and connoisseur, was announced. Sir Saffron Hill had excited the envy and admiration of his tribe for more than half a century. The envy was bestowed upon his collection, the admiration upon his judgment. He was supposed to possess everything that was unique and valuable; he was supposed to know the imposition from the genuine thing at a glance. If he declared a picture to be by the divine Raffaele, it was warranted: if he refused to say that a group of plump beauties was by Rubens, their reputation was hopelessly blasted. He had been heard to utter some contemptuous remarks about Guido, and Venuses fell, at once, to a discount in the market. His opinion was sought even beyond the realms of high art, and he was sometimes asked to place his hand on the brown back of a violin, and to tell its trembling owner if it was really a Stradivarius.

Sir Saffron Hill lived a lonely life in one of the old squares, with nothing but his beloved collection and a few vulgar servants. He was very unwilling to show his collection, and was a miser, in every sense of the word, although it has been the fashion never to associate this character with anything but money. One evening, after dinner, Sir Saffron Hill was discovered dead in his easy-chair, with his latest purchase—a small piece of Palissy-ware—on the hearth-rug before him. There was abundance of dusky Utrecht velvet, tortoiseshell, huhl, lapis lazuli, ebony, Sèvres porcelain, oil-colour gems, and water-colour jewels at his side and at his back, while a bust of one of the Cæsars, nearly over his head, seemed to be making faces at another Cæsar opposite, as if nothing had happened.

The death was rather welcomed by the art-world than otherwise, as it promised to disperse a very large and valuable collection. The late unrivalled connoisseur had died without a will, and the two discarded children—a boy and girl—who came forward to claim the property, were not disposed, either by education or circumstances, to retain it in its art form. A dozen hammers were trembling with eagerness, but the choice fell upon Messrs. Gowen and Gorne.

VI.

For days you could hardly get near the celebrated auction rooms in Plush-street, St. Cræsus. The crowd was so great and so mixed, that many persons of authority said it was like going to court. The Countess of Dura was seen strug-

gling between Mr. Barrington from White-chapel (alias "Duffing Jemmy") and a leading member of the great Salamans family. The Duke of Majolica had his hat knocked over his eyes. The street was full of carriages, cabs, and go-carts; and the spotless auctioneers were accused of favouring certain visitors by letting them in through a skylight.

The second day's sale served to tone down this enthusiasm a little, and, on the third day, Mr. Huggin was passing by chance, and found his way into the centre of the auction-room.

"Lot ninety-five," continued the auctioneer, rapidly. "An interior—Van Pothaus—two figures at window—beautiful effect of pipe-light—credit alike to artist and collector—shall we say one hundred pounds?"

Two, three, five, ten hundred pounds were quickly offered from various parts of the crowd.

"Thousan' guinis," cried the eldest of the Salamans family. "Mr. Slayman and Co."

"One thousand and eighty pounds," exclaimed a feeble little gentleman in spectacles.

"One thousand and eighty pounds," repeated the auctioneer.

"Let Slayman 'av' it," shouted the venerable father of the Salamans family.

"Mr. Salamans," said the auctioneer, sternly, "I must beg that you will abstain from interrupting the sale."

The sale went on, and a tall, severe-looking, middle-aged gentleman, in a white necktie, secured the picture with a solemn inclination of his head, and a commanding wave of his hand, for fifteen hundred pounds.

"Lord Eiky Drummond, I think?" said the auctioneer's clerk, as he recorded the purchaser's name. The solemn inclination of the head was slowly repeated, and the Salamans family looked as if they had made the acquaintance of a new picture-buyer before unknown to them.

Mr. Huggin witnessed all this in silent amazement. He had read a few books that took the purple-bloom view of art, but not sufficient to turn his brain; and, at present, his chief touchstone of merit in a picture was the two-foot rule. The Van Pothaus he had just seen sold for such a considerable sum, was no larger than many works he had got at home, which he fully believed he had bought with the rarest taste and judgment. He saw more lots disposed of to buyers who took the well-advertised character of the late Sir Saffron Hill as a guarantee in every way sufficient for the value of the paintings. The Salamans family looked on, bought nothing, and gained some useful information about buyers. Mr. Huggin looked on and thought he saw his way, while gaining the reputation of a person of taste, to work a wonderful field for profitable investment. He bought a few more volumes upon the purple-bloom view of art, which he read, and mixed up with his shop view of the subject. When he had settled down, once more, in his northern city, he was in as fit a state as any collector could ever be, to be tapped by a judicious picture-dealer.

ought not to have deceived a child. A ragged-edged yellow collar on a starch-caked yellow shirt, a high black stock worn threadbare at the sides, a well-brushed thin black dress coat, and rather shiny black trousers that would bear no violent exercise, a pair of mended Blucher boots, and a pair of ragged cotton gloves, is not the costume usually worn by wealthy collectors of art. Yet these were the highly polished men who were supposed to be regardless of money when a Rubens or a Corregio came in their way, and who, if not investing for themselves, were the confidential agents of Lord Mumblepeg, a devoted buyer of pictures, who was prevented by paralysis from attending personally at the sales. Poor wretches; they looked with their clean-shaven, melancholy faces, as if the slightest whispered invitation to a substantial dinner at a snug warm City tavern would have thrown them off their balance, and have caused them to fly, like a cloud of swallows, from the barren feast of paint.

Inside the auction-trap was a sprinkling of eager confederate dealers; the four or five porters, who were probably "junior partners," and who looked like prize-fighters; and the usual number of "picture agents." As soon as a promising stranger entered the room, it was the business of one of these latter men to fasten on him, and to explain the beauties and defects of the collection under sale. It must always be delightful to a man of refinement, to have such agreeable guides at his elbow, and to overlook their flavour of onions, tobacco, and stale-clothes, in admiration of their intense appreciation of art. There can, of course, be nothing to jolt the most sensitive nerves in hearing a thick hoarse spunging-house voice enlarging upon the minute rendering of the crown of thorns, or in seeing a grimed knobby finger half hooped with brassy rings, employed in pointing out the hidden touches of the agony in the garden.

The sales at Mr. Van Slemann's were not entirely supported by family contributions, but were swollen by many "noble works" and "religious subjects" that were sent by other traders of a similar stamp. A fine of two shillings and sixpence upon every lot was found sufficient to cover the expenses upon these consignments, and pay the auctioneer a trifle for his trouble. When the sale of a high-priced picture to an ignorant but greedy purchaser did really occur—as it sometimes did—the transaction was saddled with, and able to bear, a commission of a very princely character. No man ever entered those rooms, or even peeped in at the window, who was not followed, and whose position in society was not thoroughly learnt, if he looked like, or promised to bud into a buyer. He may have been astonished to find that the pictorial treasures of his mansion were known to numbers of unsightly men, like sheriff's officers. He may have been astonished to find that after he had inquired about a landscape or a tavern scene at the shop of "Slayman and Co.," his hall table was loaded the next morning with Claudes and Tenierses,

from "Sleighman and Sleighman's," that had been left for his examination and approval by a strange man, a strange woman, or even a strange boy. He may have been astonished to find that his steps had been dogged from a print-shop; and that when he wanted a little advice about a picture to guide his not very reliable judgment, the owner of the property seemed to know where he had applied for that advice, if not the exact words of the advice that had been given. He would have been more astonished, if he had not "bled freely," to find himself the purchaser of a fine old trusted collection of Italian saints, and half a dozen sturdy witnesses springing out of the ground, who had each and all a distinct recollection that he had promised to pay two thousand guineas for them. If he gave any indications that, with proper care and management, he was likely to become that fallow-faced, wild-eyed spectre—the collector who would "bleed to death"—a net was woven round him, from which there was little chance of escape; he was fed with nothing but what was likely to encourage his one idea, and he was never deserted until he was reduced to madness, or to a more fruitless hush.

This is the great victim that every art-huckster is always searching for, and who he knows is existing for him in some hidden corner of the world. His shops—his family organisation—his "knock-out" combinations—his delusive sales—are nothing but ingenious devices to employ his time, compared with the great mission of his life—the necessity for finding this victim in the crowd.

These were the experiences and teachings that were constantly before young Eizak Slemann as he grew to be a man; and when he attained that period of life, of course he became a picture-dealer.

IV.

And what had Mr. Huggin been doing for the last five-and-twenty years to prepare himself for the slaughter? Beyond the fact, already recorded, that he had made a good deal of money in the tallow-trade, he seemed to have reached the age of five-and-forty without being much the wiser for it.

His business was not sufficient to occupy his mind, and he wished to be known as something more than a successful merchant. Society did not fraternise with him. His dinners were eaten; but eaten with silent contempt; and it was while suffering under this galling treatment that, being unable to write a book or shake the senate, he formed the melancholy idea of setting up as a person of taste. He proceeded very gently—almost imperceptibly at first—as a man with his trading instincts and knowledge of the value of money would naturally do; but, by degrees, he gained courage, or found that timidity was worse than useless in the art-collecting world. He deserted his prints and etchings, his Antonios and Bolswerts, for paintings of various qualities and many schools. Living in a northern town, he employed in commissions a rude provincial practitioner, like a country barber, with no more

honesty than the great Salamans family, but with none of their keenness and experience. This man was so clumsy, and so greedy of present profit, that he would have nipped the most promising innocent purchaser in the bud. Before, however, he could succeed in disgusting the mind and opening the eyes of Mr. Huggin, that gentleman was carried out of his reach by important business in town.

V.

It was at this period that the death of Sir Saffron Hill, the great collector and connoisseur, was announced. Sir Saffron Hill had excited the envy and admiration of his tribe for more than half a century. The envy was bestowed upon his collection, the admiration upon his judgment. He was supposed to possess everything that was unique and valuable; he was supposed to know the imposition from the genuine thing at a glance. If he declared a picture to be by the divine Raffaele, it was warranted: if he refused to say that a group of plump beauties was by Rubens, their reputation was hopelessly blasted. He had been heard to utter some contemptuous remarks about Guido, and Venuses fell, at once, to a discount in the market. His opinion was sought even beyond the realms of high art, and he was sometimes asked to place his hand on the brown back of a violin, and to tell its trembling owner if it was really a Straduarus.

Sir Saffron Hill lived a lonely life in one of the old squares, with nothing but his beloved collection and a few vulgar servants. He was very unwilling to show his collection, and was a miser, in every sense of the word, although it has been the fashion never to associate this character with anything but money. One evening, after dinner, Sir Saffron Hill was discovered dead in his easy-chair, with his latest purchase—a small piece of Palissy-ware—on the hearth-rug before him. There was abundance of dusky Utrecht velvet, tortoiseshell bowl, lapis lazuli, ebony, Sèvres porcelain, oil-colour gems, and water-colour jewels at his side and at his back, while a bust of one of the Cæsars, nearly over his head, seemed to be making faces at another Cæsar opposite, as if nothing had happened.

The death was rather welcomed by the art-world than otherwise, as it promised to disperse a very large and valuable collection. The late unrivalled connoisseur had died without a will, and the two discarded children—a boy and girl—who came forward to claim the property, were not disposed, either by education or circumstances, to retain it in its art form. A dozen hammers were trembling with eagerness, but the choice fell upon Messrs. Gowen and Gorne.

VI.

For days you could hardly get near the celebrated auction rooms in Plush-street, St. Cræsus. The crowd was so great and so mixed, that many persons of authority said it was like going to court. The Countess of Dura was seen strug-

gling between Mr. Barrington from White-chapel (alias "Duffing Jemmy") and a leading member of the great Salamans family. The Duke of Majolica had his hat knocked over his eyes. The street was full of carriages, cabs, and go-carts; and the spotless auctioneers were accused of favouring certain visitors by letting them in through a skylight.

The second day's sale served to tone down this enthusiasm a little, and, on the third day, Mr. Huggin was passing by chance, and found his way into the centre of the auction-room.

"Lot ninety-five," continued the auctioneer, rapidly. "An interior—Van Pothaus—two figures at window—beautiful effect of pipe-light—credit alike to artist and collector—shall we say one hundred pounds?"

Two, three, five, ten hundred pounds were quickly offered from various parts of the crowd.

"Thousan' guinis," cried the eldest of the Salamans family. "Mr. Slayman and Co."

"One thousand and eighty pounds," exclaimed a feeble little gentleman in spectacles.

"One thousand and eighty pounds," repeated the auctioneer.

"Let Slayman 'av' it," shouted the venerable father of the Salamans family.

"Mr. Salamans," said the auctioneer, sternly, "I must beg that you will abstain from interrupting the sale."

The sale went on, and a tall, severe-looking, middle-aged gentleman, in a white necktie, secured the picture with a solemn inclination of his head, and a commanding wave of his hand, for fifteen hundred pounds.

"Lord Eiky Drummond, I think?" said the auctioneer's clerk, as he recorded the purchaser's name. The solemn inclination of the head was slowly repeated, and the Salamans family looked as if they had made the acquaintance of a new picture-buyer before unknown to them.

Mr. Huggin witnessed all this in silent amazement. He had read a few books that took the purple-bloom view of art, but not sufficient to turn his brain; and, at present, his chief touchstone of merit in a picture was the two-foot rule. The Van Pothaus he had just seen sold for such a considerable sum, was no larger than many works he had got at home, which he fully believed he had bought with the rarest taste and judgment. He saw more lots disposed of to buyers who took the well-advertised character of the late Sir Saffron Hill as a guarantee in every way sufficient for the value of the paintings. The Salamans family looked on, bought nothing, and gained some useful information about buyers. Mr. Huggin looked on and thought he saw his way, while gaining the reputation of a person of taste, to work a wonderful field for profitable investment. He bought a few more volumes upon the purple-bloom view of art, which he read, and mixed up with his shop view of the subject. When he had settled down, once more, in his northern city, he was in as fit a state as any collector could ever be, to be tapped by a judicious picture-dealer.

VII.

The promising buyers who had turned up at the sale of the late Sir Saffron Hill's collection had been secured by Eizak Sleeman's brothers, and other labourers in the same vineyard. Lord Eiky Drummond had fallen to his father; and, though he felt that he could have made more of his lordship, the duty due from a son to a parent forbade him interfering in their transactions.

This position drove him, in some measure, into the country; and he tried a plan, well known in the trade, which had something of the prospecting rod about it. He endeavoured to draw out the local patrons of art by a travelling picture-sale. He sometimes said the sale was by order of the sheriff, which looked official. He sometimes gave out that the collection belonged to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose pecuniary difficulties had become too great to be borne. This stimulated curiosity, which brought an audience; and it was rare, indeed, if the auction passed off without something being sold at a handsome profit.

The enterprising picture-dealer pursued this plan for months—the summer months—without meeting with a promising victim. He had pushed himself, stage by stage, far into the land, and had just concluded an unsuccessful sale in a very dull but substantial northern town. He had retired, rather depressed, to his hotel, when he was told that a gentleman wished to see him. The proper couple had found each other, at last! The gentleman was Mr. Huggin.

VIII.

Five years soon flew by after this interview at the hotel, and Mr. Huggin, to all appearance, had "bled" very freely. His walls were covered with "noble works," "delicious productions," "religious subjects," and warranted "masterpieces," from garret to cellar. Mrs. Huggin turned up her eyes when she looked at these treasures, shrugged her shoulders, and said nothing. Women are so odd. Mr. Huggin believed that the mantle of the late Sir Saffron Hill had descended upon his shoulders; and, as he had impressed his neighbours with the same belief, he was supremely happy.

Eizak Sleeman often made his appearance at Huggin Hall with a quantity of luggage. When he left, after staying a night, he had seldom anything more than a carpet-bag to take down to the station. Yet, although Mr. Eizak Sleeman's visits to Huggin Hall were always made to effect a sale, sometimes, as a matter of policy, he attempted to repurchase.

"You know Lord Eiky Drummond?" asked Mr. Sleeman.

"I've seen his lordship in public," answered Mr. Huggin.

"About that Teniers; he's mad a'ter it, an' don't mind three hundred pound."

"I'm sorry for his lordship."

"You on'y giv' me two for it, yer know."

"Mr. Sleeman," said Mr. Huggin, sternly, at this point, "I will not be talked to in this

manner. My principle is to buy pictures, not to job them."

IX.

In spite of this stern rebuke, the purple-bloom view of art had never taken an undivided hold of Mr. Huggin, and had been shared with the lower feelings of the trade. When he began to grow tired of the barren reputation he had established as a person of taste, he prepared his gigantic collection for the market without the slightest misgiving. The impression made upon him at the sale of Sir Saffron Hill's treasures had never faded from his mind, and Messrs. Gowen and Gorne were, of course, the gentlemen who received his instructions. From this moment the hitherto constant Mr. Eizak Sleeman disappeared, and melted for ever, into the broad bosom of the Salamans family.

X.

There was something wrong about the first day's sale. The attendance was numerous, and many pictures were sold, but the receipts were ridiculously small, considering the expectations of Mr. Huggin. Perhaps Mr. Huggin's reputation had not been so well advertised as the late Sir Saffron Hill's. Perhaps it would have been better if the collection had been sold as belonging to a mock baronet. The auctioneers were suspiciously, almost painfully silent. Mr. Huggin glided busily about the room, and was much hurt to find that those who appeared to be professional picture-dealers abstained from rising beyond a very low bidding. Mr. Huggin prided himself upon being a shrewd, experienced man of business, and he thought he knew exactly what to do under the circumstances. He privately retained several sham buyers for the second day's sale in order to support the market.

The first lot that was brought forward was an enormous piece of Chinese-looking art, that was said to be the masterpiece of the divine Bellini.

"Ten pounds?" began the auctioneer.

"Thirty, forty, ninety, two hund'ed, seven hund'ed," shouted half a dozen shabby men, who leaped up, one after the other, like so many Jacks-in-boxes.

"Ten pounds, I say," repeated the auctioneer, looking sternly at the shabby bidders, and going back to his starting-point.

"Ninety, two hund'ed, six hund'ed, thousand," exclaimed the same shabby men, leaping again.

"Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, with dignity, "it is evident what this means. I think we'd better close the sale."

There was much confusion after this, but no serious opposition to the proposal; and, in half an hour, the public had all left the place.

"Mr. Gowen—Mr. Gorne—Sir—gentlemen," said Mr. Huggin, excited and humbled, in the auctioneer's private counting-house, "there's some mistake about these pictures—there is, indeed!"

"Mr. Huggin," replied Mr. Gowen, in a tone of pity, "the mistake is entirely on your side."

You have been grossly imposed upon in a way we can understand. Many hundreds of gentlemen have been so deceived before, and many hundreds will doubtless be so deceived again. Good morning."

FOR LABRADOR, SIR?

A CANADIAN professor wishes to know when we mean to establish settlements in Labrador? In this winter weather the round Briton who likes to nurse the fire, and go to sleep after his dinner within easy reach of the coal-scuttle, is to be tempted only by some great attraction far away from the settlement of his choice, in an arm-chair. He will not trouble himself to open his eyes when he is told that the fisheries on the Atlantic coast of Labrador are worth a million sterling, yet that, since the destruction of the town of Brest at the gulf entrance of the Straits of Belleisle which separate the south of Labrador from the north of Newfoundland, there has been no settlement of consequence. Yet a quarter of a million would at once be saved if there were curing establishments upon the coast. He wants no more fish. He has dined. What is it to him that there is ground waiting for civilised man in the great valleys of the interior, with fuel and building timber in abundance, and a soil and climate capable of yielding green peas and potatoes? He only knows that it is pleasant, while he roasts his slippers, to think of that great north-easter-land upon the boundary of Canada, chill Labrador in the far north, with its coast facing the Greenland sea, as a place to which it is heroic in the Moravian missionaries to go forth and settle, with their usual preference for "Greenland's icy mountains," over "India's coral strand." Every man to his taste, and he can understand that sort of taste a little; for he himself can't dine without ice, and has a weakness for ice-pudding.

While the British fire-worshipper snores in his easy-chair, we will accept the invitation of our friend MR. HENRY YOULE HIND, Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of Toronto, to run over and look at the interior of the Labrador peninsula. Any fire-worshipper may do the same, by help of Mr. Hind's couple of volumes.

We may go, if we will, by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, destined hereafter to carry fish of the Labrador coast into the great cities of the west (when North and South have come to the end of their fighting wind), and the present terminus of the Grand Trunk at Rivière de Loup has been connected with the Bay of Chaleurs. Wishing all future success to the Grand Trunk, which is not a money-chest at present—as some people know—with a hop and a skip, we are in Labrador, together with our canoes, portable tents, flannel-shirts, guides, smoked bacon, biscuit, and all other necessaries for the exploration we intend to make.

Each canoe is no bigger than one man can

carry. It will carry in its turn three men, and five hundred-weight of provisions. In Labrador, sometimes the boats carry the men; at other times, down the hills by the side of the worst rapids, the men carry the boats. The native Indians are the Montagnais and the Nasquapees (upright-standers); hardy fellows in the interior, who, when they get down to the coast and stop there a few months, eating seals and fish, become rheumatic, consumptive, and by physical weakness indolent. Up stream, paddle Professor Hind; and Mr. William Hind his brother, who carries the portfolio, pencil, and paint-box; and Messrs. J. F. Gaudet, and Edward Caley, Government Surveyors.

Except a few settlements on the St. Lawrence and North Atlantic coasts, and some widely separated ports of the Hudson's Bay Company, all Labrador—a region as large as France will be, when she has annexed not only Prussia but the British Islands too—is peopled only by a few wandering bands of Montagnais and Nasquapee, Mistassini and Swampy Creek Indians, and by wandering Esquimaux upon the northern coasts. The part of this great region drained by the St. Lawrence, is said to belong to Canada. The middle part, supposed to be drained by rivers flowing into the Atlantic, where it is called the Greenland Sea, is said to be under the jurisdiction of Newfoundland. And the part of which the rivers flow to Hudson's Bay, is called the East Main. But these regions have undefined boundaries, for when Professor Hind set out upon his exploration there was no true knowledge of the interior.

The river Moëric or Mis-to-shipu (the same as Mississippi, or Great River) flows into the Gulf of St. Lawrence about eighteen miles east of the Bay of Seven Islands. It is the great river of the Montagnais Indians, and seven of them having made a clever chart of its course, the first work of exploration was to test the value of this. Good-tempered Louis—a Montagnais Indian, who is a bad shot, but understands a canoe—is chief steersman; and his wife, a very handsome squaw, stands by at his departure, though she will have nothing to do with him, will not look at him, and is ashamed of him, because he cannot hunt. The priest comes only for a few days once a year, and when he last came she agreed in a hurry to be married to him. Two days after the wedding, they went out, Indian fashion, to hunt seals together; the wife steering, the husband ready with his gun, as usual. His first shot was a very bad one; and without a word she paddled to shore, jumped out, and ran back to her father's lodge. He begged for another chance, and she went out with him another day. He missed the first seal. She paddled him to a second; he missed that. Then she looked at him in a way that made him very nervous, said nothing, and paddled him close up to a third. He was flurried, and missed again. Whereupon she again paddled ashore, left him, and has given him the "cut direct" ever since. Nevertheless, Louis, with a lucrative job in prospect, asks for fifteen dollars

in advance, and these he sends to the disdainful lady as a peace-offering. She takes the money, but vouchsafes no word of thanks for it.

The waters are high. We must land before reaching the foot of the rapids, and cut a way for ourselves, and our packs and canoes; through a mile of close wood, before reaching the usual landing-place for portage by the banks of the strong torrent. This is the Grand Portage, with undescribed country beyond it. Summer rain turns suddenly, with a wind from the north, to frost. It is wonderful to think what a refrigerator the north wind can be, when one is near the Polar laboratory of cold weather. Mr. Gaudet, the surveyor, remembers sleeping in an open tent near the dividing ridge between Lakes Superior and Winnipeg, in the winter of 1858-9, going to bed rolled in four stout blankets, with the cold a few degrees below zero. In the night he and his whole company awoke in the same minute with the touch of an icy north wind, under which the tested and accurate spirit thermometer from the observatory of Toronto showed a sudden drop of temperature to forty-six below zero.

All along this portage, at distances of from a hundred to three hundred yards apart, are marten traps. The line of marten traps, or marten road, extends for thirty miles, and was the work last winter of an Abenakis Indian, who built his lodge midway, and made it a week's round to visit them. He began late, and his winter's labour produced him only twenty-two martens. Had he begun early, and been fortunate, he might have had fifty or sixty. For each marten's skin he would get five dollars. He was plagued, too, with a carcajou or wolverine that once followed him unobserved along the whole fifteen miles on one side of his lodge when he baited the traps, and ate up the bait after him. On his way back, he found every trap empty. Such a beast puts in his paw and pulls out his plum without at all minding the rap on the knuckles caused by the fall of the trap while he is thieving. The carcajou is clever, too, at finding and opening a cache, or getting at the pack of the poor Indian hunter's food or store of furs. It is not enough to hang the pack to a tree-branch. The wolverine will climb and spring down on it; but if a couple of the dog-sleigh bells be hung lightly to the bundle, at the alarm of their tinkling off he scuds. The carcajou thief is a four-legged magpie, who steals for the sake of stealing. A hunter and his family once went from home, leaving their lodge unguarded. When they came back, it was robbed to the bare walls; blankets, guns, kettles, axes, cans, knives, all were gone, and the tracks showed who had been the robber. The family went on the traces of the carcajou, and got nearly everything back.

Besides the martens, there are lynxes (known as cats), bears, musk-rats, otters, and foxes; but the marten's skin is worth them all. A man had his comrade and cousin killed, when after a lynx. The two men were both on its track, and, when they were separated, one, coming upon the beast;

shot and wounded it; but at the same time he himself slipped into a narrow cleft of rock under the snow, breaking one of his legs. The lynx fastened upon him, and tore off part of his scalp. He killed the wild beast with his knife, but because of the broken leg he could not get out of the cleft, neither could he reach the gun that had fallen away from him when he stumbled in; so he lay there all night in the frost, unable to signal his companion. In the morning, when he was found, he was on the point of death. His brother hunter added his dead body to the load on the dog-sledge, and dragged it home for burial. A woman of these tribes finding her son shot dead by the accidental discharge of his gun as she leaped out of his canoe, carried the body in her arms a three weeks' winter journey over rock and mountain, that she might lay him in the grave of his dead father.

These ways are difficult even when down hill to the sea: so it is certainly no easy work to carry at the portages the baggage and canoes up the steep hills and rocks of this rough country, besides having one's road to cut through a dense forest now and then. The river flows often between high hills and precipices over which hang sometimes, stupendous sheets of ice. It is a native highway, and the animals on it are scarce. Once, the interior was more populous than it is now. The Indians found it not too easy to kill or take the reindeer. They could kill, and they cared to kill, only what was sufficient for their food. But trappers gave them guns, and taught them to kill deer for their skins. That tended to some such famine as they felt about 1790, in what is now one of the oldest and best settled parts of Canada, because in two consecutive hard winters the reindeer had fallen a prey to the wolves. Again, the wasting of large tracts of country by fires spreading in the dry moss that fasten also on the woods, destroys the food of the reindeer; and these fires have become far more common than they were, when there were no lucifer matches or other substitutes for the old method of rubbing pieces of wood together.

In Labrador, on a hot day, the traveller who believes himself most careful, lights a cooking fire on the portage; it may spread into the dry reindeer or caribou moss, and then uprises the flame and runs before the wind that increases as the fire spreads. Out of the blinding smoke the traveller and all his party must then rush, hastily snatching up packs and canoes, and without stopping to shift the burden on an aching shoulder—without staying a moment to fetch breath—may have to run with the fire at their heels, spreading over the light moss at a pace as quick as theirs, until they get to the end of the portage and can dash their canoes into the water, or take refuge on a sandbank at the river's edge. Then they may crouch to let the hot smoke and ashes pass over, and may rise ten minutes afterwards to see clear air above, and the fire roaring and hissing on before them to spread on and around till it is stopped by rain, by lakes, by river-courses, or by the wet moss of

a damp forest. Dry forests are eaten up by these wide-spreading fires, which have already turned immense tracts of the Labrador peninsula into an uninhabitable wilderness.

When Mr. Davies, in 1840, was exploring a river by Esquimaux Bay, and had been out ten days without meeting Indians, he ordered the usual smoke signal of the country to be made on a neighbouring hill, that any Indians who were near might see it and come to him. He encamped, and was sitting at his tent door, enjoying a cool breeze which had just sprung up, when he was startled by a noise like thunder, and the frantic shouts of his men. The fire was upon them. If their camp had not been on a spot of green wood they would not have had even the few minutes that barely sufficed for escape at the top of their speed. Before they were half across the river, the whole mountain was a mountain of fire, and that fire, spreading for weeks, laid waste hundreds of square miles of land.

The burning of a spruce birch forest at night is like a gigantic display of fireworks. A spruce-tree flashes at once into flame from top to bottom with a crackling hissing roar, with quick loud snaps and a splendid red light. The birch-trees burn with steady flame, pouring up into the sky huge clouds of smoke that cover the flaming forest, and reflect from it a lurid light, into which every sharp gust of wind sends up a great column of sparks in spiral eddies. Ten, twenty, fifty, trees at a time shoot up their twisting flame. The fire subsides. And then from other trees, another outburst makes the rocks and mountains glow: while the disturbed wild-fowl fly in wide circles overhead, and fly down like moths into the flame, or, when suffocated, drop straight into it, like stones.

These are not lively considerations for the settler, who will have to change all this; and it must grieve the heart of a microscopist to hear of this great waste of Canada balsam. Canada balsam's virtues are familiar to the Indian. Does a man, when woodcutting, chop into his foot with an axe; his surgeon is the nearest balsam spruce. He holds the lips of the wound firmly together, the sticky balsam is fetched and spread over the cut as glue, bleeding is stopped at once, and in three days the cut is well. These Indians also doctor themselves with vapour-baths, and use the root of the blue iris, or a decoction of the red willow, as a purgative. Other medicines are the roots of rushes or of the white water-lily, and when these fail, resort is always to be had to charms. His implicit faith in dreams leads the poor Indian of the Labrador peninsula to the commission sometimes of great crimes, in the religious effort to do what he dreamed he did. But happily the missionaries have corrected much of this old superstition. Conceive the state of any populous country in which it should be every man's care to act out his dreams, and realise by day the senseless visions of the night. What a terror to society would the man addicted much to nightmare, be!

A remarkable feature in Labrador, is the

immense development of lichens on the rocky soil. Instead of the thin "time stain" on stone or wood, familiar to us in England, there is the caribou, or reindeer moss: a lichen, covering large tracts of ground with a growth two feet thick, on which the reindeer feed. Elastic in moist weather; in dry weather, as the fires testify, grown tindery; it breaks under the tread, and shows every footprint in the track of man or deer. Next in importance to this lichen is the "tripe de roche," another lichen growing throughout all the cold parts of North America on trunks of trees and gneiss rocks. This was the sole food of some of our great Arctic heroes, in their days of deadly peril. But, steeped in a weak solution of carbonate of soda (which they had not), washed and boiled, yields a jelly which becomes very palatable, when it can be flavoured with wine or lemon. Recent development of lichen dyes may make, hereafter, even the lichens of Labrador a source of wealth.

But the chief source of wealth is, at present, the cod-fishery, which is most active in June, July, and August. All the cod taken before September is salted and dried for exportation. What is taken from September to the close of the fishing season, is only salted and packed in barrels for the markets of Quebec and Montreal.

Our old gentleman by the fire has pricked up his ears at the name of codfish. But he has done with codfish for to-day, and goes to sleep again. What little he may have heard of Labrador will not induce him to go out. Nor is it likely that many of the race of active men will care to go so far north, although the ground is really almost unoccupied.

TOO HARD UPON MY AUNT.

AT five o'clock on the evening of the 31st of December, 1849, Mr. Twinch, of Grosvenor-street, rushed into his dining-room with a packet in his hand, sat down at a little Davenport writing-table in the window, and scribbled off the following letter:

"My dear Madam,—I am delighted to say that I have been able to keep my word, and herewith send you what you require. With best compliments, I am,

"Faithfully yours,
"PAYNHAM TWINCHE."

This note he folded round the packet, placed both in a stout envelope, which he addressed "Miss L. Pemberton, The Grove, Heavitree, near Exeter;" carried the packet to a neighbouring receiving-office, caused it to be duly registered, and with the receipt in his pocket returned home.

Miss Letitia Pemberton was my father's youngest sister, a maiden lady of middle-age, kind, amiable, and accomplished, whom everybody liked for her good temper, and whom many of us younger ones regarded with deep interest on account of what we were pleased to term "her romance." For when Aunt Letitia was a girl she was very pretty, and was a county

beauty, and a reigning toast for miles round: she had scores of admirers, but behaved very scornfully to all of them, and she had acquired a reputation of being thoroughly heartless, when she chose to tumble head over ears in love with a Mr. Butterworth, a fair-haired, mild, spooney young man, who had come up from Oxford to read with my father during the long vacation. Of course Mr. Butterworth responded, and the affair was progressing to the great satisfaction of the lovers, and the intense delight of my father, who thereby was relieved from much of Mr Butterworth's society, and all his tuition. But when my grandfather, who was what is called "one of the old school," a remarkably peppery veteran, discovered what was going on, he showed Mr. Butterworth the door, and was with great difficulty restrained from kicking him through it. Aunt Letitia wept and sulked by turns, but it was of no use, and soon afterwards my father heard that Butterworth had left Oxford, and gone out as private secretary and companion to an old gentleman who held some high official appointment in South America. Miss Letitia redoubled her lamentations, but that was the last that was heard of Mr. Butterworth.

Until years after, when my grandfather had been long since dead, my father long since married, myself and my sister long since born, and my Aunt Letitia long since resident with us at The Grove, my father, in London on some business, accidentally ran against a portly gentleman in the Strand, who, turning round with hurt dignity, revealed the features of the mild Mr Butterworth of bygone years. He told my father that his patron had died, leaving him his fortune; that he had married in South America, but that his wife had died within a twelvemonth of their union, and that he had come home to settle in England. He asked my father for all his news, and wound up by saying, "And—Miss Letitia—is—she—still—?" "And my father said she was—still—but that Butterworth had better see for himself. This proposition seemed to suit Mr Butterworth entirely. He should be in Devonshire about the end of the year; he had business at Exeter. Finally, it was decided that he should dine on New Year's-day at The Grove, and pass the night there.

When my father came home with the news, my Aunt Letitia was tremendously affected. We noticed next morning that a kind of dust-trap of black lace, skewered on to a comb which she was in the habit of wearing at the back of her head, had been got rid of, and that she had a mass of plaits in its place; we noticed that the usual night-shirt hemming for the charity children had been put aside, and that a large portion of her day was spent in devouring the poetical works of the late Lord Byron, in a Galignani Edition brought from Paris by my father many years before. We noticed—we could not help noticing—how pretty she looked with her bright complexion, her white teeth, her neat little figure, and as the days passed by she seemed to grow

more and more animated. One day, however—I remember it perfectly, it was the 16th of December, and we had boiled beef for dinner—my aunt was taken dreadfully ill; it was at the dinner-table, when, without the slightest warning, she suddenly gave a sharp scream, placed her handkerchief to her mouth, and rushed from the room. My mother followed, and so did my sister, but the latter had my aunt's bedroom door slammed in her face. When my mother rejoined us, she had a little private conversation with my father, and we were then told that Aunt Letitia was very ill, and would probably have to keep her room for many days. All sorts of invalid's delicacies, broth, soups, calf's-foot jelly, and sago puddings, were sent up to her, but she did not reappear amongst us, and it seemed very doubtful whether she would be able to do so by the time of Mr. Butterworth's visit.

I must now change the venue, as the lawyers call it, of my story. At midnight, on the night when Mr. Twmch posted his letter, the down night-mail running between Paddington and Plymouth was within ten miles of the station at Exeter. In the travelling post-office two clerks, with their warm caps drawn far down over their ears, were sorting letters for dear life, one or other of them turning round now and then and oburgating old Barnett, the mail guard, who occasionally opened the window and pushed his head out to inform himself of the train's whereabouts, bringing it back always with a puff, and a snort, and an exclamation that the frost was a "reg'lar black 'un to-night, and no mistake." Close upon Exeter now, all old Barnett's sacks for delivery are ready on the floor close by the door, handy for the porters to seize, old Barnett himself sitting on the pile, clapping his hands, stamping his feet, and whistling to himself softly the while. With a protracted grunt, a bump, and a shuck, the train ran alongside the Exeter platform, and old Barnett pushed back the sliding door of the travelling-office and handed the sacks to the expectant porter. But ere the man touched them, he said, while his face was ghastly white and his voice trembled, "Lord Mr. Barnett! such a smash to-night!"

"Smash?" said old Barnett; "what, an accident?"

"Pooh!" said the porter, "not that, that would be nothing—no—they've robbed the up-mail!"

"Robbed the up-mail!"

"Ah, tender broke open, bags all cut and hacked, and letters all strewn about the floor. You never see such like!"

"The deuce they have!" said Barnett, after a moment's pause; "well, Simqn, my boy, I'll take devilish good care they don't rob my mail. Here, clear these bags out, and let's pass." He jumped down on to the platform, ran to the next carriage, which was the "post-office tender," a second-class carriage fitted up for the reception of mail-bags, unlocked the door with a key, saw all secure, relocked the door, and returned to the

travelling post-office just as the train began to move.

Old Tom Barnett had been in the Post-office service in one capacity or other for nearly forty years, during the whole of which time no word of complaint had ever been uttered against him, and, a strict disciplinarian himself, he naturally felt that there must have been some dereliction of duty on the part of his brother-guard of the up-mail, of which the robbers had taken advantage. Consequently, as the train flew through the black darkness at forty-mile-an-hour speed, Barnett, at five-minute intervals, lowered the window of the travelling-office and peered out in the direction of his "tender." He could not distinguish much; all he could make out (and this principally from the shadows thrown on the embankments) was that the train was, as usual, a short one: that immediately after the engine came two second-class carriages, then the travelling-office in which he was, then his tender, then a first-class carriage, and then finally a luggage-van. Nothing particular was to be seen, nothing at all (save the invariable ramping, roaring, and rattle) was to be heard; on they sped through the darkness, and never stopped until they came to Bridgewater, where old Barnett descended, took his key from his pocket, unlocked the tender, and—fell back, calling, at the top of his voice, "Help!—thieves!—damme, they've done me!" At his cry, two of the train-guards came running up, and turned their bull's-eye lanterns on to the tender, into which Barnett at once climbed. The mail-bags, ordinarily so neatly arranged, lay scattered in pell-mell disorder on the floor, the Plymouth bag had been shifted from the hook on which it had been hung, and, on examining it, Barnett found it had been opened, and re-tied but not re-sealed; short bits of string, splashes of sealing-wax, and drifting pieces of tattered paper covered the floor of the tender, and the window on the further side—which had been carefully closed when they left Bristol—was open. "They've done me!" roared old Barnett again; "but they shan't escape! they're somewhere in this train, and I'll have them out!"

At this juncture two gentlemen, one of whom was recognised as Mr. Marlow, one of the directors of the company, the other as Mr. Joyce, the great contractor, to whom the safe keeping of a great portion of the permanent way was confided, came up and inquired what was the matter. On the affair being explained to them, they agreed with Barnett as to the necessity for closely searching the train, and all proceeded at once to the first-class carriage which was immediately next to the post-office tender. This, as is usual, was divided into three double compartments. The first was that from which Messrs. Marlow and Joyce had just emerged, and was, of course, empty; so was the second; in the nearest division of the third compartment was an old gentleman named Parker, well known on the line as a solicitor of Modbury, whose business fre-

quently took him to London. The door between the divisions in this carriage was closed and the blind drawn down. On being recognised, Mr. Parker at once answered to his name, and stated that the further division was occupied by two men who had entered the carriage at Bristol, and had at once closed the door and drawn down the blind. Had he noticed anything further about them? No, he had not. Yes! as they got in he noticed something dragging after them; unperceived by them, he put down his hand and found it to be a piece of string. He cut off what remained on his side when they shut the door, and here it was. Barnett looked at it, and exclaimed, "Bag string, official bag string without a doubt!" One of the railway guards then opened the door and looked into the other division. In it were two men; one of them with a Jim Crow hat pulled over his eyes, and enveloped in a large thick cloak, was lying with his legs upon the opposite seat, and was apparently suffering from the toothache, as he held his pocket-handkerchief up to his face; the other a tall man in a dark Chesterfield great-coat, was screwed into his corner of the carriage, and was apparently asleep. "Tickets, please!" called out old Barnett, and as the reclining man raised himself to get at his ticket the handkerchief fell from his face, and the railway guard, recognising him at once, called out, "Hallo, Pond! is that you? What are you doing down the line?" Instead of answering this question, Pond told the guard to go to the devil; but Mr. Marlow had heard the exclamation, and asked the guard whether the man in the carriage was Pond, formerly a guard in their service, who had been dismissed some six months before on suspicion of robbery. The guard replying in the affirmative, old Barnett's previous suspicions were fully confirmed, and he insisted on having both the men (who, of course, declared they were strangers to each other) thoroughly searched. Nothing at all extraordinary was found on either of them, but from the pocket of the carriage in which they had been travelling were taken a crape mask, a pair of false moustachios, a bit of wax-candle, and some sealing-waxed string. As the time for the starting of the train had now arrived, old Barnett and Mr. Parker travelled in one compartment with Pond, while the two railway guards took charge of his anonymous friend, and thus they journeyed to Plymouth, where, on their arrival at the station, the prisoners were at once taken into one of the waiting-rooms under Barnett's custody, while the others proceeded to search the carriages for further traces of the robbery. That was an anxious time for old Tom Barnett; he felt convinced that these were the culprits, but if they had made away with their spoil, if something were not found the identification of which could be ratified beyond doubt, he knew that the prosecution would fail. At last the men entered bearing a bundle. "Here it is, all right!" said one of them.

"What is it?" asked Barnett.

"A lot o' registered letters, most of 'em broke open, tied up in pocket-ankerchief and shoved under the seat where Pond was sittin'."

"Brayvo!" cried old Barnett, "brayvo! But have you got anything that can be identified—anything that can be swore to?"

"Well, I don't know!" said the guard, grinning. "I don't think there'll be much difficulty in the owner's swearin' to *this*" and he held up the torn cover of the packet which Mr. Twinch had posted. Old Barnett glanced at its contents, then clapped his hands and burst into a roar of laughter.

The fact that the postman who called at The Grove as usual on the 1st of January, brought no letter for my Aunt Letitia, created immense consternation in our family circle. My mother seemed much vexed, and even my father, usually a taciturn man, allowed that it was "confoundedly unfortunate." As for my aunt, we never heard what happened, but it was generally understood that she had a relapse. The day passed on, and Mr. Butterworth arrived; he manifested great concern at hearing of my aunt's illness, and plainly showed that he had missed the real object of his visit. He was dull and silent, and when my mother left the gentlemen sitting over their wine, scarcely a word was exchanged between them, and my father was just nodding off to sleep when he was aroused by a loud ring at the gate, followed by the entrance of the servant, who stated that a rough-looking man wanted to speak to Miss Letitia, and would take no denial. My father immediately went out into the hall, closely followed by Mr. Butterworth, and there they found a tall fellow, who introduced himself as a member of the county constabulary, and who reiterated his wish to speak with (apparently reading from something in his hand) "Miss L. Pemberton."

"You can't see her," said my father: "she's ill, and in her room. I'm her brother; what do you want?"

"Well, sir," said the man, ponderously, "there have bin a robbery, and we want the lady to swear to some of the swag."

"Some of the swag?" said Mr. Butterworth.

"Some of the swag!" repeated my father.

"What does the man mean?"

"Why the man means just this," said the constable; "the mail's been robbed, and 'mongst the things broke open was this addressed to Miss L. Pemberton. There won't be no difficulty about her recognisin' it, I fancy." And as the wretch spoke he drew from a packet a top row of dazzling false teeth!

Yes, that was the secret of Aunt Letitia's illness. A year or two before, when nature failed her, she called in the assistance of art, and availed herself of the services of Mr. Twinch, but an accident occurring on the fatal boiled-beef day, the teeth were sent back to their creator, who had the strictest injunctions to return them, renovated, by the first of January. Mr. Twinch obeyed these orders implicitly; and, had not Mr. Pond and his friend selected that very night for the robbery of the mail, all would have been well. As it was, the teeth were detained by the lawyers for the prosecution until after the trial, at which they were produced, and at which my aunt also was compelled to appear; though strongly against her will. But, when once on her mettle, she behaved with great spirit, and gave her evidence with such clearness (albeit with a pretty lisp), that she was complimented by the judge, and was the main cause of Mr. Pond and his friend being found guilty, and sentenced to fifteen years' transportation.

It has never been known to this day whether Mr. Butterworth was in court. At all events, three days after he called at The Grove, and then found that he had business which would oblige him to take lodgings in the neighbourhood for a month. At the end of that time I was measured for a new suit of clothes, and wore them one morning when they seemed to have dinner—champagne, cold fowls and things—at twelve o'clock; and when Mr. Butterworth had on a blue coat, and when Aunt Letitia laughed a good deal, and cried all over my new jacket, as she bade us good-by, and told us she was then Mrs. Butterworth.

Now ready, Stitched in a Cover, price Fourpence,

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS,

FORMING THE

EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER FOR CHRISTMAS.

CONTENTS:

How Mrs. Lirriper carried on the Business.
How the First Floor went to Crowley Castle.
How the Side-Room was attended by a Doctor.
How the Second Floor kept a Dog.

How the Third Floor knew the Potteries.
How the Best Attic was under a Cloud.
How the Parlours added a Few Words.

On the 4th of January, 1864, will be commenced, to be completed in Six Numbers of ALL THE YEAR ROUND, a New Story, called A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

Volume XI. will begin on the 15th of February, 1864, with a New Serial Story, entitled QUITE ALONE, by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 243.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER LIV.

MR. HARDIE collapsed as if he had been a man inflated, and that touch had punctured him. "Ah!" said he. "Ah!" said Skinner, in a mighty different tone: insolent triumph to wit.

After a pause, Mr. Hardie made an effort and said contemptuously: "The receipt (if any) was flung into the dusthole and carried away. Do you think I've forgotten that?"

"Don't you believe it, sir," was the reply. "While you turned your back and sacked the money, I said to myself, 'Oho, is that the game?' and nailed the receipt. What a couple of scoundrels we were! I wouldn't have *known* it for all your money. Come, sir, I see it's all right; you will shell out sooner than be posted."

Here Peggy interposed: "Mr. Skinner, be more considerate; my master is really poor just now."

"That is no reason why I should be insulted and indicted and trampled under foot," snarled Skinner all in one breath.

"Show me the receipt and take my last shilling, you ungrateful vindictive viper," groaned Mr. Hardie.

"Stuff and nonsense," said Skinner. "I'm not a viper; I'm a man of business. Find me five hundred pounds; and I'll show you the receipt and keep dark. But I can't afford to *give* it you for that, of course."

Skinner triumphed, and made the great man apologise, writhing all the time, and wishing he was a day labourer with Peggy to wife, and fourteen honest shillings a week for his income. Having eaten humble pie, he agreed to meet Skinner next Wednesday at midnight, alone, under a certain lamp on the North Kensington-road: the interval (four days) he required to raise money upon his scrip. Skinner bowed himself out, fawning triumphantly. Mr. Hardie stood in the middle of the room motionless, scowling darkly. Peggy looked at him, and saw some dark and sinister resolve forming in his mind: she divined it, as such women can divine. She laid her hand on his arm, and said, softly, "Richard, it's not worth *that*." He

started to find his soul read through his body like a placard through a pane of glass. He trembled.

But it was only for a moment. "His blood be on his own head," he snarled. "This is not my seeking. He shall learn what it is to drive Richard Hardie to despair."

"No, no," said Peggy; "there are other countries beside this: why not gather all you have, and cross the water? I'll follow you to the world's end, Richard."

"Mind your own business," said he fiercely.

She made no reply, but went softly and sat down again, and sewed the buttons on his shirts. Mr. Hardie wrote to Messrs. Heathfield to get Hardie v. Hardie tried as soon as possible.

Meantime came a mental phenomenon: gliding down Sackville-street, victorious, Skinner suddenly stopped, and clenched his hands; and his face writhed as if he had received a death-wound. In that instant Remorse had struck him like lightning; and, perhaps, whence comes the lightning. The sweet face and voice that had smiled on him, and cared for his body, and cared for his soul, came to his mind and knocked at his heart and conscience. He went home miserable with an inward conflict; and it lasted him all the four days. Sometimes Remorse got the better, sometimes Avarice. He came to the interview still undecided what he should do. But, meantime, he had gone to a lawyer and made his will, leaving his little all to Julia Dodd: a bad sign this; looked like compounding with his awakened conscience.

It was a dark and gusty night. Very few people were about. Skinner waited a little while, and shivered, for his avarice had postponed the purchase of a great-coat until Christmas-day. At last, when the coast seemed clear, Mr. Hardie emerged from a side-street. Skinner put his hand to his bosom.

They met. Mr. Hardie said quietly, "I must ask you, just for form, to show me you have the Receipt."

"Of course, sir; but not so near, please: no snatching, if I know it."

"You are wonderfully suspicious," said Mr. Hardie, trying to smile.

Skinner looked, and saw by the lamplight he was deadly pale. "Keep your distance a moment, sir," said he, and on Mr. Hardie's comply-

ing, took the Receipt out, and held it up under the lamp.

Instantly Mr. Hardie drew a life-preserver, and sprang on him with a savage curse. And uttered a shriek of dismay; for he was met by the long shiny barrel of a horse-pistol, that Skinner drew from his bosom, and levelled full in the haggard face that came at him. Mr. Hardie recoiled, crying, "No! no! for Heaven's sake!"

"What!" cried Skinner, stepping forward and hissing, "do you think I'm such a fool as to meet a thief unarmed? Come, cash up, or I'll blow you to atoms."

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Hardie, piteously, retreating as Skinner marched on him with long extended pistol. "Skinner," he stammered, "th-this is n-not b-b-business."

"Cash up, then; that's business. Fling the five hundred pounds down, and walk away. Mind, it is loaded with two bullets; I'll make a double entry on your great treacherous carcass."

"It's no use trying to deceive such a man as you," said Mr. Hardie, playing on his vanity. "I could not get the money before Saturday, and so I listened to the dictates of despair. Forgive me."

"Then come again on Saturday night. Come alone, and I shall bring a man to see I'm not murdered. And look here, sir, if you don't come to the hour and do the right thing without any more of these unbusiness-like tricks, by Heaven I'll smash you before noon on Monday."

"I'll come."

"I'll blow you to Mr. Alfred and Miss Dodd."

"I'll come, I tell you."

"I'll post you for a thief on every brick in the Exchange."

"Have mercy, Skinner. Have pity on the wretched man whose bread you have eaten. I tell you I'll come."

"Well, mind you do, then, cash and all," said Skinner, sulkily, but not quite proof against the reminiscences those humble words awakened.

Each walked backwards a good dozen steps, and then they took different roads, Skinner taking good care not to be tracked home. He went up the high stairs to the hole in the roof he occupied, and lighted a rushlight. He had half a mind to kindle a fire, he felt so chilly; but he had stopped up the vent, partly to keep out the cold, partly to shun the temptation of burning fuel. However, he stopped the keyhole with paper, and also the sides of the window, till he had shut the wintry air all out. Still, what with the cold and what with the reaction after so great an excitement, his feeble body began to shiver desperately. He thought at last he would light a foot-warmer he had just purchased for old iron at a broker's; that would only spend a halfpenny-worth of charcoal. No he wouldn't; he would look at his money; that would cheer him. He unripped a certain part of his straw mattress and took out a bag of gold. He spread three hundred sovereigns on the floor, and put the candle down among them. They

sparkled; they were all new ones, and he rubbed them with an old toothbrush and whiting every week. "That's better than any fire," he said; "they warm the heart. For one thing they are my own; at all events I did not steal them, nor take them of a thief for a bribe to keep dark and defraud honest folk." Then Remorse gripped him: he asked himself what he was going to do. "To rob an angel," was the answer. "The fourteen thousand pounds is all hers, and I could give it her in a moment. Curse him, he would have killed me for it."

Then he pattered about and took out his will. "Ah," said he, "that is all right, so far. But what is a paltry three hundred when I help do her out of fourteen thousand? Villain!" Then, to ease his conscience, he took a slip of paper and wrote on it a short account of the Receipt, and how he came by it, and lo! as if an unseen power had guided his hand, he added, "Miss Dodd lives at 66, Pembroke-street, and I am going to take it to her as soon as I am well of my cold." Whether this preceded an unconscious resolve which had worked on him secretly for some time, or whether it awakened such a resolve, I hardly know: but certain it is, that having written it, he now thought seriously of doing it; and, therefore seriously he entertained the thought, the more good it seemed to do him. He got "The Sinner's Friend" and another good book she had lent him, and read a bit: then, finding his feet frozen, he lighted his chafer and blew it well, and put it under his feet and read. The good words began to reach his heart more and more: so did the thought of Julia's goodness. The chafer warmed his feet and legs. "Ay," said he, "men don't want fires; warm the feet and the body warms itself." He took out "The Receipt" and held it in his hand, and eyed it greedily, and asked himself could he really part with it. He thought he could—to Julia. Still holding it tight in his left hand, he read on the good but solemn words that seemed to loosen his grasp upon that ill-gotten paper. "How good it was of her," he thought, "to come day after day and feed a poor little fellow like him, body and soul. She asked nothing back. She didn't know he could make her any return. Bless her! bless her!" he screamed. "Oh, how cruel I have been to her, and she so kind to me. She would never let me want, if I took her fourteen thousand pounds. Like enough give me a thousand: and help me save my poor soul, that I shall damn if I meet him again. I won't go his way again. Lead us not into temptation. I repent. Lord have mercy on me a miserable sinner." And tears bedewed those wizened cheeks, tears of penitence, sincere, at least for the time.

A sleepy languor now came over him, and the good book fell from his hand: but his resolution remained unshaken; by-and-by, waking up from a sort of heavy doze, he took, as it were, a last look at the Receipt, and murmured, "My head, how heavy it feels." But presently he roused himself,

full of his penitent resolution, and murmured again brokenly, "I'll—take it to—Pembroke-street to—morrow : to—mor—row."

CHAPTER LV.

MR. HARDIE raised the money on his scrip, and at great inconvenience ; for he was holding on five hundred thousand pounds' worth of old Turkish Bonds over an unfavourable settling day, and wanted every shilling to pay his broker. If they did not rise by next settling day, he was a beggar. However, being now a desperate gamester, and throwing for his last stake, he borrowed this sum, and took it with a heavy heart to his appointment with Skinner. Skinner never came. Mr. Hardie waited till one o'clock. Two o'clock. No Skinner. Mr. Hardie went home hugging his five hundred pounds, but very uneasy. Next day he consulted Peggy. She shook her head, and said it looked very ugly. Skinner had, most likely, got angrier and angrier with thinking on the assault. "You will never see him again till the day of the trial : and then he will go down and bear false witness against you. Why not leave the country?"

"How can I, simpleton? My money is all locked up in time-bargains. No, I'm tied to the stake ; I'll fight to the last : and, if I'm defeated and disgraced, I'll die, and end it."

Peggy implored him not to talk so. "I've been down to the court," said she softly, "to see what it is like. There's a great hall ; and he must pass through that to get into the little places where they try 'em. Let me be in that hall with the five hundred pounds, and I promise you he shall never appear against you. We will both go ; you with the money, I with my woman's tongue."

He gave her his hand like a shaky monarch, and said she had more wit than he had.

Mr. Heathfield, who had contrived to postpone Hardie v. Hardie six times in spite of Compton, could not hurry it on now with his co-operation. It hung fire from some cause or another a good fortnight : and in this fortnight Hardie senior endured the tortures of suspense. Skinner made no sign. At last, there stood upon the paper for next day, a short case of disputed contract, and Hardie v. Hardie.

The witnesses subpoenaed on either side in Hardie v. Hardie, began to arrive at ten o'clock, and a tall, stately man paraded Westminster Hall, to see if Skinner came with them ; all other anxieties had merged in this : for the counsel had assured him if nothing unexpected turned up, Thomas Hardie would have a verdict, or if not, the damages would be nominal.

Now, this day, I must premise, was to settle the whole lawsuit : for, while trial of the issue was being postponed and postponed, the legal question had been argued and disposed of. The very Queen's counsel, unfavourable to the suit, was briefed with Garrow's views, and delivered them in court with more skill, clearness, and effect than Garrow ever could ; then sat down,

and whispered over rather contemptuously to Mr. Compton, "That is your argument, I think."

"And admirably put," whispered the attorney, in reply.

"Well ; now hear Saunders knock it to pieces."

Instead of that, it was Serjeant Saunders that got maltreated : first one judge had a peck at him : then another : till they left him scarce a feather to fly with ; and, when Alfred's counsel rose to reply, the judges stopped him, and the chief of the court, Alfred's postponing enemy, delivered his judgment after this fashion :

"We are all of opinion that this plea is bad in law. By the common law of England no person can be imprisoned as a lunatic unless actually insane at the time. It has been held so for centuries, and down to the last case. And wisely : for it would be most dangerous to the liberty of the subject, if a man could be imprisoned without remedy unless he could prove mala fides in the breast of the party incarcerating him. As for the statute, it does not mend the matter, but rather the reverse ; for it expressly protects duly authorised persons acting under the order and certificates, and this must be construed to except from the protection of the statute the person making the order."

The three puisne judges concurred, and gave similar reasons. One of them said that if A. imprisoned B. for a felony, and B. sued him, it was no defence to say that B., in his opinion, had committed felony. They cited *Elliot v. Allen*, *Anderdon v. Burrows*, and *Lord Mansfield's* judgment in a very old case, the name of which I have unfortunately forgotten.

Judgment was entered for the plaintiff ; and the defendant's ingenious plea struck off the record ; and Hardie v. Hardie became the leading case. But in law one party often wins the skirmish and the other the battle. The grand fight, as I have already said, was to be to-day.

But the high hopes and ardour with which the young lovers had once come into court were now worn out by the postponement swindle, and the adverse events delay had brought on them. Alfred was not there : he was being examined in the schools ; and had plumply refused to leave a tribunal that named its day and kept it—for Westminster, until his counsel should have actually opened the case. He did not believe trial by jury would ever be allowed him. Julia was there, but sad and comparatively listless. One of those strange vague reports, which often herald more circumstantial accounts, had come home, whispering darkly that her father was dead, and buried on an island in the South Sea. She had kept this report from her mother, contrary to Edward's wish : but she implored him to restrain his fatal openness. In one thing both these sorely tried young people agreed, that there could be no marriage with Alfred now. But here again Julia entreated her brother not to be candid ; not to tell Alfred this at present. "Oh, do not go and dispirit him just now," she

said, "or he will do something rash. No, he must and shall get his first class, and win his trial; and then you know any lady will be too proud to marry him; and, when he is married and happy, you can tell him I did all I could for him, and hunted up the witnesses, and was his loving friend, though I could not—be—his—wife."

She could not say this without crying; but she said it for all that, and meant it too.

Besides helping Mr. Compton to get up the evidence, this true and earnest friend and lover had attended the court day after day, to watch how things were done, and, woman-like, to see what *pleased* and what *displeased* the court. And so at last the court crier cried, with a loud voice, "Hardie v. Hardie." Julia's eyes roved very anxiously for Alfred, and up rose Mr. Garrow, and stated to the court the substance of the declaration; "to this," he said, "three pleas have been pleaded: first, the plea of not guilty, which is a formal plea; also another plea, which has been demurred to, and struck off the record; and, lastly, that at the time of the alleged imprisonment the plaintiff was of unsound mind, and a fit person to be confined; which is the issue now to be tried."

Mr. Garrow then sat down, very tired of this preliminary work, and wondering when he should have the luck to conduct such a case as *Hardie v. Hardie*; and leaned forward to be ready to prompt his senior, a portly counsel, whom Mr. Compton had retained because he was great at addressing juries, and no point of law could now arise in the case.

Colt, Q.C., rose like a tower, knowing very little of the facts, and seeming to know everything. He had a prodigious business, and was rather indolent, and often skimmed his brief at home, and then mastered it in court—if he got time. Now, it is a good general's policy to open a plaintiff's case warily, and reserve your rhetoric for the reply; and Mr. Colt always took this line when his manifold engagements compelled him, as in *Hardie v. Hardie*, to teach his case first and learn it afterwards. I will only add, that in the course of his opening he was on the edge of seven distinct blunders; but Garrow watched him and always shot a whisper like a bullet just in time. Colt took it, and glided away from incipient error imperceptibly, and with a tact you can have no conception of. The jury did not detect the creaking of this machinery; Serjeant Saunders did, and grinned satirically; so did poor Julia, and her cheeks burned and her eyes flashed indignant fire. And horror of horrors, Alfred did not appear.

Mr. Colt's opening may be thus condensed: The plaintiff was a young gentleman of great promise and distinction, on whom, as usual in these cases of false imprisonment, money was settled. He was a distinguished student at Eton and Oxford, and no doubt was ever expressed of his sanity till he proposed to marry, and take his money out of his trustees' hands by a marriage

settlement. On this his father, who up to that time had managed his funds as principal trustee, showed him great personal hostility for some time, and looked out for a fool: that fool he soon found in his brother, the defendant, a person who, it would be proved, had actually not seen the plaintiff for a year and a half, yet, with great recklessness and inhumanity, had signed away his liberty and his happiness behind his back. Then tools of another kind—the kind that anybody can buy, a couple of doctors—were, as usual, easily found to sign the certificates. One of these doctors had never seen him but for five minutes, and signed in manifest collusion with the other. They decoyed this poor young gentleman away on his wedding morning—on his wedding morning, gentlemen, mark that—and consigned him to the worst of all dungeons. What he suffered there he must himself relate to you: for we, who have the happiness to walk abroad in the air of reason and liberty, are little able to realise the agony of mind endured by a sane man confined among the insane. What we undertake is to prove his sanity up to the very hour of his incarceration; and also that he was quite sane at the time when a brutal attempt to recapture him by violence was made under the defendant's order, and defeated by his own remarkable intelligence and courage. Along with the facts the true reason why he was imprisoned will probably come out. But I am not bound to prove sinister motives. It is for the defendant to prove, if he can, that he had lawful motives for a lawless act; and that he exercised due precaution, and did not lend himself recklessly to the dark designs of others. If he succeed in this, that may go in mitigation of damages, though it cannot affect the verdict. Our principal object is the verdict, which will remove the foul aspersion cast on my injured client, and restore him to society. And to this verdict we are entitled, unless the other side can prove the plaintiff was insane. Call Alfred Hardie."

And with this he sat down.

An official called Alfred Hardie very loud; he made no reply. Julia rose from her seat with dismay painted on her countenance. Compton's, Garrow's, and Colt's heads clashed together.

Mr. Colt jumped up again, and said, "My Lud, I was not aware the gentleman they accuse of insanity is just being examined for high honours in the University of Oxford." Aside to Compton, "And if he doesn't come, you may give them the verdict."

"Well," said the judge, "I suppose he will be here before you close your case."

On this the three heads clashed again, and Serjeant Saunders, for the defendant, popped up, and said with great politeness and affection of sympathy, "My Lud, I can quite understand my learned friend's hesitation to produce his principal witness."

"You understand nothing about the matter," said Colt cavalierly. "Call Mr. Harrington."

Mr. Harrington was Alfred's tutor at Eton,

and deposed to his sanity there: he was not cross-examined. After him they went on step by step with a fresh witness for every six months, till they brought him close to the date of his incarceration: then they put in one of Julia's witnesses, Peterson, who swore Alfred had talked to him like a sane person that very morning; and repeated what had passed. Cross-examination only elicited that he and Alfred were no longer good friends, which rather strengthened the evidence. Then Giles and Hannah, now man and wife, were called, and swore he was sane all the time he was at Silverton House. Mr. Saunders diminished the effect by eliciting that they had left on bad terms with Mr. Baker, and that Alfred had given them money since. But this was half cured on re-examination, by being set down to gratitude on Alfred's part. And now the judge went to luncheon: and in came a telegraphic message to say Alfred was in the fast train coming up. This was good news, and bad. They had hoped he would drop in before. They were approaching that period of the case, when not to call the plaintiff must produce a vile impression. The judge, out of good nature I suspect, was longer at luncheon than usual, and every minute was so much gained to Mr. Compton and Julia, who were in a miserable state of anxiety. Yet it was equalled by Richard Hardie's, who never entered the court, but paced the hall the while long day to intercept Noah Skinner. And, when I tell you that Julia had consulted Mr. Green, and that he had instantly pronounced Mr. Barkington to be a man from Barkington who knew the truth about the fourteen thousand pounds, and that the sad Green and his myrmidons were hunting Mr. Barkington like beagles, you will see that Richard Hardie's was no vain terror. At last the judge returned, and Mr. Colt was obliged to put in his reserves; so called Dr. Sampson. Instantly a very dull trial became an amusing one; the scorn with which he treated the opinion of Dr. Wycherley and Mr. Speers, and medical certificates in general, was so droll coming from a doctor, and so racily expressed, that the court was convulsed. Also in cross-examination by Saunders he spouted away in such gallant style with that accomplished advocate, that it was mighty refreshing. The judge put in a few intelligent questions after counsel had done, and surprised all the doctors in court with these words: "I am aware, sir, that you were the main instrument in putting down blood-letting in this country."

What made Sampson's evidence particularly strong was, that he had seen the plaintiff the evening before his imprisonment.

At this moment three men, all of them known to the reader, entered the court; one was our old acquaintance Fullalove, another was of course Vespasian: and the third was the missing plaintiff.

A buzz announced his arrival; and expectation rose high. Mr. Colt called him with admirably

feigned nonchalance: he stepped into the box, and there was a murmur of surprise and admiration at his bright countenance and manly bearing.

Of course to give his evidence would be to write "Hard Cash" over again. It is enough to say that his examination in chief lasted all that day, and an hour of the next.

Colt took him into the asylum, and made him say what he had suffered there to swell the damages. The main points his examination in chief established were his sanity during his whole life, the money settled on him, the means the doctors took to irritate him, and then sign him excited, the subserviency of his uncle to his father, the double motive his father had in getting him imprisoned; the business of the 14,000*l*.

When Colt sat down at eleven o'clock on the second day, the jury looked indignant, and the judge looked very grave, and the case very black.

Mr. Saunders electrified his attorney by saying, "My advice is, don't cross-examine him."

Heathfield implored him not to take so strange a course.

On this Saunders shrugged his shoulders, rose, and cross-examined Alfred about the vision of one Captain Dodd he had seen, and about his suspicions of his father. "Had not Richard Hardie always been a kind and liberal father?" To this he assented. "Had he not sacrificed a large fortune to his creditors?" Plaintiff believed so. "On reflection, then, did not plaintiff think he must have been under an illusion?" No; he had gone by direct evidence.

Confining himself sagaciously to this one question, and exerting all his skill and pertinacity, Saunders succeeded in convincing the court that the Hard Cash was a myth: a pure chimera. The defendant's case looked up; for there are many intelligent madmen with a single illusion.

The re-examination was of course very short, but telling; for Alfred swore that Miss Julia Dodd had helped him to carry home the phantom of her father, and that Miss Dodd had a letter from her father to say that he was about to sail with the other phantom, the 14,000*l*.

Here Mr. Saunders interposed, and said that evidence was inadmissible. Let him call Miss Dodd.

Colt.—How do you know I'm not going to call her?

The Judge.—If you are, it is superfluous; if not, it is inadmissible.

Mr. Compton cast an inquiring glance up at a certain gallery. A beautiful girl bowed her head in reply, with a warm blush and such a flash of her eye, and Mr. Colt said, "As my learned friend is afraid to cross-examine the plaintiff on any point but this, and as I mean to respond to his challenge, and call Miss Dodd, I will not trouble the plaintiff any further."

Through the whole ordeal Alfred showed a certain flavour of Eton and Oxford that won all hearts. His replies were frank and honest, and under cross-examination he was no more to be

irritated than if Saunders had been Harrow bowling at him, or the Robin sparring with him. The serjeant, who was a gentleman, indicated some little regret at the possible annoyance he was causing him. Alfred replied, with a grand air of good fellowship, "Do not think so poorly of me as to suppose I feel aggrieved because you are an able advocate and do your duty to your client, sir."

The Judge.—That is very handsomely said. I am afraid you have got an awkward customer, in a case of this kind, brother Saunders.

Serjt. S.—It is not for want of brains he is mad, my lord.

Alfred.—That is a comfort, any way. (Laughter.)

When counsel had done with him, the judge used his right, and put several shrewd and unusual questions to him: asked him to define insanity: he said he could only do it by examples: and he abridged several intelligent madmen, their words and ways; and contrasted them with the five or six sane people he had fallen in with in asylums; showing his lordship plainly that he could tell any insane person whatever from a sane one, and vice versa. This was the most remarkable part of the trial, to see this shrewd old judge extracting from a real observer and logical thinker those positive indicia of sanity and insanity, which exist, but which no lawyer has ever yet been able to extract from any psychological physician in the witness-box. At last he was relieved, and sat sucking an orange among the spectators; for they had parched his throat amongst them, I promise you.

Julia Dodd entered the box, and a sunbeam seemed to fill the court. She knew what to do: her left hand was gloved, but her white right hand bare. She kissed the book, and gave her evidence in her clear, mellow, melting voice; gave it reverently and modestly, for to her the court was a church. She said how long she had been acquainted with Alfred, and how his father was adverse, and her mother had thought it was because they did not pass for rich, and had told her they were rich, and with this she produced David's letter, and she also swore to having met Alfred and others carrying her father in a swoon from his father's very door. She deposed to Alfred's sanity on her wedding eve, and on the day his recapture was attempted.

Saunders, against his own judgment, was instructed to cross-examine her; and, without meaning it, he put a question which gave her deep distress. "Are you now engaged to the plaintiff?" She looked timidly round, and saw Alfred, and hesitated. The serjeant pressed her politely, but firmly.

"Must I reply to that?" she said piteously.

"If you please."

"Then, no. Another misfortune has now separated him and me for ever."

"What is that, pray?"

"My father is said to have died at sea: and my mother thinks he is to blame."

The Judge to Saunders.—What on earth has this to do with Hardie against Hardie?

Saunders.—You are warmly interested in the plaintiff's success?

Julia.—Oh yes, sir.

(Colt aside to Garrow.—The fool is patting his foot into it: there's not a jury in England that would give a verdict to part two interesting young lovers.)

Saunders.—You are attached to him?

Julia.—Ah, that I do.

This burst, intended for poor Alfred, not the court, baffled cross-examination and grammar and everything else. Saunders was wise and generous, and said no more.

Colt cast a glance of triumph, and declined to re-examine. He always let well alone. The judge, however, evinced a desire to trace the fourteen thousand pounds from Calcutta; but Julia could not help him: that mysterious sum had been announced by letter as about to sail, and then no more was heard about it till Alfred accused his father of having it. All endeavours to fill this hiatus failed. However Julia, observing that in courts material objects affect the mind most, had provided herself with all the pieces de conviction she could find, and she produced her father's empty pocket-book, and said, when he was brought home senseless, this was in his breast-pocket.

"Hand it up to me," said the judge. He examined it, and said it had been in the water.

"Captain Dodd was wrecked off the French coast," suggested Mr. Saunders.

"My learned friend had better go into the witness-box, if he means to give evidence," said Mr. Colt.

"You are very much afraid of a very little truth," retorted Saunders.

The judge stopped this sham rencontre, by asking the witness whether her father had been wrecked. She said "Yes."

"And that is how the money was lost," persisted Saunders.

"Possibly," said the judge.

"I'm darned if it was," said Joshua Fullalove, composedly.

Instantly, all heads were turned in amazement at this audacious interruption to the soporific decorum of an English court. The transatlantic citizen received this battery of eyes with complete imperturbability.

"Silence!" roared the crier, awaking from a nap, with an instinct that something unusual had happened. But the shrewd old judge had caught the sincerity with which the words were uttered; and put on his spectacles to examine the speaker.

"Are you for the plaintiff or the defendant?"

"I don't know either of 'em from Adam, my lord. But I know Captain Dodd's pocket-book by the bullet-hole."

"Indeed! You had better call this witness, Mr. Colt."

"Your lordship must excuse me; I am quite content with the evidence."

"Well, then, I shall call him as amicus curiæ; and the defendant's counsel can cross-examine him."

Fullalove went into the box, was sworn, identified the pocket-book, and swore he had seen fourteen thousand pounds in it on two occasions. With very little prompting, he told the sea-fight, and the Indian darkie's attempt to steal the money, and pointed out Vespasian as the rival darkie who had baffled the attempt. Then he told the shipwreck to an audience now breathless—and imagine the astonished interest with which Julia and Edward listened to this stranger telling them the new strange story of their own father!—and lastly, the attempt of the two French wreckers and assassins, and how it had been baffled. And so the mythical cash was tracked to Boulogne.

The judge then put this question: "Did Captain Dodd tell you what he intended to do with it?"

Fullalove (reverently).—I think, my lord, he said he was going to give it to his wife. (Sharply.) Well, what is it, old boss? What are you making mugs at me for? don't you know it's clean against law to telegraph a citizen in the witness-box?

The Judge.—This won't do; this won't do.

The Crier.—Silence in the court.

"Do you hyar now what his lordship says?" said Fullalove, with ready tact. "If you know anything more, come up hyar and swear it like an enlightened citizen; do you think I'm going to swear for tew?" With this Vespasian and Fullalove proceeded to change places amidst roars of laughter at the cool off-hand way this pair arranged forensic alities; but Serjeant Saunders requested Fullalove to stay where he was. "Pray sir," said he slowly, "who retained you for a witness in this cause?"

Fullalove looked puzzled.

"Of course somebody asked you to drop in here, so very accidentally: come now, who was it?"

"I'm God Amighty's witness dropped from the clouds, I cal'late."

"Come, sir, no prevarication. How came you here just at the nick of time?"

"Counsellor, when I'm treated polite I'm ile, but rile me and I'm thunder stuffed with pison: don't you raise my dander, and I'll tell you. I have undertaken to educate this yar darkie"—here he stretched out a long arm, and laid his hand on Vespasian's woolly pate—"and I'm bound to raise him to the En-ropan model. (Laughter.) So I said to him, coming over Westminster Bridge, Now there's a store hyar where they sell a very extraordinary Fixin; and its called Justice: they sell it tarnation dear; *but* prime. So I make tracks for the very court where I got the prime article three years ago, against a varmint that was breaking the seventh and eighth commandments over me, adulterating my patent and then stealing it. Blast him!

A roar of laughter.) 'And coming along I said

this old country's got some good pints after all, old boss. 'One's they'll sell you justice dear, *but* prime, in these yar courts, if you were born at Kamschatkee; and the other is, *hyar* darkies are free as air, disenthrall'd by the universal genius of British liberty; and then I pitched Counsellor Curran's bunkum into this darkie, and he sucked it in like mother's milk, and in we came on tip-toe, and the first thing we heard was a freeborn Briton treated wus than ever a nigger in Old Kentuck, decoyed away from his gal, shoved into a darned madhouse—the darbies clapped on him—"

"We don't want your comments on the case, sir."

"No, nor any other free and enlightened citizen's, I reckon. Wal, Vespasian and me sat like mice in a snowdrift, and hid our feelings out of good manners, being strangers, till his lordship got e-tarnally fixed about the captain's pocket-book. Vesp says I, this hurts my feelings powerful. Says I, this hyar lord did the right thing about my patent, he summed up just; and now he is in an everlasting fix himself; one good turn deserves another, I'll get him out of this fix, any way." Here the witness was interrupted with a roar of laughter that shook the court. Even the judge leaned back and chuckled, genially, though quietly. And right sorrowful was every Briton there when Saunders closed abruptly the cross-examination of Joshua Fullalove.

His lordship then said he wished to ask Vespasian a question.

Saunders lost patience. "What, another amicus curiæ, my lud! This is unprecedented."

"Excuse my curiosity, Brother Saunders," said the judge, ironically. "I wish to trace this 14,000*l.* as far as possible. Have you any particular objection to the truth on this head of evidence?"

"No, my lud, I never urge objections when I can't enforce them."

"Then you are a wise man. (To Vespasian after he had been sworn.) Pray did Captain Dodd tell you what he intended to do with this money?"

"Is, massa judge, massa captan told dis child he got a branker in some place in de ole country, called Barkinton. And he said dis branker very good branker, much sartinier not to break dan the brank of England. (A howl.) De captan said he take de money to dis yer branker, and den hab no more trouble wid it. Den it off my stomach, de captan say, and dis child heerd him.. Yah!"

The plaintiff's case being apparently concluded, the judge went to luncheon.

In the buzz that followed, a note was handed to Mr. Compton: "*Skinner!* On a hot scent. Sure to find him to-day.—N.B. He is wanted by another party. There is something curious a foot!"

Compton wrote on a slip, "For Heaven's sake.

bring him directly. In half an hour it will be too late."

Green hurried out and nearly ran against Mr. Richard Hardie, who was moodily pacing Westminster Hall at the climax of his own anxiety. To him all turned on Skinner. Five minutes passed, ten, fifteen, twenty: all the plaintiff's party had their eyes on the door; but Green did not return; and the judge did. Then to gain a few minutes more, Mr. Colt, instructed by Compton, rose and said with great solemnity, "We are about to call our last witness; the living have testified to my client's sanity; and now we shall read you the testimony of the dead."

Saunders.—That I object to, of course.

Colt.—Does my learned friend mean to say he objects at random?

Saunders.—Nothing of the kind. I object on the law of evidence, a matter on which my learned friend seems to be under a hallucination as complete as his clients about that 14,000*l*.

Colt.—

There's none ever feared
That the truth should be heard
But they whom the truth would indict.

Saunders.—I've as little respect for old songs in a court of justice as I have for new law.

Colt.—Really, my learned friend is the objective case incarnate. (To Compton.—I can't keep this nonsense up for ever. Is Skinner come?) He has a Manna for objection, and with your lordship's permission I'll buy a couple of doctors and lock him up in an asylum as he leaves the court this afternoon. (Laughter.)

The Judge.—A very good plan. then you'll no longer feel the weight of his abilities. I conclude, Mr. Colt, you intend to call a witness who will swear to the deceased person's handwriting, and that it was written in the knowledge Death was at hand.

Colt.—Certainly, my lord. I can call Miss Julia Dodd.

Saunders.—That I need not take the trouble of objecting to.

The Judge (with some surprise).—No, Mr. Colt. That will never do. You have examined her, and re-examined her.

I need hardly say Mr. Colt knew very well he could not call Julia Dodd. But he was fighting for seconds now, to get in Skinner. "Call Edward Dodd."

Edward was sworn, and asked if he knew the late Jane Hardie.

"I knew her well," said he.

"Is that her handwriting?"

"It is."

"Where was it written?"

"In my mother's house at Barkington."

"Under what circumstances?"

"She was dying—of a blow given her by a maniac called Maxley."

"Maxley!" said the judge to counsel. "I remember the Queen v. Maxley. I tried it myself at the assizes: it was for striking a young

lady with a bludgeon, of which she died. Maxley was powerfully defended; and it was proved that his wife had died, and he had been driven mad for a time, by her father's bank breaking. The jury *would* bring in a verdict that was no verdict at all; as I took the liberty to tell them at the time. The judges dismissed it, and Maxley was eventually discharged."

Colt.—No doubt that was the case, my lord. (To the witness.) Did Jane Hardie know she was dying?

"Oh yes, sir. She told us all so."

"To whom did she give this letter?"

"To my sister."

"Oh, to your sister? To Miss Julia Dodd?"

"Yes, sir. But not for herself. It was to give to Alfred Hardie."

"Can you read the letter? it is rather faintly written. It is written in pencil, my lord."

"I *could* read it, sir; but I hope you will excuse me. She that wrote it was very, very dear to me."

The young man's full voice faltered as he uttered these words, and he turned his lion-like eyes soft and imploring on the judge. That venerable and shrewd old man, learned in human nature as well as in law, comprehended in a moment, and said, kindly, "You misunderstand him. Witnesses do not read letters *out* in court. Let the letter be handed up to me." This was fortunate, for the court cuckoo, who intones most letters, would have read all the sense and pathos out of this with his monotonous sing-song.

The judge read it carefully to himself with his glasses, and told the jury it seemed a genuine document; then the crier cried "Silence in the court," and his lordship turned towards the jury, and read the letter slowly and solemnly:

"DEAR, DEAR BROTHER,—YOUR POOR LITTLE JANE LIES DYING, SUDDENLY BUT NOT PAINFULLY, AND MY LAST PARTING THOUGHTS ARE FOR MY DARLING BROTHER. SOME WICKED PERSON HAS SAID YOU ARE INSANE. I DENY THIS WITH MY DYING BREATH AND MY DYING HAND. YOU CAME TO ME THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING THAT WAS TO BE, AND TALKED TO ME MOST CALMLY, RATIONALLY, AND KINDLY; SO THAT I COULD NOT RESIST YOUR REASONS, AND WENT TO YOUR WEDDING, WHICH, TILL THEN, I DID NOT INTEND. SHOW THESE WORDS TO YOUR SLANDERERS WHEN I AM NO MORE. BUT OH! ALFRED, EVEN THIS IS OF LITTLE MOMENT COMPARED WITH THE WORLD TO COME. BY ALL OUR AFFECTION GRANT ME ONE REQUEST. BATTERED, WOUNDED, DYING IN MY PRIME, WHAT WOULD BE MY CONDITION BUT FOR THE SAVIOUR, WHOM I HAVE LOVED, AND WITH WHOM I HOPE SOON TO BE. HE SMOOTHS THE BED OF DEATH FOR ME, HE LIGHTS THE DARK VALLEY; I REJOICE TO DIE AND BE WITH HIM. OH, TURN TO HIM, DEAR BROTHER, WITHOUT ONE HOUR'S DELAY, AND THEN HOW SHORT WILL BE THIS PARTING. THIS IS YOUR DYING SISTER'S ONE REQUEST, WHO LOVES YOU DEARLY."

With the exception of Julia's sobs, not a sound

was heard as the judge read it. Many eyes were wet: and the judge himself was visibly affected, and pressed his handkerchief a moment to his eyes. "These are the words of a Christian woman, gentlemen," he said; and there was silence. A girl's hand seemed to have risen from the grave to defend her brother and rend the veil from falsehood.

Mr. Colt, out of pure tact, subdued his voice to the key of the sentiment thus awakened, and said impressively, "Gentlemen of the jury, that is our case:" and so sat down.

CHAPTER LVI.

SERGEANT SAUNDERS thought it prudent to let the emotion subside before opening the defendant's case: so he disarranged his papers, and then rearranged them as before: and, during this, a person employed by Richard Hardie went out and told him this last untoward piece of evidence. He winced: but all was overbalanced by this, that Skinner's evidence was now inadmissible in the cause. He breathed more freely.

Sergeant Saunders rose with perfect dignity and confidence, and delivered a masterly address. In less than ten minutes the whole affair took another colour under that plausible tongue. The tactician began by declaring that the plaintiff was perfectly sane, and his convalescence was a matter of such joy to the defendant, that not even the cruel misinterpretation of facts and motives, to which his amiable client had been exposed, could rob him of that sacred delight. "Our case, gentlemen, is, that the plaintiff is sane, and that he owes his sanity to those prompt, wise, and benevolent measures, which *we* took eighteen months ago, at an unhappy crisis of his mind, to preserve his understanding and his property. Yes, his property, gentlemen; that property which, in a paroxysm of mania, he was going to throw away, as I shall show you by an unanswerable document. He comes here to slander us and mulct us out of five thousand pounds; but I shall show you he is already ten thousand pounds the richer for that act of ours, for which he debits us five thousand pounds, instead of crediting us twice the sum. Gentlemen, I cannot, like my learned friend, call witnesses from the clouds, from the United States, and from the grave; because it has not occurred to my client, strong in the sense of his kindly and honourable intentions, to engage gentlemen from foreign parts, with woolly locks and nasal twangs, to drop in accidentally, and eke out the fatal gaps in evidence. The class of testimony we stand upon is less romantic: it does not seduce the imagination nor play upon the passions; but it is of a much higher character in sober men's eyes, especially in a court of law. I rely, not on witnesses dropped from the clouds, and the stars, and the stripes—to order; nor even on the prejudiced statements of friends and sweethearts, who always swear from the heart rather than from the head and the conscience; but on the calm testimony of indifferent men, and on written documents furnished by the plaintiff, and on con-

temporaneous entries in the books of the asylum, which entries formally describe the plaintiff's acts, and were put down at the time—at the time, gentlemen—with no idea of a trial at law to come, but in compliance with the very proper provisions of a wise and salutary Act. I shall also lay before you the evidence of the medical witnesses who signed the certificates, men of probity and honour, and who have made these subtle maladies of the mind the special study of their whole life. I shall also call the family doctor, who has known the plaintiff and his ailments, bodily and mental, for many years, and communicated his suspicions to one of the first psychological physicians of the age, declining, with a modesty which we, who know less of insanity than he does, would do well to imitate—declining, I say, to pronounce a positive opinion unfavourable to the plaintiff, till he should have compared notes with this learned man, and profited by his vast experience."

In this strain he continued for a good hour, until the defendant's case seemed to be a thing of granite. His oration ended, he called a string of witnesses: every one of whom bore the learned counsel out by his evidence in chief.

But here came the grand distinction between the defendant's case and the plaintiff's. Cross-examination had hardly shaken the plaintiff's witnesses: it literally dissolved the defendant's. Osmond was called, and proved Alfred's headaches and pallor, and his own suspicions. But then Colt forced him to admit that many young people had headaches without going mad, and were pale when thwarted in love, without going mad: and that as to the 14,000*l.* and the phantom, he *knew* nothing; but had taken all that for granted on Mr. Richard Hardie's word.

Dr. Wycherley deposed to Alfred's being insane and abnormally irritable, and under a pecuniary illusion, as stated in his certificate: and to his own vast experience. But the fire of cross-examination melted all his polysyllables into guess-work and hearsay. It melted out of him that he, a stranger, had intruded on the young man's privacy, and had burst into a most delicate topic, his disagreement with his father, and so had himself created the very irritation he had set down to madness. He also had to admit that he knew nothing about the 14,000*l.* or the phantom, but had taken for granted the young man's own father, who consulted him, was not telling him a deliberate and wicked falsehood.

Colt.—In short, sir, you were retained to make the man out insane, just as my learned friend there is retained.

Wycherley.—I think, sir, it would not be consistent with the dignity of my profession to notice that comparison.

Colt.—I leave defendant's counsel to thank you for that. Come, never mind *dignity*: let us have a little *truth*. Is it consistent with your dignity to tell us whether the keepers of private asylums pay you a commission for all the patients you consign to durance vile by your certificates?

Dr. Wycherley fenced with this question, but the remorseless Colt only kept him longer under torture, and dragged out of him that he received fifteen per cent from the asylum keepers for every patient he wrote insane; and that he had an income of eight hundred pounds a year from that source alone. This, of course, was the very thing to prejudice a jury against the defence: and Colt's art was to keep to their level.

Speers, cross-examined, failed to conceal that he was a mere tool of Wycherley's, and had signed in manifest collusion, adhering to the letter of the statute, but violating its spirit: for certainly, the Act never intended by "separate examination," that two doctors should come into the passage, and walk into the room alternately, then reunite, and do the signing as agreed before they ever saw the patient. As to the illusion about the fourteen thousand pounds, Speers owned that the plaintiff had not uttered a word about the subject, but had peremptorily declined it. He had to confess, too, that he had taken for granted Dr. Wycherley was correctly informed about the said illusion.

"In short," said the judge, interposing, "Dr. Wycherley took the very thing for granted which it was his duty to ascertain; and you, sir, not to be behind Dr. Wycherley, took the thing for granted at second hand." And when Speers had left the box, he said to Sergeant Saunders, "If this case is to be defended seriously, you had better call Mr. Richard Hardie without further delay."

"It is my wish, my lud; but I am sorry to say he is in the country very ill; and I have no hope of seeing him here to-morrow."

"Oh, well; so that you *do* call him. I shall not lay hearsay before the jury—hearsay gathered from Mr. Richard Hardie—whom you will call in person if the reports he has circulated have any basis whatever in truth."

Mr. Saunders said coolly, "Mr. Richard Hardie is not the defendant," and flowed on; nor would any but a lawyer have suspected what a terrible stab the judge had given him so quietly.

The surgeon of Silvertown House was then sworn, and produced the case book; and there stood the entries which had been so fatal to Alfred with the visiting justices. Suicide, homicide, self-starvation. But the plaintiff got to Mr. Colt with a piece of paper, on which he had written his view of all this, and cross-examination dissolved the suicide and homicide into a spirited attempt to escape and resist a false imprisonment. As for the self-starvation, Colt elicited that Alfred had eaten at six o'clock though not at two. "And pray, sir," said he, contemptuously, to the witness, "do you never stir out of a madhouse? Do you imagine that gentlemen in their senses dine at two o'clock in the nineteenth century?"

"No. I don't say that."

"What *do* you say, then? Is forcible imprisonment of a bridegroom in a madhouse the thing to give a *gentleman a fortituous* appetite at *your* barbarous dinner-hour?"

In a word, Colt was rough with this witness, and nearly smashed him. Saunders fought gallantly on, and put in Lawyer Crawford with his draft of the insane deed, as he called it, by which the erotic monomaniac Alfred divested himself of all his money in favour of the Dodds. There was no dissolving this deed away; and Crawford swore he had entreated the plaintiff not to insist on his drawing so unheard-of a document; but opposition or question seemed to irritate his client, so that he had complied, and the deed was to have been signed on the wedding-day.

All the lawyers present thought this looked really mad. Fancy a man signing away his property to his wife's relatives!! The court, which had already sat long beyond the usual time, broke up, leaving the defendant with this advantage. Alfred Hardie and his friends made a little knot in the hall outside, and talked excitedly over the incidents of the trial. Mr. Compton introduced Fullalove and Vespasian. They all shook hands with them, and thanked them warmly for the timely and most unexpected aid. But Green and a myrmidon broke in upon their conversation. "I am down on Mr. Barkington, alias Noah Skinner. It isn't very far from here, if you will follow me." Green was as excited as a fox-hound when Pug has begun to trail his brush: the more so that another client of his wanted Noah Skinner; and the detective was doing a double stroke of business. He led the way; it was dry, and they all went in pairs after him into the back slums of Westminster: and a pretty part that is.

Now as they went along Alfred hung behind with Julia, and asked her what on earth she meant by swearing that it was all over between her and him. "Why your last letter was full of love, dearest; what could you be thinking of to say that?"

She shook her head sadly, and revealed to him with many prayers for forgiveness that she had been playing a part of late: that she had concealed her father's death from him, and the fatal barrier interposed. "I was afraid you would be disheartened, and lose your first class and perhaps your trial. But you are safe now, dear Alfred; I am sure the judge sees through them, for I have studied him for you. I know his face by heart, and all his looks and what they mean. My Alfred will be cleared of this wicked slander, and happy with some one—Ah!"

"Yes, I mean to be happy with some one," said Alfred. "I am not one of your self-sacrificing fools. You shall not sacrifice me to your mother's injustice nor to the caprices of fate. We love one another; but you would immolate me for the pleasure of immolating yourself. Don't provoke me, or I'll carry you off by force. I swear it, by Him who made us both."

"Dearest, how wildly you talk." She hung her head, and had a guilty thrill. She could not help thinking that eccentric little measure would relieve her of the sin of disobedience.

"I'll do it too," said he. "I'm not a man to be beat."

After uttering this doughty resolution he was quite silent, and they went sadly side by side; so dear, so near, yet always some infernal thing or other coming between them. They reached a passage in a miserable street. At the mouth stood two of Green's men, planted there to follow Skinner should he go out: but they reported all quiet. "Bring the old gentleman up," said Green. "I appointed him six o'clock, and it's on the stroke." He then descended the passage, and striking a light led the way up a high stair. Skinner lived on the fifth story. Green tapped at his door. "Mr. Barkington."

No reply.

"Mr. Barkington, I've brought you some money."

No reply.

"Perhaps he is not at home," said Mr. Compton.

"Oh yes, sir, I sent a sharp boy up, and he picked the paper out of the keyhole and saw him sitting reading."

He then applied his own eye to the keyhole. "I see something black," said he; "I think he suspects."

While he hesitated, they became conscious of a pungent vapour stealing through the now open keyhole.

"Hallo!" said Green, "what is this?"

Fullalove observed coolly that Mr. Skinner's lungs must be peculiarly made if he could breathe in that atmosphere. "If you want to see him alive, let me open the door."

"There's something amiss here," said Green gravely.

At that Fullalove whipped out a tool no bigger than a nutcracker, forced the edge in, and sent the door flying open. The room or den was full of an acrid vapour, and close to them sat he they sought motionless.

"Keep the lady back," cried Green, and threw the vivid light of his bull's-eye on a strange, grotesque, and ghastly scene. The floor

was covered with bright sovereigns that glittered in the lamp-light. On the table was an open book, and a candle quite burnt down: the grease had run into a circle.

And as was that grease to the expired light, so was the thing that sat there in human form to the Noah Skinner they had come to seek. Dead this many a day of charcoal fumes, but preserved from decomposition by those very fumes, sat Noah Skinner dried into bones and leather, waiting for them with his own Hard Cash, and with theirs; for, creeping awestruck round that mummified figure seated dead on his pool of sovereigns, they soon noticed in his left hand a paper: it was discoloured by the vapour, and part hid by the dead thumb; but thus much shone out clear and amazing, that it was a banker's receipt to David Dodd, Esq., for 14,010*l.*, drawn at Barkington, and signed for Richard Hardie by Noah Skinner. Julia had drawn back, and was hiding her face; but soon curiosity struggled with awe in the others: they peeped at the Receipt; they touched the weird figure. Its yellow skin sounded like a drum, and its joints creaked like a puppet's. At last Compton suggested that Edward Dodd ought to secure that valuable document.

"No, no," said Edward: "it is too like robbing the dead."

"Then I will," said Compton.

But he found the dead thumb and finger would not part with the receipt; then, as a trifle turns the scale, he hesitated in turn: and all but Julia stood motionless round the body that held the Receipt, the soul of the lost Cash, and still, as in life, seemed loth to part with it.

Then Fullalove came beside the arm-chair, and said, "I'm a man from foreign parts; I have no interest here but justice: and justice I'll dew." He took the dead arm, and the joint creaked: he applied the same lever to the bone and parchment hand he had to the door: it creaked too, but more faintly, and opened and let out this.

Barkington Nov 2nd 1867
Received of David Dodd Esq^r the sum of
Fourteen Thousand and Ten pounds twelve shillings
and six pence, to account for an advance
made by me
For Richard Hardie
Noah Skinner

A stately foot came up the stair, but no one heard it. All were absorbed in the strange weird sight, and this great stroke of fate; or of Providence.

"This is yours, I reckon," said Fullalove, and handed it to Edward.

"No, no!" said Compton. "See: I've just found a will, bequeathing all he has in the world with his blessing, to Miss Julia Dodd. These sovereigns are yours, then. But above all, the paper: as your legal adviser, I insist on your taking it immediately. Possession is nine points. However, it is actually yours, in virtue of this bequest."

A solemn passionless voice seemed to fall on them from the clouds,

"No; IT IS MINE."

THE MILL-STREAM.

1.

HALF-WAY the running stream is ever hid
By leaflets flattened on the water's face,
And milk-white globed blossoms, thinly spread,
Peep where the woven green hath left a space;
And hither from his earthy dwelling-place
The water-rat—first dropping like a stone—
Comes rippling up the top with steady pace
To catch a stalk or feather floated down,
For some deep hidden use conceived by him alone.

2.

And hither, when the day is faint with heat,
At noontide comes the crimson butterfly,
And sips the stream, and rests his downy feet
Upon the giant dock-leaf cool and dry,
A hair's-breadth from its shadow noiselessly
Hung o'er the smoothness of a little bay;
Or, on the yellow bull-cup, standing high
In the mid-stream, he makes a lingering stay,
While his deep-coloured wings do ope and shut
away.

3.

And many buzzing things pass to and fro
In the dead warmth and stillness glancing bright:
Green gaddies, and the slender mosquito,
And gossamers that cannot keep their flight
Against a breathing air, however light,
But are down-beaten on the water straight;
When the brown dace comes up with snapping
bite,
And darts away, nor ever doth he wait
To look if it be fly, or angler's silken bait.

4.

The mill hath been asleep a week or more,
The feeble stream moves not the crazy wheel,
The sacks are ranged upon the dusty floor,
The miller cannot make a pinch of meal;
The crimson-spotted trout and wriggling eel,
When they the stroke and clatter cannot hear,
Among the half-sunk paddles boldly steal,—
A moment darkling, then in sunshine clear
Mix with the silver tribes that swarm the lower
weir.

5.

And further down, ye find a wooden bridge,
And round the piles the floating grasses sweep
In slowly; and beyond the sedge
The willow's blotched leaves hang down and
weep,

And swifter current doth the river keep
Upon the wooden flooring green and grey,
Where the thin bleak in shadow glance and leap;
And here, down-musing on a sunny day,
The bridge and firmset earth seem gliding fast
away.

6.

And further still, towards the brackish creek,
After long winding in the pleasant meads,
The winter snipe digs in his pointed beak
To find a worm that in the clay-bank breeds;
And pleasant is it in the tall grass seeds
To lay thy face, and let the hours go by,
And hear the harle sucking in the reeds,
Or, in the river gaze on the deep sky,
And see the little clouds move up it silently.

LAUGHING GULLS.

ONE would imagine that by this time every one of our British birds must have been so frequently and minutely described that it would be supererogatory to single out any one of them for notice. But, strange to say, the bird whose vernacular name leads this sketch, and which is known to naturalists under the more high-sounding title of "*Larus ridibundus*," or Black-headed Gull, although it has many claims on our special notice, has never yet, as far as I can ascertain, been introduced to our intimate acquaintance.

True, in all the chief works on ornithology, the portrait, a likeness more or less, accompanied by a minute and scientific description of its personal appearance, may be found; but of its peculiar habits—as observed during its periodical visits to our island—no account at all, full or exact, has hitherto been given. Dr. Stanley, formerly Bishop of Norwich, in his work on British Birds, has devoted a page or two to a notice of the Laughing Gull; and Mr. St. John, in his *Wild Sports of the Highlands*, has given a graphic account of its haunts in Scotland. But, the locality where, during its spring and summer residence with us, it assembles in the greatest numbers, and affords the most constant opportunities for observation, seems completely to have escaped the notice of ornithologists.

In the parish of Scoulton, situated nearly in the centre of the county of Norfolk, is a small picturesque lake, containing about seventy acres of water. It is surrounded on all sides by deep plantations of spruce and Scotch fir, and is dotted with about half a dozen small islands, adorned by trees of the same kinds.

Nearly in the middle of the mere, is an island of far greater extent, many acres in dimension, which is chiefly bog, varying in density, and covered in some parts with long coarse grass and sedges; in others, by reed-beds of great extent. This island, which is locally termed the *Hearth*, forms, from March to the beginning of August, the residence and breeding-place of the Laughing Gull.

The 7th of March, which is a fair-day at the small neighbouring town of Hingham, is the

day on which the residents in the neighbourhood begin to expect their visitors. If the weather be open during the last few days of February, small parties of these birds may be seen, from twelve to twenty in number, soaring at a vast height over the mere, apparently fulfilling the duties of scouts, sent on to examine into the state of affairs before the migration of the main body. If their report be favourable, on or about the 7th of March the air is filled with the clamorous cries of the gulls, as they arrive, after their long flight over sea and land, in view of their long-accustomed haunt.

The punctuality of this migration, under ordinary circumstances of weather, is most remarkable, and has before now afforded to a neighbouring clergyman an illustration of the text: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming." When the season has been exceptionally severe, they have not arrived en masse till a fortnight later, occasionally the delay has been longer. When they have fairly settled for the season, Scoulton Mere becomes a scene of great animation. During the day, the majority of the birds are absent on foraging expeditions; but as evening draws on, they assemble from every quarter, and the sound of their united clamour is distinctly audible, in calm weather, at two miles' distance.

It is a strange sight, to persons unacquainted with the haunts and habits of these gulls, on passing through the neighbourhood to see hundreds of them following the plough, so greedily occupied in devouring the grubs it exposes to view, and so little terrified by the proximity of man, as to sit or walk tranquilly in a long line upon the last made furrow, until the next approach of the team compels them to move, in order to escape being trampled beneath the feet of the horses.

Still more picturesque is the scene when (as is often the case) a flock of gulls is intermixed with a flock of rooks, the snowy plumage of the one contrasting strikingly with the glossy black feathers of the others.

Good friends to the farmer are the Laughing Gulls. The chief object of their search, on occasions like that above described, is the grub of the cockchafer, which they devour wholesale with infinite relish, thus to a great extent nipping that pest in the bud. And not only in the helpless form of the grub does the cockchafer fall a prey to their ravenous beaks, but in its winged and mature state as well.

On many a summer night, with a young moon half illuminating the nearer parts of the landscape, have I watched, for half an hour together, the rapid, noiseless, and apparently playful motions of half a dozen gulls, as they circled round a spreading and lofty oak, in full chase of their unattractive prey, appearing in the silence and darkness more like white-winged phantoms than fowls of the air.

About the middle of April, sometimes a little earlier or a little later, they scratch a rough hollow in the tops of the tussocks, which

erect themselves at short intervals upon the Hearth, and there deposit their eggs. These have a remarkable tendency to "sport" in varieties widely different, both in size and colouring. The most usual size is a little less than that of an ordinary hen's egg, and more gradually pointed toward the lesser end, while the most common hue is of a dusky olive brown, irregularly blotched with a darker shade. But eggs are frequently found from the size of a pigeon's to that of a bantam, occasionally diminishing to the proportions of the egg of a thrush.

These eggs are a very marketable commodity, and the operations attending their collection and sale are carried on in a most business-like manner by a keeper to whom this charge is entrusted. Twice in the week, men provided with long water-boots, and each armed with a long pole, proceed to the Hearth, and visit the nests in systematic order. Several thousands are thus weekly collected, which find ready purchasers at the price of one shilling a score: indeed, the demand usually far exceeds the supply. Rumour asserts that in the London markets they are sold, at a profit of many hundred per cent, as *plovers' eggs* . They are eaten cold, in a hard-boiled state, and are deservedly esteemed as great delicacies.

When this plundering of the nests has been carried on as long as is consistent with safety, the birds are left undisturbed in the enjoyment of their breeding-place, and in a few weeks' time the surface of the mere is dotted with dark little balls of down, swimming and diving in all directions in precocious mimicry of their parents. Early in July, the young birds attain sufficient powers of flight to enable them to accompany the elders on their visits to the ploughed fields in the vicinity of their birthplace. Now is the time to visit the mere, to appreciate the singular aspect it presents when tenanted by its noisy summer visitors.

Rowing quietly along till within a hundred yards of the Hearth, you raise an oar perpendicularly, and drop the blade flat upon the water. Instantly, a dense white cloud rises from the island, and, with piercing cries and threatening gestures, the innumerable occupants fill the air overhead and all around.

So rapid and sudden are their evolutions, and so vast are their numbers, that one is constantly expecting to see collisions take place among them; but with command of wing equal to that of the swallow, they wheel

In and out
And round about,

as if delighting in the display of their own dexterity.

But August approaches: their object in coming hither is accomplished, and they begin to think of returning. One morning the dwellers in the cottages bordering on the mere, awake to find the clamour so long familiar to their ears, hushed and gone. A mysterious instinct has called the gulls back to their northern home, and, save a few of the old and decrepid, or the young, and feeble, unable to join in the migra-

tion, the mere is left in peace to the stately swans and the lurking coot and moorhen.

The Norfolk people call these birds "puets:" a name probably derived from one inflection of their voice, which is not dissimilar to the cry of the lapwing. In some parishes at a few miles' distance they have obtained the name of "Sunday birds," from a curious combination of cause and effect. On Sunday, of course, no ploughs are at work, and in the absence of feeding-ground near home, the gulls are driven to cater for themselves at a greater distance.

The winter habitat of the black-headed gull has not been very clearly or satisfactorily ascertained. One thing I can bear witness to; that they start in a direction bearing north-east, and return from the same quarter. In the early spring of 1855, I observed, at a point on the Norfolk coast, a few miles south of Cromer, large flocks of these birds coming from seaward, and flying low and wearily over the land. On another occasion, while cruising on the Broads, which are situated in the north-east part of the county, I observed large parties of them (apparently taking some refreshment on their way out) wading in the marshes by the water-side.

Enough has, I trust, been suggested in this imperfect sketch, to introduce these interesting birds to the better acquaintance of lovers of nature. The fact of sea-fowl coming regularly, year by year, to breed in the heart of a highly-cultivated agricultural county, is in itself worthy of observation and remark.

A TRIAL OF JEWRY.

Don't talk to me about November! Don't point with triumphant finger to your Letts's Diary, or hunt out that Almanack which the never-dying Francis Moore, Physician, still persists in producing in alternate black and red letter, and which he calls *For Stellarum!* They may make this present month November, if they like; it comes after October and precedes December, I know; but I am not to be put down by mere book-learning and meteorological statistics. I go by the weather, and I see no fog, no Scotch mist, no heavy atmosphere, and incessant rain, which, as a Briton, I have a right to expect; produce for me, if you please, that pea-soup cloud, which, descending on earth, immediately gives rise to an epidemic of "spleen," and causes men to attach themselves to lamp-posts and hurl themselves from bridges! I defy you. I decline to accept your—even to my ignorant mind—unscientific explanation of there being "a peg out" in the harmony of the seasons, or that "something has slipped" in the grand mechanism; but, I am with you in your avowal that an April morning has accidentally "turned up" in the middle of the dreary autumn, and very much regret that "a previous engagement," to use the language of society's vortex, prevents my enjoying it as I should wish.

I ought to stop here in my garden for at least an hour more on this Sunday morning, loitering

about, and patting my dog's big head, and caressing the cold nose which he thrusts into my hand as he walks gravely by my side, and gazing vacantly but with great delight over the broad green meadows and the purple-tinted cultivated land; over the fertile pastures and the big sweeping gardens, so trimly kept; over the red-roofed houses and the well-thatched ricks, and the tiny threads of the silver Brent, and the whole glorious landscape that lies between me and Harrow Church far away on the horizon. The church bells are silent yet, and there is not one sound to break the stillness. Looking over the hedge (which within the last few days has become very bare, and ragged, and which has concentrated all its few remaining leaves on one spot, like an elderly gentleman conscious of baldness), I see the farm horses keeping holiday by blundering gravely over their pasture-field, only diversifying their never-wearying amusement of cud-chewing by an occasional grave and decorous roll upon their backs, from which they arise with a very astonished look around, and an apparent consciousness of having been betrayed into a temporary abnegation of dignity; I see the ducks all gathered together in a cluster at one corner of the pond in a farm-yard, and the geese, who immediately take affront at Nero's appearance, and hiss, like a theatrical manager's friends who have come in with orders and don't get front places; and—woe is me!—crossing the edge of the farm-yard, by the footpath in the Fair Meadow, I see the vicar of the parish, who gives me a cherry "Good morning," and, pointing towards the church, says he shall see me presently. Which statement is, though my excellent friend doesn't know it, the reverse of truth! He will not see me presently! To-day, the square pew with the red-covered seats, and the hassocks which want binding, and always go off like dusty fireworks whenever they are touched, will not contain me. To-day, the charity children who sit behind us, will sniff unscared by my occasional remonstrative glances; to-day, the clerk will have it all his own way with the responses, and the vicar will miss his churchwarden; for, as I have before remarked, I have a previous engagement, and as I have not before remarked, I am going to make a trial of Jewry.

For the first time for many years, but not for the first time in my life. My first trial of Jewry was, if I mistake not, in connexion with a pressing call for money on my part, and the production of a stamped piece of paper on the part of Jewry. Ten pounds was the sum required; but after Jewry—sitting in his own private house in Burton-crescent—had read the letter of introduction which I presented to him (and which had been given me by Uptree, of the Tax-tax Office), and had made me sign the stamped paper acknowledging myself his debtor for twelve pounds, "value received," he proceeded to explain that he had only a five-pound note in the house. Aghast at this information, I asked him what I was to do. He frankly confessed, he did not know; at length, smitten with a

sudden idea, he pointed to an oil-painting of a Spanish boy, which stood against the wall, and told me I might "take the Murillo." I represented to Jewry that my want was money, not Murillos; upon which he suggested the pledging of the Murillo for five pounds. "Dicks 'll do it for you in a minute," Jewry said. "Here, Dicks!" And Dicks presenting himself in the shape of a very evil-looking clerk, was told to take "that round the corner," and to bring five pounds back. Dicks returned in three minutes without the Murillo, and with three pounds, which was all, he said, he could get for it. As Jewry handed me the money, he said, "About the ticket, now? That's no use to you! You'll never take the picture out, and if you did, you wouldn't know what to do with it! Come; I'll give you ten shillings for the ticket!" And he did; and eight pounds ten was all I ever got for my twelve pound bill, which I had to pay at the end of a month.

But the trial of Jewry which I am now about to make is of a very different kind. It involves my leaving behind me my watch and my purse, my putting on an unobtrusive garb and a wide-awake hat, my stealing out at the back gate so as to be unobserved by the servants, and my making the best of my way to an adjacent railway station. There, after a minute's interval, I am picked up by a train all blossoming with male and female specimens of "Sunday out," and, after making a circuitous journey, calling at Kentish Town and Hampstead Heath, dallying in that Utopia the Camden-road, flitting from Kingsland to Hackney, glancing at Victoria Park, and getting a glimpse of distant masts at Stepney, I am landed at Fenchurch-street, scud rapidly down Billiter-street and St. Mary Axe, and, opposite Bishopsgate Church, into which are crowding the denizens of the neighbourhood, find my intended companions awaiting my arrival. Two in number are my companions; one, Oppenhardt, my friend, whose innate patrician feelings were outraged by having allowed himself to come east of Temple Bar, and who was standing, with an acute expression of hurt dignity in every feature, contemplating the back of Inspector Wells, who was to be our guide in the trial of Jewry which we were about to make. As I crossed the road, I looked at those two men and mused, for twenty seconds by the clock, upon the falsity of appearances. There was Oppenhardt—whose paternal grandfather was, I believe, a worthy German sugar-baker at Hamburg—looking with his blue great coat, and his black beard, and his perpetual expansion of nostril, like a peer of the realm at the very least; and there was Inspector Wells, a pallid round-faced man, with a light fringe of whisker, and a sleepy boiled eye, and a stout idle figure; and yet I believe the Custom House possesses no clerk having a more acute knowledge of drawback and rebate, of allowances and landing-dues, than Oppenhardt; nor has the City of London Police an officer so sharp and painstaking, so unwearying and intelligent, as Inspector Wells. With very few words I

make my companions known to each other, and then, obedient to the inspector's suggestion, we cross the road and prepare for our plunge. "It's going with the stream, gentlemen," says our guide, "and taking the rough with the smooth. You've brought nothing of any value with you, I suppose? Handkerchiefs in an inside pocket, if you please! You'll soon see why!" "Do they know you, Wells?" I asked. "Some of 'em, sir; but not all. I thought of putting on my uniform coat, but then they'd have made way, and you'd have seen the place under rather a false view, perhaps! It's better we should rough it with the rest."

As he finished his sentence, we turned short round to the right, up a street called Sandys-row, and were in the thick of it. Jewry, which I have come to make trial of, lies in the heart of the City of London, in the corner of the angle made by Bishopsgate-street and Houndsditch. In the midst of it stands a huge black block of building, for the most part windowless but crane-bearing, and having odd trap-doors, some near the roof, some near the basement, for the swallowing in or giving out of goods. For this is where the defunct Company which had its head-quarters in the Street of the Hall of Lead—the Company which had an army and a navy of its own, and ruled kings and princes, but which has now dwindled down into a mere appanage of Downing-street, and has shrunk into a "Board"—used in the old days to store the costly silks which had been brought from its dominions in the far Ind. This hideous building was then filled with the rarest specimens of Eastern handiwork, and looked then just as it looks now, when, from its appearance, you would guess that turmeric, or sago, or starch, or anything equally common-place, was its contents. Round it seethes and bubbles Jewry, filling up the very narrow street, with small strips of pavement on either side, and what ought to have been a way for vehicles, between them; every bit of space, however, covered with mob-dirt, pushing, striving, fighting, high-smelling, higgling, chaffering, vociferating, laughing mob. Shops on either side, so far as can be seen above mob's head; tool-shops, files, saws, adzes, knives, chisels, hammers, tool-baskets, displayed in the open windows whence the sashes have been removed for the better furtherance of trade; doors open, sellers and buyers hot in altercation, spirited trade going on. Hatters, hosiers, tailors, bootmakers' shops, their proprietors forced by competition to leave the calm asylum of their counters, and to stand at their doors uttering wholesome incitement to the passers-by to become purchasers: not to say importuning them with familiar blandishments. For, in what should be the carriage-way is a whole tribe of peripatetic vendors of hats, hosiery clothes, and boots, hook-nosed cleaginous gentry, with ten pair of trousers over one arm and five coats over the other; with Broddingnagian boots (some with the soles turned uppermost, showing a perfect armoury of nails), which are carried on a square piece of board, and which look harder

than the board itself; a few hats; an enormous number of cloth caps of all shapes and sizes—made, so Wells tells me, from the skirts or otherwise unworn parts, of old coats. Jewry will stand any trial you like to make of her, in the way of actual requirements, I'll warrant it. Are you in search of mental pabulum? Here it is! Trays full of literature of all kinds, gaudily bound books of shilling lore, or tattered copies of the Hebrew Law. Engravings, coloured or plain? Here shall you see how Herr Jakobs in the Hoher Strasse, Berlin, has copied, or thinks he has copied, some old English prints of fox-hunting scenes; and here shall you see the marvellous horses, and the more marvellous riders, and the more marvellous leaps which the German artist has probably evolved from the depths of his internal consciousness, as his countryman did the camel; here shall you see Abraham offering up Isaac: the former in all the glory of the grand old Jewish type, dignified and bearded, than which, when good, there is scarcely anything better; but Isaac a little too nose-y, and rather too oily, and considerably too lip-py, and, on the whole, too much like the young Jew-boy who just now tried to steal a bit of liver out of that frying-pan in which a quantity of it is hissing, and who so nearly received in his eye the point of the steel fork which the Jewish maiden watching over it earnestly prodded at that feature. For, eating is by no means neglected in Jewry; in the glassless windows of many of the houses, the frying-pans are hard at work, presided over by Jewry's daughters, bright-eyed, dark-skinned, nimble-fingered, shrill-tongued. Pleasant to look upon are Jewry's daughters, despite a certain oiliness, which is probably attributable to contact with the contents of the frying-pan; it is in the contemplation of Jewry's mammas that you begin to doubt the beauty of the race. For, when you behold Jewry's mammas in the flesh, you generally behold them in rather too much of it, and they have an objection to buttons and hooks-and-eyes, and other ligaments; a hatred of corsets and chemisettes, and other womanly neatnesses; a tendency to bulge, and an aversion to soap and water—all of which peculiarities detract from their charms in the impartial eye (meaning mine).

Liver and fried fish are the principal, but by no means the only, edible articles for sale; through the crowd come wending men with glass dishes on their heads, containing long gelatinous-looking fruits. "Pickled cucumbers," says Wells, as they pass; "pickled cucumbers, never ate by anybody but Jews, and never seen elsewhere; they're said to be reg'lar good eating, but I never heard tell of a Christian who tried one. But the Jews—Lor' bless you!—they hold 'em in their fists, and bite away at 'em like boys do at dollipops!" Wells also tells me that pickles of every kind are in high favour in Jewry, that the denizens thereof will eat pickles at any time, no matter whether onions, cauliflower, cabbage, or what not, and will drink the pickle-liquor "as you would a glass of sherry." I think I can understand this. I

can imagine that a pickle must be, in some conditions, a fine setter-up! Say, at a bargain, for instance! How, just before asking your price, a fine stinging acrid pickle, must sharpen your faculties, and clear your brain, and set your nerves, and string your persuasive powers! How, if you be purchaser, it must lower your tone and your aspects of human life, and degrade the article in your views, and render you generally unpleasant and morose and disinclined to deal, and so, eventually, successful! No wonder pickles are at a premium in Jewry!

All this time we are slowly struggling through the crowd, which, never ceasing for an instant, surges round us, reminding one more of an illumination-night mob in its component parts than anything else. And it is curious to see how the itinerant vendors of goods, be they of what sort they may—whether sham jewellery, cheap music, pipes and cigars, bullfinches, boxes of dominoes, bird-whistles, or conjuring tricks—are whirled about in the great vortex of humanity; now, in the midst of their "patter," caught upon a surging wave and carried away long past those whom they were but this moment in the act of addressing. So, we pass through Cutler-street and Harrow-alley, borne along with scarcely any motion of our own, the crowd behind us pushing, the crowd before us shoving; and we, by dint of broad shoulders and tolerable height, making our way with occasional drifting into out-of-the-way courses, but always looked after by Inspector Wells. I don't suppose there is the smallest danger of our coming to grief, for, indeed, I never saw a better-behaved mob; thieves there are in scores, no doubt, from burly roughs with sunken eyes and massive jaws, sulkily elbowing their way through the mass, to "gonophs" and pickpockets of fourteen or fifteen, with their collarless tightly-tied neck-handkerchiefs, their greasy caps, and "aggrawator" curls;—indeed, we have not been in the crowd two minutes, before Oppenhardt has the back pockets of his great-coat turned inside out, and I have felt myself carefully "sounded" all over by a pair of lightly-touching hands. But there is no ribaldry, no blackguardism, no expression of obnoxious opinion. One gentleman, indeed, wants to know "who those collared blokes is," in delicate allusion to our clean shirts; but he is speedily silenced; and one Jewish maiden, who, with much affection, addresses us as "dears," and advises us to "take care of our pockets," is sternly rebuked by an elderly matron, who says, "Let 'em alone—if they comes here, they must suffer." But, generally, Mob is thoroughly good tempered. Mob like Oppenhardt very much, and make numerous inquiries as to what he'll take for his beard, where he lives when he is at home, whether he ain't from furrin' parts, brother to the Princess Hallexandry, a Rooshian, &c. One young gentleman, with a potato-can, points to his fruit, and says, invitingly, "'Ave a tightener, captin:." at which Oppenhardt is pleased. Mob is more familiar with me, as being humbler, and more akin to its own order; in one tremendous struggle, a lad puts his arms round

me and cries out, "Here we are! All together, guv'nor!"

So, onward with the stream, catching occasional glimpses of Hebrew inscriptions against the walls, endless repetitions of a handbill issued by the Jewish Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, and announcing a Sabbath lecture by Brother Abrahams over Brother Lazarus recently deceased, noticing here and there huge rolls of edible stuff hung up called "swoss," which is apparently divided by the thinnest line of religious demarcation from sausage-meat; onward amidst constant cries of "Pockets, pockets, take care of your pockets!" and occasional rushes, evidently for pocket-picking purposes, until we make our way to where the crowd becomes even denser, and our progress is slower and harder to fight for, until at last, down a very greasy step, we make our entrance into the Clothes Exchange. This is a roofed building, filled round every side and in the centre with old clothes stalls; and here, piled up in wondrous confusion, lie hats, coats, boots, hobnailed shoes, satin ball-shoes, driving-coats, satin dresses, hoops, brocaded gowns, flannel jackets, fans, shirts, stockings with clocks, stockings with torn and darned feet, feathers, parasols, black silk mantles, blue kid boots, Belcher neckerchiefs, and lace ruffles. This is to what my lady's wardrobe comes, Horatio; this is the anti-penultimate of flounce and furbelow, of insertion-tucker and bishop-sleeve. Mamselle Prudence has my lady's leavings, and Abigail looks after her perquisites, and thus the trappings of fashion come down to Jewry, and are refreshed and retouched, sponged and lacquered and refaced, and take their final leave of life amid the fashionable purlicus of Whitechapel, or the nautical homes of the blessed at Shadwell. No lack of customers here; stalwart roughs being jammed into tight pea-jackets by jabbering salesmen, who call on the passers-by to admire the fit. "Plue Vitney, ma tear! Plue Vitney, and shticks! to him like his shkin, don't it?" "Who could fit you if I can't!" "Trai a vethkit, then!"—this to me—"a thplendit vethkit, covered all over with thilver thripes!" While, after declining this gorgeous garment, I find Oppenhardt in the clutches of a lithe-fingered Dalilah, who is imploring him to let her sell him "thutch a thirt!" Everywhere the trade is brisk, and the sales progress through an amount of fierce argument, verbal and gesticulatory, which would be held fatal to business anywhere else in London, but which is here accepted as a part of the normal condition of commerce.

In and out of the rows of stalls we dived, Wells in front, recognised occasionally, sometimes by a tradesman seated in solemn dignity at his stall, who insists on a 'friendly hand-shake. Sometimes the inspectorial presence is acknowledged by a sly nod or a wink, as much as to say, "No uniform! Then you don't want to be much noticed! How are you?" and sometimes by a half-chaffing shout of "Vot, is it you, Thargeant! now'th your time for a hover-coat!" We see plenty of public-houses, all with Jewry signs, and

we suggest to Wells that, being half suffocated, perhaps we ought to have "something" after this protracted struggle and the swallowing of this dust? But he says, "Not yet, sir;—in a jewel-house!" and with that mysterious hint proceed we to clear the way out of the Exchange.

In a jewel-house! As I ponder on the words, my mind rushes away to the regalia in the Tower and Colonel Blood's attempt thereon; to Hunt and Roskell's shop, and the Queen of Spain's jewels, which were in the old Exhibition of '51; to the Palais Royal at Paris, and the Zeil at Frankfort; to a queer street at Amsterdam, where I once saw a marvellous collection of jewellery; to a queer man whom I once met in a coffee-shop; who told me he "travelled in emeralds;" to Sindbad's Valley of Diamonds, and—Wells breaks my reverie by touching my arm; I follow him across a square, in the centre of which are several knots of men in discussion; opposite us stands the door of "The Net of Lemons;" apparently closed, but it yields to Wells's touch; and, following him up a passage, I find myself in a low-roofed square-built comfortable room. Round three sides of it are ranged tables, and on these tables are ranged large open trays of jewellery. There they lie in clusters, thick gold chains curled round and round like snakes, long limp silver chains such as are worn by respectable mechanics over black satin waist-coats on Sundays, great carbuncle pins glowing out of green velvet cases, diamond rings and pins, and brooches and necklaces. Modest emeralds in quaint old-fashioned gold settings, lovely pale opals, big finger rings made up after the antique with cut cornelian centre-pieces, long old-fashioned earrings (I saw nothing in any of the trays in modern settings), little heaps of loose rubies, emeralds, and turquoises, set aside in corners of the trays, big gold and silver cups and goblets and trays and tazzas, here and there a clumsy old épergne, finger-rings by the bushel, pins by the gross, watches of all kinds, from delicate gold Genevas down to the thick turnipy silver "ticker" associated with one's school-days, and shoals of watchworks without cases. "They've melted down the cases," says Inspector Wells to me in a fat whisper, "and can let the works go very cheap." Such trade as is being done is carried on in a very low tone; the customers, nearly all of whom are smoking cigars, bend over the trays and handle the goods freely, sometimes moving with them in their hands to another part of the room, to see them in a better light, and the vendors making not the least objection.

I thought I noticed a whisper run round as we entered, but the sight of Wells was sufficient, and no further notice was taken. We were afterwards told, however, that a stranger is generally unceremoniously walked out, and informed that "it's a private room." After a few moments we were introduced by Inspector Wells to Mr. Marks, the landlord of the house, who wore a pork-pie hat, and had a diamond brooch in his shirt, and two or three

splendid diamond rings on his not too clean hands, and whose face struck me as being one of the very knowingest I have ever met with. Very affable was Mr. Marks, answering all my questions in the readiest manner. No! he didn't consider it a full morning; you see, the great diamond sale at Amsterdam was on just now, and many of his frequenters were away at it. Had any great bargains been made that morning? Well, there had been a set of diamonds brought in, which were sold about ten o'clock for seventeen hundred pounds, and which, up to the present time (it was now about twelve), had been re-sold in the room nine times, and each time at a profit. Some men had made two pounds profit, some three, one as much as thirteen pounds—but each had re-sold his diamonds at a profit. "That's the way with our people!" said Mr. Marks; "anything for a deal! We mustn't have a deal, and in a deal we mustn't have a little profit. Last week I had a thousand pound worth transaction—I re-took the goods the same day. 'Vot was my profit? Fifty pound?' No! 'Theven and thieftah! Thill, there was a profit. Look here now' (pulling a handful of various coin, perhaps four pounds fifteen in value, out of his left-hand trousers-pocket), "that's 'th 'vot I've made on my little transaction thill morning! Committhion money, I call it."

"I asked Mr. Marks if there were any celebrated characters at that time in his house, and he begged us to walk into his sanctum: a cheery well-appointed kitchen, arrived at by passing through the bar. There he introduced us to Mr. Mendoza, one of the largest diamond merchants in the world, and a gentleman who had been consulted as to the cutting and setting of the Koh-i-noor. A quiet-looking man Mr. Mendoza, with a shallow complexion and an eye beaming like a beryl. Told by Mr. Marks that we are curious strangers without any objectionable motive, Mr. Mendoza was truly polite, and, on being asked if he had anything of price with him, produced from the breast-pocket of his over-coat a blue paper which looked like the cover of a Seidlitz powder, but which contained large unset diamonds to the value of four hundred and seventy-five pounds. As these were exposed to our view, Mr. Marks took from his waistcoat-pocket a glittering pair of fine steel pincers, and, selecting three or four of the largest diamonds, breathed upon them and then put them on one side, with a view to purchase. "You use pincers, I see, Mr. Marks?" I remarked. "Vell, thir!" says that urbanest of men, with a wink that conveys volumes, "fingerth is thiticky, and dimonth cling to the touch. Mr. Mendoza knowth me and don't mind 'vot I do, but he wouldn't let everybody try his dimonth. You thee, the way to try a dimonth ith by breathin' on him. Vell, ven *thum* folkh trieth 'em, they inhaletth infitth of ekthalin, and thoveth out their tongueth at the thame time, tho that ven they put th their tongueth back again, there ain't quite tho many dimonth in the paper ath there yoth at firht!" I asked Mr. Mendoza if he had ever been robbed, and he told me never.

Was he not well known? Yes! but he kept to the broad thoroughfare, and never went out at night. He showed us several other papers of diamonds of greater or less value, and several stones handsomely set in rings.

Hospitable intentions overcome Mr. Marks (a really sensible, good-natured, most obliging man), and he insists upon our having a bottle of wine. Clicquot, he proposes. We decline Clicquot, but as he will not be balked, and insists upon our "giving it a name," we stand sponsor to sherry. And very good sherry it is, and very good is Mr. Marks's talk over it. He tells us what sober people they are in Jewry, and how they never, by any chance, have more than one glass of brandy-and-water at a sitting; how they leave his rooms at two and go home to dinner, not returning until six in the evening, when they have coffee and sit down to whist, playing away till eleven; "when," says Mr. Marks, with a terrific wink in the direction of Inspector Wells, whose back happens to be turned, "when thith houth alwayth clotheth to the minute, accordin' to the Act o' Parlyment." Every word of which talk is, as the Inspector afterwards pitifully informs me, "kidment": a pleasant dissyllable, meaning, I believe, in pure Saxon, playful flight of fancy.

TRIFLES FROM CEYLON.

BEFORE SIR EMERSON TENNENT wrote his masterly book on Ceylon, he would have been a bold man who would have ventured to state in general society in England, that one gentleman shot twelve hundred elephants himself; and yet it is perfectly well known in Ceylon that Major Rogers did so. Two gentlemen, whose names need not be mentioned, were at an evening party in England a good many years ago, when one of them happened to narrate some of his sporting adventures in Ceylon. Mortified by observing some marks of incredulity in his hearers, he appealed to his companion to corroborate his statements; but to his great surprise, and the amusement of the company, his friend in an off-hand, half-jesting, half-serious manner, begged him not to call on him to support any of his marvellous tales, and turned the conversation into another channel. As soon as they had left the house, the disconcerted story-teller asked his companion why he had thus deserted him, instead of corroborating what he well knew to be true? "My dear fellow," said the other, taking him by the arm, "did you not see that nobody believed you? Had I stood by you, they would only have said there was a pair of us. Take my advice, and tell no more elephant stories while you remain in England, for you will never be believed."

In spite of this caution, I purpose jettisoning down from time to time such incidents as I have come across during a lengthened sojourn in Ceylon, or which I have heard from others; also, to give some account of the animals to be met with in that island.

I do not profess to be a sportsman, in the usual acceptation of the word. I am fond of my gun, as a provocative to exercise, and as a means of amusement and recreation in the lonely out-stations where a great part of a civilian's life is often spent. But I object to the wanton and uncalculated destruction of animal life. Although I would not shun an encounter with any animal when meeting him on fair terms, and would always, and do always seek it, when I know that he may do injury to the lives or property of others, or even when any part of him can be turned to use, still I have no sympathy with the persistent pursuit of elephants in places remote from the haunts of men, merely that they may be shot and left dead on the ground, for the boar and the jackal to devour. But I know many excellent men who do not take the same view of the case; and, without arguing the merits thereof, it may not be uninteresting by-and-by to note down some of their adventures.

Treating of the "Trifles" in the way of animal life that are every-day affairs in Ceylon, let us begin with Alligators. The river alligator attains to a large size; they have been seen as long as eighteen feet; these are formidable customers, but in most of the tanks, in the northern part of the island, alligators are more properly crocodiles, and literally swarm, varying from seven to nine feet only. These, though destructive to cattle, deer, and dogs, are generally very shy of man, and will not attack him, even in the water. They may easily be caught by attaching a baited hook to a float. The alligator devours the bait, and then swims off to the middle of the tank with the float. In the morning the float is drawn ashore in a canoe, and the alligator is hauled ashore, and despatched by a ball in the shoulder. The flesh is very white and tender-looking. Some of the coco-nut planters catch them in order to manure their trees with the carcasses. They are exceedingly partial to dogs, and are the terror of the huntsman. The spotted deer, when pursued and hard pressed, usually takes to the water; the dogs (greyhounds, or Australian kangaroo hounds) follow in hot pursuit, regardless of the shouts of the huntsman, who frantically yells from the bank. Suddenly a monster's head rises to the surface, and a noble hound disappears beneath the water. An alligator has seized him. I was one day riding by a tank when I saw a deer emerge from the jungle, pursued by two pariah dogs, and take to the water. I rode towards the tank, but before I reached it, I saw the deer struggle up the opposite bank, with an alligator hanging on to its shoulders. The alligator dragged back its victim, and when I reached the spot where I had seen the struggle, only the circling ripples remained to tell the deed that was going on below, while around could be seen the tops of the heads of several other alligators waiting until the successful one had finished his deed of darkness, and ready to come to the rescue should the deer shake off its captor. I succeeded in attracting the attention of some cottagers, and caused them

to shout, and try to alarm the alligator, while I rode over to the spot where I had seen the ripple last, in hopes I might succeed in inducing him to quit his prey. But I was too late. So, in shooting ducks, it is often very annoying to find an alligator gobble one up you have shot, and are going to pick up, before you can get hold of it.

The following tragedy, which occurred on the sixth of September last, will show that the river alligator is occasionally a dangerous trifle. A stout young man, aged eighteen, was washing his face by the water-side, when suddenly an alligator emerged from some bushes growing in the water and seized him by the calf of the leg. The young man seized the branch of an overhanging tree, and cried out for assistance, and a desperate struggle ensued: the alligator trying to drag him away, while the man clung with the tenacity of desperation to the tree. At length the man's uncle, who was in the jungle close by, ran up, and with a stick belaboured the alligator, who, however, still held on, grunting at each blow he received. Finding that his blows were of no avail, the uncle drew a knife and stabbed the brute in the eye. This induced him to leave his hold for a moment, but it was only to seize his unfortunate victim once more, and now by the thigh. The uncle then inserted his knife into his jaws, and attempted to rip open his mouth, whereon the alligator left his hold and plunged into the water. The unfortunate youth was carried to Caltura, the nearest station, where medical aid was rendered him, but in vain; he died from loss of blood, his leg being lacerated in a manner too shocking for description.

Snakes are abundant in Ceylon, among the other trifles that environ a resident there.

Some persons never overcome their dread of these creatures, and other reptiles; but in general a short residence is sufficient to overcome this feeling. As to the smaller animals, such as centipedes, scorpions, and so forth, a stranger in Ceylon soon learns to take it for granted that they may be found wherever there is shelter for them. Consequently, care is always taken to keep boxes and other articles of household use in such positions that no opportunity may be afforded for noxious animals to lodge behind them. Boxes are invariably supported on legs, which prevents the white ants from commencing their insidious attacks unobserved, and destroying all the contents. Although, however, there are noxious reptiles in almost every house, and although it is not at all uncommon to see some one get up from his chair and squash a centipede that has just dropped from the roof, still accidents are comparatively rare. I have been a good many years in Ceylon, and yet I have only once been bitten by a centipede. He was a good sized fellow. He fell on me while asleep in a bed without curtains, and nipped me in the arm. It was some little time before I could get a light, and then I found my friend under the pillow, and transferred him to a bottle of spirits. The pain was sharp for a time, but subsided before long. Some persons suffer

agonies from the bite. Much depends on the constitution of the individual, and something on the part they attack. It is particularly unpleasant to get one down your back, and to find him trying to eat his way through you in half a dozen places. Some time ago I asked a dear old friend of mine, who used to rejoice in a grizzly beard, what he had done with it. "Shaved it off," "Why?" "Because a brute of a centipede got into it, and there he was, biting away, and I could not catch him."

I was staying at the house of a friend holding high office in the northern province, when, one evening after a shower of rain, he proposed to show me a few of the gentry that were in the habit of taking refuge with him when driven out of their own holes. He had seen one in the room a short while before, and had deferred killing him until I should come to be gratified. The specimen was an enormous black scorpion: a most disgusting brute, the impersonification of every hateful quality. He despatched him with a stiffish whip he kept for the purpose—the best thing to use, as it is pliable, and bends over a snake or other creature, while a stick can only touch him in one part. We then pursued our investigations. He laid hold of a door behind which something might be found, but immediately drew it back, for he had all but touched a large tarantula: another most unsightly beast. Elsewhere in the room we found one centipede, and in the verandah another; we then sat down by a table, and were chatting about the number of venomous animals we so often come across without their hurting us, and telling various small stories bearing on the subject, when suddenly I felt a sharp pair of claws seizing my foot. I jumped up with an exclamation, expecting to find a scorpion, "Only a black beetle!" I must admit that I never before or after saw so many vermin, at one time, in a house. It was a house but little raised from the ground, and the rain had driven the creatures out of their holes.

As to snakes, they will always get out of one's way if they can. Every one can speak of some narrow escape, and yet it seldom happens that any one is bitten. Twice, on nearly the same spot, did I drive over a deadly snake. It was near a coral wall at Point Pedro. One snake was a cobra, the other a *tic polonga*. My wife one day opened a drawer, and was going to put in her hand, when she saw a venomous snake lying coiled up in a basket. She remained quiet, and I despatched him with a stick. Some years previous, when still unmarried, she and another young lady, scrambling about the rocks at Trincomalee, at a picnic, found their feet within the coils of a python, which they had inadvertently disturbed in his sleep. The narrowest escape I ever had was at Point Pedro, where I placed my foot on a cobra di capella, and actually stood on him for an instant, while I could hear him beating the ground with the rest of his body. I suppose I must have trodden on his neck, so that he was unable to bite. It was in the evening, and two men who had pre-

ceded me a few yards, carrying a table which they were going to place in the open air, must have walked right over him. As soon as I discovered what I was standing on, I sprang forward, and called out, "I have trodden on a snake!" A light was brought, but nothing was to be seen, except the "trail" of a snake on the ground. After the house had been closed for the night, when I was going to bed, I saw a snake coiled up near a door. I went for a stick and despatched him. It turned out to be a cobra, between four and a half and five feet long. Evidently he had taken refuge within the house after I had trodden on him, and lay quiet behind the door. He had remained there without moving, while my wife and myself had been drinking some lemonade at a table within a few feet of where he lay. He had remained quiet and unnoticed when the servant shut the door, although he must have been exposed to light. And there he still was when my eye fell on him.

This dulness of many venomous snakes is a merciful arrangement, by which many a life is spared. The rat-snake, a harmless creature, very like the cobra, but without a hood, is a very active snake, and moves away with great rapidity. A house which we occupied a few months ago was much infested by snakes. Standing on the verandah one afternoon I saw a cobra deliberately move towards the house. Of course I at once put an end to him. Remembering what Sir Emerson Tennent says about snakes of this kind being generally found in couples, I was not surprised by the breathless announcement my little girl made on my return home some days afterwards. There was a fine banyan-tree in front of the house, into which the children used to climb and regale themselves with imaginary breakfasts—sumptuous curries of all kinds, sambals of delicious flavour, and other luxurious dishes, really made of gravel served up in cocoa-nut shells. It appeared that as they were there regaling themselves on one of these gorgeous repasts, Fanny had spied a cobra: on which they scrambled down the tree and alarmed the household, and the cook valiantly broke a door-bar over the cobra, and then dragged him by the tail out of a hole into which he was creeping; after which he was (I suppose from the natural love cooks have for roasting and boiling) cast into the fire and burnt. His head was, however, raked out of the ashes by the small fry, in corroboration of their story, and triumphantly shown me.

I used to be under the impression that if timely measures were taken, the effects of a snake-bite could always be averted; but the following melancholy instance shows that sometimes death ensues almost immediately. A groom and his wife were sleeping in the stable of a friend of mine, when a cobra bit the woman in the head. Probably the reptile had coiled himself near her for warmth, and the woman had, in her sleep, disturbed him. Immediately, the man carried her into his master's house; but before she had been in the room five minutes, death en-

sued. A coroner's inquest was held next day, and a post-mortem examination took place. My friend and I were in the same office, and the facts were received from his own lips; besides which, the depositions and the evidence of the medical men left no doubt that death did ensue with such frightful rapidity as to leave no time for trying remedies.

I am sceptical as to the virtues of the snake-stone. I have seen snake-charmers bitten, and have seen the stone applied, but there was no evidence of a satisfactory nature that the poison of that particular snake had not been extracted. On the other hand, there are many whose opinion is entitled to weight who believe in its efficacy.

One night a servant of mine was bitten by a snake, and seemed in great agony. The snake had escaped, so that no one could tell of what kind it was. The medical sub-assistant of the station used the lancet freely to the wound, and, if I remember right, cauterised it; the pain subsided after a few hours. The snake may, however, not have been a very venomous one. I remember one evening striking with my shoe at a cockroach, and bringing it down within a few inches of a deadly snake, which I had not observed before. Such incidents almost everybody can tell of. It proves, as before remarked, that a venomous snake is slow to use his fangs, and that very often we pass in ignorance quite close by these animals. Two gentlemen in the civil service of the island were out shooting together. A herd of deer was seen a short way off, and they commenced stalking them. One of the two, an old sportsman, wished to give his friend the first shot: so he whispered to him to advance first, while he followed a few paces in the rear. The foremost of the two, with eyes intently fixed on the deer, advanced on tiptoe. His friend behind, to his intense horror, saw him put down his foot exactly over one of the most deadly snakes in the island, as it lay across his path. It was too late to warn him; but providentially, walking as he did on tiptoe, he trod so that the heel did not press on the reptile; he passed on, and so, unknown to himself, escaped deadly danger. A friend of mine was, while clearing some jungle, bitten by a venomous snake: whereupon he himself cut out the piece, applied some gunpowder, set it on fire, and allowed it to fizzle away on the wound. He experienced no permanent ill effects. A Singhalese toddy-charmer was once bitten in the finger by a deadly snake; on which he laid the finger against a tree, raised his sharp billhook, and with one blow severed the finger from the hand.

The lion and the Bengal tiger are unknown in Ceylon; but we have the cheetah, or more properly the leopard—another "Trifle" to be found there. These animals are very destructive to cattle, and are much dreaded on that account, but it is seldom that they attack man. There is now and then an instance of a cheetah carrying off a man while asleep, but it is exceedingly rare. It is only when wounded or attacked that a cheetah will fly at a man; as a general rule, he is a cowardly animal, and only

attacks the weak. He is exceedingly fond of dogs, and will sometimes pounce on one and carry him off close to his master's side, taking care however, to get away as soon as possible. At Newera Ellia, the mountain sanitarium of the island, where English hounds can live and thrive, elk hunting is a favourite amusement. Occasionally it happens that the dogs sight and attack a cheetah, and then sad havoc is made in the pack before the huntsmen can come up and drive away the cheetah, or call off the pack. Sir Emerson Tennent has related the fact which occurred at this place of a cow pounding to death a cheetah. The old cow was called Tickery Banda, after a Kandian chieftain, from whom a friend of mine had bought her, and was in charge of an Englishman at Newera Ellia. The extraordinary part of the story is, that the old lady had no horns; but what will not maternal affection do? The cheetah got into the shed where Mrs. Tickery Banda and her calf were, expecting to have an easy prey; but he reckoned without his hostess; Mrs. T. B. went at him tooth and nail—or rather head and horny protuberances—pounded him again and again against the walls, jammed him into a jelly, and left him so little life, that next morning, when the master opened the stable, the cheetah had scarcely any life left in him, and a shot from a pistol settled him. The old girl's nerves received a terrible shock, however, on this memorable occasion; for some time afterwards, she did not know friend from foe: or rather, she assumed every one to be a foe till the contrary was proved. She would rush at her dearest friend, rip and snort, and offer to pound him against an imaginary wall. Time, the great restorer, brought back repose to her overwrought mind, and it is believed that she died at peace with all mankind.

One afternoon not very long ago, a magistrate in the north of the island was told that a cheetah had wounded a woman in a village not far off, where never before had cheetah been heard of, and where, indeed, there was scarcely cover enough to hide a hare. He drove to the spot armed with a gun, and found that a woman had indeed been wounded by some animal or other. Her face and shoulders had been torn, but she was able to sit up and speak. The story was, that she had gone to an adjoining garden, when suddenly a cheetah sprang on her, clawed her, and left her. All the men who remained in the village were armed, many had left it, and the cheetah was apparently master of the position. On the gentleman's proceeding to a palm-ya garden not far off, a cheetah was pointed out to him, lying with his head behind a tree in such a way that no vital part was exposed. Fearing he might run away if any attempt were made to get a better shot, the assailant advanced quietly until within twenty-five yards of him, and sent a ball through his flanks. Up sprang the cheetah with a series of growls between the bark of a dog and a monkey, and came at his foe, who covered him with his gun, resolved to give him the remaining barrel at

close quarters. The cheetah seemed to think better of it, however, for he stopped, and hung his head like a dog who tries to intimidate and fails; suddenly he pricked his ears, ran off to one side, and disappeared behind the tree. It would seem that he had caught sight of some of the natives who were running away, and resolved, coward as he was, to attack them. Next minute he reappeared within six paces of the gentleman, who threw up his gun, fired at him, and missed;—in a moment the cheetah sprang upon an unarmed young native who was standing behind his master with a loading rod, threw him down, clawed him, and made off. The young man was not much hurt—to all appearance—and after a few minutes two more balls were rammed down, and pursuit commenced. They had not to go far. Close by a house, the inmates of which had fled earlier in the day, lay the cheetah, pawing the air. Another ball, through the heart, settled him, and he was carried home in triumph.

On the very next day, a female cheetah and cub were seen in another village not far off, where they remained for three weeks at least. An opportunity was afforded of observing their habits when they have young, which does not often occur. It was evident that these animals had strayed from their usual haunts, and found themselves at break of day among the abodes of man. The attacks of the male were evidently in self-defence, and, had evening closed before he was killed, he would have left the village. The female and cub were apparently waiting for him. Soon after their arrival the mother killed a dog. The village in which they took up their abode was so entirely devoid of any game, that it is impossible they could have found any, yet, with the exception of that one dog, nothing of any kind was missed by the people during the remainder of their three weeks' stay. They used to sleep in the gardens of the people. I have myself seen their marks in the morning, and the places where, cat-like, they had scratched against the walls. A man would come out of his house and see the cheetah and cub in a tree close by; then he would run away; and, as soon as they saw him, they would run away. Their footprints were to be seen at the tanks, but it is my firm belief that during all that time they ate nothing, and were waiting for the male cheetah to bring them their food: the female devoting herself to the protection of the young one. Almost every day during that time, the before-mentioned gentleman tried to have a shot at them, but he never could succeed. There were many plantations of young palmyral trees in which they used to hide, and it is well known that a cheetah will lie almost as close as a partridge. At length, they seemed to get tired of waiting, and one morning they walked off. The people were at first terribly afraid, but after a time they began to think they were deities in disguise, as they hurt neither man nor beast. The effects of the male cheetah's attacks on the woman and man were remarkable. Although the young man had rejoined the party in pursuit,

and had been in at the death, and seemed but slightly hurt, he felt the effects next day in great prostration and pain. He and the woman were despatched to a hospital, where they remained for a long time; their wounds suppurated; those of the poor woman became frightful, and eventually death ensued. The young man recovered, but will bear the marks to his dying day. A cheetah's claws are as sharp as a dissecting-knife, and contain poisonous matter, which generally produces ill effects.

A MONOTONOUS "SENSATION."

A CERTAIN house at the corner of an obscure but tolerably respectable street in London was said to be troubled. The troublous signs were of the usual kind. Silks of the very best and stiffest quality were heard to rustle on the stairs, and their sound was varied with the clanking of chains. Doors, after they had been securely locked, banged loudly, and when their noise had attracted attention were found to be as securely locked as before. The windows, too, were given to clatter on the calmest nights, and bells that could only be rung from the parlour and the drawing-room tinkled unpleasantly after every one was in bed on the upper floors.

As to the cause of trouble reports differed. Some talked about an old man in a seedy black suit, who had once kept a school, but had lost it through raving a little boy too hard, and had killed himself by drinking as a necessary consequence. Others preferred the legend of an old woman, who, having accumulated enormous wealth (say 250%), had devoted herself with unaccountable assiduity to the vocation of bone-picking, and after being missed for some time, had been found in her garret in a state of approaching decomposition, having, it seems, chosen that mysterious mode of departure for no other reason save a morbid desire to give the coroner a job. A tale, too, was afloat about an Irish labourer, whose head was turned by a heavy prize in the Austrian lottery, and who, in the frenzy of excitement, threw himself out of window, but as historical criticism proved that he lived two streets off, it was generally felt that his decease, lamentable as it might be in the eyes of his immediate friends, could scarcely affect a house in which he had never resided, and although it was proved that he had on one occasion repaired a breach in the chimney of the troubled domicile, such a very temporary connexion with the premises was clearly insufficient to establish a right of troubling. Public opinion, therefore, was divided between the old schoolmaster and the female bone-picker, nor was the objection that neither of these could have anything to do with chains or silks to be regarded as in the slightest degree valid. A stiff brocade and a hundred-weight of iron chain are the proper appurtenances of the ghost, as a ghost, when he or she designs to address the ear rather than the eye, and do not bear any reference whatever to the circumstances or voca-

tion of the deceased during his or her mortal career. If Mr. George Cruikshank had been aware of this he would not have attempted (being the thousand and first on the roll of those who have attempted) to refute the belief in ghosts, by arguing that clothed ghosts prove an unwillingness on the part of a pair of pantaloons to remain quietly in a chest of drawers, quite as great as that of a spirit to sleep within his allotted portion of the cemetery.

Such an unwillingness on the part of mere creations of the tailor would, as he properly urges, be absurd; but his argument melts into thin air when we show, not that clothes have ghosts, but that ghosts have their own spiritual wardrobe, often of a most costly material. Ask one of the estimable laundresses, who hurried their steps as they passed the awful domicile, whether they ever believed that Dirty Suke (the flattering name bestowed upon the bone-picker) on any occasion dreamed of diminishing her vast treasures by the purchase of a silk gown, and a laugh of derision would be the reply. Her rags fluttered lightly about her, as leaves in the autumn breeze, but that is no reason that the spiritual silk, wherewith her ghost increased its powers of annoyance, should not be of the richest sort. Suke, though in tatters, was always known to be a proud old gal, and if that did not entitle her ghost to wear brocade, what becomes of all argument on moral premises?

There were some sharp-sighted wights who, if their testimony were to be trusted, had not only heard but had actually seen objects of terror in the objectionable house. A lad of nineteen had seen a mourning coach and four horses issue from the chimney at midnight and run through the sky, leaving a trail of fire behind it; but as this had happened to be small in intellect and great in mendacity—often affirming that his aunt in Devonshire kept three live unicorns, and that his godfather had three millions of hard sovereigns in his money-box—his evidence was received with caution, even among the most credulous. A red-faced man, strange to the neighbourhood, who had seen the door suddenly open, and a white face peep out, was heard for a little while with considerable respect, but the force of his testimony was much weakened by the discovery that he was not at all clear about the house at which the phenomenon appeared. Of all the seers the most trustworthily was an old apple-woman, who confined herself to the general statement that she had once looked at the upper windows of the house, and had seen—something; for even the most sceptical could hardly reject this statement with utter disbelief. However, the stories about sights were on the whole less popular than those about sounds, and an elderly dame, who all her life had been a firm believer in the rustling silk, was one of the first to raise a shriek of incredulity when she heard of the white face and the mourning coach.

The effect of public opinion on the marketable value of the house was practical enough.

The owner of the property, who had tried to restore it to good repute by offering it for a short term of years at the low rate of nothing a quarter, with a clause that he himself would keep it in repair, could not, even on those easy conditions, find a permanent tenant; and had abandoned it in despair, so that for a long time the frontage exhibited a combination of smashed glass and accumulated dirt, that was quite sufficient to breed a collection of ghost stories, if none had been already in circulation. Gradually, indeed, the ghost itself had ceased to be the hero of popular romance, and the successive occupants, who one after another had tried the house for very short periods, stepped into the foreground. A lamplighter, who had taken the premises on the very reasonable conditions above described, had placed his lantern on the parlour floor, and saw that it cast a human shadow on the opposite wall without the aid of an intervening substance, was often the theme of discussion, and his assertion that he would not have remained in the house one night more for the Injies of gold, was frequently cited as a proof of a pious and unmercenary disposition. A journeyman baker, from whose bed the clothes were perpetually pulled, as soon as he began to doze off, was also regarded with universal commiseration, while the additional fact that his little boy had received a smart caning from an invisible hand, was recorded with triumphant glee by the schoolmaster's faction, though it was received with a doubtful smile by the party who voted for the bone-picking old woman. However, these and other tenants were quite as legendary as the ghost itself. No one seems to have known when the house had been inhabited by the lamplighter, and when the nocturnal rest of the baker had been disturbed. An old lady, whose cousin recollected the lamplighter as a fine man with sandy whiskers, was the sole link between the actual world and the earlier occupants of the troubled house.

These tenants, then, belonged to a mythical period, but as time passed on the house found an occupant, about whose existence there could not be the slightest doubt, and who eagerly took the premises at a rent which, though very moderate, was considerably higher than nothing. For the son of the extremely liberal landlord, conceiving that his father's policy had conducted rather to deteriorate than to improve the property, had often publicly declared that, rather than take less than 30*l.* per annum, he would let the troubled edifice remain empty till the day of judgment. The substantial occupant was a lively and very industrious Frenchman, who met all the tales of trouble with the irresistible argument that he had no time to waste upon such bêtises, adding that he would rather pay 30*l.* for the house with its chains and its silks than 50*l.* for a similar establishment without such incumbrances, and declaring that if the ghost took any liberties with his bed-clothes, a trial of physical force would be the speedy consequence.

Whatever the ghost did to the Frenchman, the latter held the premises for a considerable number of years, and afterwards retired to his native land, to be succeeded by a lawyer's clerk, who was succeeded by an auctioneer, who was succeeded by a Yankee speculator, who was succeeded by a melodramatic actor accustomed himself to play ghosts and demons in sensation-pieces, who was succeeded by somebody who used the premises for offices only, and did not care sixpence what happened upon them after nightfall, while he was in the enjoyment of rural tranquillity at Shacklewell. And thus the troubled house gradually became a very marketable property, not to be had for less than 60*l.* per annum, and a contract on the part of the tenant to execute all substantial repairs.

And this, of course, was the end of the ghost? Not at all. Through all the successive occupancies the ghost was as active and vigorous as ever, rustling, rattling, slamming, clattering, and casting shadows without the aid of a substance. Nay, popular rumour, far from being confuted, had actually been confirmed, for the Frenchman, the lawyer's clerk, the Yankee, the auctioneer, the actor, and the epicurean of Shacklewell (who on one occasion had remained after dark), had all heard, felt, or seen, something. Still, as we have said, the house had become a good marketable property.

One Christmas evening a number of young people were assembled in the drawing-room of the troubled house, celebrating the revels proper to the season with more than average hilarity, the chief promoter of mirth being a pert whippersnapper, who, having recently adapted from the French a short farce for a transpontine theatre, was regarded by himself and his friends (more particularly the former) as a prodigy of dramatic genius. The merriment was at its height, when a sound as of rustling silk was heard outside the drawing-room door.

"There's a lady coming," exclaimed a strapping lad from the country, who was on his first visit.

"No there isn't," replied a dark-haired young lady, with a smile, which was reciprocated by all the rest of the company.

Bang went a heap of chains, apparently cast with great violence on the stairs.

"Jingo! what's that?" cried the rustic, with a start.

"That's nothing," was the satisfactory answer. And again the smile went round.

A bell rang, a door slammed, a window clattered; and again was each exclamation of surprise followed by the universal smile. At last the shadow of a human face, in defiance of every optical law, was unmistakably visible on the wall. The rustic could bear himself no longer. Starting from his chair, he pointed to the apparition, and in a voice of horror shrieked, "For goodness' sake, what's that?"

Everybody laughed.

"Take it easy, old fellow," said the dramatic genius. "That's only the ghost."

At these words, the lights began to burn blue, the shadow became something more than a mere undefined profile, and a melancholy voice spake as follows:

"True, I am only the ghost, and much do I deserve your pity. Many years ago I resolved to make a sensation in this neighbourhood, and I effected my purpose chiefly by means of the noises, which most of you know but too well. But people have grown used to my rustle, accustomed to my rattle, habituated to my clatter, familiar with my ring. Even my shadow—my grand effect—scarcely elicits a remark. My invention has been exhausted long ago, and noisy as I may be, I cannot command attention. If any one here among you, having greatly distinguished himself in youth, thinks he can go on for ever on the strength of his early reputation, by simply repeating himself, without giving any new direction to his talent, let him take warning by me, or he will find in time that he is only a ghost."

The young folks were all edified, and the prodigy of genius went to his bed a sadder and a wiser man.

Now ready, Stitched in a Cover, price Fourpence,

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS,

FORMING THE

EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER FOR CHRISTMAS.

CONTENTS:

How Mrs. Lirriper carried on the Business.
How the First Floor went to Crowley Castle.
How the Side-Room was attended by a Doctor.
How the Second Floor kept a Dog.

How the Third Floor knew the Potteries.
How the Best Attic was under a Cloud.
How the Parlours added a Few Words.

On the 2nd of January, 1864, will be commenced, to be completed in Six Numbers of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*, a New Story, called *A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB*.

Volume XI. will begin on the 15th of February, 1864, with a New Serial Story, entitled *QUITE ALONE*, by *GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA*.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 244.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863.

[PRICE 2d.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER LVII.

Just before noon next day, on board the Vulture, the bell on which the half-hours are struck was tolled slowly to collect the ship's company; and soon the gangways and booms were crowded, and even the yards were manned with sailors, collected to see their shipmate committed to the deep. Next came the lieutenants and midshipmen and stood reverently on the deck: the body was brought and placed on a grating. Then all heads being uncovered below and aloft, the chaplain read the solemn service of the dead.

Many tears were shed by the rough sailors, the more so that to most of them, though not to the officers, it was now known that poor Billy had not always been before the mast, but had seen better days, and commanded vessels, and saved lives; and now he had lost his own.

The service is the same as ashore, with this exception: that the words "We commit his body to the ground, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, &c.," are altered at sea, thus: "We commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come." At these words the body is allowed to glide off the grating into the sea. The chaplain's solemn voice drew near those very words, and the tears of pity fell faster; and Georgie White, an affectionate boy, sobbed violently, and shivered beforehand at the sullen plunge that he knew would soon come, and then he should see no more poor Billy who had given his life for his.

At this moment the captain came flying on deck, and jumping on to a gun, cried sharply, "Avast! Haul that body aboard."

The sharp voice of command cut across the solemn words and tones in the most startling way. The chaplain closed his book with a look of amazement and indignation: the sailors stared, and for the first time did not obey an order. To be sure it was one they had never heard before. Then the captain got angry, and repeated his command louder; and the body was almost jerked in board.

"Carry him to my cabin; and uncover his face."

By this time nothing could surprise Jackey Tar. Four sailors executed the order promptly.

"Bosen, pipe to duty."

While the men were dispersing to their several stations, Captain Bazalgette apologised to the chaplain, and explained to him and to the officers. But I give his explanation in my own words. Finding the ship quiet, the purser went to the captain down below, and asked him coolly what entry he should make in the ship's books about this William Thompson, who was no more William Thompson than he was. "What do you mean?" said the captain. Then the purser told him that Thompson's messmates, in preparing him last night for interment, had found a little bag round his neck, and inside it a medal of the Humane Society, and a slip of paper written on in a lady's hand, then they had sent for him; and he had seen at once that this was a mysterious case: this lady spoke of him as her husband, and skipper of a merchant vessel.

"What is that?" roared the captain, who hitherto had listened with scarce half an ear.

"Skipper of a merchant vessel, sir, as sure as you command her Majesty's frigate Vulture: and then we found his shirt marked with the same name as the lady's."

"What was the lady's name?"

"Lucy Dodd; and David Dodd is on the shirt."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" cried the captain.

"Didn't know it till last night."

"Why it is twelve o'clock. They are burying him."

"Yes, sir."

"Lucy would never forgive me," cried the captain. And to the purser's utter amazement he clapped on his cocked-hat, and flew out of the cabin on the errand I have described.

He now descended to the cabin and looked: a glance was enough: there lay the kindly face that had been his friend man and boy.

He hid his own with his hands, and moaned. He cursed his own blindness and stupidity in not recognising that face among a thousand. In this he was unjust to himself. David had never looked *himself* till now.

He sent for the surgeon, and told him the whole sad story: and asked him what could be done. His poor cousin Lucy had more than

once expressed her horror of interment at sea. "It is very hot," said he; "but surely you must know some way of keeping him till we land in New Zealand—curse these flies; how they bite!"

The surgeon's eyes sparkled; he happened to be an enthusiast in the art of embalming. "Keep him to New Zealand?" said he, contemptuously. "I'll embalm him so that he shall go to England looking just as he does now—by-the-by, I never saw a drowned man keep his colour so well before—ay, and two thousand years after that, if you don't mind the expense."

"The expense! I don't care if it cost me a year's pay. I think of nothing but repairing my blunder as far as I can."

The surgeon was delighted. Standing over his subject, who lay on the captain's table, he told that officer how he should proceed. "I have all the syringes," he said; "a capital collection. I shall inject the veins with care and patience; then I shall remove the brain and the viscera, and provided I'm not stinted in arsenic and spices—"

"I give you *carte blanche* on the purser: make your preparations, and send for him. Don't tell me how you do it; but do it. I must write and tell poor Lucy I have got him, and am bringing him home to her—dead."

The surgeon was gone about a quarter of an hour; he then returned with two men to remove the body, and found the captain still writing his letter, very sorrowful—but now and then slapping his face or leg with a hearty curse as the flies stung him.

The surgeon beckoned the men in softly, and pointed to the body, for them to carry it out.

Now, as he pointed, his eye following his finger, fell on something that struck that experienced eye as incredible: he uttered an exclamation of astonishment so loud, that the captain looked up directly from his letter; and saw him standing with his finger pointing at the corpse, and his eyes staring astonishment. "What now?" said the captain, and rose from his seat.

"Look! look! look!"

The captain came and looked, and said he saw nothing at all.

"The fly; the fly!" cried the surgeon.

"Yes, I see one of them has been biting him; for there's a little blood trickling. Poor fellow."

"A dead man can't bleed from the small veins in his skin," said the man of art. "He is alive, captain, he is alive, as sure as we stand here, and God's above. That little insect was wiser than us; he is alive."

"Jackson, don't trifle with me, or I'll hang you at the yard-arm. God bless you, Jackson. Is it really possible? Run some of you, get a mirror, I have heard that is a test."

"Mirror be hanged. Doctor Fly knows his business."

All was now flutter and bustle: and various attempts were made to resuscitate David, but all in vain. At last the surgeon had an idea. "This man was never drowned at all," said he: "I am

sure of it. This is catalepsy. He may lie this way for a week. But dead he is not. I'll try the douche." David was then by his orders stripped, and carried to a place where they could turn a watercock on him from a height: and the surgeon had soon the happiness of pointing out to the captain a slight blush on David's skin in parts, caused by the falling water. All doubt ceased with this: the only fear was lest they should shake out the trembling life by rough usage. They laid him on his stomach, and with a bellows and pipe so acted on the lungs, that at last a genuine sigh issued from the patient's breast. Then they put him in a warm bed, and applied stimulants; and by slow degrees the eyelids began to wink, the eyes to look more mellow, the respiration to strengthen, the heart to beat: "Patience, now," said the surgeon; "patience, and lots of air."

Patience was rewarded. Just four hours after the first treatment, a voice, faint but calm and genial, issued from the bed on their astonished ears, "Good morning to you all."

They kept very quiet. In about five minutes more the voice broke out again, calm and sonorous.

"WHERE IS MY MONEY? MY FOURTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS."

These words set them all looking at one another; and very much puzzled the surgeon. They were delivered with such sobriety and conviction. "Captain," he whispered, "ask him if he knows you."

"David," said the captain kindly, "do you know me?"

David looked at him earnestly, and his old kindly smile broke out. "Know ye, ye dog," said he, "why you are my cousin Reginald. And how came you into this thundering Bank? I hope you have got no money here. Woe land sharks!"

"We are not in a Bank, David; we are on board my ship."

"The deuce we are. But where's my money?"

"Oh, we'll talk about that by-and-by."

The surgeon stepped forward and said soothingly, "You have been very ill, sir. You have had a fit."

"I believe you are right," said David thoughtfully.

"Will you allow me to examine your eye?"

"Certainly, doctor."

The surgeon examined David's eye with his thumb and finger; and then looked into it to see how the pupil dilated and contracted.

He rubbed his hands after this examination; "More good news, captain!" then lowering his voice, "*Your friend is as sane as I am.*"

The surgeon was right. A shock had brought back the reason a shock had taken away. But how or why I know no more than the child unborn. The surgeon wrote a learned paper, and explained the whole most ingeniously. I don't believe one word of his explanation, and can't better it, so confine myself to the phenomena.

Being now sane, the boundary-wall of his memory was shifted. He remembered his whole life up to his demanding his cash back of Richard Hardie; and there his reawakened mind stopped dead short. Being asked if he knew William Thompson, he said, "Yes, perfectly. The man was a foretopman on board the *Agra*, and rather a smart hand. The ship being aground, he came out to sea on a piano: but we cut the hawser, and he got safe ashore." His recovered reason rejected with contempt as an idle dream all that had happened while that reason was in defect. The last phenomena I have to record were bodily; one was noted by Mr. Georgic White in these terms: "Billy's eyes used to be like a seal's: but now he is a great gentleman they are like yours and mine." The other was more singular: with his recovered reason came his first grey hair, and in one fortnight it was all as white as snow.

He remained a fortnight on board the *Vulture*, beloved by high and low. He walked the quarter-deck in the dress of a private gentleman, but looking like an admiral. The sailors touched their hats to him with a strange mixture of veneration and jocoseness. They called him among themselves Commodore Billy. He was supplied with funds by Reginald, and put on board a merchant ship bound for England. He landed, and went straight to Barkington. There he heard his family were in London. He came back to London, and sought them, a friend told him of Green; he went to him, and of course Green saw directly who he was. But able men don't cut business short; he gravely accepted David's commission to find him Mrs. Dodd. Finding him so confident, David asked him if he thought he could find Richard Hardie, or his clerk, Noah Skinner; both of whom had levanted from Barkington. Green, who was on a hot scent as to Skinner, demurely accepted both commissions; and appointed David to meet him at a certain place at six.

He came; he found Green's man, who took him up-stairs, and there was that excited group determining the ownership of the receipt.

Now to David that receipt was a thing of yesterday. "It is mine," said he. They all turned to look at this man, with sober passionless voice, and hair of snow. A keen cry from Julia's heart made every heart there quiver, and in a moment she was clinging and sobbing on her father's neck. Edward could only get his hand and press and kiss it. Instinct told them Heaven had given them their father back mind and all.

Ere the joy and the emotion had calmed themselves, Alfred Hardie stepped out and ran like a deer to Pembroke-street.

Those who were so strangely reunited could not part for a long time, even to go down the stairs one by one.

David was the first to recover his composure: indeed, great tranquillity of spirit had ever since his cure been a remarkable characteristic of this man's nature. His passing mania seemed to

have burnt out all his impetuosity, leaving him singularly sober, calm, and self-governed.

Mr. Compton took the money and the will, and promised the executrix Skinner should be decently interred and all his debts paid out of the estate. He would look in at 66 by-and-by.

And now a happy party wended their way towards Pembroke-street.

But Alfred was beforehand with them: he went boldly up the stairs, and actually surprised Mrs. Dodd and Sampson together.

At sight of him she rose, made him a low curtsy, and beat a retreat. He whipped to the door, and set his back against it. "No," said he, saucily.

She drew back astonished, and the colour mounted in her pale face. "What, sir, would you detain me by force?"

"And no mistake," said the audacious boy. "How else can I detain you? when you hate me so?" She began to peep into his sparkling eyes to see the reason of this strange conduct.

"C'way from the door, ye vagabun," said Sampson.

"No, no, my friend," said Mrs. Dodd, trembling, and still peering into his sparkling eyes. "Mr. Alfred Hardie is a gentleman at all events: he would not take this liberty with me, unless he had some excuse for it."

"You are wonderfully shrewd, mamma," said Alfred, admiringly. "The excuse is I don't hate you as you hate me; and I am very happy."

"Why do you call me mamma to-day? Oh doctor, he calls me mamma."

"Th' audacious vagabun."

"No, no, I cannot think he would call me that unless he had some good news for us both."

"What good news can he have, except that his trial is goin' well, and you don't care for that."

"Oh, how can you say so? I care for all that concerns him: he would not come here to insult my misery with his happiness. He is noble, he is generous, with all his faults. How dare you call me mamma, sir! Call it me again, my dear child: because then I shall *know* you are come to save my heart from breaking." And with this, the truth must be told, the stately Mrs. Dodd did fawn upon Alfred with palms outstretched and piteous eyes, and all the cajoling arts of her sex.

"Give me a kiss then, mamma," said the impudent boy, "and I *will* tell you a little bit of good news."

She paid the required tribute with servile humility and readiness.

"Well then," said Alfred, and was just going to tell her all, but caught sight of Sampson making the most expressive pantomime to him to be cautious. "Well," said he, "I have seen a sailor."

"Ah!"

"And he is sure Mr. Dodd is alive."

Mrs. Dodd lifted her hands to Heaven but could not speak. "In fact," said Alfred, hesitat-

ing (for he was a wretched hand at a fib), "he saw him not a fortnight ago, on board ship. But that is not all, mamma, the sailor says he has his reason."

Mrs. Dodd sank on her knees, and said no word to man, but many to the giver of all good. When she arose she said to Alfred, "Bring this sailor to me. I must speak with him directly."

Alfred coloured. "I don't know where to find him just now."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Dodd quietly: and this excited her suspicion; and from that moment the cunning creature lay in wait for Master Alfred. She plied him with questions, and he got more and more puzzled how to sustain his story. At last, by way of bursting out of his own net, he said, "But I am sorry to say his hair has turned white. But perhaps you won't mind that."

"And he hadn't a grey hair."

"It is not grey, like the doctor's; it is white as the driven snow."

Mrs. Dodd sighed; then suddenly turning on Alfred, asked him, "Did the sailor tell you that?"

He hesitated a moment and was lost.

"You have seen him," she screamed; "he is in London: he is in the house. I feel him near me;" and she went into something very like hysterics. Alfred was alarmed, and whispered the truth. The doctor sent him off to meet them, and recommended caution; her nerves were in such a state a violent shock, even of happiness, might kill her.

Thus warned, Julia came into the room alone, and while Dr. Sampson was inculcating self-restraint for her own sake, she listened with a superior smile, and took quite a different line. "Mamma," said she, "he is in the town: but I dare not bring him here till you are composed: his reason is restored; but his nerves are not so strong as they were; now, if you agitate yourself you will agitate him, and will do him a serious mischief."

This crafty speech produced an incredible effect on Mrs. Dodd. It calmed her directly: or rather her great love gave her strength to be calm. "I will not be such a wretch," she said. "See, I am composed, quite composed. Bring me my darling, and you shall see how good I will be: there now, Julia, see how calm I am, quite calm. What, have I borne so much misery, with Heaven's help, and do you think I cannot bear this great happiness, for my dear darling's sake?"

On this they proposed she should retire to her room, and they would go for David.

"Think over the meeting, dear, dear mamma," said Julia, "and then you will behave well for his sake, who was lost to us and is found."

Husband and wife met alone in Mrs. Dodd's room. No eye, even of the children, ventured to witness a scene so strange, so sacred. We may try and imagine that meeting; but few of us can conceive it by the light of our narrow experience. Yet one or two there may be; the

world is so wide, and the adventures and emotions of our race so many.

One by one all were had up to that sacred room to talk to the happy pair. They found David seated calmly at his wife's feet, her soft hand laid on his white hair, lest he should leave her again: and they told him all the sorrow behind them; and he genial, and kindly as ever, told them all the happiness before them. He spoke like the master of the house, the father of the family, the friend of them all.

But with all his goodness he was sternly resolved to have his 14,000*l.* out of Richard Hardie. He had an interview with Mr. Compton that very night, and the lawyer wrote a letter to Mr. Hardie, saying nothing about the death of Skinner, but saying that his client, Captain Dodd, had recovered from Noah Skinner the receipt No. 17 for 14,010*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, and he was instructed to sue for it unless repaid immediately. He added Captain Dodd was mercifully restored, and remembered distinctly every particular of the transaction.

They all thought in their innocence that Hardie v. Hardie was now at an end. Captain Dodd could prove Alfred's soi-disant illusion to be the simple truth. But Compton let them know that this evidence had come too late. "What, may we not get up and say here is papa, and it is all true?" cried Julia, indignant.

"No, Miss Dodd, certainly not; our case is closed."

"But suppose I insist on doing it?"

"Then you will be put out of court, Miss Dodd."

"Much I care, Mr. Compton."

He smiled, but convinced them.

Well then they would all go as spectators, and pray that justice might prevail.

They did go: and all sat together to hear a matter puzzled over, which had David come one day earlier he would have set at rest for ever.

Dick Absalom was put in to prove that Alfred had put two sovereigns on the stumps for him to bowl if he could; and after him the defendant, Mr. Thomas Hardie, a mild, benevolent, weak, gentleman was put into the box, and swore the boy's father had come to him with story after story of the plaintiff's madness, and the trouble it would get him into: and so he had done for the best. His simplicity was manifest, and Saunders worked it ably. When Colt got hold of him, and badgered him, he showed something more than simplicity. He stuttered, he contradicted himself, he perspired, he all but wept.

Colt.—Are you sure you had no spite against him?

Deft.—No.

Colt.—You are not sure, eh?

This candid interpretation of his words knocked him stupid. He made no reply, but looked utterly flabbergasted.

Colt.—Did he not provoke you? Did he not call you an idiot?

Deft.—He might.

Colt (satirically).—Of course he might. (Laughter). But did he?

Deft. (plucking up a little spirit).—No. He called me *SORT TOMMY*.

This revelation, and the singular appropriateness of the nickname, were so highly relished by an intelligent audience, that it was a long time before the trial could go on for roars. The plaintiff's ringing laugh was heard among the rest.

The cross-examination proceeded in this style till the defendant began to drivel at the mouth a little. At last, after a struggle, he said, with a piteous whine, that he could not help it: he hated signing his name; some mischief always came of it; but this time he had no option.

"No option?" said Colt. "What do you mean?"

And with one or two more turns of the screw, out came this astounding revelation:

"Richard said if I didn't put Taff in one, *he* would put *me* in one."

The Judge.—In one what?

Deft. (weeping bitterly).—In one madhouse, my lord.

In the peal that followed this announcement, Colt sat down grinning. Saunders rose smiling. "I am much obliged to the learned counsel for making my case," said he: "I need not prolong the sufferings of the innocent. You can go down, Mr. Hardie."

The Judge.—Have you any defence to this action?

"Certainly, my lord."

"Do you call Richard Hardie?"

"No, my lord."

"Then you had better confine yourself to the question of damages."

The sturdy Saunders would not take the hint: he replied upon the whole case, and fought hard for a verdict. The line he took was bold; he described Richard Hardie as a man who had acquired a complete power over his weaker brother: and had not only persuaded him by statements, but even compelled him by threats, to do what he believed would be the salvation of his nephew. Will you imitate the learned counsel's cruelty? Will you strike a child? In short, he made a powerful appeal to their pity, while pretending to address their judgments.

Then Colt rose like a tower, and assuming the verdict as certain, asked the jury for heavy damages. He contrasted powerfully the defendant's paltry claim to pity with the anguish the plaintiff had undergone. He drew the wedding party, the insult to the bride, the despair of the kidnapped bridegroom; he lashed the whole gang of conspirators concerned in the crime, regretted that they could *only* make one of all these villains smart, but hinted that Richard and Thomas Hardie were in one boat, and that heavy damages inflicted on Thomas would find the darker culprit out. He rapped out Mr. Cowper's lines on liberty, and they were new to the jury, though to nobody else: he warned them

that all our liberties depended on *them*. "In vain," said he, "have we beheaded one tyrant, and banished another, to secure those liberties, if men are to be allowed to send away their own flesh and blood into the worst of all prisons for life and not smart for it, in those lamentably few cases in which the law finds them out and lays hold of them." But it would task my abilities to the utmost, and occupy more time than is left me, to do anything like justice to the fluent, fiery eloquence of Colt, Q C, when he got a great chance like this. *Tonat, fulgurat, et rapidis eloquentiæ fluctibus cuncta proruit et proturbat.* Bursts of applause, that neither crier nor judge could suppress, bore witness to the deep indignation Britons feel when their hard-earned liberties are tampered with by power or fraud, in defiance of law; and when he sat down, the jury were ready to fly out at him with 5000*l.* in hand.

Then rose the passionless voice of "justice according to law." I wish I could give the very words. The following is the effect as I understood it. Lawyers forgive deficiencies!

"This is an important, but not a difficult case. The plaintiff sues the defendant under the law of England for falsely imprisoning him in a madhouse. The imprisonment is admitted, and the sufferings of the plaintiff not disputed. The question is, whether he was insane at the time of the act? Now, I must tell you, that in a case of this kind, it lies upon the defendant to prove the plaintiff's insanity, rather than on the plaintiff to prove his own sanity. Has the defendant overcome this difficulty? We have had from him hearsay and conjectures of respectable persons, but very little evidence. Illusion is the best proof of insanity: and a serious endeavour was certainly made to fasten an illusion on the plaintiff about a sum of 14,000*l.* But the proof was very weak, and went partly on an assumption that all error is hallucination: this is illusory, and would, if acted on, set one half the kingdom imprisoning the other half; and after all, they did not quite prove that the plaintiff was *in error*. They advanced no undeniable proof that Mr. Richard Hardie has not embezzled this 14,000*l.* I don't say it was proved on the other hand that he did embezzle that sum. Richard Hardie sues Alfred Hardie for libel on this evidence might possibly obtain a verdict: for then the burden of proof would lie on Alfred Hardie: but here it lies on those who say he is insane. The fact appears to be that the plaintiff imbibed a reasonable suspicion of his own father's integrity; it was a suspicion founded on evidence; imperfect, indeed, but of a high character as far as it went. There was a letter from Captain Dodd to his family, announcing his return with 14,000*l.* upon him, and, while as yet unaware of this letter, the plaintiff heard David Dodd accuse Richard Hardie of possessing improperly 14,000*l.*, the identical sum. At least, he swears to this, and as Richard Hardie was not called to contradict him, you are at liberty to suppose that Richard Hardie could not contra-

dict him on oath. Here, then, true or false, was a rational suspicion; and every man has a right to a rational suspicion of his neighbour, and even to utter it within due limits: and, if he overstep those, the party slandered has his legal remedy; and, if he omits his legal remedy, and makes an attempt of doubtful legality not to confute but to stifle the voice of reasonable suspicion, shrewd men will suspect all the more. But then comes a distinct and respectable kind of evidence for the defendant; he urges that the plaintiff was going to sign away his property to his wife's relations. Now, this was proved, and a draft of the deed put in and sworn to. This taken singly, has a very extraordinary look; still, you must consider the plaintiff's reasonable suspicion that money belonging to the Dodds had passed irregularly to the Hardies, and then the wonder is much diminished. Young and noble minds have in every age done these generous, self-denying, and delicate acts. The older we get, the less likely we are to be incarcerated for a crime of this character. But we are not to imprison youth and chivalry because we have outgrown them. To go from particulars to generals, the defendant, on whom the proof lies, has advanced hearsay and conjecture, and not put their originators into the box. And the plaintiff, on whom the proof does not lie, has advanced an overpowering amount of evidence that he was sane at the time of his incarceration: this was proved to demonstration by friends, strangers, and by himself." Here the judge analysed the testimony of several of the plaintiff's witnesses.

"As to the parties themselves, it is curious how they impersonated, so to speak, their respective lines of argument. The representative of evidence and sound reasoning, though accused of insanity, was clear, precise, frank, rational, and dignified in the witness-box. The party who relied on hearsay and conjecture, was as feeble as they are; he was almost imbecile, as you observed; and looking at both parties, it seems monstrous that the plaintiff should be the one confined as a lunatic, and the defendant allowed to run wild and lock up his intellectual superiors. If he means to look them all up, who is safe? (Laughter.) The only serious question, I apprehend, is on what basis the damages ought to be assessed. The plaintiff's counsel has made a powerful appeal to your passions, and calls for vengeance. Now I must tell you you have no right to make yourselves ministers of vengeance, nor even to punish the defendant in a suit of the kind: still less ought you to strike the defendant harder than you otherwise would, in the vague hope of hitting indirectly the true mover of the defendant and the other puppets. Let me solemnly warn you against that unfortunate suggestion of the learned counsel's. If the plaintiff wants vengeance, the criminal law offers it. After benefiting by your verdict, he can still indict the guilty party or parties. Meanwhile he comes *here*, not

for vengeance, but for compensation, and restoration to that society which he is every way fitted to adorn. More than this—and all our sympathies—it is not for us to give him. But then the defendant's counsel went too far the other way. His client, he says, is next door to an idiot, and so, forsooth, his purse must be spared entirely. This is all very well if it could be done without ignoring the plaintiff and his just claim to compensation. If the defendant, instead of being weak-minded, were an idiot or a lunatic, it would protect him from punishment as a felon, but not for damages in a suit. A sane man is not to be falsely imprisoned by a lunatic without full compensation from the lunatic or his estate; a fortiori, he is not to be so imprisoned by a mere fool without just compensation. Supposing your verdict then to be for the plaintiff, I think vindictive damages would be unfair on this feeble defendant, who has acted recklessly, but under an error, and without malice or bad faith. On the other hand, nominal or even unsubstantial damages would be unjust to the plaintiff, and perhaps leave in some minds a doubt I am sure you do not entertain, as to the plaintiff's perfect sanity during the whole period of his life."

As soon as his Lordship had ended, the foreman of the jury said their minds were quite made up long ago.

Silence in the court.

We find for the plaintiff, with damages three thousand five hundred pounds.

The verdict was received with some surprise by the judge, and all the lawyers, except Mr. Colt, and by the people with acclamation; in the midst of which Mr. Colt announced that the plaintiff had just gained his first class at Oxford. "I wish him joy," said the judge.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE verdict was a thunder-clap to Richard Hardie; he had promised Thomas to bear him blameless. The Old Turks, into which he had bought at 72, were down to 71, and that implied a loss of five thousand pounds. On the top of all this came Mr. Compton's letter neatly copied by Coils. Richard Hardie was doubly and trebly ruined.

Then in his despair and hate he determined to baffle them all, ay, and sting the hearts of some of them once more.

He would give Peggy his last shilling; write a line to Alfred, another to Julia, assuring them he had no money, and they had killed him; and with that leave them both the solemn curse of a dying father, and then kill himself.

Not to be interrupted in his plan, he temporised with Mr. Compton; wrote that, if the Receipt was really signed by his agent, of course the loss must fall on him; it was a large sum, but he would sell out and do his best, in ten days from date. With this he went and bought a pistol, and at several chemists' shops a little essential oil of almonds: his plan was to take the poison, and if it killed without pain well and

good; but, if it tortured him, then he would blow his brains out at once.

He soon arranged his worldly affairs, and next day gave Peggy his 500*l.*, and told her she had better keep it for fear he should be arrested. He sent her on an errand to the other part of the town: then with his poison and the pistol before him on the table, wrote a brief but emphatic curse for his son, and Julia; and a line to Peggy to thank her for her fidelity to one so much older than herself, and to advise her to take a tobacconist's shop with his money: when he had done all this, he poured out the fragrant poison and tasted it.

Ere he could drink it, one of those quidnuncs, who are always interrupting a gentleman when he has important business on hand, came running in with all manner of small intelligence. Mr. Hardie put down the glass, and gave him short, sullen answers, in hopes he would then go away and let him proceed to business. And at last his visitor did rise and go. Mr. Hardie sat down with a sign of relief to his fragrant beverage.

Doesn't the door open, and thus bore poke in his head. "Oh, I forgot to tell you: the Old Turks are going up to-day, like a shot." And with this he slammed the door again, and was off.

At this the cup began to tremble in the resolute wretch's hand. The Old Turks going up! He poured the poison back into the phial, and put it and the pistol, and all the letters, carefully into his pocket, and took a cab to the City.

The report was true; there was an extraordinary movement in the Old Turks. The Sultan was about to pay a portion of this loan, being at six per cent; this had transpired, and at four o'clock the Turks were quoted at 73. Mr. Hardie returned a gamer of 5000*l.* instead of a loser. And he locked up the means of death for the present.

And now an ordinary man would have sold out, and got clear of the fatal trap: but this was not an ordinary man: he would not sell a share that day. In the afternoon they rose to 74. He came home, unloaded his pistol, and made himself some brandy-and-water, and with a grim smile flavoured it with a few drops of the poison: that was a delicious tumbler. The Turks went up, up, up, to 82. Then he sold out, and cleared 49,000*l.*, and all in about ten days.

With this revived the habits of his youth; no more cheating: nothing could excuse that but the dread of poverty. He went to his appointment with Mr. Compton; asked to see the Receipt; said Yes; that was his form, and Skinner's handwriting; he had never personally received one farthing of the money; Skinner had clearly embezzled it: but that did not matter; of course, Captain Dodd must not lose his money. "Send your bill of costs in *Hardie v. Hardie* to me, Mr. Compton," said he, "they shall not be taxed: you have lost enough by me already."

There was an air of dignity and good faith about the man that imposed even on Compton. And when Mr. Hardie drew out the notes and said, "I should be grateful if you would forgive

me the interest; but for a great piece of good fortune on the Stock Exchange I could never have paid the whole principal," he said warmly.

"The interest should never be demanded through *him*."

He called in Colls, delivered up the Receipt, and received the 14,019*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* from Mr. Hardie.

O immortal Cash! You, like your great inventor, have a kind of spirit as well as a body; and on this, not on your grosser part, depends your personal identity. So long as that survives, your body may be recalled to its lawful owner from Heaven knows where.

Mr. Compton rushed to Pembroke-street and put this hard, hard Cash in David Dodd's hands once more.

Love and Constancy had triumphed: and Julia and Alfred were to be married and go down to Alton Villa to prepare it for the whole party: tenants no more: Alfred had bought it. The Commissioners of Lunacy had protected his 20,000*l.* zealously from the first: and his trustees had now paid the money over.

Alfred, consulted by Mrs. Dodd, whose pet of pets he now was, as to the guests to be asked to the wedding breakfast, suggested "none but the tried friends of our adversity."

"What an excellent idea!" said Mrs. Dodd naively.

Dr. Sampson being duly invited, asked if he should bring his Emulsion.

This proposal puzzled all but Mrs. Dodd. She was found laughing heartily in a corner without any sound of laughter. Being detected and pointed out by Julia, she said, with a little crow, "He means his wife! Yes, certainly, bring your Emulcent"—pretending he had used that more elegant word—"and then they will all see how well you can behave."

Accordingly he brought a lady, who was absurdly pretty to be the mother of several grown young ladies and gentlemen, and two shades more quiet and placid than Mrs. Dodd. She quietly had her chair placed by Dr. Sampson's, and, whenever he got racy, she put a hand gently on his shoulder, and by some mesmeric effect it moderated him as Neptune did the waves in the *Æneid*. She was such a mistress of this mesmeric art, that she carried on a perfect conversation with her other neighbour, yet modulated her lion lord with a touch of that composing hand, in a parenthetical manner, and while looking another way.

This hand, soft as down, yet to all appearance irresistible, suppressed the great art of healing, vital chronometry, the wrongs of inventors, the collusions of medicine, the Mad Ox, and all but drawing-room topics, at the very first symptom, and only just allowed the doctor to be the life and soul of the party.

Julia and Mrs. Dodd had a good cry at parting. Of course Alfred consoled them; reminded them it was only for a week, and carried off his

lovely prize, who in the carriage soon dried her eyes upon his shoulder.

Then she applied to her new lord and master for information. "They say that you and me are one, now," said she.

He told her triumphantly it was so.

"Then from this moment you are Julius and I am Elfrida," said she.

"That is a bargain," said he, and sealed it on the sweet lips that were murmuring Heaven so near him.

In this sore-tried and now happy pair the ardour of possession lasted long, and was succeeded by the sober but full felicity of conjugal love and high esteem combined. They were so young and elastic, that past sorrows seemed but to give one zest more to the great draught of happiness they now drank day by day. They all lived together at Albion Villa, thanks to Alfred. He was by nature combative, and his warlike soul was roused at the current theory that you cannot be happy under the same roof with your wife's mother. "That is cant," said he to Mrs. Dodd; "let us you and I trample on it hand in hand."

"My child," said poor Mrs. Dodd sorrowfully, "everybody says a mother-in-law in the house bores a young gentleman sadly."

"If a young gentleman can't live happy with you, mamma," said he, kissing her, "he is a little snob, that is all, and not fit to live at all. *De lenda est Cantilena!* That means down with Cant!" They did live together, and behold eleven French plays, with their thirty-three English adaptations, confuted to the end of time.

Creatures so high-bred as Mrs. Dodd never fidget one. There is a repose about them; they are balm to all those they love, and bluster to none. Item, no stranger could tell by Mrs. Dodd's manner whether Edward or Alfred was her own son.

Oh, you happy little villa! you were as like Paradise as any mortal dwelling can be. A day came, however, when your walls could no longer hold all the happy inmates. Julia prescribed Alfred with a lovely boy: enter nurses, and the villa showed symptoms of bursting. Two months more, and Alfred and his wife and boy overflowed into the next villa. It was but twenty yards off; and there was a double reason for the migration. As often happens after a long separation, Heaven bestowed on Captain and Mrs. Dodd another infant to play about their knees at present, and help them grow younger instead of older: for tender parents begin life again with their children.

The boys were nearly of a size, though the nephew was a month or two older than his uncle, a relationship that was early impressed on their young minds, and caused those who heard their prattle many a hearty laugh.

"Mrs. Dodd," said a lady, "I couldn't tell by your manner which is yours and which is your daughter's."

"Why they are both mine," said Mrs. Dodd piteously.

As years rolled on Dr. Sampson made many converts at home and abroad. The foreign ones acknowledged their obligations. The leading London physicians managed more skilfully; they came into his ideas, and bit by bit reversed their whole practice, and, twenty years after Sampson, began to strengthen the invalid at once, instead of first prostrating him, and so causing either long sickness or sudden death. But, with all this, they disowned their forerunner, and still called him a quack while adopting his quackery. This dishonesty led them into difficulties. To hide that their whole practice in medicine was reversed on better information, they went from shuffle to shuffle, till at last they reached that climax of fatuity and egotism—THE TYPE OF DISEASE IS CHANGED.

Natura mutatur, non nos mutamur.

O, mutable Nature and immutable doctors!

O, unstable Omniscience, and infallible Neuroscience!

The former may err; the latter never—in its own opinion.

At this rate, draining the weak of their life-blood was the right thing in Cervantes's day: and when he observed that it killed men like sheep, and said so, *sub tit.* Sangrado, he was confounding his own age with an age to come three hundred years later, in which coming age depletion was going to be wrong.

Molière—in lashing the whole scholastic system of lancet, purge, and blister as one of slaughter—committed the same error: mistook his century for one to come.

And Sampson, thirty years ago, sang the same tune, and mistook his inflammatory generation for the cool generation unborn. In short, it is the characteristic of a certain blunder called genius to see things too far in advance. The surest way to avoid this is not to see them at all; but go blindly by the cant of the hour. *Race moutonnière, va!*

Sampson was indignant at finding these gentry, after denouncing him for years as a quack, were pillaging his system, yet still reviling him. He went in a towering passion, and lashed them by tongue and pen: told them they were his sub-tractors now as well as detractors, asked them how it happened that in countries where there is no Sampson the type of disease remains unchanged, depletion is the practice, and death the result, as it was in every age?

No man, however stout, can help being deeply wounded when he sees his ideas stolen, yet their author and publisher disowned. Many men's hearts have been broken by this: but I doubt whether they were really great men.

Don't tell me Lilliput ever really kills Brobdingnab. Except of course when Brobdingnab takes medical advice of Lilliput.

Dr. Sampson had three shields against subtraction, detraction, and all the wrongs inventors endure; to wit, a choleric temper, a keen sense of humour, and a good wife. He storms and

rages at his detracting pupils; but ends with roars of laughter at their impudence. I am told he still hopes to meet with justice some-day, and to give justice a chance, he goes to bed at ten, for, says he,

Jinny us, jinny us,

Take care of your carcass,

and explains that no genius ever lived to ninety without being appreciated.

"If Chatterton and Keats had attended to this, they would have been all right. If James Watt had died at fifty he would have been all wrong; for at fifty he was a failure: so was the painter Etty, th' English Tishin." And then he accumulates examples.

His last distich bearing on Hard Cash is worth recording. "Miss Julce," said he, "y' are goen to maerry int' a strange family—

Where th' iijit puts the jinny us
In—til a madhus,"

which, like most of the droll things this man said, was true: for Soft Tommy and Alfred were the two intellectual extremes of the whole tribe of Hardies.

Mrs. Archbold, disappointed both in love and revenge, reposed her understanding and soothed her mind with Frank Beverley and opium. This soon made the former deep in love with her, and his intellect grew by contact with hers. But one day news came from Australia that her husband was dead. Now, perhaps I shall surprise the reader if I tell him that this Edith Archbold began her wedded life a good, confiding, loving, faithful woman. Yet so it was: the unutterable blackguard she had married, he it was who laboured to spoil her character, and succeeded at last, and drove her, unwilling at first, to other men. The news of his death was like a shower-bath; it roused her. She took counsel with herself, and hope revived in her strong head and miserable heart. She told Frank, and watched him like a hawk. He instantly fell on his knees, and implored her to marry him directly. She gave him her hand and turned away, and shed the most womanly tear that had blessed her for years. "I am not mad, you know," said poor Frank; "I am only a bit of a muf." To make a long story short, she exerted all her intelligence, and with her help Frank took measures towards superseding his Commission of Lunacy. Now, in such a case, the Lord Chancellor always examines the patient in person. What was the consequence? Instead of the vicarious old Wolf, who had been devouring him at third and fourth hand, Frank had two interviews with the Chancellor himself: a learned, grave, upright gentleman, who questioned him kindly and shrewdly; and finding him to be a young man of small intellectual grasp, but not the least idiotic or mad, superseded his commission in defiance of his greedy kinsfolk, and handed him his property. He married Edith Archbold, and she made him as happy as the day was long. For the first year or two she treated his adoration with good-natured contempt; but, as years rolled on, she be-

came more loving, and he more knowing. They are now a happy pair, and all between her first honest love and this her last, seems to her a dream.

So you see a female rake can be ameliorated by a loving husband, as well as a male rake by a loving wife.

It sounds absurd, but that black-browed jade is like to be one of the best wives and mothers in England. But then, mind you, she had always—Brains.

I don't exactly know why Horace puts together those two epithets, "just" and "tenacious of purpose." Perhaps he had observed they go together. To be honest, I am not clear whether this is so on the grand scale. But certainly these two features did meet remarkably in one of my characters—Alfred Hardie. The day the bank broke, he had said he would pay the creditors. He now set to work to do it by degrees. He got the names and addresses, lived on half his income, and paid half away to those creditors: he even asked Julia to try and find Maxley out, and do something for him. "But don't let me see him," said he trembling, "for I could not answer for myself." Maxley was known to be cranky, but harmless, and wandering about the country. Julia wrote to Mr. Green.

Alfred's was an up-hill game; but fortune favours the obstinate as well as the bold. One day, about four years after his marriage with Julia, being in London, he found a stately figure at the corner of a street, holding out his hand for alms, too dignified to ask it except by that mute and touching gesture.

It was his father.

Then, as truly noble natures must forgive the fallen, Alfred was touched to the heart, and thought of the days of his childhood, before temptation came. "Father," said he, "have you come to this?"

"Yes, Alfred," said Richard composedly: "I undertook too many speculations, especially in land and houses; they seemed profitable at first too; but now I am entirely hampered: if you would but relieve me of them, and give me a guinea a week to live on, I would forgive all your disobedient conduct."

"Come home with me, sir," said the young man.

He took him to Barkington, bag and baggage; and his good Christian wife received the old man with delight; she had prayed day and night for this reconciliation. Finding his son so warm, and being himself as cool, Richard Hardie entrapped Alfred into an agreement, to board and lodge him, and pay him a guinea every Saturday at noon; in return for this Alfred was to manage Richard's property, and pocket the profits, if any. Alfred assented: the old man chuckled at his son's simplicity, and made him sign a formal agreement to that effect.

This done, he used to sit brooding and miserable nearly all the week till guinea time came; and then brightened up a bit. One day Alfred sent

for an accountant to look after his father's papers, and see if matters were really desperate.

The accountant was not long at work, and told Alfred the accounts were perfectly clear, and kept in the most admirable order. "The cash balance is 60,000*l*," said he: "and many of the rents are due. It is an agent you want, not an accountant."

"What are you talking about? a balance of 60,000*l*?" Alfred was stupefied.

The accountant, however, soon convinced him by the figures it was so.

Alfred went with the good news to his father.

His father went into a passion. "That is one side of the account, ye fool," said he; "think of the rates, the taxes, the outgoings. You want to go from your bargain, and turn me on the world; but I have got you in black and white, tight, tight."

Then Alfred saw the truth, and wondered at his past obtuseness.

His father was a monomaniac.

He consulted Sampson, and Sampson told him to increase the old man's comforts on the sly, and pay him his guinea a week. "It's all you can do for him."

Then Alfred employed an agent, and received a large income from his father's land and houses, and another from his consols. The old gentleman had purchased westward of Hyde Park-square, and had bought with excellent judgment till his mind gave way. But Alfred never spent a farthing of it on himself. all he took was for his father's creditors. "All justice is good," said he, "even wild justice." Some of these unhappy creditors he found in the workhouse; the Misses Lamley that survived, were there, alas! He paid them their four thousand pounds, and restored them to society. The name of Hardie began to rise again from the dust.

Now, while Richard Hardie sat brooding and miserable, expecting utter ruin, and only brightening up on guinea day, Julia had a protégé with equally false views, but more cheerful ones. It was an old man with a silver beard, and a machine with which he stamped leather into round pieces of silver, in his opinion. Nothing could have shaken that notion out of his mind. Julia confirmed it. She let it be known that she would always cash five pieces of round leather from Mr. Matthew's mint per day, and ten on Friday, when working men are poorest.

She contrived this with diabolical, no, angelical cunning, to save the old man from ridicule, and to do his soul much good. All souls were dear to her. What was the consequence? He went about with his mint, and relieved poor people, and gratified his mania at the same time. His face began to beam with benevolence, and innocent self-satisfaction. On Richard Hardie's all was cordage: and deep gloom sat on his ever-knitted brow.

Of these two men which was the rich man; he who had nothing, yet thought he possessed enough for himself and his neighbours: of he

who rolled in wealth, and writhed under imaginary poverty?

One reflection more. Do not look to see Providence dash the cup of prosperity from every dishonest hand; or you will often be disappointed: yet this, if you look closer, you shall often see; such a man holds the glittering cup tight, and nectar to the brim; but into that cup a shadowy hand squeezes some subtle ingredient, which turns that nectar to wormwood.

Richard Hardie died, his end being hastened by fear of poverty coming, like an armed man, and his guinea a week going. Matthews met with an accident, and being impervious to pain, but subject to death, was laid beside his poor mistress in St. Anne's churchyard. Julia buried him, and had a headstone put to his grave; and, when this was done, she took her husband to see it. On that stone was fresh carved the true name of the deceased, James Maxley.

"I have done what you told me," said Julia solemnly.

"I know it," said Alfred softly. "I saw who your Matthews was; but I could not speak of him, even to you. You have done right, my good Christian wife. I wish I was like you. My poor little Jenny!"

Richard Hardie's papers were all in order; and among them an old will leaving 14,000*l*. to Edward Dodd.

On this being announced to Edward, he remarked that it was a fraud. Alfred had been at him for a long time with offers of money, and failing these had lost his temper and forged a will, in his, Edward's, favour.

This scandalous defence broke down. The document was indisputable, and the magic sum was forced down Master Edward's throat, nilly willy. Thus rose the Hard Cash once more from the grave.

All this enabled the tenacious Alfred to carry out a deeply-cherished design. Hardie's late bank had been made into a shop; but it belonged to Mrs. Dodd; he bought it of her, and set up the bank again, with Edward as managing partner. This just suited Edward, who sadly wanted employment. Hardie and Co. rose again, and soon wiped out the late disgraceful episode, and hooked on to the past centuries of honour and good credit. No creditor of Richard Hardie was left unpaid. Alfred went in for politics; stood for Barkington, was defeated by seventeen: took it as a matter of course; told his friends he had never succeeded in anything at first; nor been beaten in the end; stood again, and became M.P. for Barkington, whence to dislodge him I pity any one who tries.

For a long time Mrs. Dodd was nervous, and used to wake with a start at night, and put out her hand to make sure David was not lost again: but this wore off.

For years the anniversary of that fatal day, when he was brought home on the stretcher, came back to them all as a day of gloom: but that wore off.

Sometimes the happiness of her family seemed incredible to her, remembering what they had all gone through. At first, their troubles were too terrible and recent to be discussed. But even that wore off, and they could talk of it all; and things bitter at the time became pleasant to remember.

One midsummer day they had all dined together rather early at Albion Villa, and sat on the lawn with Mrs. Dodd's boy and Julia's boy and girl playing about these ladies' knees. Now after a little silence, Mrs. Dodd, who had been thinking quietly of many things, spoke to them all, and said: "If my children and I had not been bosom friends, we never should have survived that terrible time we have passed through, my dears. Make friends of your children, my child."

"Ah, that I will!" said Julia; and caught up the nearest brat, and kissed it.

"It wasn't only being friends, mamma," said Edward; "it was our sticking together so."

In looking back on the story now ended, I incline to the same conclusion. Almost my first word was that Mrs. Dodd and her children were bosom friends; and my last is to congratulate them that it was so. Think of their various trials and temptations, and imagine what would have become of them if family love and unity had not abounded! Their little house was built on the sure foundation of true family affection: and so the winds of adversity descended, and the floods came, and burst upon that house, but could not prevail against it; it was founded on a rock.

THE END OF VERY HARD CASH.

NOTE.

THE STATEMENTS AND OPINIONS OF THIS JOURNAL GENERALLY, ARE, OF COURSE, TO BE RECEIVED AS THE STATEMENTS AND OPINIONS OF ITS CONDUCTOR. BUT THIS IS NOT SO, IN THE CASE OF A WORK OF FICTION FIRST PUBLISHED IN THESE PAGES AS A SERIAL STORY, WITH THE NAME OF AN EMINENT WRITER ATTACHED TO IT. WHEN ONE OF MY LITERARY BROTHERS DOES ME THE HONOUR TO UNDERTAKE SUCH A TASK, I HOLD THAT HE EXECUTES IT ON HIS OWN PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY, AND FOR THE SUSTAINMENT OF HIS OWN REPUTATION; AND I DO NOT CONSIDER MYSELF AT LIBERTY TO EXERCISE THAT CONTROL OVER HIS TEXT WHICH I CLAIM AS TO OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CHINA ORNAMENTS.

LET me glance through the newspaper—the North China Herald—before taking a stroll about Shanghai. The Herald is the weekly organ of British and foreign commercial interests at that town. A leading article in it, headed with the motto "Impartial, not Neutral"—an account of a pic-nic in a temple on the top of a mountain two thousand feet high—Despatch Number Twenty-eight, extracts from text of Treaty—rig in your jib and spanker booms, and top or brace up your lower and top-sail yards if you contemplate safe anchoring in the Woosung river. Extracts from the Tai-ping edition of the Bible—what like?—"Shangti is a fire, the Sun likewise is a fire, hence Shangti and the Sun have both come here! Respect this!" And so we would, if we could understand it. Four-fifths of the paper is advertisement. Every great British quack is here, alive O! Here are our Kitten's Cough Lozenges, and Hampshire Sauce. The Acclimatisation Society of Victoria, Australia, inserts a notice offering a reward of the value of one hundred pounds to any one who, within the current year, shall introduce the most valuable or interesting animal, bird, or fish, in sufficient numbers to establish the breed. All persons indebted to the estate of Sin-thae, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to Tze-Tziou-Poo. There follow some tea-chest looking inscriptions, which represent the names of the trustees. Mr. Fazulbhoy Habibhoy will in future carry on business by himself, and authorises Mahamed Latha to sign his name by procuration. Here, too, is an important statistical account of

the quantity of teas exported to Great Britain and the United States.

I put the paper in my pocket and turned out into the town. Shanghai consists of two parts, the native city and the foreign settlements. The native city is surrounded by the usual wall, and contains about eight hundred thousand inhabitants. Within it are the Temple of Confucius, the residences of the Yau-ti, or governor, and the principal civil and military authorities, together with a sprinkling of halls and joss-houses, as the chief specimens of town architecture. The foreign settlements are on concessions of land made by the imperial government at different times. The English by far the most flourishing, the Hongkong, or mercantile houses, being so many palaces of commerce reared by British ingenuity. The number of British trading vessels in the river is greater, also, than those of all the other nations put together. The American settlement is the favourite place of resort for loafers of every colour, and bears no very good repute in consequence. Shanghai is all on one bank of the river, there being nothing but an iron foundry on the other side except the soap-works and a cemetery. The Chinese city and the English and French settlements are in Shanghai Proper, the American Concession, separated from them by the large river-like creek, is in Hong-que. Here the creek is spanned by a long hideous-looking bridge, half wood, half brick, built on piles driven deeply into the mud, and a toll of three cash—twenty cash being one penny—is levied upon all Chinese of low degree, except those who are in European service. The British Consulate is at the foot of the English end

of the bridge. The Woosung varies in width here from one-half to three-fourths of a mile; and, during the recent incursions of the Taipings, it was not an unusual sight to see ten or a dozen dead bodies daily floating down to the sea; some of them headless, nearly all wanting a limb, and in two instances lashed back to back.

In each of the numerous creeks are little boats with arched roofs of matting or old sacks, in which thousands of people are supposed to live by fishing. In the loose sense of the phrase, they do indeed fish for their living. How they get it, I have not been able to discover. All the way up both banks these dwellings are full of men and women, birds, beasts, insects—arks with old patriarchal Noahs in many of them, Chinamen of some fabulous age. From the grandfather or grandame of eighty, to the puling infant tied round the middle to keep it from tumbling out of the boat, they swarm. Cats are there tied by the neck, cocks and hens tied by the legs, the roof is tied to the sides, the sides are tied to the bottom of the boat, and finally, the boat itself is tied to the embankment. Little China boys make their dirt-pies in the flower-pot sort of stove at the head of the boat, regardless of the swift current which laps its bow and sides. In dry weather they are put ashore to play, and hearty good use they make of their time. They run up and down, tumble each other about, and disport themselves like little Jack Tars ashore after a six months' cruise. Opposite the Chinese city are moored in regular lines; large handsome junks each occupied by thirty or forty people. The whole number of river residents here is about eight thousand, while two hundred thousand Chinese live in the English settlement, and are subject to British law. Shanghai contains a Roman Catholic cathedral, a chapel, and two churches.

Al! there is again a floating headless trunk. Enormities in China take even the name of justice. That I have seen. Five Chinese, for example, broke into the house of a Mussulman at Peking, and robbed him of forty dollars. They made their escape, but only as far as Tien-tsin, where they were captured and tried, after the Chinese mode of trial, which is conducted thus. A mandarin of the first order is seated on a raised bench or platform in a temple, and surrounded by the officers of justice and a few soldiers. The accused is brought in heavily ironed, and when the accusers have stated the charge against him the mandarin pronounces sentence. If it be an adverse one, the accused is led out for torture, until he confess his guilt. He is stripped to the waist and flogged mercilessly with rods, which have been steeped in brine for the purpose, and when the poor mangled wretch is released, his shoulder, back, and breast are one mass of scarified flesh. Of the five prisoners who were condemned to death after confessing their guilt, I saw only one executed: the sight was quite enough to satisfy my curiosity. He was brought out of the jail strongly shackled, and with a piece of bamboo sticking out of the neck of his jacket behind, to the end of

which was affixed a written statement of his crime. A body of braves preceded him, armed with long sticks, having iron hooks fastened to their ends, to clear the way for the procession. A mandarin mounted on a mule, and clothed in a blood-coloured dress, followed; then a crowd; then another mandarin; sundry officials bearing something very like a bundle of umbrellas; and finally the Number One mandarin, a very bloated self-sufficient looking person. As the procession passed a certain house, the prisoner—who up to this time had never uttered a word—broke out into fearful imprecations against the inmates, and could scarcely be silenced. The crowd halted at the western suburbs of the town, and disposed itself around a table placed in the middle of the street for the use of the mighty Number One, who took his seat at it with nonchalance, and began arranging his writing materials for no apparent purpose. The condemned knelt down after having been divested of his jacket by a couple of assistants, one of whom then seized his tail and stretched his neck. In another instant I saw the quivering sinews and muscles of a headless trunk.

There is another way of punishment for lighter offences. The prisoner's head is shaved, and a peculiar kind of ointment is rubbed all over him, from his crown to the soles of his feet. He is then brutally flogged, and in the course of four-and-twenty hours becomes a mass of ulcers.

A Chinese merchant of respectability committed a crime, about twenty years back, for which he was sentenced by a mandarin to be chained to a post, hamstrung, and left to starve to death. The people, however, fed him secretly; and, in course of time, erected a rude shed over him, composed of mud and matting. Here he has resided ever since, and derives a precarious subsistence by selling nuts and cakes, and sometimes gambling with the spectators. He is scantily clothed, and exposed to the inclemency of every weather—a miserable wreck of humanity.

As a contribution to the study of Chinese ingenuity in the conception of cruelties, I have had a description of the Temple of Horrors from a friend who visited it recently. It is situated close to the wall of Tien-tsin, and consists of a number of single storied rooms built of mud and roofed with tiles. At the entrance to the gate stands, on either side, a pole sixty feet high, fixed into a pyramid of mud, tastefully ornamented with half-burnt bricks. Poles are frequently seen in China at the entrance to large edifices. On entering, my friend found himself in the presence of a "grand guard," consisting of ten braves, five on each side, all made of straw and mud, and painted in most gorgeous colours. The figures were as large as life, and clothed in three different sorts of costume. Some of them sported formidable-looking moustachios of a peculiar material. Their horses were also of life-size, and stood in spirited attitudes. The first room examined, had in it about seventy different images, of from two to four feet high, standing, sitting, kneeling, or lying

on the floor. Four figures, in elevated niches, were of gigantic dimensions, and appeared to be the judges of this Celestial Hades. The fiends whose business it was to torment figurative Chinese for their earthly sins, were all painted black, and grinned horribly.

Horror number one, is a miniature castle on fire, and, in the midst of the flames, which issue from the tower, there stick up the legs of an unfortunate sinner, supposed to be roasting below, head downward: while the smoke rises through a hole in the flat roof of the furnace to a mill above, where two fiends are assiduously grinding it into men, women, animals, birds, and fishes, who are repeopleing the world as fast as possible. Horror number two, is the figure of a woman confined by upright posts, who is being sawn asunder. Horror number three, is a victim, over whom a fiend is directing the stroke of an immense hammer. Number four, an officious demon cutting out the tongue of a woman, who sheds red tears. Number eight, is a jagged rock, whence luckless mortals hurl themselves from before fiends armed with clubs: all falling upon sharp-pointed stakes, where they are flantly entwined by expectant serpents. Of the ninth horror, the victims swing on hooks. In the eleventh, a man is being crushed between two grindstones. In the next horror, there is set forth a huge pot of molten liquid, on the surface of which skulls and bones are floating: a demon has another victim ready to be cast into the broth. The last of the horrors represents a woman bound by iron rings to a red-hot stove-pipe. After this, there is shown a crowd of beings crossing a neatly-constructed wooden bridge. A demon stands with terrible grimace to obstruct the passage of some, while the rest hurry by him safely, with upraised hands and thankful faces. In the water, some are swimming for their lives; others are being devoured by immense water-snakes.

In the last room visited, there sat on his canopied throne the emperor, in white gloves, his face plentifully bedaubed with paint, and his person dressed in garments of all hues. In the whole temple there were three or four hundred images.

GENSERIC.

GENSERIC, King of the Vandals, who, having laid waste seven lands,
From Tripolis far as Tangier, from the sea to the Great Desert sands,
Was lord of the Moor and the African, thirsting anon for new slaughter,
Sail'd out of Carthage, and sail'd o'er the Mediterranean water,
P'under'd Palermo, seized Sicily, sack'd the Lucanian coast,
And paused, and said, laughing, "Where next?"

Then there came to the Vandal a Ghost
From the Fashionless Land that lies hid and unknown in the Darkness Below,
And answer'd, "To Rome."

Said the King to the Ghost, "And whose envoy art thou?
Whence art thou? and name me his name that hath sent thee: and say what is thine."

"From far. And His name that hath sent me is God," said the Spectre, "and mine Was Hannibal once, ere thou wast: and the name that I now have is Fate.
But arise, and be swift, and return; for God waits, and the moment is late."
Then "I go," said the Vandal: and went.

When at last to the gates he was come,
Loud he knock'd with his fierce iron fist. And full-drowsily answer'd him Rome,
"Who is it that knocketh so loud? Get thee hence: let me be: for 'tis late."

"Thou art wanted," cried Genseric. "O'en! His name that hath sent me is Fate.
And mine, who knock late, Retribution."

Rome gave him her glorious things,
The keys she had conquer'd from kingdoms, the crowns she had wrested from kings,
And Genseric bore them away into Carthage, avenged thus on Rome,
And paused, and said, laughing, "Where next?"

And again the Ghost answered him, "Home! For now God doth need thee no longer."

"Where leadest thou me by the hand?"
Cried the King to the Ghost. And the Ghost answer'd, "Into the Fashionless Land."

COURT-MARTIAL.

By the side of a road, right face to the camp at Aldershot, with a flagstaff and flag flying, is a plain little hall, with beaked roof and a small pair of wings. It is enclosed in a small bit of planted ground. There is a group of red-coats within the enclosure, and, at the gate, an apple-stall. This is the club-house, and it is one of the days of the great Aldershot court-martial there being held. I pass through a side-door into a little space behind a barrier—space occupied by a small crowd of about forty soldiers, who are to-day the general public present at the court-martial.

Immediately in front of the barrier at the lower end of the long room is placed the busy line of reporters. What do they see to report? A room of good height, narrow in proportion to its length, a club-room that might serve as a little ball-room, with a couple of glass chandeliers hung from the roof, and brackets against the side-walls for lights and ornaments or flowers, and with divers doors into the little side-rooms. Behind the reporters' barrier are the general public. At the upper end, where the wall is adorned with looking-glass, there is another small piece cut off the length of the room, and furnished with chairs for the special public of officers and persons notable in military eyes. Between these publics of the upper and the lower classes, the space that remains is still long in proportion to its breadth, and down the middle of it comes the long table for the fifteen officers forming the court-martial. The President sits at the upper end, with an orderly standing at his elbow. The other officers have paper and pens before them. At the lower end of the long table, stands the witness under examination; and, upon the table at the witnesses'

end, are placed models of certain hmts, frequently referred to in illustration of the case. Near the same end, and within reach of the witness, is a little square table, on which to place whatever else may be produced. As we look up the central table, we perceive a small table where, in full uniform, sits the prisoner, between the two lawyers, who advise him. On the left is the stationer's show table of despatch boxes and papers, at which sits in full uniform the Judge-Advocate, or official prosecutor, with a lawyer in civilian costume. Between him and us is the bare little table that suffices for the work of the official short-hand reporter. Finally and particularly, at the other end of the room, at a little table to the right of the President and behind him, is the table of the Deputy Judge-Advocate, whom I find employed in reading questions to the witness. The light and airy effect of the room, the bright uniforms in little groups detached from the great central cluster, and the generally pleasant aspect of the officers employed in uncongenial work, contents the eye. But the understanding is not so well satisfied.

The good-natured-looking officer at the little table behind the right elbow of the President, has a list of written questions which the prisoner is putting to the witness. They cannot be put directly by the prisoner. They must go the official round. A question is slowly and officially read. The witness begins to reply, and tells something about what is called the chick. He has named chick, and there he must stop till the official questioner has deliberately copied down his answer as far as the word chick, then it is indicated to him that he may go on, and he proceeds, "which completely obstructs the——" There he is checked; and, during a pause of five minutes the good-humoured military official carefully writes all that down. When it is all recorded in the best official caligraphy, the witness is suffered to go on, and he completes his answer by adding the word "vision."

Presently it occurs to the prisoner's lawyers to offer some sort of impediment to some part of the inquiry. They never speak audibly, but they are always making themselves heard. The prisoner rises with a bit of paper in his hand, and slowly and bogglingly reads from it what has been written down for him to say, and what is delivered thus, reads to the public in the newspaper report like shrewd spontaneous suggestions. Each objection is followed by a pause—sometimes a long pause. The court seems again and again to have been hit in the wind and to have collapsed till it gets breath again. But this is only apparent; the court-martial is only twiddling its official thumbs while the prosecution produces in neat small text its answer to, or comment upon, the objection raised. This is then read aloud, and causes a fresh stoppage, and so the weary business drags its slow length along; looking like the duldest conceivable rehearsal of a law scene by military amateurs, who have bad parts and detest them, and cannot get through ten lines of them

without breaking down in spite of the prompter. At lunch-time the President intimates that the court will retire for half an hour to consider a point raised by the prisoner.

In ordinary cases a general court-martial consists of thirteen officers, including the President; no field-officer may be tried by any officer under the degree of captain, and, if possible, he is not to have any officer of lower rank than his own sitting in judgment on him. The greater proportion of officers of high rank the wiser and more respectable the court is theoretically supposed to be. An officer of commissariat, of engineers, or of artillery, should have three or four officers of commissariat, of engineers, or of artillery, upon the court.

The trial is usually conducted by the Deputy Judge-Advocate-General, the witnesses for prosecution and those of which the prisoner has given in a list having been summoned by the Judge-Advocate. The Judge-Advocate-General is appointed by letters patent under the Great Seal; the Judge-Advocate is appointed by commission under the sign manual. Without an officiating Judge-Advocate, duly appointed, no general court-martial is legal; and a grave offender once escaped his sentence because the officer who served at his trial as Judge-Advocate, had not been duly appointed.

Court-martials pretend to a right to forbid newspaper reports of their proceedings while they remain open, and at Lieutenant Perry's first trial the President of the court-martial talked about contempt of court, while the Deputy Judge-Advocate said that the "offending party" was liable to be proceeded against under the Mutiny Act. He found it so written in his "Summons." Judiciously, however, they refused to take any information that might have brought their claim of seerisy to test. The Times, which like other London papers gave daily reports, added to the observation made by the court-martial, its own note within brackets. "The court is open. Not a tittle of evidence can be received with closed doors; and no reporter who knew his duty would consider himself bound by an order which the court had no right to make, and no power to enforce." The Aldershot court-martial has made no attempt to renew the illegal claim made by its famous predecessor, and has practically recognised in the most liberal manner the presence of the public ear at its deliberations.

When a court-martial first meets, the prisoner may object to be tried by any of its members. If the President be challenged, the court has power only to argue with the prisoner. If he persist in his objection, the court must adjourn and report to the authority by which it was convened. If the challenge of an ordinary member of the court be allowed, his place can be at once filled by an officer in waiting. The Judge-Advocate should be the prosecutor. His duty is official, and he is exempt by his office from the odium that would attach to the personal prosecution of one officer by another. It is only at a general court-martial, and not always then,

that the prosecutor introduces the case with an opening address. Such an address is out of order at inferior courts-martial, and, whenever allowed, it is to be confined to a statement of the facts to be set forth in evidence, with reasonable certainty of proof.

All evidence is sworn, and it is usually against rule to allow a witness to tell what he has to say in the form of simple narrative. Information is to be taken by question and answer; each question being written down before or immediately after it is put, and the reply which has been waited for, being also carefully written down as it is delivered. The prosecutor examines in chief. The prisoner cross-examines. Lastly, the court re-examines. At the Aldershot court-martial the prisoner was allowed to establish a precedent of reserving his cross-examination to the day following the examination in chief, in order that his lawyers might have the amplest time for advising him as to the way of shaking any serious points in the evidence that had been given. Only one witness is in court at a time. Commencing at ten o'clock in the morning, courts-martial must, by the articles of war, adjourn at four. If evidence have been taken after the legal hour, it must be legalised by repetition when the court next meets.

The prosecution being closed, the prosecutor, or Judge-Advocate, declares the fact, which is recorded. The prisoner is then asked when he will be prepared to enter upon his defence? If a few days' delay be asked, they are not refused. The prisoner usually begins by examination of his witnesses to facts, and witnesses to character, he may also put in letters from distant witnesses on proof of handwriting, and may then ask for a day to complete his written defence, or defer till that time a request for adjournment. The prisoner is not obliged to read it himself if there be reason why he should have it read for him. If evidence as to new matter have been improperly admitted by the court, the prosecution may—in the army, not in the navy—claim to reply, and a reply introducing other fresh evidence may establish a prisoner's right to rejoinder. But the trial being in the usual manner finished with the defence, the prosecutor, or Judge-Advocate, sums up: not by giving any of his own opinions on the case, but by pointing out where evidence is contradictory or ill supported. The court, of which the members have been taking such notes as they wished, is then cleared for deliberation, and examines evidence, with the Judge-Advocate's help in referring to the different points in the evidence. The Judge-Advocate finally asks the decision of each member, beginning with the youngest and ending with the President, as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner upon each charge. If the whole finding of the majority be Not Guilty, there are added the words "and he is acquitted." If the finding be Guilty, it becomes the business of the Judge-Advocate to point out the article of war, or other military law, that relates to the punishment. If there be fifteen officers in the court-martial, eight must

consent to the sentence finally pronounced; but in charges of murder, two-thirds must agree to the finding of guilt, and two-thirds of the court must agree whenever sentence of death is pronounced.

The court may by a majority, for reasons stated, recommend a prisoner to mercy. The Commander-in-Chief, on the other hand, may refuse to confirm either the finding or the sentence, and may send the case back for revision, the Judge-Advocate-General stating by letter the grounds of his disapproval. The court then reassembles, and adheres to or revises its former finding and sentence.

That is the system which experience has proved to be most unsatisfactory in practice. At the late trial of Captain Robertson, of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, officers contradicted each other upon oath for upwards of a month, and when, in defiance of truth and justice, Captain Robertson was cashiered, the sentence would have been carried into effect, had it not been for the public press. The issue was more creditable in another case of a dead set on a man who was disliked by his colonel. A Lieutenant Hyder, of the Tenth Hussars, was brought to a general court-martial in March, 1846, to answer certain charges preferred against him by his commanding-officer. It came out on that court-martial, that a system of intimidation and injustice had been carried on, which was unequalled even in the affair of the Fourth Dragoon Guards. Lieutenant Hyder's horses were repeatedly cast as being unfit for chargers; he was not allowed to have charge of a troop; he was annoyed in every possible manner. The whole affair was so clear even to the court, that there was no miscarriage of justice, and Lieutenant Hyder was acquitted, and his colonel reprimanded in a General Order from the Commander-in-Chief.

Another celebrated general court-martial was held at Nottingham in 1849. The Third Dragoon Guards, then lying there, were all confined to barracks by order of the commanding-officer, because he alleged that the horses were not clean. The men broke out of barracks by twenties. Pickets were sent after them, but the pickets joined the absentees. An inquiry was made into the matter, and some of the culprits were tried, and received various punishments, ranging from two years' to three months' imprisonment. The public press, when treating of the evidence given by the witnesses for the prosecution, said that "in a civil court the greater part of the witnesses would have been convicted of perjury." Trust goes by rank. The worst feature in all courts-martial is, that unless the witnesses produced by the prisoner be of a higher military grade than those brought forward by the prosecution, his chance is a poor one. In many cases, officers have been actually ordered by their commanding-officers to convict, on the plea that even if the man were innocent, it would be prejudicial to the interests of the service to acquit him. With this feeling many commanding-officers award punishment. Once a private soldier averred that

he could bring all the men in the room to prove that the corporal was telling a falsehood; the answer was:—"I would sooner take the word of the junior lance-corporal, than believe the oaths of all the privates in the regiment."

Take some examples of this. In 1849, Corporal Jones, of the Tenth Hussars, was mounting guard, and, being rather nervous, was trembling when the adjutant and sergeant-major were parading him: so he was ordered to fall back, and was sent to his room for being drunk. This was at six A.M.; at three minutes past six he was in his room, a large one, where between thirty and forty men slept. All these men said that he was sober; and, on the court-martial, he called upon them as evidence for the defence. For the prosecution there were the sergeant-major and a sergeant, who swore that the corporal was very drunk. The men in his room swore that he was sober, both before going on parade and after he came off. But their evidence was not admitted; the President saying that he was not tried for being drunk five minutes before six, or three minutes after six, but for being drunk at six o'clock precisely. Accordingly he was found guilty, and sentenced to be reduced to the ranks. What would the world say to justice so administered in civil cases?

Under the mask of a court-martial, more injustice has been perpetrated in the army, than any man out of it can imagine. During the Peninsular War, the unjust sentences pronounced, and the cruel tyranny practised by these tribunals, were beyond conception, and even now they scarcely can be credited; for instance, what would be thought of this now-a-days? The Marine Officer, in his *Sketches of Service*, tells this story:—"The commanding-officer of the Ninth Regiment of Foot, who ruled chiefly by fear, after the defeat of the enemy at Rolicca, established a permanent court-martial in the regiment: a kind of sitting provost commission. The men serving on this were exempt from the other duties of the corps. One day a soldier of the regiment, for some irregularity, was sentenced by this court-martial to be flogged. The regiment being on the march was halted, the halberts were stuck up, the proceedings of the court-martial were read, and the culprit was ordered to strip. A generous sergeant of the regiment then recovered his musket, and said, "May it please your honour, the culprit is guilty, but he is a brave soldier, and if your honour will take me as a security for his future good conduct, I will answer for him with my body, and if he commits any future offence I will be ready to offer myself up to receive the sentence of the present court-martial." "You mutinous rascal," said the commanding-officer in a rage, "I'll teach you manners!" His arms were taken from him, and he was sent a prisoner before the permanent court-martial, who not only reduced him to the ranks, but sentenced him to be flogged for interfering in favour of a fellow-soldier. When writhing at the halberts he ground his teeth, and muttered "I will have blood for this!" The man's

heart was broken, but the commanding-officer remained "an officer and a gentleman" as before.

Sergeant Teesdale, in his letters addressed to the people of England in 1835, told that: "During our stay in Bremen, which was for about six weeks, we had a parade to attend morning and afternoon. The officers commanding companies received orders from Major B. to inspect their men closely, and turn out to the front such as they found dirty. A square was then formed for punishment, and those who had been found fault with were marched in, tried by a drum-head court-martial, and flogged to a man, without reference to character. There was no remission of sentence, not a lash excused. I have known from ten to fifteen, or twenty-five, flogged at a parade on this frivolous pretext, and the practice was continued on every parade until it was put a stop to. At one of the above flogging parades, when we had been nearly two hours witnessing the horrible scene of bloodshed, and when the hands and feet of every soldier in the regiment were benumbed with cold, from remaining such a length of time in one position, a brave old soldier, whose character was unimpeachable, happened to cough in the ranks. He turned his head a little on one side to discharge the phlegm, and was instantly ordered into the centre of the square, stripped of his accoutrements, and placed in front of the halberts. He went through the mock form of trial by a drum-head court-martial. Major B. swore he was unsteady in the ranks, and on the ipse dixit of that tyrant he was sentenced to fifty lashes. After the brave veteran was tied he implored hard for mercy, adding that, 'he had been twenty years in the service, and was never till then brought to the halberts.' The pale, worn, and dejected appearance of the man, from age and length of service, was in itself enough to excite compassion and sympathy, even had he been guilty of a crime. His appeal was useless; he had every lash of his sentence, and he never looked up afterwards."

Courts-martial may be divided under three heads: as general, district, and regimental. The first are assembled by authority of the Queen: or, abroad, of the officer commanding-in-chief. General courts-martial consist, as we have seen, of not less than a President and twelve members. District courts-martial are ordered to assemble by the officer in command of the division or district, and are composed of an officer and six members. Regimental courts-martial are ordered to assemble by the officer commanding the regiment. A regimental court-martial is a farce. There is no Judge-Advocate to tell the court what the law is. The man, in many cases, has been virtually tried and sentenced before he is brought to the tribunal. It is a well-known fact in the army that one soldier found another's sentence in the colonel's handwriting before the man had been tried, that he boldly produced this paper at the court-martial, and that the regimental court-martial was therefore dissolved. Commanding-officers who thus dictate to the President and members of regimental courts-

martial, or who send back the proceedings for revision, may be somewhat likened to a governor of the East Indian Company, who, in writing to an officer who had been appointed judge of civil affairs in India, told him, "I expect my will and orders shall be your will, and not the laws of England, which are a heap of nonsense, compiled by a number of country gentlemen who hardly know how to govern their own families, much less to regulate our affairs."

A man named Spooner was reported for some trivial affair to his troop officer, who awarded him three days' drill. The sergeant-major confined the man afterwards for having said to him, "Why did you report me to the officer?" and he was tried for this. The men upon each side of him swore that he never made any such remark. Spooner himself pleaded "Not Guilty," and the President and members of the court returned that he was "Not Guilty" of the charge preferred against him. In defiance of this, the commanding-officer ordered the court to reassemble, and to reconsider the finding: stating, likewise, that as the sergeant-major, who was within four yards of the prisoner, had sworn that he had made use of those words, the sergeant-major's evidence was to be taken before any other. The court accordingly reassembled, found the prisoner "Guilty," and sentenced him to "twenty-eight days' imprisonment, with hard labour." Yet each of the officers composing the court had sworn to "duly administer justice."

There have been instances in which courts-martial have been threatened with the charge of contumely, for refusing to augment an already awarded sentence, when the reasons for mercy were well founded. In rare cases, the members have refused steadily to alter their sentence. Dr. Marshall tells that, The members of a regimental court-martial, who had disappointed the commanding-officer by acquitting a soldier, were ordered to wait upon a general officer to account to him for their decision. To an observation made by the general, one of the members replied, like a true officer and gentleman, "When I became a member of the court-martial in question, I swore that I would duly administer justice without partiality, favour, or affection, according to the best of my understanding, and having done so, I did not expect to be called before any tribunal in regard to our decision, but my own conscience, with which I am at peace." "That will do," said the general; "you may all go." We can, of course, make allowance for those who submit to undue influence. Officers joining the service are generally only boys of sixteen or eighteen. In a few weeks they are considered eligible, and placed on the roster for court-martial duty, when they can know nothing about the regulations, or the articles of war. As the sentence to be awarded is first given by the junior member, and so on upwards, the absurd severity of some sentences need not be wondered at.

Sir Robert Wilson, whose authority is of the best, says rightly, that, "The judgment of a

regimental court-martial does not interpose a sufficient check upon the severity of some commanding-officers. Young men are allowed to be members who have never considered the moral effects of punishment; they are familiarised to severity by the recorded instances of their predecessors; they are instructed to consider particular offences as forcing *de se* a precise award without the consideration of a man's previous character . . . they too frequently assemble without a thought upon the important trust committed to them; they hear with levity, and decide without reflection."

There was a case in India that will show how true this is. In 1848, Private Gallagher, Tenth Hussars, a man of irreproachable character, was confined for insubordination; the facts were clearly proved, and he was sentenced to some months' imprisonment. No sooner was his time expired, than he was again confined on a similar charge, found "guilty," and again awarded imprisonment. On his release, precisely the same thing occurred again, insubordination, with the same result. Immediately after the third term of imprisonment he again committed himself, and then at last it was discovered that the poor fellow had been all along insane. About a week before the commission of the first offence, Gallagher, with some others, had been ordered to take a drunken man of the name of Howard to the guard-room: a ruffian at any time, but a most dangerous ruffian when drunk. He had seized poor Gallagher, and thrown him heavily on the head. He fell with his head on a door-step, was taken up insensible, was in hospital for a few days only, and came out apparently all right, but in reality with his skull fractured. The acts of insubordination, the courts-martial, and the imprisonment followed. It never appeared to strike any of the members of the court, chiefly officers of his own corps, who knew the man, that it was strange for a man hitherto of exemplary conduct, and mostly quiet and inoffensive, all at once, and without provocation, to become one of the most desperate characters in the regiment. Not a man on the court had used his brains.

Let us not be misunderstood. We have the warmest respect for military officers, and most heartily esteem their noble sense of duty. The objections to courts-martial that we have here recorded, do not for a moment imply that we in the least doubt there being great numbers of men who bring honour and tender conscience to the court-martial table. The army has its Clydes as well as its solemn and absurd martinetts. How many fine, true-hearted, conscientious bits of duty made up the sum of Lord Clyde's simple and heroic life! Let us listen to the noble and wise rebuke of his to a court-martial in which the Commander-in-Chief righted the scales of justice for an unconsidered private in the ranks. The letter tells its story for itself:

"Adjutant-General's Office, Allahabad,
21st December, 1858.

"The Commander-in-Chief has under his consideration the proceedings of a court-martial

upon the trial of a private soldier, on a charge of which he was convicted, of having *wilfully destroyed an Enfield rifle*; and on which proceedings his excellency feels himself constrained to make the following observations:

"Three witnesses deposed to having seen the prisoner 'break' the rifle, but they do not describe the nature of injury done; a fourth witness deposed to the cost of a new and complete rifle. The prisoner then proposed the following question to this witness: 'Is the rifle now on the table *wilfully destroyed*?' This question, a negative reply to which it was much to the prisoner's advantage to obtain, the court would not allow the witness to answer.

"The very issue before the court was, whether the rifle had or had not been *destroyed*. By refusing to receive evidence on that point the conviction has been invalidated, and the soldier has not improbably suffered wrong. If the rifle had been actually destroyed, there should not have been even hesitation in receiving testimony to that effect; but if it had been only damaged, and could be repaired, and again made serviceable, it was the duty of the court to have elicited the fact, recorded a verdict in accordance, and awarded stoppages only to the extent necessary for effecting the repairs.

"It may have been the case that the rifle was actually *destroyed*, and could not be made serviceable again, and that the officers sitting on the court-martial perceived this by their own personal observation; but, nevertheless, they completely lost sight of the fact that without *recorded evidence* on the point, it would be altogether out of the power of the confirming officer to form an accurate judgment as to the correctness or otherwise of the conviction.

"Neither is the officer who did confirm the conviction exempt from blame. He should have perceived the deficiency of proof, and it was his duty to have reassembled the court for revision, in order to obtain a finding consistent with the evidence.

"There having been no evidence on the face of the proceedings that the prisoner had *destroyed* a rifle, the Commander-in-Chief has annulled the conviction of that offence, and has directed, in the Adjutant-General's department, that the soldier may be immediately restored to his duty, and that the entries of the conviction be cancelled in the regimental records."

BRAIN SPECTRES.

THE brain makes ghosts both sleeping and waking. A man was lying in troubled sleep when a phantom, with the cold hand of a corpse, seized his right arm. Awaking in horror, he found upon his arm still the impression of the cold hand of the corpse, and it was only after reflecting that he found the terrible apparition to be due to the deadening of his own left hand in a frosty night, which had subsequently grasped his right arm. This was a real ghost of the brain, which the awakening of the senses

and the understanding explained. M. Gratiolet narrates a dream of his own which is singularly illustrative of how the brain makes ghosts in sleep. Many years ago, when occupied in studying the organisation of the brain, he prepared a great number both of human and animal brains. He carefully stripped off the membranes, and placed the brains in alcohol. Such were his daily occupations, when one night he thought that he had taken out his own brain from his own skull. He stripped it of its membranes. He put it into alcohol, and then he fancied he took his brain out of the alcohol and replaced it in his skull. But, contracted by the action of the spirit, it was much reduced in size, and did not at all fill up the skull. He felt it shuffling about in his head. This feeling threw him into such a great perplexity that he awoke with a start, as if from nightmare.

M. Gratiolet, every time he prepared the brain of a man, must have felt that his own brain resembled it. This impression awakening in a brain imperfectly asleep, whilst neither the senses nor the judgment were active, the physiologist carried on an operation in his sleep which probably had often occurred to his fancy when at his work, and which had then been summarily dismissed very frequently. A pursuit which had at last become one of routine, and the association of himself with his study, explain the bizarre and ghastly dream of M. Gratiolet. A sensation from the gripe of a cold hand, misinterpreted by the imagination acting without the aid of the discerning faculties, accounts for the ghastly vision of the other sleeper.

Every one is conscious of a perpetual series of pictures, sometimes stationary, sometimes fleeting, generally shifting; yet occasionally fixed in his mind. Sleep is the period in which the nerves derive their nourishment from the blood. The picturing nerves, like those of the senses, are generally inactive in their functions at feeding times; and thoroughly healthy nervous systems, dream very little or not at all. Dreams betoken troubled brains. The brain of a woman who had lost a portion of her cranium used to swell up and protrude when she was dreaming, and then contract and become tranquil again when she was sleeping soundly.

The wakeful senses, the active judgment, and the will even of the strongest and soundest minds, are not always able to control the false and perverse impressions of the nerves. "I knew once a commander in the navy whose left eye was shot clean out by a bullet in a naval action in the beginning of this century, and whom, forty years afterwards, it was impossible to convince that he did not see all sorts of strange objects with his lost eye. "It is not impossible," he would quietly say; "I know it too well." Everybody has known men who suffered rheumatism in legs long lost and replaced by wooden ones.

A nervous, dreamy, imaginative lad was walk-

ing one day with some comrades among rank grass. The place was noted for adders, and the youths talked about them. Instantly this lad felt something enter the leg of his pantaloons and twist itself with the swiftness of lightning round his thigh. He stopped terrified, and a careful examination proved that the adder was a creature of his imagination. The vividness of the fancy of this youth made his waking senses and his discerning faculties of no more use to him for the moment than if they had been asleep.

This condition of the brain is called by the savans hallucination. Mueller, the physiologist, and Goethe, the poet, have both described hallucinations to which they were subject, and which they compared in conversation together. The rarest case, says Mueller, is that of an individual who, whilst perfectly healthy in body and mind, has the faculty, on closing his eyes, of seeing really the objects he wishes to see. History cites only a very few instances of this phenomenon. Carden and Goethe were examples of it.

Goethe says: "When I close my eyes and stoop my head, I figure to myself and see a flower in the middle of my visual organ. This flower preserves only for an instant its first form. It soon decomposes itself, and out of it issues other flowers, with coloured and sometimes green petals. They were not natural but fantastic flowers, yet regular as the roses of the sculptor. I could not look fixedly at that creation, but it remained as long as I liked without increasing or diminishing. In the same way when I imagined a disk full of various colours, I saw continually issue from the centre to the circumference new forms like those of the kaleidoscope."

Mueller talked this subject over with Goethe in 1828. It was interesting to them both. "Knowing," says Mueller, "that when I was calmly lying on my bed with my eyes shut, although not asleep, I often saw figures which I could observe very well, he was very curious to learn what I then felt. I told him that my will had no influence either upon the production or upon the changes of these figures, and that I had never seen anything symmetrical or of the character of vegetation." Goethe could at will, on the contrary, choose his theme, which transformed itself forthwith in a manner apparently involuntary, but always obeying the laws of symmetry and harmony. Mueller used to get rid of the figures which haunted him by turning his face to the wall. Although he did not see them change place, they were still before him, but they soon began to fade. Jean Paul recommended the observation of these phantoms as a good plan for falling asleep.

These are hallucinations of sane minds. The delusive sensations of flying and falling are known to many persons. Young girls lying in bed between sleeping and waking at the epoch of life when their girlhood is passing into womanhood, are especially apt, like the religious

ecstasies, to fancy they are flying. And nearly everybody is familiar with the hallucination of falling from personal experience. When lying in bed trying in vain to fall asleep, or to warm the cold sheets, the patient feels as if sinking through the floor, and stretches out his arms suddenly to save himself: yet nothing has happened except the coincidence of a cold shiver with a complete expiration.

Physiologists and philosophers of authority say we are all mad in our dreams; and, if the absence of the control of reason is a true definition of insanity, there is no gainsaying the proposition. But madness means something more. In dreams the faculties which control the picturing or imagining powers are simply inactive; they are neither absent nor incapable. Far from identifying sleeping dreams with madness, I feel disposed to contend that voluntary and momentary hallucinations—seeing by the blind, hearing by the deaf, sensations of smelling, touching, tasting, things which do not exist—are only signs of insanity when the faculties needful for correcting the errors of sensation are diseased. Persons unaccustomed to railway travelling are not insane, although for many minutes they often believe the train is going backwards, because they retain the power of correcting the hallucination by watching the objects they are passing.

The senses are seeing, hearing, smelling, touching, and tasting instruments. There are between these and the seat of intelligence, nerves performing the functions of carriers. Even after the instruments have ceased to exist, the carriers often continue to carry messages—false messages. When a man has lost an eye, during the inflammatory period of recovery the carriers convey horrible images of fiery figures. It is the carriers who convey the pain of rheumatism from the lost limb.

A man who was recovering from typhus fever believed he had two bodies, one of which was tossing in pain on an uneasy bed, and the other lying sweetly on a delicious couch. I am not disposed to ascribe this hallucination to the duality of the brain, but to a conflict between the recollection of his sufferings, and the experience of his recovery. If the patient should have been permanently unable to overpower memory by reality he would have been insane, like the maniacs who believe their legs to be stalks of straw, or their bodies fragile as glass.

Pictures have produced hallucinations. Leaving aside the eyes of Madonnas, cases in which the power of religious ideas come into play, I may mention other instances of their effects on minds keenly sensitive to the beauties of the fine arts. A French physiologist, whilst studying intensely an English engraving of Landseer's Horse-shoeing, smelt horn burning, and fixed the idea in his mind for the moment that the smell came from the foot of the horse in the engraving. Another Frenchman records a similar experience. He had been taking a preparation of Indian hemp, and was seated at table with a picture behind him representing a battle of cavalry,

when he suddenly turned round, crying, "Well, then, I dislike kicking horses, even in paintings."

GOING TO CHAPPELL.

ONCE upon a time it seems to have been a part of the necessary education of a well-regulated nursery-maid, to have her mind plentifully stored with a collection of old ballads, which were to be sung by the bedsides of her little charges. I speak not only from personal experience of that not very remote once upon a time, but from information carefully collected among my contemporaries and predecessors in infancy, when I assert that this acquirement, if not deemed indispensable by the parents, and certainly "considered" in the payment of wages, was looked upon by the old race of nursery-maids themselves, as a necessary qualification for a place in the nursery, and an indispensable branch of their professional science. My own nursery-maid, once upon a time, was only, as I have every reason to believe, a pretty fair type of the common species of the day; and certainly, her treasury of ballad-lore was as extensive as it was varied. I am not aware, either, that I was a more fractious or contumacious child than the ordinary "run" of children—of the male sex, of course I mean to say; as we all know that children of the more privileged sex are necessarily little angels without encumbering wings. But I can perfectly well remember that I invariably and most obstinately refused to allow my light to be put out, and to go to sleep at once, as it is to be trusted all good little boys and girls do at the present day, without hearing at least one (and more on high days and holidays) of that marvellous store of old ballads, with which good old Susan's head was so plentifully garnished. If I say "old" Susan, it is because my nursery-maid really did look old to me in those days, when in truth her age may have been about three or four-and-twenty. She had a clear, kindly blue eye, and a ruddy complexion—in all probability she was a country girl—and a pleasant, low voice of no great compass, but of considerable expression. It seems to me now, that she must have possessed some natural dramatic feeling: for pathos, terror, and humour were all conveyed to my young mind with singular vividness. Or was it, perhaps, that my own temperament was naturally predisposed to such impressions?

But this was once upon a time. Now-o'-days, as far as I can learn, this race of nursery-maids has died out; and old ballads are no longer sung by the bedsides of the rising generation. It is to be feared—perhaps it may be considered more proper to say, it is to be hoped—that our world has grown too wise to allow the childish heads of our future practical young gentlemen, and good young ladies, to be set a dreaming by such "vain imaginings." It has come to my knowledge, however, that "Kitty, katty, kino," "In the Strand," "Hoop de

doodum doo," and even "The young man from the country," who is too knowing to be "got over" by any one (a great practical lesson that!), are still trotted on rare occasions by the side of little beds, and that if the "legitimate" has disappeared from childhood's stage, a fine "burlesque" spirit still prevails. How far this may be, or may not be, an advantage to the rising generation, is a vexed question, upon which I hesitate to compromise myself.

Of course I am bound to admit, to the disparagement of my own generation, that when children were allowed to listen to legendary rhymes, chanted to quaint but pleasant tunes, and conjuring up strange visions before their half-closed eyes, they ran the danger of being carried away after an unwise and practical-spirit-thwarting fashion, into naughty regions of romance. At the same time—and I admit this fact with an increase of shame—they were never duly informed of the remote antiquity of their favourite ditties, and thus, by taking a dose of the utile along with the dulce, brought to the knowledge of such archaeological lore as is doubtless possessed by well-educated little children in these better-informed times. Their "thick-coming fancies" were never even enlightened and modified by the instruction of a little antiquarianism. They never dreamed that these metrical tales, which afforded them so much delight, had been listened to, with equal rapture probably, by their ancestors, in days when opera existed not, or only in a very primitive form (Shakespeare's *Tempest* being probably the first drama that bore some slight resemblance to an operatic performance of the present day), and that the romances, dear to their little hearts, had been chanted to other eager listeners, young and old, centuries before they were born.

My own enlightenment upon this matter, as well as upon many other curious details connected with the ballads which formed the romances of my childhood, was, I must confess, a tardy one. It came upon me only a few years ago, upon the perusal of Mr. WILLIAM CHAPPELL's work on *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. But, in convincing me that I was crammed in my childhood by my attendant nursery-spirit with a mass of ancient lore, of the antiquity of which I was wholly ignorant, Mr. Chappell has, at the same time, by giving the true and faithful versions of the ballads, as they first came before the world, forced upon me the unwillingly received truth, that I was then treated to variations from the original, which, slight as they were, would have shocked the ears of a Percy or a Ritson. It has been a subject of wonder to me, however, that the ditties of my childhood had, in their centuries' progress of transmission, lost so little, instead of so much, of their original form. Curious, indeed, would it be to trace, were it possible, how those old songs had been sung down by oral tradition from mother to daughter, from cradle to cradle, from pallet to tent-bed. But this is a matter of archaeological research, which it would be impossible to pursue unless under

circumstances of peculiarly favouring chance. My delight was quite sufficient in having stumbled upon so many old friends of my childhood, gathered together under Mr. Chappell's fostering auspices, and treated by him, not as the "Bohemians" I might have suspected them to have been, but as respectable worthies of high and ancient lineage. It was quite beside my purpose to wander into any speculation as to the process by which they had been orally and traditionally carried down even to our days. All the fresh feelings of that fanciful old once upon a time were revived within me on greeting them again.

I confess that, many as were the years that had weighed upon me since my childhood, my heart was strangely stirred within me when, amidst the songs of Popular Music of the Olden Time, I stumbled upon Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor. What long-slumbering emotions were reawakened within me by the words, "Lord Thomas he was a bold forester, and a chaser of the king's deer. Fair Ellinor was a fine woman, and Lord Thomas he loved her dear!" What mattered false rhyme and misplaced accent? It was the romance of my early years—the sketch which boyish imagination had filled up with such vivid colours. The tangled woods, the flying deer, the coat of Lincoln green, and the fair damsel with long hair floating down her back, were all, in an instant, again before my eyes. How many other hearts may have thrilled also since the time of Elizabeth, or much earlier still—for Ritson conjectures it may have been "originally a minstrel song"—on hearing the recital of this eventful history! "Not long since," says the same author, "a sort of dilapidated minstrel was to be seen in the streets of London, who played upon an instrument he, properly enough, called a humdrum, and chanted (among others) the old ballad of Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor." This romance of my childhood, then, "not long since" walked the streets; and the little ragged boys of Whitechapel and Shore-ditch may have dreamed bright visions of these illustrious personages, as well as the spoiled young gentleman, whose curtained bed was then to him that paradise of song and story which an opera-box was destined afterwards to become.

Still more startled was I at the discovery that my favourite tragic-comedy of the poor frog who "would a wooing go," and was so cruelly "gobbled up" by a duck—a ballad only sung to me on special holidays, and as a farce after a tragedy—and yet was not that a most pathetic tragedy in its burlesque form?—was actually "licensed at Stationers' Hall" so long ago as the year 1580. This serio-comic ballad had been one of my greatest delights in days when I little dreamed that poor Froggy went "a wooing" to his fascinating Mouse as early as the sixteenth century, and that his lamentable history had been probably the delectation of little children, and doubtless grown-up children likewise, so very many generations ago.

The ballad, licensed to Edward White at Stationers' Hall in 1580, bore the evidently catching title of *A most strange Wedding of the Frog and the Mouse*; although most certainly in the version to which I had been so early accustomed no such happy dénouement as a wedding took place, the successful issue of the "wooing" having been tragically prevented by the fatal catastrophe alluded to above. Many ballads seem to have been written upon the same (apparently popular) subject. One begins, "There was a frog lived in a well, and a farce (fast?) mouse in a mill;" and, that tradition assigned Mousey's residence to such a locality, seems to be borne out by another composition, mentioned in Wedderburn's *Complaint of Scotland*, as early as 1549, as one of the songs sung by the shepherds of the time, and commencing, "The Frog came to the mylder" (mill-door). Amidst a variety of these imitations, Mr. Chappell begins the ballad, which he apparently offers as the most authentic, with the words, "It was a froggie in a well," and only opens the second verse with, "The froggie he would a wooing ride." But, as I find that my own identical "A frog he would a wooing go" is mentioned among the other versions, and more especially as I cannot bring my mind to accept the idea that Froggy would, by any possibility, ever have lived down in a well, which no decent frog ever does, or ever bestrode any kind of steed, I am wilfully induced to maintain the more correct authenticity of my dear old nursery song.

There is good reason to believe, it must be admitted at the same time, that there had crept into the version of my childhood a variation, which was of very questionable authenticity, and apparently of modern date, inasmuch as Mr. Chappell not only does not attempt to explain this variation, but does not condescend to notice the innovation at all. Instead of the burden "Humble-dum, mumble-dum," and "Tweedle, tweedle, twino," employed in the song of Mr. Chappell's book, I remember that the fancy of my earlier days was wont to be considerably mystified by one about "Gammon and spinage," and "Heigho said Rowley." I remember, too, how my fancy gradually became reconciled to its own explanation, that "Rowley" ("Anthony" was added in the repetition of the burden) was the name of the gallant frog, and that the "Heigho" had reference to his love-sighs. Fancy, likewise, endeavoured to content itself with the notion that the "spinage" had something to do with the food upon which Mousey lived. But it could make nothing out of the "gammon," except with reference to Mousey's love for baco, and certainly refused to give the word any meaning, reflecting upon the orthodoxy of the legend. This same fancy, grown older, and more pedantic, has since sought to attach a political meaning to the song, and find an allusion to Charles the Second and his cavalier party in the well-known name of "Rowley." But in this attempt it has broken down as completely as with the "gammon."

Perhaps in no instance, during the perusal of Mr. Chappell's book, did I feel so keenly that heart-beating of "joy's recollection," which in this case was most decidedly "joy," as when I stumbled on "Barbara Allen." I am not quite sure that the tears did not absolutely come once again into my eyes, as they did when my boyish head hid itself with false shame against my pillow, on my once more glancing over the tragic history of Barbara's cruelty. Nor did I feel, I fancy, much less acutely than of yore, when I read the sad contrast, how "In the merry month of May, When green buds they were swellin', Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay, For love of Barbara Allen." Nor was the thrill of painful excitement much less real, when cruel Barbara, having been summoned to the unhappy lover's death-bed, came "slowly, slowly" up: "And slowly she came nigh him: And all she said when there she came, Young man I think you are dying." Again were before my eyes the fields of my boyish imagination, where cruel Barbara was walking when "She heard the bell a knellin': And every stroke did seem to say, Unworthy Barbara Allen,"—again the open space (derived by imagination from a curious old plain, surrounded by quaint gabled houses, in my native city) where Barbara "Turned her body round about, And spied the corpse a comin';" and where "Lay down, lay down the corpse, she said, That I may look upon him,"—again the white curtained low panelled chamber (there was such a one in my grandfather's house) where the cruel maid, when "Her heart was struck with sorrow," cried "O mother, mother, make my bed, For I shall die to-morrow," and again the green-brocaded heavily-vallanced bed (I had seen the original somewhere) where the remorseful girl lay, and "Begged to be buried by him, And sore repented of the day, That she did e'er deny him." What tears did I not shed, as Susan chanted to me this story (to the very same tune that Mr. Chappell gives in his book), and never refused to sing it over again, and again once more, as the tears fell thicker and thicker, and sobbings became violent, and were only to be soothed by a low merry strain, that at last lulled me off to sleep. But how many other eyes had shed bitter tears over this sad ditty, I was only destined to learn long afterwards. Susan never told me, and doubtless, spite of her archæological store, was unable to inform me, that Goldsmith in one of his essays had confessed a feeling sympathetic to my own, when he said, "The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt, when our old dairy-maid sang me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night,' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'" Little did I know, then, that a black-letter copy of this very old ballad bore the title of "Barbara Allen's Cruelty, or the Young Man's Tragedy, with Barbara Allen's Lamentation for the unkindness to her Lover and herself;" nor was I in a position to remark that "sensational" titles were as much in vogue centuries ago as now, although in a far more diffuse form. Of the great anti-

quarian dispute, whether "Scarlet" town, the locality designated in the supposed authentic version, as the residence of the cruel Barbara, ought not to be read "Carlisle" town, and whether the "Reading" town of the later printed copies is not altogether an impudent and pre-tentious case of mal-appropriation, I was happily as ignorant: and even to this day, I am disposed to pass over the whole discussion as futile, having in my mind's eye my own pet town, from which my imagination indignantly refuses to remove itself.

I cannot well reckon the famous ballad-poem of "Chevy Chase," upon which so many commentaries have been written by learned antiquarians, among my archæological discoveries in Mr. Chappell's book, inasmuch as, even in my early boyhood, I seem to have had an inkling that this wonderful romance was a very *very* old story. Perhaps Susan may have had sufficient lore of her own to have bestowed upon me this little piece of information. I must confess, at the same time, that this most celebrated of all old ballads was not one of my special favourites. Spite of the gorgeous spectacular and somewhat distracting visions it never failed to conjure up before my eyes, it had probably too much of the "cut and thrust" character about it to suit a nascent temperament, more inclined to find congenial food in the simple pathos of the "domestic drama," than in the wearing turmoil of more "sensational" tragedies. Moreover, as I find that Susan's bedside version was but a truncated and mutilated torso of the grand old original form, whereas in other instances her unauthentic variations were simply confined to mere words in general, I think it better, out of respect for that genial minstrel's memory—although, by the way, she may probably be living still, a sturdy grandmother—and out of fear lest she should be cruelly mauled by antiquarian commentators, to drop the subject of "Chevy Chase" altogether, noting only my pride in knowing that my own nursery once upon a time was connected, even although imperfectly, with a once upon a time of such glorious and respected antiquity.

Far more cherished by me, as it must be by all children, was that ballad of ballads so touching to childhood's ears, "The Children in the Wood." There too I have found it, in Mr. Chappell's book, an "old old story," and yet "ever new." I could have hugged my copy to my heart. Of most respectable antiquity truly it is. Does it not appear in the registers of the Stationers' Company, under the date of 15th October, 1595, in the words "Thomas Millington entred for his copie under t' handes of bothe the wardens, a ballad intituled, The Norfolk Gentleman, his will and Testament, and howe he comytted the keeping of his children to his owne brother, who delte most wickedly with them, and howe God plagued him for it"? A most "sensational" title, it must be admitted! It has been surmised by Sharon Turner, that this most popular of all old stories was written upon the murder of his nephews by Richard the

Third, "before it was quite safe to stigmatise him more openly;" and other writers have advocated the same theory. But the arguments upon this point have evidently been advanced upon internal evidence only, and with no direct proof. My own convictions are that this was not the case. I still cling to the assurance that the subject is one of a real traditional murder, enacted in the county of Norfolk. Is not the ballad also styled, "The Norfolk Tragedy?" and as a Norfolk man, can I allow my county to be robbed of any of its cherished traditions, or its feathered tribe of any of their glories? The original tune was preserved by Susan: and it came strangely to my ears when, on my first witnessing a representation of "The Beggar's Opera," Polly Peachum appropriated the well-known air of my childhood, and even the first words of the tragical ballad, "Now ponder well, ye parents dear."

Old-fashioned nursery-maids seem to have stored their memories as much with the ancient tunes, as with the words of the old ballads. At all events, my childhood's prima donna evidently had done so; for in very few cases do I find that the melodies she chanted to particular ballads, vary in any material point from those scored in Mr. Chappell's book. One remarkable instance of her unconscious archæological erudition in this particular I found in the tune to which she invariably sang the ballad, to which she gave the title, but not without a certain degree of shame, and always with an appearance of apology—not on account of its inaccuracy, but for other obvious reasons—of "The Devil and Doctor Faustus." The tune was certainly a most lugubrious one, as may be proved by reference to Mr. Chappell's scoring, and never one of my favourites. But Susan invariably defended its propriety, which as a child I questioned: and she was right. For have I not since learned its history from the erudite and accurate Mr. Chappell? How this melancholy tune was originally called "Fortune's my foe," and was enormously popular in the time of Elizabeth, being alluded to by Shakespeare in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and by almost all the dramatists of the age in various plays—how it afterwards obtained the designation of the "hanging tune" (some instinct must have told me this, to account for my antipathy to it in my childhood) inasmuch as "the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals" were chanted to this air on their going to execution, and continued to be "for upwards of two hundred years"—and how, eventually, the universal popularity of one ballad adapted to this tune, "The Life and Death of Doctor Faustus, the Great Congurer," threatened to absorb the original title, and to give to the "hanging tune" that of "The air of Doctor Faustus." Susan was right. But she could not tell me, as Mr. Chappell afterwards did, that most of the lamentable ballads of the time were set to this tune, and among others, the old ballad of "Titus Andronicus," upon which Shakespeare founded his (contested) play of the same name. But, after all, what did the tune

much matter to me, when "The Devil and Doctor Faustus," although rarely sung to me, and not without much pressing, on account of the equivocal nature of the subject, conjured up to my childish mind scenes of an awful splendour and thrilling vividness; which "the great congerer" himself, with all his magic power, could not have outdone?

No less to my surprise did I find that one of my great favourites once upon a time, the "Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," was a ballad of much respectable antiquity. To be sure, I may have had some inkling of the matter, when the story was dramatised in my own day, and, although not one of the successful of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's plays, enjoyed a certain popularity. Moreover, I certainly learned from garrulous Mr. Peyps, in his Diary, that this ballad was "an old song" in his days; and he likewise had informed me that, when dining at Sir William Ryder's at "Bednall" Green, the very house was said to have been built by the "Blind Beggar so much talked of and sung in ballads," although some said "it was only some outhouse of it." But it was only later that I was convinced by official archæological authority that "this popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from the verse, where the arms of England are called the 'Queen's Arms,' but from its tune being quoted in other old pieces written in her time."

I cannot afford to dwell upon "Death and the Lady," twice mentioned by Goldsmith in "The Vicar of Wakefield"; for, although one of Susan's most cherished strains, she evidently having a predilection in favour of the lugubrious, it had never enough of the pictorial romance about it to excite my boyish imagination and thrill my heart, and was not, consequently, among my pet ditties. Nor will I lay any store by the "King and the Miller of Mansfield," about which latter quasi-historical romance there was a tinge of coarseness, unpleasant to my boyish sensibilities. I had little sympathy with the miller, and less, I believe, with the king, about whose identity I cared too little for the personage to inquire; so that I was but little moved by the information, afterwards conveyed, that, although popular error attached the personality of "bluff King Hal" to the adventure in question, authentic black-letter copies of the old ballad entitle it "King Henry the Second, and the Miller of Mansfield."

In spite of my fondness, in the old ballads of my childhood, for subjects that may be called the "romantic-domestic," I admit there was one, certainly of a not very refined description, which was constantly given me "by special desire," and was looked upon by me as an excellent "concluding farce." This was a song setting forth how "There was a bonny blade," who "married a country maid," because she was "dumb, dumb, dumb," and who, when she was cured of her infirmity by an officious doctor, was so crushed by her overflow of tongue, that he would have given "any kind of thing that

she were dumb, dumb, dumb." I certainly never expected to find this favourite "comic song" among the Popular Music of the Olden Time, in Mr. Chappell's book. There it stood, however, accompanied by a vast quantity of erudition, in the way of explanatory information. To be sure, this erudition had more reference to the tune (again Susan's "old original") than to the story of the poor gentleman so cruelly cheated of his legitimate hopes by his wife's unexpected loquacity. But it was pleasant to be informed even of circumstances attending the antiquity of the strain. This tune, it appears, was originally called, "I am the Duke of Norfolk," and was one of the greatest favourites of the Elizabethan age: and I learned that a proof of the long traditional popularity of this ballad was to be found in the fact that a curious custom still remains in parts of Suffolk to sing this song at harvest suppers, one of the company being crowned with an inverted pillow or cushion, whilst another presents him with a jug of ale, which he is bound to drink, without spilling a drop or allowing the cushion to fall—a ceremony supposed to have some allusion to the homage formerly paid to the Lords of Norfolk, who possessed immense domains in the sister county. The country people in Warwickshire, it seems, also use a cushion for a crown at their harvest-home diversions: and to this custom Falstaff is supposed to allude in Henry the Fourth, Part First, when he says: "This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown." To "serve the Duke of Norfolk" seems to have been also a common expression for making merry, as to "dine with Duke Humphrey" meant quite the reverse.

But the dabbling thus in the stream of archaeological information, connected with the old ballads of my childhood, and revealed to me by Mr. Chappell's book, would drag me

much too far; it flows in such rapid and seemingly never-ending flood. There are other ballads also belonging to my Susan's collection, and all of undoubted antiquity, which I must pass over with a sign of regret. How great was her store! But was it greater, I am induced again to ask, than that of most of the nursery-maids of that pleasant, but unpractical once upon a time? That it was far from complete, however, is proved by the fact, that one of the most famous and popular of all old English ballads, especially in the days of the gallant and turbulent spirit of 'prenticeship, "The London Prentice," telling of "his brave adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the king's daughter," was unfortunately not in her repertoire. Oh! had it been, what visions of kings' daughters "pearls of princely majesty," bestowing their hands on me at gorgeous altars, might not have been conjured up!

Nor will I linger longer to discuss the subject, whether it was to the advantage or disadvantage of a former generation of children to have been soothed to sleep by a nursery-maid rich in ballad-lore. But I will freely make the admission, that if it had been possible to have connected information with song, they might have learned how our old English ballads are so intimately associated with the annals of our country, its battles, its triumphs, its romantic episodes, its festal ceremonies, and its political changes, that the students of these ditties may gather from them, in a pleasant form, a very tolerable compendium of the History of England.

Now ready and to be had at all the Libraries,

HARD CASH,

In 3 vols, 31s. 6d.

London: SAMPSON LOW, SON, and Co.

Now ready, Stitched in a Cover, price Fourpence,

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS,

FORMING THE

EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER FOR CHRISTMAS.

CONTENTS:

How Mrs. Lirriper carried on the Business
How the First Floor went to Crowley Castle.
How the Side-Room was attended by a Doctor.
How the Second Floor kept a Dog.

How the Third Floor knew the Potteries.
How the Best Attic was under a Cloud.
How the Parlours added a Few Words.

Next week will be commenced, to be completed in Six Numbers, a New Story, called

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

Volume XI. will begin on the 15th of February, 1864, with a New Serial Story, entitled

QUITE ALONE,

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 245.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

[PRICE 2d.]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

ON the twelfth of March, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven, Mr. Basil Humpage, merchant and banking-agent, departed from his mansion, shaded by three big elms, in the rural precinct of Jermyn-street, London, and never returned.

It may illustrate his unexampled regularity to mention that, at the expiration of four minutes from the usual time of the merchant's appearance at his office in Cripplegate, the old head clerk turned pale, slid feebly down from his stool, and became temporarily incapacitated from business. He tottered up and down with nervous steps, pausing at every turn, now to gaze half incredulously at the clock, now to peer through the glass partition which shut off his chief's apartment from the general office, as if he thought it less improbable that that gentleman should have shot up furtively through the cellarage, than be missing altogether from his place. For it was a well-known fancy of the worthy old merchant, who was frequently before, never after, his time, to loiter about the door, in such a manner that, with the last stroke of nine from the office clock, he might insert his latch-key, and with a general nod, and a "Good morning, Middlemiss" to the head clerk, assume his accustomed scat, and commence the duties of the day.

Although Mr. Middlemiss was not a man given to superstitious fancies, it might certainly seem from his bearing on this occasion that the prophetic whisper which sometimes reaches us—who knows from what remote birthplace?—far outspeeding all rational argument for anxiety, had awakened in him a conviction of misfortune with which his reason refused to contend. At all events, at ten minutes past nine, the head clerk summoned his best messenger, usually reserved for hurried and important missions, and despatched him, on foot indeed, but at double hackney-coach pace, to the house of Three Elms.

We shall get there before him.

Mr. Humpage had risen, that long-remembered morning, at his accustomed hour—half-

past six. There was nothing remarkable in his demeanour or conduct, except that, on rising, he kissed his wife; a circumstance which that lady attributed to their having had a little tiff overnight. The misunderstanding had not been of a serious character, having reference simply to the question whether Polly-my-Lamb should be condemned to wear frilled pantaloons for six months longer, or pass at once into long short-waisted gowns like her mother's. Sleep had interposed, and left the point undecided.

Polly-my-Lamb was the only child of Basil and Alethea Humpage. The name was of her father's sole invention, but had been adopted, first cautiously, then freely, by the entire neighbourhood.

The chocolate was ready at half-past seven. Mr. Humpage not appearing, a maid went to his dressing-room door, and announced that her mistress was waiting breakfast; to which he returned no answer. Another ten minutes, and maid Kezia went again, knocked, and repeated her message. Still no reply.

Polly-my-Lamb was the next ambassador. The maid had met her on the stairs, and begged her to speak to master, as she, Kezia, could not make him hear.

The little girl came flying back, with her violet eyes swimming in tears—she could hardly tell why; perhaps it was from peeping through the keyhole, perhaps it was because, for the first time in his life, papa had been deaf to the voice of his darling. At all events, he had looked his door, and would make no audible reply. Was he *there*? Yes, certainly. Nor could he have been seized with any sudden illness; for she had heard his familiar step move steadily across the room, and had further recognised the peculiar creak pertaining to a particular drawer in his dressing-table, as he opened and reclosed it.

Past eight o'clock. It had now become a matter of impossibility for the punctual merchant to eat his breakfast and appear at his office at the accustomed time, and a suppressed alarm began to extend through the household. Even deaf Stephen, the footman-butler, whose great red ears had for the last thirty winters been simply ornamental, and who was in the habit of relying for his knowledge of passing events purely upon his own skill in physiognomy, perfectly understood that something was amiss, and

pulled off his coat, with the view, it was surmised, of being in a state of general preparation and armament for whatever might ensue.

A thrilling scream from above, brought matters to a crisis below. The shriek was re-echoed by the cook, and although to Stephen she only appeared to yawn, the movement that followed quickly undeceived him. Up flew the whole phalanx, Stephen after. Mrs. Humpage was on her knees at the dressing-room door, knocking, screaming, imploring, in frantic alarm. He had hung himself, she declared, from the clothes-hook on the door. She could hear his boot-heels kicking against it—forgetting, poor lady, that if her suspicions were correct, he could hardly be expected to comply with her reiterated requests to open the door. The servants partook of their mistress's impression. Does it seem strange that everybody was so suddenly plunged into consternation? Mr. Humpage had been but half an hour longer than common over his dressing. But this was the first infraction of a custom of two-and-twenty years. Self-imposed laws are the best observed. No member of that orderly establishment, if questioned, would have considered any further explanation necessary, than that they knew "master's way."

Mrs. Humpage, making an eager gesture which might be interpreted as an order to break in, Stephen the strong, without further ceremony, put his broad knee against the door, which, secured only by a slight catch, yielded instantly.

The first moment sufficed to convince them that no one was in the apartment. The next, Stephen caught his mistress by the arm, and somewhat peremptorily twisted her through the door. His quick sight had managed to sweep in details he did not wish her to be among the first to investigate. With the like determination he induced the other women to quit the room, and then, putting a strong restraint upon his own anxious curiosity, secured the door on the outside, and started off to the police-office in Bow-street as fast as his legs would carry him.

A shrewd and able man was Sir James Polhill, at that time chief magistrate; and he, after receiving a hasty communication from Stephen, despatched a sturdy individual in top-boots, white neckcloth, and long red waistcoat—called a "runner" because they always walked—to the house of Three Elms.

Isaac Surtees, the constable-runner, subsequently deposed that, from information which had been conveyed to him, and from certain directions he had received (Stephen had reported "Sum'at wrong down our way," and the magistrate had ordered him to "see about it"), he proceeded to Jermyn-street, Saint James's, where he observed a crowd of persons assembled about the door of a house, Number Twenty-seven, by the three great bellmen, opposite the public, next the chapel, round the corner, left-hand side. There was much excitement in the neighbourhood, especially in and about the Three Jolly Counsellors, partly owing to what had transpired

at Number Twenty-seven, partly to the promiscuous impalement of a little boy—by the trousers—on the spikes of the hairy, Number Twenty-seven aforesaid. Knocked at the door, and was admitted in the ordinary way. ("Well, man, we don't suppose you got down the chimney," growled the magistrate.) Scraped his shoes. There was a large Tom cat in the passage.

"Get on, officer. You need not be *too* precise," said the magistrate.

Likewise a door leading to a back staircase, conducting to apartments on the first floor, through a gallery and ante-room, down three steps, and up one, whereby you come to another room, whereof Stephen Gould, the butler, which has lived in the family nigh twenty-three years, and lost his hearing complete in the great fog of 'twenty-seven, produced from the left-hand pocket of his peach-coloured velvet inexpressibles, the key.

The apartment—to condense Mr. Surtees's report—was in much the same sort of confusion a gentleman might make in dressing hastily. The things were thrown about. In the middle of the room was a large pool of blood—other traces being noticeable in a direction towards the window. The sash of the latter was up, one pane broken, and one cut clean out, as if by a practised hand. Two towels, on which bloody hands had been wiped, lay near the wash-stand, on the floor. But the most significant trace of all presented itself in the shape of a lock, or tuft of grizzled hair—pronounced by Stephen to be his master's—which was picked up, soaked in blood, close beside the window. There was nothing, apart from this, to indicate that a murderous struggle had taken place, nor, indeed, was that compatible with circumstances at a later period deposed to. The murder—if such it was—must have been effected completely and suddenly, by surprise.

The motive? The closest scrutiny failed to establish the fact that any article of value, with one exception, had been taken away. That exception was the merchant's watch, a chronometer worth, as he had been accustomed to declare, one hundred pounds sterling. Not a drawer, shelf, or cupboard, had been disturbed. Gold and silver money was scattered on the table—a massive gold snuff-box, gold pencil-case, and other things of undoubted value—all these were safe. The outrage, whatever its nature, and by whomsoever perpetrated, had been clearly directed against the person, not the property, of the missing man.

The singularity of the circumstances, even at a period too much marked with desperate crimes, attracted unusual attention. The merchant had been held in high esteem by a very large circle of acquaintance; the magistrate himself, Sir James Polhill, had been of the number of his friends.

After hearing the testimony of the officer Surtees, and one or two other witnesses, Sir

James took with him two of his most astute thief-catchers, and went down in person to examine the premises.

The window at which ingress must have been effected was twenty-five feet from the ground. It was at the side of the house fronting the elm-trees, and looked down upon a narrow, but well-frequented thoroughfare, faced on the off-side by an iron railing, and leading into Piccadilly.

To believe that through such a window, in broad daylight, a gentleman murderously assailed in the very midst of his family and dependents, could have been either forcibly dragged or secretly smuggled, and borne safely away, was more than the magistrate, familiar with the *modus operandi*, and the usual hazards of crime, could school his mind to. It seemed absolutely incredible that no alarm should have been given. Presuming that a sudden and well-delivered blow had rendered the victim insensible—how lower and transport away the inanimate body, without exciting the curiosity and suspicion of the passengers, from whose presence the alley was scroreely for a moment free?

Sir James Polhill was leaning from the window, revolving this question in his mind, and wondering, casually, how far a slender leaden water-pipe which passed up to the roof almost within arm's reach might have been concerned with the burglar's successful entrance, when a squabble of the boys in the footway attracted his attention.

A little burlesque of a highly popular ceremony appeared to be in progress.

The smallest urchin of the group, with his elbows pinioned, his hands tied, and a dirty Welsh nightcap half concealing his blabbered face, was lifted on the shoulders of another, by way of ladder, while an amateur Ketch in corduroys endeavoured to adjust a fragment of rope round his neck. A fourth performer, with his black, frouzy hair smoothed down over his face, and a sheet of street ballads in his hand, enacted the part of reverend ordinary.

The juvenile culprit, however, evinced a decidedly impenitent and contentious frame of mind. It was clear that he repudiated the whole proceedings, and now writhed, kicked, and howled, to an extent that had already filled the narrow thoroughfare with deeply interested spectators, who, with an instinctive reverence for the more majestic aspects of the law, offered no interposition whatever.

Annoyed, as well he might be, at this unbecoming travesty of one of our most venerable and cherished institutions—the excellent magistrate shouted angrily to the boys to disperse, making signs, moreover, to one of his rosy-breasted followers, looming in the distance, to scatter the tumultuous assemblage. The condemned urchin was quickly reprieved, and, with the tears undried on his face, was in the act of joining with the executioner and chaplain in a savage dance round his deliverer, when the latter was seen to pounce upon and recapture him.

After a minute, during which some inquiry of

much interest seemed to be proceeding, the officer entered the house, accompanied by the boy, from whose neck he had taken the piece of cord. The boy had been found with it in his hand early that morning, saying that he had picked it up under the window of the dressing-room. It bore at that time fresh marks of blood, and there was a noose at the end, which circumstance had perhaps suggested to the juvenile population of the vicinity the little amusement that had just been interrupted.

There was no reason to doubt the boy's statement. After all, the discovery was of no great moment; suggesting nothing more than a supposition that the cord might have been a portion of that used in lowering the merchant's body. The crime and its perpetrators remained as dark and doubtful as before.

Sir James dangled the rope thoughtfully in his hand, as though weighing an imaginary criminal; "I am much mistaken," he said, "if I do not perceive the print of a black thumb in this."

The officer glanced at his chief, not at the rope, for he understood his meaning.

London—among its other public scandals, tolerated no man knows how or why—was at that period infested by a gang of skilled ruffians, organised and directed by the greatest miscreant of the number, a fellow half-nobleman, half-gipsy, commonly known as "Lord Lob." Touching this title, the works of Sir Bernard Burke are silent; neither have we been able to trace in the archives of the *Heralds' College* the arms and crest of Lob. But there was at that time no question that the credit of having added this unit to the human family, was due to the wild and eccentric Earl of Hawkewood, whose protection, for a long time freely afforded, this young villain had alienated by a course of crime.

Seldom, even among the most depraved, can an individual be found, who loves guilt solely for the pleasure he experiences in its commission. Human nature, fallen as it is, seems to proscribe purposeless crime. If, however, we may put faith in this robber's recorded history, he must have been an exception to the rule. It was known for certain that he invariably refused to participate in the proceeds of any one of the multitude of nefarious enterprises he planned and helped to execute. These were generally of a lofty, that is to say, impudent range. My lord interested himself in nothing of a low and pitiful character; nothing, in effect, that did not demand both power of combination and hardihood. Victory was worthless without the delight of strategy. There were the points of a good partisan leader about Lord Lob. Alas! that he had never skirmished against anything but law and justice, harassed nothing but social order, despoiled no foe but his peaceful fellow-citizens!

The pillage of a bank, an opulent City warehouse, a goldsmith's shop, the waylaying of a distinguished band of travellers, the forging and uttering of notes of startling amount occasionally (by way of change), the running a perfect argosy

full of silk and spirits under the very noses of the coast-guard, these were the meanest matters to which Lord Lob's genius would willingly descend.

He had no need of much money. He had wearied of smaller vices. Such poor excesses as drink and play he had abandoned to the young aristocratic bloods of the day; but when he had absolutely not a groat remaining, my lord would quietly saddle his brown pad, and sallying forth on his favourite preserve, the Lincoln road, take the first purse he judged weighty enough for present necessities. To do this at his pleasure, was the leader's sole prerogative; all other proceedings of the gang being carried on in concert, and with a common end.

These gentlemen, who had given themselves the name of the "Black-Thumbs," numbered about thirty, seldom more, as it was thought that any larger circle might include a traitor or two; seldom less, for no sooner did the insatiate maw of justice devour a member of the brotherhood, than another stepped eagerly into the shoes kicked off at the gibbet. Such casualties, however, were far from numerous, even in those regretted "good old days," when nothing in the range of endeavour was easier than to get hanged; for every well-trained Black-Thumb was adroit as he was daring, and there was, moreover, a law—which being the only one recognised by these worthies, was observed with the more fidelity—that no member of their little commonwealth should imperil his valuable existence in petty individual ventures, so long as any greater action was impending.

To their leader, one and all were heartily devoted, executing his orders—whatsoever they might be—with that blind and absolute confidence which goes far towards ensuring the result it anticipates.

Hence, then, it befel, that whenever any startling outrage, marked with peculiar features, was added to the daily catalogue of crime, suspicion, as a thing of course, fastened upon the dreaded Black-Thumbs, and hence the worthy magistrate believed he saw the impression of these sooty digits in the deed he was investigating.

As yet, he felt, the conclusion was premature, and suggested by the mysterious and motiveless character of the outrage.

What, in the first place, was its real nature?

It must have been one of three things: A planned assassination. An interrupted burglary, with violence supervening. A simple abduction, or kidnapping.

That it was a purposed assassination seemed the least probable of all. The generous frank old man had not an enemy on earth. It was beyond the pale of likelihood that such a deed should have been attempted under such circumstances, by day, in the victim's own dwelling, when the slightest scuffle must provoke alarm. And then, what murderer would multiply the chances of detection tenfold, by seeking to remove the mutilated body?

The theory of an interrupted robbery was surely negatived by the fact, that those who carried off the body might with infinitely greater facility have possessed themselves of the money and valuables they came to seek. Such things, it has been stated, were lying about where they could not escape notice, and, in the very drawer that had been heard to open and reclose, there was found, on examination, a bank-bill of large amount, and twenty-three guineas and a half in gold.

As touching the abduction hypothesis, had the object been the charming little heiress, Polly-my-Lamb, the enterprise, though lawless, were at least intelligible, but what advantage commensurate with the hazard could accrue to the assailants from the possession of the portly person of her excellent father?

After an interview with Mrs. Humpage—a kind but weak-minded woman, whom alarm and anxiety had rendered nearly imbecile—and with Polly-my-Lamb, who looked as white as a lily, but neither wept nor lamented, the magistrate returned to his office in a mood of unaccustomed depression. He endeavoured to recal from some important country service an officer named Henry Armour, distinguished no less for his bull-dog courage, than the sagacity with which he tracked the coldest scent. Mr. Armour, however, was beyond recal. The game he had been hunting had, for once, given him the slip, at Liverpool, and made for North America. Without a moment's hesitation, the staunch pursuer had flung a brace of pistols into his valise, and had started in chase by a ship then in the act of clearing out. So, for some months, Henry was not available.

The affairs of the missing gentleman were found to be in perfect order and high prosperity. For the last two or three years, as most of his friends were aware, he had been gradually restricting the sphere of his commercial operations, with the intention of withdrawing altogether from business as soon as practicable. This circumstance greatly facilitated the scrutiny that took place. The result of it went to show that Mr. Humpage had been in a position to retire with a fortune of upwards of ninety thousand pounds.

By the time this conclusion was established, poor Mrs. Humpage was no longer in a condition to take much interest in the matter. Many months had now passed since her husband's disappearance, and yet her health, whether bodily or mental, showed no symptom of recovering from the shock it had sustained. On the contrary, as hope faded, her feebleness of frame and disturbance of spirit augmented together. She was rapidly sinking into imbecility, and presently conceived an idea that her husband was not only alive, but in his own house, observing, however, some peculiar line of conduct which she could not comprehend. She was perpetually hearing his voice or step. Sometimes caught sight of him as he passed from room to room, and on one

occasion believed that he had entered her dressing-room, and bitterly upbraided her with failing to send aid to him in the deadly scuffle in which his life was taken (such was her incoherent fancy), and also with employing insufficient means for the detection of his murderers. It was in vain to combat these hallucinations, in which she was at last permitted to indulge. Before the expiration of a twelvemonth from the fatal day, the poor woman had sunk into a state which admitted no hope of amendment.

The change that had come over Polly-my-Lamb was, though widely different, scarcely less remarkable. Those months of feverish anxiety had dealt with her as might an unnaturally fervid atmosphere with blossoms of another kind, and led her to a forced maturity. Gone, gone forever, was the merry, saucy little rump, whose whole existence was like a continual dance; from whose sweet face sleep itself could scarcely chase away the smile; whose small feet, decorated with the well-known frilled pantaloons, came twinkling down the street, sending thrills of delight and jealousy to the hearts of the susceptible youth-hood of the precinct, whose idol and empress she had been. In place of her, there sat beside the mother's bed, a calm, stern, self-reliant, jealous-judging little woman.

Between Polly-my-Lamb and her kind papa there had existed a degree of attachment rarely witnessed even in that dear relationship. Except in those hours when the elder playfellow was immersed in business, the two were seldom seen apart, and it is certain that the merchant would have grudged even that necessary interval of separation from his darling, had it not been devoted to the work of building up for her a fortune it was his intention to render, according to the estimate of that time—colossal.

That kind of amaze-ment with which youth receives the first buffet in the battle of life, like a wound that stuns, came mercifully to deaden the actual smart of the child's wound at first. Poor little Polly-my-Lamb could not at all realise the fact that her father was *gone*. Her heart seemed to grope round in a bewildered way, seeking something that was missing from its daily sensible existence. Then, after a little time, the child rallied her reasoning powers, a process no doubt accelerated by the necessity of attending much to her mother, whose grief, loud and incessant, importuned all within its reach. Strength is gained by helping the weak. The child then began to reflect, and to be strong. Bitter as was her grief, and deep the wound that was galled and irritated by every sound and object the household circle supplied, the sentiments of rage and revenge were entirely dominant. Polly-my-Lamb would have marched to the fiery stake (women did so, in her day, for counterfeiting crown pieces in pewter), if she could by no other means have included in that torture the assassins of her father.

Before the close of the year, a second victim was borne from the mansion of the Three Elms.

Mrs. Humpage yielded up her life and sorrows, and was laid to rest in the neighbouring vaults of Saint James the Martyr.

CHAPTER II.

So poor Polly-my-Lamb was left in the rich desolate house alone. Neither of her parents possessed any near relations. As for friends, the wayward child repelled every attempt to comfort her, every offer to bear her company, in her affliction.

Two visitors only, after a short time, were admitted, Mr. Bellamy, the family solicitor, and Sir James Polhill, the chief magistrate. The former laid before her her father's will, in which he had bequeathed one half of his large fortune to his wife, with remainder to his daughter, the other moiety to trustees, for the benefit of the latter until her marriage or coming of age. Thus the whole property, producing, in those days, nearly six thousand pounds income, seemed likely to centre absolutely in the young mistress, now just fifteen, of the house of Three Elms. Sir James could with difficulty repress a start, so complete a transformation had the last two or three months effected in the appearance and demeanour of his young friend. He had come to visit the little thing, as on former occasions, in a sort of caressing, comforting, head-patting way, and here was a young woman, with set features and chill blue eyes, waving him to a somewhat distant seat, and awaiting with polite frigidity the explanation of his visit.

Sir James found himself stammering words of common-place condolence, and general offers of service, and was scarcely astonished when she cut him short:

"You can neither help nor comfort me, sir, nor can you even recompense me for this intrusion—" (His benevolent look stopped her as though he had held up a warning hand)—"interruption of the grief I prefer to indulge in privacy, except in one way. Tell me that the law has overtaken the—murderers."

A deadly paleness overspread her face as she ground the last word, almost inaudible, between her set teeth.

"Such tidings, my dear young lady, we hope shortly—"

"I know, I know!" burst in the child, clutching her fingers together, and beating them impatiently against her bosom. "Always the same, always the same!"

"We—we have done our utmost," replied Sir James, rising.

"I am glad to hear you say so," was the unexpected answer. "It is time, then, that others began."

"My dear?"

"It can never be meant that, this wicked murder should go unpunished, even in a world that cannot, as it seems, administer the laws it makes. I know that it is to be found out, and it shall—yes, it *shall*," she added, her eyes wide open, and gleaming like a sibyl's. "If you can—"

not trace these wicked men, I—child as you think me—will do it. For no other end will I breathe. The wealth he left will help to secure it. Henceforth, I know no hope, no care, no pleasure, but to revenge him. If you wish to be assured that I am in earnest, read this.”

And she put into his hand a copy of the *Newsman*, published that day.

The magistrate read:

“A reward of one thousand pounds sterling will be paid to whomsoever shall furnish reliable information touching the disposal of the body, living or dead, of Basil Humpage, merchant, of Jermyn-street. Address, the Police-office, Bow-street.”

“This is tempting, indeed,” said Sir James.

“When was this notice sent?”

“Yesterday.”

“And your friends—do they approve this offer?”

“I have no friends: and I want my father.”

“Well, well, my dear,” said the good magistrate, “I, at least, have no right to thwart your plans, though we might differ in our modes of action. You are a young lady of remarkable energy and self-reliance. If these be well directed, good results may as surely follow as though they had been the fruits of greater experience. I was about to tell you, a moment since, that I hope to-morrow to introduce a new auxiliary, for whom I have been waiting somewhat anxiously. For the present, farewell.”

Polly-my-Lamb sat at the window this day, for the first time since her mother's death, and looked out with orphan eyes upon the world. It was dreary, dripping weather. At intervals a rude wind swept the street, which was filled with staggering chairs, the bearers hardly able to make good their way against the sudden gyrations of the fitful storm.

The poor child's eyes were hot and dry, but her heart was full of tears. One thought possessed her wholly, ragged within her—revenge for her father. But, how to obtain it? Scheme after scheme was revolved and dismissed, not for their too-extended grasp, but from the difficulties that attended every attempt to reduce them to detail. Thus, it was not so easy, in practice, to raise a regiment of determined men, each sworn, upon enlistment, to spend the last drop of his blood in the quest of Humpage. There were, again, material difficulties in the way of fitting out a vessel for the purpose of visiting every country in the world, and ransacking its jails for any relenting ruffian who could throw light upon the great English murder. And, further, even supposing that six knights could be found, who, for an outfit of, say five hundred pounds apiece, and a handsome prize to the successful champion, would meet at Charing-cross, and take different roads in search of her father, it was far more probable that these intrepid cavaliers would themselves vanish, than that any one of the brotherhood should return triumphant.

There was one alternative left, and though our young lady was not insensible to its romantic aspect, and indeed could have actually named to herself the very legend which furnished the idea, she nevertheless resolved on its adoption, and, in pursuance of such resolution, within a few moments Polly-my-Lamb might have been seen kneeling before the portrait of her father, pledging herself to Heaven, by the most solemn vows, and with tearful earnestness, to yield her hand and fortune only to him who should discover and make known to her her father's fate.

She was happier after that. Polly-my-Lamb resented herself in the window, and once more gazed out upon the dreary day.

What object can that be that first enchains her eyes with a fixed and wondering gaze, then makes her redder, then grow pale, then start away, and yet again steal back for another wistful look?

Nothing more extraordinary than a little white face, made yet smaller by masses of brown hair, through which two large heavy-lidded eyes gaze sadly out, as if answering hers; the face of a youth about her own age, supported by pillows, in the window of the opposite house. The little lady's first impression on catching sight of the poor worn invalid, was one of pity—her second, of mingled wonder and interest, as the singular beauty that even such trying accessories could not cloud, slowly revealed itself. Divided from him only by a few yards, she could easily distinguish the change of expression that stole into the boy's face and lit up every lineament, as he faintly put back the clustering locks, and fastened his large eyes upon his young neighbour, as if she had been that for which alone he had fought successfully with death.

“If it were not sick, I should have imagined it an angel,” thought Polly-my-Lamb, simply.

She had shrank, with instinctive delicacy, from the fixed gaze, but now crept back for a moment. The sick face had returned to its languid apathy again at sight of her, light and colour reappeared, while the large eager eyes feasted hungrily as before. The girl's heart throbbed, as if—disdaining counsel of reason or will—replying at once to this strange homage. Who, and what could he be?

MR. WILL IN THE FOREST OF HYDE PARK.

THERE is a prevalent impression, that we import, pretty largely our dramatic literature, as we do our wines, spices, and some other luxuries. Certain climates are adapted to the growth of coffee and tobacco—why should not some peoples have a special capability for the production of sensation dramas? And why not free trade in literature? Let every country do what it can do best, and exchange its products with its neighbours. Remove obstructions, and let the law of demand and supply govern the world.

Accordingly, I purpose to introduce to the English market a French comedy which has come into my possession. It is entitled, *The Scholar of Oxford*, a comedy in three acts, and in prose, by Feu Wafflard, represented for the first time in the Second Théâtre-Français, July 29, 1824; price 2 francs, 50 centimes. Paris, Madame Virginie Dabo, Publisher. I ought, perhaps, to say that the copy lying before me, stained and dingy, but yet in tolerable preservation, I found with a heap of other works in a by-street, offered at a penny a volume. It is neither the better nor the worse for that.

The time of this comedy is the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The characters are LORD MORDEN, an ambitious courtier with a noble mansion in Lombard-street, in a magnificent park; LADY MORDEN, his sister; MISS MARIA, who is said in the list of personages to be their mother, but who is, in fact, as nearly as I can judge from the drama, their niece (Miss Maria, leur nièce, has an awkward look); LORD STRATFORD, friend of the Morden family; ROBERT, Professor of Humanities in the College of Mr. Jackson; WILL, Student of the University of Oxford; and several characters of lesser importance.

The first scene opens in a forest, which turns out to be in Hyde Park. There is a tavern, kept by GOOT, on whose sign is seen "Excellent porter—loge à pied et à cheval." Enter WILL, with a small bundle and some books under his arm. He is eighteen. He has just left the University of Oxford, because he has completed his studies, and also because his unknown protectors have forgotten to pay his last quarter's expenses. He has a vague idea that his father, whose name he does not happen to know, has died in exile.

"Here I am," exclaims Will, "at eighteen, free, my own master, and running the world, without knowing where I go. How the air is good! How I respire at my ease! Ah! this day is the most beautiful of my life. (*He throws his books into the air.*) Good-by Quintus Curtius! good-by Virgil! good-by Horace! your immortality has cost me many a flogging. WILL, if you believe me, you are fatigued; you want some refreshment. Ah, here is a tavern, where I can change my last guinea. Hello! Mr. Host, Mrs. Hostess, Mr. Goot!"

Enter Mr. Goot, with a pot of beer in his hand. "Well, young gentleman," he says, "you make a good deal of noise, for one."

"A pot of your best beer, Mr. Goot, and I will not beat you down on it."

"Here it is," says the publican; "taste that; by the time you have drunk two glasses you will feel a vigour; a fire in the head, you will be furious, and ready to box with all the world. As for my porter, I reserve that for great occasions, such as a prize-fight, or my wife's birthday."

Exit publican, and enter ROBERT, the tutor in the college of Mr. Jackson, who is taking a promenade with his pupils, to whom he says:

"Gentlemen! don't walk so fast; we are about to re-enter the town; walk two and two, and behave yourselves properly." These young gentlemen of the college of Mr. Jackson give their tutor a good deal of trouble; for, when he tells them to lower their eyes because ladies are coming, they raise them all the more, of course to plague their tutor.

Will and Robert recognise each other, having been acquainted at the University of Oxford. Will informs his friend that he is seeking his fortune—that he is ignorant of his family, but believes himself to be the son of a great lord, and that he remembers living with a farmer in the county of Kent. While conversing, they hear a great noise in the forest of Hyde Park, where a party is hunting. Robert calls to his pupils to keep away from the hunt, and not get run over by the horses. Will tells his friend that he is in love "like a fool," with a young lady whom he does not know, to whom he has never spoken, but whom he saw at the Newmarket races.

Two ladies, who accompany the hunt, are in peril. Their horses, frightened, rush towards a ravine, and Will, at the head of the schoolboys, rushes to their rescue. Robert, more prudent, stays behind. Will seizes the reins—the ladies alight, and Robert, the danger over, receives them politely, and they take him for their deliverer.

Lady Morden and Miss Maria, exhausted with fright, gladly seize the arms of Robert. Let us proceed with the scene.

LADY MORDEN. A cloud obscures my eyes; I tremble at the danger we have escaped; my knees bend under me.

MARIA. Dear aunt, respire this salt.

ROBERT. Ladies, support yourselves on me, the danger is past; compose yourselves—fear nothing.

MARIA (*aside*). That young man who threw himself under the horses' feet—it was he. [That is, it was Master Will, whom she had seen at the Newmarket races.]

LADY MORDEN. Ah, sir! what gratitude I owe you.

ROBERT (*confused*). Madam, I merit nothing.

LADY MORDEN. Do not hope to escape our eulogies. We had been hunting since morning with Lord Morden in this forest [Hyde Park]. The storm separated us. The horses ran—you have saved us.

Lord Morden enters upon the scene, and declares that Heaven, in saving the lives of the ladies, wished to prolong his. The rain had swollen a brook [the Serpentine?] so that he could not pass it. He had seen the horses plunge madly down the ravine, "but by what miracle," he asks, "had they escaped a certain death?"

A courageous man, he was informed, had been intrepid enough to save them. It was to Robert, Lady Morden assured him, they owed their life. Miss Maria knew it was the Newmarket young gentleman; but chose to keep her own counsel. Lord Morden throws himself into the arms of

the lucky Robert, who tries, but not very hard, to escape this effusion of gratitude he had done nothing to deserve. Lord Morden will not be restrained. "My rank, my credit, my fortune," says he, "are yours. Speak, sir; how can I serve you? Do you want gold? Pardon me—perhaps I offend your delicacy. I offer you my friendship. I am lively, impressionable, enthusiastic—yes, very enthusiastic. Yes, sir, I am proud to say that I am a true Englishman, and cannot help admiring a noble action."

"My lord," says Robert, "this is a very simple affair, and deserves no praise. I was with my pupils—I saw the danger—we saved the ladies—nobody is hurt; that is all."

His lordship wishes to know who Mr. Robert may be. He tells him that he is a man of letters, a philosopher, and a political writer, who, for want of a patron, has been obliged to take a situation in the college of Mr. Jackson. He had been the tutor of Edward Prior. Lord Morden has heard of him. He offers him the post of his secretary, his friendship, protection, table, house, equipages, and four hundred pounds sterling a year for life—if that was not sufficient, he would double or treble it.

"Speak freely, my lord," says Robert. "I know that your grace, like many other noblemen, is dissatisfied with the influence of the proud Count of Essex."

"Ah! you know that? Well, my dear Robert, this ascendancy is, perhaps, on the point of being finished. We have a strong party—Lord Buckingham, Rokeby, Lord Strafford, whom I never see, whose family is in exile—but it is all the same. Here is a matter in which you may be useful. Here are some notes; reduce them to order to make me an eloquent memoir. You know that Elizabeth cultivates literature. An energetic and elegant style fixes her attention. I will sign it, and be responsible. My dear Robert, we are Englishmen, we love our country, we cherish our sovereign, and it is our duty to enlighten her, and free her nobles from the caprices of a favourite."

Robert is delighted with the honours heaped upon him, and readily undertakes the task assigned him.

In the mean time, Will and the boys have got the horses and carriage all right, and come upon the scene. Maria inquires anxiously if he is hurt, and is gratified to find that he is as comfortable as possible.

"Are these your pupils?" asked Lord Morden.

"Yes, my lord," says Robert; "this is Mr. Tomy, the first Greek scholar of the school; this is Mr. Dig, who had only two faults in his yesterday's theme; Mr. Burg, who draws from the round." After romancing in this fashion, he says, "My lord, dare I ask you a favour?"

"Speak. You could not do me a greater kindness."

"This is Mr. Will, a young student of Oxford, who is going to London to seek a place. He has excellent talents, and you will greatly oblige

me by procuring him employment, and allowing him to live with me."

This favour is readily accorded. Lady Morden finds the young gentleman very interesting, and so, indeed, does Miss Maria.

"Good-by, my dear Robert," says Lord Morden. "I shall expect you in an hour. My house is at London in Lombard-street. Remember that you have not a moment to lose, and that the Chancellor expects me at nine o'clock."

Will, as may be supposed, is a little astonished at seeing another rewarded for his services. Some of the boys have been wounded. That is a trifle. Robert is happy; but he sees that Will does not quite like it. But he says it is not the part of a general to expose himself, and explains to Will that he is to be his companion, which, under the circumstances, is satisfactory.

The second act is at Lord Morden's mansion in Lombard-street. Brighton, his lordship's principal valet, is showing Will the house.

"Mr. Will," he says, "you have now seen the whole establishment. Are you satisfied with your apartment? Would you like a larger or more sumptuous one?"

"Oh no! it is too fine for me. What a difference between this and the dormitories at Oxford!"

"I shall be careful," says the amiable valet, "to anticipate all your wishes. In the mean time, shall I order you some puddings, some sweetmeats, and some muscat?"

"Sweetmeats! muscat! My lord is too good; but, what is your name, my dear?"

"Brighton."

"Tell me, Mr. Brighton—this little pavilion in the park—the view must be superb. It would be a delicious place to paint in. Could you let me see it?"

"Nothing easier; I will conduct you. If, before dinner, you would wish to take a promenade on horseback to give you an appetite, I will order them to saddle Zephyr, a charming beast, that cuts the air—five miles in ten minutes at the last race."

Will declines to ride just now in this beautiful park in Lombard-street, and Brighton is surprised with a visit from Lord Strafford, who says to him:

"Tell me, my dear"—this was the way lords addressed valets in the days of the sublime Elizabeth—"tell me, my dear, do you think your master will be home soon?"

"Can't say, my lord; he came home at three o'clock in the morning, and had scarcely spoken two words to my lady, when the grand chancellor sent for him."

"It is well. Leave me," and Will and his friend Brighton take their little walk in the park.

Lord Strafford, left alone, takes the opportunity to make a little soliloquy. "Morden is in favour," he says, "but what pretext have I for coming to see him, when I have been so long absent? Ah! that little accident to his sister in the woods of Hyde Park will answer. Love

and spite enter into the disgrace of Essex; his antagonists triumph—but will they long? The heart of our sovereign is difficult to understand, and often the weaknesses of Elizabeth destroy the resolutions of the Queen of England. The favourite may soon make his enemies tremble in the palace of St. James. I am bound to Essex. I like Morden. One goes down, the other rises. The situation is very embarrassing; let me consult my conscience. Essex is my friend; if he regain the confidence of Elizabeth, he has my esteem; if he lose her friendship, he must necessarily lose mine. The faithful subject must immolate to his sovereign his dearest affections. Come, come! one is never embarrassed in following the path of honour. Morden's sister is a widow, rich and beautiful. I am free. I have no heir but that poor nephew; my brother has died in exile."

Lady Morden comes in, and expresses her surprise at seeing Lord Strafford. He tells her that he heard of her accident in the circle of the Duchess of Buckingham, and had shuddered at her danger. He inquires for Lord Morden, and pretends to be surprised to hear that he is at court, and that Essex is in disgrace. She tells him of a wonderful memoir that he has read to the queen, which has done his business. Finally, he invites Lady Morden and family to a hunting party he is about to give at his estate at Brixford, and makes love to the lady.

Robert is very anxious to know the success of his memoir, which Will has assisted him to write, giving it, in fact, its most satirical touches. A despatch is brought him from Lord Morden, which informs him of a complete victory; that Essex is overthrown, and that he is master of the situation. He encloses a portrait of Essex, and wishes a telling caricature, ridicule being a terrible weapon with the English. Robert is in ecstasies. He sees himself a great man—member of Parliament, perhaps—certainly member of the Privy Council. But he must manage to get Will to draw him a caricature. Will also wants something. Miss Maria's drawing-master has been taken ill, and he would like to take his place, pro tempore. Robert promises to speak to my lord about it, and Will gladly engages to draw the caricature, without knowing its subject or object.

Lord Morden, returned from the court, accosts his ingenious secretary cheerfully:

"Well, my dear Robert, I have obtained the honours of a triumph. Congratulate me, my friend."

"Ah! my lord," exclaims Robert, "with what impatience have I awaited your return! Have the kindness to give me some particulars. I see that my style has struck the court."

"Yes, our memoir has been very fortunate. The queen listened with the liveliest attention."

"Oh! what an honour!" exclaims the enraptured Robert; "how capital! how happy you make me!"

"Just imagine that she wished to hear a second time the three last pages."

"I was certain that my peroration would delight her: you have well praised her literary taste."

"After a moment's reflection, she declared that the author of the memoir was a man of merit and ability."

"What!" cried the overjoyed secretary. "She said that? How intoxicating is such praise, from the mouth of a sovereign."

"So devoted a subject," she added, "merits a recompense."

"Ah! my lord," said the modest Robert, "the good of my country, the gratitude of my fellow-citizens, and the esteem of Elizabeth, are the only rewards to which I aspire."

"Then, turning towards the chancellor, 'Sir Duke,' she said, 'I make Lord Morden chevalier of the Order of Henry the Eighth.'"

"You?" exclaimed the astonished secretary; "how is this? and what of me?"

"Let him continue to serve me as a faithful subject, and there shall be no bounds to my benefactions."

"Yes, my lord, but me——"

"You see, my friend," continued his lordship, too intent on his own honours to notice the disappointment of his scribe, and showing him his decoration—"you see the reward of my zeal and of my labours."

"And mine, what is mine, my lord? Have you not spoken of me?"

"Spoken of you! my dear; and to whom, if you please? To the queen? She does not know you."

"Ah! very true. However, this memoir will make me known to her."

"But it is the matter and not the form which has fixed her attention. The style is only an accessory. Besides, the praises she has given must be flattering to you, and the favours I have received are, in some sort, reflected upon you."

"What!" muttered the indignant Robert to himself, "I have been the footstool of his elevation! Ah! the blood carries me to the head!"—a French idiom descriptive of premonitory symptoms of apoplexy. But he had the art to suppress his indignation, and pretend to be satisfied. Lord Morden, touched by his professions of devotion, commissions him to make a grand festival that evening with every imaginable luxury. "Try," he says, "to have Shakespeare and his company. My house holds only twelve hundred persons—distribute three thousand invitations. Send them to all the wealthy citizens. Have an immense crowd, confusion, and prodigality. Sow gold broadcast wherever you go."

Lord Strafford calls to congratulate the new favourite. Lord Morden pretends to regret the disgrace of Essex. Strafford thinks this tone wise, as he is sure that Elizabeth loves Essex, and, at the worst, will only banish him.

"But tell me, my friend," says he, "when you read your letter to the queen, was she angry?"

"No, quite cool."

"Essex is lost," thought Strafford. "And what were the charges against the count which seemed to affect her most?"

"That of despising her authority."

"He can never recover," thought the prudent courtier; "my good Morden! my true friend! this day opens for you a new career. At what hour did you leave the court?"

"At nine o'clock."

"Heaven! I am too fast," thought Strafford. "Essex must still have resources; he may be able to bend the queen." So he took the other tack, hoped the count would be able to justify himself. For himself, he was devoted to his sovereign: his brother had been a rebel; fought for the Stuarts, and died in exile. He had been all the more anxious, on account of this anachronistic treason, to give proofs of his loyalty.

There is not much love-making, unhappily, in our little comedy, but we have next a scene between Will, the Oxford student, turned drawing-master, and his pupil, Miss Maria. She shows him her copy of a head of Niobe. It is perfect. She says her old master was not satisfied with it. He exclaims against such gross injustice, by which masters discourage their pupils. She inquires tenderly after his wounded arm. He is delighted that she should know who had saved her from the Hyde Park peril, and rather sorry that he was not half killed on that occasion. He reminds her of having seen her at those races at Newmarket, and hopes that her teacher may have a long fit of illness. Miss Maria thinks that when teacher and pupil are nearly of an age they get along better. There springs up a little intimacy, which, Will says, is greatly to the benefit of the pupil. But to-day, her hand trembles. There are days when one ought not to work. She thinks it must be the fault of the crayons. Decidedly, they are bad. He proposes to study geography; but whatever is proposed, they always return to the one subject, but are interrupted by Lord and Lady Morden, who come to propose a marriage to Maria. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has demanded her hand for his nephew, the Baronet Tourville. It is a great match. Elizabeth will sign the contract. Maria makes the slight objection that she does not love this baronet, but is told that she will soon enough, and must be married to him in a week. Will, naturally, hearing all this, is in despair; but a little reassured when he hears Lord Morden declare that he does not propose to marry her to any one against her inclinations.

At this juncture, Mr. Brighton, the valet, with a low voice and a mysterious manner, gives Lord Morden a despatch. He reads it, and cannot conceal his agitation; however, he controls himself, and they all go to dinner. Will is in great trouble about the projected marriage of Miss Maria. If he only knew who he was, and happened to be somebody, he would propose for her himself. Being nobody, that he knows of, he is miserable accordingly.

To him, Miss Maria; who says she has good news to tell him. She has reason to believe

that her marriage with the Baron Tourville—is it was baronet just now—is broken. "Oh! happiness!" says Will. She hopes so. Her uncle has received a despatch which has greatly troubled him, and she thinks, of course, it must relate to her marriage. What else *could* cause him such inquietude.

"By the way, Mr. Will," says the lady, "what made you leave college?"

"I am eighteen, miss, and my studies are finished."

"And when we met you, you were going to your family?"

"Not exactly—in fact, that would be rather difficult, because I do not know who they are."

Will fears to be taken for an adventurer. She asks his name. He has none but Will, which she is aware is not a family name, and though it has sufficed to win the honours of the University, he has some not unreasonable doubt whether it will help him to win the charming Maria.

Robert now encounters Will, and tells him that milord and his family are lost. That memoir, which they had written together for Lord Morden, had been his ruin. Essex had appeared to be lost. The queen had condemned him to exile. He submitted; asked for a parting interview, which she had the weakness to grant. It ended in his being pardoned and restored to favour, and to the power, of course, of revenging his injuries, and especially upon the author of the memoir.

"He will not avenge himself," says Will; "he is happy."

"The most irritating passages are those you have written."

"You asked for biting epigrams and satires, and I gave them to you."

"Then that caricature! It is all over London."

"What caricature?"

"The one you made against Essex."

"Me?"

"Yes; you are so young, I feared to trust you."

"Mr. Robert, you have treated me very badly. You have made a tool of me. Happily, the drawing was not signed."

"Oh yes it was. I wrote on it 'Robert, fecit.'"

"So much the worse for you, then."

Robert proposes to escape. Will rushes out to denounce himself to the constables, who already surround the house, as the sole author of the mischief. He tells them that he is the intimate friend of Lord Morden, the writer of the memoir, the designer of the caricature. They laugh at him. As a last resource he writes to Essex, and charges himself with all these atrocities.

Lord Strafford comes in disguise to see his friends. Will begs he will assist him to move the court in favour of Lord Morden.

"You wish to go to court?" says Lord Strafford; "who are you, young man?"

"Who am I? The protégé of Lord Morden."

"You have no other title, and you dare interfere?"

"Gratitude does not reckon difficulties. The family of Miss Maria is in danger."

"Very fine sentiments, no doubt; but have the goodness not to mix up my name in this affair."

Will redoubles his entreaties, and goes off into an extravagant eulogy on the charms of Miss Maria, declaring his firm conviction that no one can be cruel enough to injure the uncle of so much perfection.

"A young man, without name or birth," says the astonished courtier, "to dare to raise his eyes to the niece of his benefactor?"

Will declares that gratitude alone—gratitude and justice—impel him to rush to the palace of St. James, accuse himself as the author of all the mischief, and demand to expiate his offences in the Tower of London.

"Tower of London! What ambition!" says Strafford. "Do you not know that the Tower is for nobles and statesmen? They will send you to Newgate or Bedlam."

"I will throw myself on my knees to our sovereign. Elizabeth is a woman—she will pardon."

"Elizabeth is a queen—she will punish."

"I will say to her—'Madam, I have never known my family—I was deprived of my father in my infancy.'"

"What is that? What do you say? Who was your father?"

"I do not know. I will say, 'You see at your knees the son of an exile.'"

"Of an exile? How came you here? How long have you known Lord Morden?"

"Since yesterday. I saved the life of my lady, at the hunt in Hyde Park."

"You seem to have been well educated. Who had charge of your infancy?"

"A poor farmer in the county of Kent."

"What do I hear? And before you came here, what were you?"

"I studied at the University of Oxford."

"A poor farmer—University of Oxford—what is your name?"

"Will."

"Heavens! all my doubts are removed. Unhappy boy, why have you left the university?"

"My studies were completed—they dismissed me."

Strafford tries in vain to dissuade him from his project of going to the queen in behalf of Lord Morden. He orders him to stop. Will does not much respect his orders. He implores him to regard his own interests. Will does not see the necessity. He is compelled to declare himself his uncle. Will is glad, doubtless, to have found his family; to know that he is the nephew of a great lord, and in a position to claim the hand of Maria—but he has written that letter to Essex, and must await the consequences. Lord Strafford, his caution overcome by natural affection, is going himself to the queen.

A letter arrives from the court for Will, by

a special courier from St. James's to Lombard-street. It bears the arms of the Count of Essex. Will opens and reads aloud: "Mr. Will, I have read your letter with attention, and I approve the sentiments you manifest toward your protector, Morden. I was disposed to forget his libel, but since it is you who are its author, as well as of the caricature, it is you only whom I must pardon. Have, therefore, no anxiety, and say, moreover, to Lord Morden, that if we find at court men always disposed to injure, there are also generous hearts always ready to pardon, even while they have the power of vengeance."

Lord Morden is grateful; Lord Strafford demands the hand of Maria for his nephew; Lady Morden accepts Lord Strafford for her husband; all ends happily, and Lombard-street is in a blaze of glory.

Such is the comedy of the Student of Oxford. It is droll in its localities and French renderings of English character, but it is not without a good degree of dramatic interest, and never for an instant offends the nicest sense of propriety, which, of itself, is rather a rare virtue in a French comedy.

THE SIEGE OF RAVENNA.

In woful plight, a piteous sight,

The Exarch was that day:

We Venice men sat round to hear

The tale he came to say.

"The Greek hath lost, with little cost

The Lombard he hath won

To the iron crown, the stoutest town

That ever was built of stone:

"For, while the old wolf Luitprand

Was fighting for the Franks,

His wily nephew Hildebrand

(Among whose robber ranks

"Vicenza's Duke rode unabash'd)

Hath seized Ravenna town,

And from the Imperial city dash'd

The Imperial standard down."

A joyful man the Exarch was

The morrow of that day:

We Venice men set sail again

To seize the Lombard's prey.

At shut of day, Ravenna lay

Before us on the height:

We dropp'd adown beneath the town

After the fall of night:

At fall of night there was no light

In heaven above the masts:

Without a sound, we ran aground,

And fix'd our arbelasts:

At mid of night was sound and light

Thro' all Ravenna town;

Loud rang the bells above the walls

Of thousands trampled down.

At open day in fetters lay

The Lombard Hildebrand:

The town was ours; about the towers

We roam'd, a merry band.

"The fight, God wot, was short and hot.
Bear Hildebrand aboard.
Renew your oath," Doge Orso quoth,
"And take your lawful lord."

"The Duke is dead," he laugh'd, and said,
"The city is all our own.
Stand forth Ezarch! To thee St. Mark
Gives back Ravenna town."

Then all outright, for great delight.
The Ezarch wept, I trow.
As he had woful been before,
So was he joyful now.

By that night's cost, the Lombard lost
What our Duke Orso won
With great renown, the stoutest town
That ever was built of stone.

MUSICAL PHYSIOGNOMIES.

LAVATER's followers saw, in the shape of the features, sure marks of the individual's moral nature. According to them, all the predominant sentiments and passions contract the muscles in a way peculiar to that class of sentiment and passion. These contractions, frequently renewed, impress upon the countenance a certain type of expression, and at last sensibly modify the features: which thus betray, in a palpable manner, the inclinations of the soul and the secret longings of the heart.

By carrying similar inductions a little further, you may determine, in a way that is mostly satisfactory, a man's position in the world, his private tastes, his mode of life, the amount of his education, and frequently even his profession (if he have a profession), from his gait, manner, and outward behaviour. As to people living on their incomes; their railway shares, rents, and cash in the funds, transpire at every pore. It is impossible to confound them for a moment with poor devils who have to work for their living.

A clever man makes a bow unlike a fool's bow. An office clerk does not walk like a shopman; and a violinist's ways differ, in many points, from a clarinetist's, a flutist's, or a cornist's (horn-players). There are even, in the visage of every artist belonging to the different categories of instruments, distinctive characters which quite prevent one from being mistaken for the other.

Thus, says M. COMETTANT, from whose clever sketches we cull more harmonious flowers,* horn-players have a certain swollen look about the face, arising from their constant efforts while blowing in their instrument. But besides the physical influence, there is also the moral influence which the practice of such or such an instrument produces on the musician. Cornists, for instance, are the most distinguished, both by education and manners, of all the orchestral artists who perform on brass instruments. The horn is essentially poetic by nature,

and enjoys the privilege of being admitted into "salons" and ball-rooms. The artist takes the rank of his instrument, and makes himself a man of the world, in order to shine there with his favoured horn. The well-known proverb may be modified to "Tell me what instrument you play, and I will tell you what company you keep, and consequently what you are."

The cornist himself borrows something of the gentle gravity of his instrument—of its rural and fantastic character. Kind, tender-hearted, impressionable by the beauties of nature, he loves the country, the sombre woods and their solitary nooks. In love, he is faithful by duty, but inconstant by nature. He is incessantly dreaming of a happiness which he cannot attain; for, alas! he knows not where to fix it. His love is an unhappy love which blooms for all womankind, and stops to make choice of none. It is an affair of the imagination rather than of the heart. And so the cornist, often misunderstood, often also deceived and disillusioned, remains single—unless Cupid, in his crafty slikeness, sacrifice him as a victim to some innocent maiden of thirty-six, or to some colonel's widow whose dear first husband was passionately fond of the horn.

The most astonishing horn-player known, is VIVIER, who, by some inexplicable means, by a multiple pressure of the lips no doubt, has succeeded in producing flourishes on his instrument with several parts sounding at once. If M. Comettant had not himself heard the artist, in the intimacy of a private tête-à-tête, he would have refused to believe so extraordinary a fact. Vivier (an exception to the usual type of cornists) is no less eccentric as a man than as a musician. His life is a long succession of jokes.

He was once crossing the Belgian frontier, on his return to France. Whoever has done the same, will have a recollection of the French douaniers (customs officers) probably more lively than agreeable. His luggage consisted of a couple of trunks, one of which he appeared to attempt to conceal from their prying eyes. Instantly, hands were laid on that trunk and the key demanded.

"Monsieur," said Vivier, whispering in the douanier's ear and casting an anxious glance around, "do let me pass this trunk without opening it. I assure you it contains nothing subject to duty."

"The key," snarled the douanier, "or I force the lock."

"Monsieur, I entreat you."

"Enough, monsieur. The key, I say."

"No, not enough. If necessary, I will go down on my knees."

"Useless, monsieur. The key! The key!"

"In the name of Heaven, monsieur! In the name of your beloved wife and your darling children, I conjure you not to open the trunk! For—I swear it on the ashes of my departed aunt—there is nothing in it liable to duty."

Of course, the lock was forced. A dozen douaniers' hands lifted the lid; and the dozen

* See A French Hand on the Piano, page 9 of the current volume of All the Year Round.

hands abstained from touching what was inside. For, twenty snakes, of various hues and sizes, raised their flat heads and tried to escape.

"I told you," said Vivier blandly, "that there was nothing liable to duty. Snakes, thank Heaven, enter France duty-free!"* And after caressing his imported reptiles (he was as fond of serpents as of dogs and cats), he closed the lid of the box, muttering, "These douaniers on the Belgian frontier will never believe what a traveller tells them. One of these days they will be devoured by wild beasts. That's a matter of certainty."

But the most astounding of Vivier's jokes (because it required, to carry it out, months of patience and personal sacrifice) is the trick he played the proprietor of a house in which he occupied apartments.

This "propriétaire," who would suffer no animals to lodge in his property, had given notice to the cornist that he must get rid of a dog, a cat, and a raven, which happened to be his pets for the time being. Vivier appeared to yield. He bade good-by, with considerable regret, to both his furred and his feathered favourites.

Some time afterwards, several of the tenants complained to the porter and the landlord, of being awakened in the night and at break of day by a strange sort of moaning, which seemed to proceed from Vivier's rooms. This sound, of which no one could give an exact description, sometimes surprised them by day. An American, who came to the house, told the landlord the noise was like the loving of buffaloes. "I am perfectly acquainted with the buffalo's voice," he said, "having hunted buffaloes in the Rocky Mountains; and I assure you, you have a buffalo amongst your tenants."

"A buffalo in my house, up four flights of stairs! You are dreaming," replied the landlord. "The noise is simply the curious sounds which Vivier amuses himself with drawing from his horn."

Six months elapsed. At last, the voice of the buffalo, according to some, the sound of the horn, according to others, became intolerable; and the landlord determined to see with his own eyes what really was the truth of the case.

He rang at Vivier's door, and was requested by his tenant to walk into the dining-room. After the usual compliments, the propriétaire was approaching the mysterious subject, when a protracted and terrible bellowing was heard in the next room.

"Mon Dieu!" said the landlord. "What have you got there?"

"In my drawing-room?" asked Vivier carelessly.

"Certainly, monsieur; in your drawing-room."

"It is a young cow, monsieur."

"A young cow in my house! Infamous! I

give you warning to quit, monsieur; and you will send away the filthy creature immediately."

"Gently, monsieur; that's not so very easy."

The helier, which had grown too big to walk down-stairs, was removed through the window with considerable difficulty. Vivier had never trusted a soul with his long-cherished secret. He had carried the calf to his room, in the dead of the night, when it was only a few days old; and he had carefully tended it up to the day when his landlord, who would permit no dog or cat, discovered that his house was inhabited by horned cattle.

The kettle-drum, with the flute and the lyre, are the characteristic instruments of antiquity. Kettle-drums were in use amongst the primitive populations of India, and still remain one of their favourite instruments. The Hebrews employed them (under the name of timbrels) in their religious ceremonies, as well as to celebrate a victory, or to honour any great personage.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah hath triumph'd, his people are free.

When Jephthah "came to Mizpeh upon his house, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and dances." Kettle-drums were also once in high favour at various European courts, where they were the indispensable accompaniment of trumpets. The kettle-drummer's art was then of the highest importance, and it took no less than six years' practice to form a drummer who deserved the title of artist. Several timbrellers acquired a celebrity which has not yet altogether passed away. The city of Strasbourg glorified itself on having given birth to the "timbalier" Willig. The town presented him with a rich costume, and allowed him an income worthy of his high reputation. But, with the progress of music, the kettle-drum has ceased to be a solo instrument, and the drummer no longer excites enthusiastic applause. Nevertheless, at the London Exhibition (1862) there were a pair of silver kettle-drums, valued at twelve hundred pounds. They were rumoured (among their French beholders) to have been made for an English amateur, who cheered himself by performing on them in his fits of spleen and melancholy.

The kettle-drummer is a man of middle height, of delicate complexion, and nervous-bilious temperament. His pale and smooth-shaven countenance bears the traces of reflection. A vague feeling of uneasiness is mingled with the expression of his sharp and penetrating glance. The responsibility which weighs upon him in the orchestra, the confusion which would arise in certain cases from a rap on the kettle-drum misapplied, the impossibility of concealing the mistake from the audience, the consequences which might ensue in a scene whose effect depends on a single note applied at exactly the proper moment, and lastly, the sustained attention required to read the kettle-drum's part, in which the bars to be counted and the rests of various length, are extremely numerous—all this gives the kettle-drummer that anxious physiog-

* Vipers paid duty, and may pay duty still. But Vivier might plead that if vipers are snakes in common parlance, snakes certainly are not vipers.

nowy, that quick and feverish look, which may almost always be observed in him. Off the field of battle (that is, out of the orchestra) he preserves the same expression, mingled with a haughty melancholy.

The kettle-drummer ought not only to be an excellent musician, gifted with a delicate ear, but he must also possess certain physical qualities (a supple wrist, for instance), without which all the practice in the world would remain un-availing. And, as musicians alone are able to appreciate his merits, he is continually suffering from wounded vanity, and becomes mournful and misanthropical. How many small pianists, poor violinists, and ignorant singers, are made much of in society and liberally remunerated, while the kettle-drummer, a thorough musician, often learned in the art of composition, lives, neglected, on the trifling pay he earns in the orchestra! All because kettle-drums are not admitted into drawing-rooms, and ladies cannot show off their graces and make themselves interesting by affecting to faint with pleasure at a successful tap or roll!

The "timbalier" observes, in all the transactions of life, the strictest exactitude. He pays his tradesmen regularly, and never puts his name to a bill. Like subaltern bureaucrats, he wears threadbare clothes, but of scrupulous neatness. Several distinguished composers, at the head of whom we may place Adolphe Adam, commenced their musical career by kettle-drumming, of which they acquitted themselves, more or less, well. Duprez, the famous opera-singer, was a kettle-drummer before he turned tenor.

But the most celebrated of these artists, on every account, is assuredly Schneitzhœffer, kettle-drummer at the Opera, and author of several important works, among which is the *Sylphide*, Taglioni's triumph. With a name more German than Germainy itself, Schneitzhœffer was French, a Gascon by birth and temper. A volume might be filled with his eccentric jokes. The first, and perhaps the most original of all, was perpetrated on his arrival in Paris, where he came to settle as a singing-master. Knowing that his name, stuck full of consonants, was impossible for Parisian lips to utter, he wrote on his card,

SCHNEITZHOEFFER,

(Pronounce Bertrand.)

PROFESSOR OF SINGING.

This pleasantry was more effective in spreading his name, than if he had advertised for years in all the newspapers.

Hautboys, tambourines, and flutes, were long the only instruments to which the French, in days of old, danced their "branles," and their "gaillardes." "The music of hautboys," says Father Mersène, "is proper for grand assemblies, such as ballets, weddings, village fêtes, and other public rejoicings, on account of the loud noise it sends forth, and the great harmony which it makes." In spite of modern

improvements (whose principal effect has been to modify the tone), the hautboy does not lend itself to rapid and brilliant bravura movements. Its mechanism still remains defective; and many a passage which is possible on the hautboy, in one key, becomes impracticable when transposed into another.

But if the hautboy be deficient in brilliancy it possesses other valuable qualities; it is sweet, pastoral, simple, and touching. No instrument sings with a greater charm the chaste and primitive airs of mountainous countries.

The hautboyist, like the sounds of his instrument, is serious, tender-hearted, simple, and timid. In love, he is less passionate than the violinist; but his love is durable. A woman who wishes (as all women do wish) to have a constant husband, cannot do better than marry a hautboyist. Notwithstanding which, it is barely possible that some individual hautboyist may prove inconstant. It is difficult to warrant anything.

His house is also very orderly, and manifests economical tastes. Of all the musicians of the orchestra, he is perhaps the only one who owns a savings bank book. Without exactly pretending to elegance, he is always very respectably and remarkably neatly clad. His habits are sedentary, and he is sparing of speech. He never lodges in furnished apartments. Everything about him is carefully arranged. His music-books—rare circumstance with professional musicians—are never scattered about the furniture, but are placed in order, in a receptacle beside his desk especially devoted to that purpose. The hautboyist is punctual at rehearsals, and is one of the first to take his place in the orchestra when the hour of performance arrives. Consequently, it is rare that his modest pay is diminished by fines incurred during the month.

The hautboyist practises, standing in front of his desk, with his two hands applied to his instrument. This position necessarily gives, in the end, a certain stiffness to the whole of his person. On the other hand, the music of the hautboy, simple, pastoral, frequently monotonous and melancholy, does not provoke in the performer those twistings of the neck, which some artists believe themselves allowed to indulge in, in order to give greater expression to passages of a passionate character. The result is, that a hautboyist performing a solo is all but a marble statue.

The hautboy's grand defect is its "quacking" occasionally: especially in the hands of amateurs.

A young man, dwelling in a provincial town, had been subdued by the charms of a widow, whose husband's death had made her so inconsolable that she sought consolation for her immense loss by flirting with every man she met with. Her admirer was handsome, amiable, and rich. Everything seemed to be in his favour. But, as no one is perfect, he played the hautboy with an ad libitum ornamentation of "quacks." It was a pity; especially as he fancied himself a fine player. Every evening he visited the widow, making all sorts of decla-

rations, in prose, in verse, and in hautboy music. She listened to them with that perfidious show of favour of which coquettes possess the secret. This lasted until her hospitable and inconsolable heart began to tire of his attentions, preferring another's. The hautboy helped her to get rid of him.

"Monsieur Charles," she said one evening, "I should like to see you perfect, and you have one defect."

"What is it?" asked Charles, much surprised.

"You play the hautboy ill."

"Very well; I will leave off playing, if you desire it."

"On the contrary, I wish you to play it well. Go to Paris, take lessons of good masters, and when you come back we will see if I can accept you as my husband."

The lover, after making a few timid objections, yielded to the caprice of the woman he adored. He took lessons in Paris, and practised six hours a day. On his return, he selected the first moonlight night, and stole under his beloved widow's window, hautboy in hand, and treated her to an unexpected serenade. But, whether through emotion, or need of more practice, he "quacked" louder and more frequently than ever. The serenade was interrupted by peals of laughter from the widow's window. That very night he started for America, where he pined away and died, sighing with his last breath, "The hautboy has been the bane of my happiness. If I had not played the hautboy she would have loved me—perhaps. If I had only thought how easy it is, *not* to play the hautboy!"

The date of the invention of the violin is very doubtful. Some think it was introduced by the Crusaders, who obtained it from some Indian population. Others hold that it is of French origin, as appears to be indicated by the earliest Italian scores, where it is designated as the "*piccolo violino alla Francese*," the little violin after the French fashion. The oldest violin known, was made by Jean Kerlin, a Breton lute-maker, whose name it bears, with the date 1449. It was in the possession of M. Koliker, in Paris, at the beginning of the present century. The etymology of the word violin is as uncertain as the exact time of its invention.

To judge by the numerous experiments, all unavailing, which have been made to modify the form of the violin, we are led to conclude that it has long since attained its architectonic perfection. The fiddle-maker's art is the only one which makes no progress. Its efforts tend to no improvement, but simply to remain stationary, by imitating the productions of Maggini, Steiner, Guarnerius, and Stradivarius. The structure of the violin, apparently so simple that it seems to be formed merely of four boards of unequal size, a handle, and four pegs, is nevertheless very complicated. There are in its structure impenetrable mysteries which puzzle

and bewilder men of science. Still, it cannot be doubted that the old makers were guided by certain principles, based on acoustics and mathematics. Chance does not produce good results unfailingly and constantly. However that may be, the tradition of those principles was lost; as is proved by the enormous number of inferior violins manufactured in Europe during the close of the last century.

The violin is undoubtedly the most poetic, the most passionate, the most expressive, of all instruments. In the orchestra, it maintains such a pre-eminence over wind instruments, that they can never be considered as its rivals. In symphonies, as well as in accompaniments, the violin constantly keeps up the musical conversation. Its four strings give it more than four octaves. The quality of its tone, which combines sweetness with vivacity, gives it an immense superiority; and in the power of modifying its sounds and expressing the accents of passion, it competes with the human voice.

The violin's sympathetic and expressive tones, and the passionate music of which it is the dramatic interpreter, have incontestably a sensible influence on the "*morale*" of the violinist. He is usually impassioned, irritable, of uncertain temper, proud, impressionable to excess, but timid. His gaiety, like the violin's, has a touch of folly—of the burlesque often. In his pleasantries, he juggles with words, exactly as he juggles with notes when he performs Paganini's "*Carnival of Venice*," or Pilet's "*Malbrook*." He is sad with no cause for sadness, and passes without transition from the sombre fourth string of his humour to the petulant merriment of his treble string. You speak to him, and his thoughts are occupied with some totally different subject. The violinist has sentiments and visions, and is fond of reading fairy tales. "*The Devil's Sonata*," necessarily, is the composition of a violinist.

In person, the violinist is eminently distinguished. His countenance, perfectly oval, is pale; his nose is long and fantastic; his mouth is wide; his eyes are small but full of fire and fascination. His figure is slender. Did you ever see a violinist of real genius, who was fat? As an additional characteristic, he wears his hair long.

In dress he is extremely particular, and likes to bedeck himself with jewellery. Several of the trinkets he wears *were* given by great personages in token of their satisfaction; but others were purchased by himself, although he passes them all off as royal gifts. The violinist was the last man in France to give up wearing straps to his trousers. He always keeps his coat buttoned, and the varnish of his boots is irreproachable. The hat alone, among all the details of the toilette, is sometimes of the shocking bad sort; but a bad hat passes in certain societies where the head takes precedence of the thing which covers it.

When he performs in public, the violinist endeavours to excite the interest of his audience by strange attitudes and flashing glances. His

object is to produce the effect of a supernatural being; it is his fixed idea, and also one of the elements of his success. A violinist with easy gestures and a face like a thriving tradesman, would not be a violinist, but simply a player on the violin—which is a completely different thing.

With the above-mentioned qualities, it is not difficult to conceive what must be a violinist's love. It is passionate and timid. He feels for the woman whom he loves, an indescribable mixture of opposite sentiments which oppress and agitate his heart. His pride tells him that he is not unworthy of the passion which he might inspire, even were he to court a duchess; but his timidity suppresses the avowal on his lips, and he mostly confines himself to loving and suffering in silence.

THE REAL MURDERER.

I.

I stood for several minutes looking in through the shop-window, while my heart still shrank back from the course I had marked out. If the bookseller had been a stern, even a business-like looking man, I should have given it up; but he was mild and melancholy, and had the nervous aspect of a man who had lately received a severe mental shock. Having studied his face well, I walked in quickly, and in a subdued, but steady manner, told him I was in immediate want of work, and that I had heard he was making inquiries for a woman to undertake the stitching in the binding-room of his establishment. He replied, with a scared and sidelong glance at an inner room, that he was indeed in urgent want of a stitching-woman, but he also required one who would live in the house, as his family were not coming to dwell there; and that no person who had applied for the place would consent to that arrangement. To me, on the contrary, it contained a promise of success, which I seized instantly.

"Sir," I said, "I know all the circumstances; but I am without a home, and I shall be willing to agree to your terms. I am not easily frightened; and I have been used to living in a house alone for many years."

He seemed relieved by my words and steady tone; but he regarded me with a slight air of surprise and curiosity, seeing in me only a very quiet, ordinary person, dressed in the plainest garb of a workwoman. The terms he proposed were liberal enough, and I agreed to them on the spot; only desiring him to let me look over the workrooms and dwelling-place. Mr. Saxon called to an assistant to take charge of the shop, and then led the way himself. The house was empty of furniture, save a few articles in the kitchen which I was to inhabit, and in a kind of office for Mr. Saxon's use directly behind the shop. Passing through the empty chambers we ascended to the second floor, and entered the binding-room, a large, low, unceiled workshop, containing an old unused printing-press, and the binding-press, upon which lay the tools just

left by the binder, whose feet we heard descending the outer stair as we went in from the house. In one corner of the room there was a steep staircase. Taking up the candle from the table where Mr. Saxon had put it down, I stepped quickly and decisively towards it, without waiting for any remark or objection, and he followed me, though in silence and with some hesitation. The stairs opened, without a doorway, into an attic occupying the whole length of the premises, with the black beams and rafters of the peaked roof rising high overhead. A narrow dormer-window, set into a little gable in the slope of the roof, cast a scanty streak of the red evening light across one end of the attic, leaving the space beyond in deeper gloom. The blackened floor was crowded with piles of reams of paper reaching up to the blackened roof, with here and there a narrow passage between them, the widest of which led to a closet at the furthest end, divided by a slight partition of lath and plaster, and forming a separate room completely dark and secret. I made my way to it with some difficulty, and found it so filled with paper that there was not space for a single person to enter it. I stood still for a minute gazing down the close walls of paper to the fading light in the sky, a single line of lurid red just visible through the dormer-window; and then I returned to my white-faced and nervous master.

"You tell me you know all the circumstances, young woman?" he said, in a low and tremulous tone.

"I read them in the papers, sir," I answered, "and I happened to have a relation who once worked here—before your time—and we were interested about it. Yonder closet is the very place where old Mr. Saxon was found dead—murdered, I suppose. Do you think the young man, the apprentice, was really guilty of the crime?"

"I cannot tell," he replied hastily; "the jury acquitted him; and by this time he has left the country, I hear. But this is no place to talk about it. Are you willing to live in the house alone?"

"Sir, I am very poor," I said, "and it will suit my means to live where I shall have no rent to pay. You see for yourself I am not nervous. I have not even a place to go to to-night, and I dislike the lodging-houses. If you will take me in at once, I will fetch my things from the station, and be back before the shop is closed for the night."

There was little risk in taking me in, for all the chambers and workshops could be secured; and after my master had scanned my face for a moment with his sidelong gaze, he gave his consent for me to take possession at once, glad to meet with a decent-looking woman who would live in the house. In an hour's time, I had removed my few goods into the empty dwelling, and Mr. Saxon, after locking up his own room and the shop, had taken his departure, bidding me good night kindly, but with an air of mingled

wonder and satisfaction. I lighted a fire in the kitchen grate, perhaps for the first time since the murdered man had perished in the attic two stories overhead; and drawing up the only chair in the place to the warm and lightsome hearth, I sat down with my face resting upon my spread hands, and with my hearing unnaturally keen for every sound, I began to think, and consider, and ponder over many things in my heart.

Until six weeks before I had been earning my own living comfortably by the embroidery of religious vestments, in my native town about ten miles from this; being also betrothed, and on the eve of marriage to George Denning, the foreman and ornamental bookbinder for the murdered man. Through his influence, my only brother, a lad six years younger than I, had been received into the same establishment, and worked under him at the bookbinding. Our marriage had been put off from time to time, until George could furnish the cottage he had taken, which was somewhat larger and better than befitted our position, so as to satisfy our fastidious tastes, which had been cultivated and fostered by the beauty of our employments. Besides, George was not without some restless ambition, and, though the murdered man was always considered very close and miserly, still he had business sense enough to pay well for the first-rate workmanship, by which George brought repute and money to his establishment.

The last embroidery I ever traced was an altar-cloth of crimson velvet, upon which I had just finished working the letters "I. H. S." with rays of golden glory round them, when George Denning rushed in, ghastly and almost breathless, and followed closely by a policeman. He said, though his white lips almost refused to speak the words, that old Mr. Saxon had been found dead in the paper-room, and that Willie was missing. Though his voice shook, he spoke hurriedly, before the policeman could check him, as if to give me a hint to conceal anything I knew. But I knew nothing. All the sunny morning I had been tranquilly embroidering the sacred "I. H. S." upon the crimson altar-cloth, thinking only of the home that was preparing for me, while the murdered man lay dead, and Willie was fleeing or hiding for his life. And wherefore should he flee or hide?

I would not write that dream of agony if I could. Willie was discovered in the darkest corner of the steerage of an emigrant ship bound for America, just as he had fled, without luggage, almost without a shilling after his passage was paid. He refused resolutely to give any explanation of his conduct. But there was nothing, save his mysterious flight, to fix the crime upon him, though the whole attic was ransacked for some clue to the murderers under the vigilant superintendence of George Denning. The feeble, infirm old man had been found dead just outside the closet door, with traces of a vehement struggle for life about him, and with reams of paper fallen upon him in such a manner as to prove

that the murderer had thrown them down in making his escape. But no scrap of evidence could be brought against Willie, though suspicion, even my own, was strong against him; and he pleaded with tears at his trial—for he was committed to take his trial at the assizes—that he was not guilty.

That was the verdict returned by the jury, after a fearfully prolonged deliberation. Even I did not fully believe in his innocence, so deadly was the mystery of his flight; but guilty, or not guilty, he belonged to me alone, and there was no one else to receive him when the law released him. They gave him up to me, this pale, slight, boyish stripling of twenty, with fair curls and soft blue eyes and tremulous lips like our mother's—this boy branded with the foul accusation of murder. We had to be attended by policemen as we trod our sorrowful way through the streets, and while Willie covered into the furthest corner of the railway-carriage, screening himself behind me, strange faces came to stare in upon us; but no man took his seat beside us. A dull drizzling rain, the rain that comes with an east wind, was falling when we reached our native town; yet behind us, and on each side, but at a marked distance, as if some ban was upon us, there went with us through the old familiar streets a band of pointing, whispering witnesses, while Willie leaned heavily upon my arm and drooped his head, unable to bear the dim light of the clouded sky. Every step was a heart-pang. But we reached home at last, and, while he slunk in hastily, I turned and faced our townspeople, until most of them moved silently and quickly away.

He had sunk down, faint and quivering in every limb, upon the settle by the fireplace, and, with a strange calmness, I set about getting tea ready, as I had done many a Sunday evening when George and he had come over to see me. There was a dreary resemblance to Sunday in that evening. All my work, my embroidery-frames and reels of coloured silks, were cleared away out of sight, and we were wearing our Sunday dress: even the church bells were chiming for the week-day service, and the old almswoman, who had been in to light our fire, had placed the Bible and a hymn-book upon the table. We were very quiet, too; quieter than we ever were when George was about the house; but I was expecting him every minute, and so was Willie. All the evening, through the splash of the rain and the moan of the wind, we listened for the clicking of the latch under his hand. But I began to understand his absence, as the clock ticked out the creeping hours moment by moment; and still George never came. I called myself down in the depths of my heart, and even there I tried to root out the thought lest it should ever betray itself in words; I called myself the sister of a murderer, and renounced all claim to be George Denning's wife.

I formed my plans while Willie slept like a child, worn out with the deathly agitation of the

day; his full pouting lips relaxing into smiles of content as he lay along the old settle, and the firelight playing upon his bleached face, which but a few weeks since had borne such a brave look of coming manhood. My hoard, which I had been saving against my wedding, had been spent upon his defence, and I had not enough money to take us both together to America; he could not stay behind, so he should go on before me, and I would continue my embroidering until I could earn sufficient to join him. I know now that there was in my inmost thoughts a secret subtle hope that when he was fairly gone George would seek me again, and that there might still be something of the happiness we had so long looked forward to in the future. Willie agreed to my plan eagerly, and pressed forward the few preparations we had to make; so that in another week I went with him to Liverpool, and engaged a berth in an emigrant ship for him, with no fear of his being arrested and brought back now. But of that one awful subject we never spoke to one another; though the boy's manhood seemed crushed into the helplessness and indecision of a child; appealing and clinging to me until the last moment, as if he could not part with me. I stood upon the landing-stage watching the vessel as it was towed down the river, till the fog into which it was sailing covered it from my eyes; and then I opened a scrap of paper which Willie had pressed into my hand at parting.

"What *can* I do?" was written upon it; "sister, I am heart-broken for you; but I could die thankfully if I knew you would be happy. George Denning knows I am as innocent of this crime as an unborn babe. If he would only tell you I am not guilty I would be satisfied. Sister, you do not believe it yet, but only hear what he can say. He knows that I am innocent."

I read these sentences over until the one idea they expressed took full possession of my mind. George could prove at least to me that my Willie was innocent, and I must obtain this proof from him by any means. All the time I was travelling down to the town I was pondering over this secret. It was in George Denning's heart; but was not I there too? and had he not a thousand times declared he could not, if he would, conceal a thought from me? True, it must be full of anguish and shame, or even, maybe, some partnership in guilty knowledge, or George would have come forward at once to free my brother. Yet both of them had kept silence; and Willie had risked his life upon the secret. But whatever this mystery was between my young brother and my betrothed husband, I had a right to know it, and decide upon it for myself—I, no longer a child, but a woman, who had battled with the world. Endless speculations crossed my mind, always strengthening my resolution to spend my life, if that were necessary, in clearing Willie from the false accusation which had sent him forth a stranger among strangers.

I knew the way to the pretty cottage in the suburbs of the town, for I had been there once;

not long since, with George and Willie, to see the preparations they were both making for me after their work-hours. Something of the old hope and confidence awoke, as from a long and miserable trance, when I swung back the garden wicket, and walked slowly down the path to the porch, where he and I had sat together, talking in interrupted whispers, that one and only time I ever crossed his threshold. I needed only a few words from his lips, and though Willie and I might have something to forgive, how easy it would be to forgive him! I was not thinking of the murdered man at all, and scarcely of crime in connexion with George; only that there was a painful secret between us, and he must disclose it to me. As I lingered in the porch, before the door which ~~was~~ to have opened to me as a cherished wife, the latch was lifted from within, and George Denning stood face to face with me. It was only a few weeks since we had met, but they had wrought the changes of a lifetime in him. When I had known him in that far distant past, he was a strong, powerful man, with the energy of a warm spirit in every feature of his handsome face; now he stood before me gaunt and pale and shattered, with a drooping head and languid eyes that hardly kindled into life as they rested suddenly upon me. He stretched out his trembling hand to the door-post for support, but it seemed to me like a barrier to prevent my entrance.

"I am not coming in," I said; but the strong man recoiled giddily, and would have stumbled over his own threshold if I had not extended my arms to his help. He sank down upon the porch seat, and, leaning his head upon my shoulder, he groaned bitterly.

"Oh, Rachel!" he cried, in a weak, querulous voice, like an ailing child, "how I have suffered. I have been ill almost to death, and longing all the time for one sight of you. But you have come back to me. God bless you, my Rachel! You have sought me out, and not cast me off. You are a true Christian, Rachel."

"Willie is gone," I answered, with a keen thrill of joy at his words of welcome; "it was we who thought you had forsaken us, never coming to see us; and I counting myself a murderer's sister. But Willie says you know he is innocent. Tell me, George; trust me with the secret. What is it? What can it be that could hinder you coming forward to clear Willie?"

My voice fell into a whisper as I uttered the last words; and in the silence that followed we could hear the far-away mournful under tone from the life in the city, that always sounds to me like a ceaseless wailing over the sorrow and crime of the crowded homesteads. But in the gardens round us the birds were singing their last and gayest songs in the spring twilight; and the children, in their new freedom from the pinching cold of winter, were filling the quiet places with noisy laughter.

"Rachel," said George, raising himself up from leaning against me, and looking away from

me with languid and gloomy eyes, "there is no secret. I know nothing but what you know. Of course Willie thinks that I believe him innocent, as I do, upon my own soul. How could a lad like him be guilty of such a crime? It will make no difference between us, that suspicion fell upon him, Rachel. I meant to see him before he sailed, but I was so ill. See how I tremble even now."

He did tremble like one of the young leaves upon the slender twigs of the poplar-trees in the hedge-rows, and his voice was more shaken than his frame.

"George," I answered, "though I was Willie's own sister, I did not clear him. Why did he fly like a criminal, and hide for his life? There is some reason, some secret between you, and I will find it out. If it takes my whole life, I must know it. There can be nothing more between us, unless you will tell me. Oh! tell me. I love you; but I am no silly girl to love you blindly. I will never marry you with a mystery that may be murder between us. How did this old man die? Who was the murderer, George? And why should you and Willie risk everything to screen him?"

"There is no mystery," he said, in a tone of weariness, and leaning his head back against the wall, with his eyes closed, and his pale sunken face upturned to mine; "I know nothing, Rachel. Willie fled in a kind of panic; that is all I know. You are sacrificing yourself and me for nothing; but if you will leave me, you must; I cannot help it. I did not think you could speak and look like this; when I am ill, too. I should like you to go away now, and write to me when you are calmer. You excite me too much."

He spoke in the petulant manner of a sick man, and I tried to soothe him; but he seemed impatient for me to be gone, and I left him, looking back as I stepped out of the shadow of the porch, to catch a farewell glance of mingled agony and relief upon his wasted face. I went home to my native town, and settled my few affairs there, with the determination to return, and put myself into some position where I could watch him constantly, or regain my influence over him. I had heard of a woman being wanted in Mr. Saxon's binding-room, and I applied immediately to him for the place, giving an assumed name, and securing myself from detection as William Holland's sister.

II.

So all that night I sat up, being too wakeful and feverish for any thought of sleep; sometimes resting for an hour upon the haunted hearth, and then pacing to and fro through the empty, sounding rooms, and trying restlessly the locked doors of those workrooms where I was to meet with George; for to-morrow, Mr. Saxon had said, his foreman, who had been dangerously ill, was about to resume his employment. He would not dream, let the visions of his troubled sleep be wild as they might be, of the meeting that lay before him

on this day, that was dawning faint and grey through the deserted house. At an early hour the other workmen came, and saw in me a grave, quiet, dull woman, who was willing to be a drudge to her sewing-press; but I was waiting stealthily for George. To me there were no other beings in the world but our two selves, no other interest but the secret between us. I heard him coming up the outer stair, which led from the yard, step by step, while I sat still at the sewing-press, working at the handicraft I had learned as a child. There was something death-like in his face, a livid, leaden dawning of despair, when he saw me, though his former comrades flocked in from other workrooms to welcome him. We were not alone once during the day; and as the hours passed by, I perceived a change coming over his expression—a dogged, sullen aspect of resolve; a strong making up his mind to the contest with me.

I thought I had not entered upon my mode of action rashly, yet I had not in the least foreseen what my life would be. I reckoned upon George yielding in a few weeks at the utmost, and confiding his secret, whatever it might be, to my keeping. But I had not counted upon the slow and torturing death of love, and the deadly suspicion, ever strengthening itself, that sprang up in its place. My impressions of the crime I was setting myself to track out had been as vague as those of any woman's would be, when the guilt appeared to rest either upon her lover or her brother; nor had I measured my strength for the dreadful task I had chosen. When the hours of work were over, and every one except myself left the blood-stained and abandoned dwelling, then I began to know full well, with a deep, and keen, and awful insight, what the sin was, which had driven my brother into exile, and the secret of which was hidden in the heart of my betrothed husband. Then—when there came the ghostly sense of a presence that had passed away bodily, but might still be lurking unheard and unseen about the place of violence; when my feet trod the stairs up which the murdered man had ascended to meet his death; when I sat upon the hearth, where he had rested for the last time, thinking little that its homely warmth and light were to be never more for him—then I realised the utter horror of the deed of murder that had hurried him out of life, without time for preparation or repentance. During the long summer evenings of the first year, after Mr. Saxon had gained enough confidence in me to leave the workrooms unlocked, I used to mount to that fatal attic, where the daylight lingered some half-hour after it had forsaken the streets below; and amid the countless pages of blank paper, wondered whether any of them would ever be employed in sending forth the haunting secret to the world. Those walls which I could touch; yonder eye-like window with its beam of disclosing light; these had sheltered and shone upon the murderer in his deed, as they sheltered and shone upon me. This dead and secret

closet, lying in accumulated darkness like a lurking place for crime, what could not it tell me were the oppressive silence of the tainted attic once broken? The deep shadows always dwelling in the corners and under the steep rafters were only a degree less ghastly, for they seemed still to curtain it, than the murderous scene itself; yet they were there, as an irremovable veil before my eyes, from morning till evening.

At first there was keen expectation to keep me up. Every morning, when I heard George Denning's foot upon the stair, my heart beat with the hope that to-day he would break through his awful reserve. Every evening, as he tarried until all the workmen had left the premises, sometimes lingering and loitering about with a restless step and uncertain air, I felt certain that now he was about to speak. All day long he was in the same room with me. I could look at any moment into his set face, or compel him to reply to my questions about the work; but it was not possible to tear this secret from him after he had sealed it down in his inmost heart. It always seemed so near to me, so close to my possession; not a minute but it was in his power to utter it into my hearkening ears, but no craving, no supplication of mine could force that minute, or that utterance to come. With a dreary fellowship of despair and bitter regret, we were stifling day after day the love, which had been more the steady and long-tried affection of a man and woman than the fitful passion of a boy and girl. There was in his manner a grave and suffering dignity, but also a hopeless silence. It was as if some mute, inarticulate being possessed a knowledge that was essential to me, and I could read at times a faint hint of it in its troubled eyes, but could never hear it in its urgent import.

After twelve months of this desperate conflict between us, I was told he was going to be married. The girl was a young, silly, pretty creature, who took a fancy to him, and did all the wooing perseveringly herself. I had heard of it in the way of gossip from the other workmen; but he told me himself a day or two before his wedding, speaking in a low and trembling voice, while his face was turned away from me over his work. I had nothing to say, and my silence provoked him. He threw down his tools, and drew nearer to my table, but slowly and doubtfully.

"Have you no pity?" he cried, with an under tone of suppressed fierceness; "you are sacrificing yourself and me for a wild fancy. I have no secret to tell you; yet you haunt this place with your pale sickly face, till I would rather see the ghost of the dead man himself. Rachel, I will marry you now, if you will have me. Or I will pay your passage over to America. Only leave this place. Do not torment me with your everlasting presence."

"No," I said; "these twelve months my suspicion has been growing, and I'll remain here till I've proved it. Maybe I am ordained to be

the avenger of that murder, and I shall find it out in time; in the appointed time. Marry you, George Denning? Marry you, when you know, and I know, that there is a guilty secret on your soul, perhaps even to the crime of murder. We are fellow-workpeople, and we will remain so till the end comes. If there is no consciousness of sin in you, you will at least tolerate my presence."

"I cannot," he groaned, "I cannot!" and he strode across the floor, and mounted the winding staircase into the paper-room above, where he stayed during the rest of the day, being busy, as it seemed, with the crowded reams of paper, with which our present employer overstocked himself until the attic was filled to the roof. I made an errand once to follow him, and found him toiling, with all his great strength, at arranging the heavy packages; and when the time for leaving work came, and he passed through the binding-room where I was getting my tea, he looked faint and haggard with exhaustion. During the past winter I had left off lighting my fire in the kitchen, choosing to sit by the one kept burning in the workroom; and all that night I fancied I heard again the heavy sounds of his day's toil in the attic overhead.

He was married on a Sunday, and came back to work the next day, not allowing himself and his silly young wife even a brief holiday; and once, when in the folly of the first month of marriage, she made an excuse to follow him to his workshop, she went home in tears from his stern chiding. I thought his marriage would not touch me; yet it made a vital difference. Hitherto there had been a subtle hope underlying all my suspicion, that the secret was less deadly than I feared, so that once known to me with its extenuating circumstances, there might still be a possibility of loving him again, but its confession, or its discovery, now could never reunite us. That was over; and only for Willie's sake, who wrote piteous and heart-broken letters from his place of banishment, I would persevere to the end. A new form of my life began, with no hope in it; only a feverish anxiety in its stead. We were together day after day; more together than he and his wife. As I sat at my sewing-press, stitching the sheets that he bound into books, there was for both the perpetual consciousness of the other's presence. Almost every word that varied the quiet of that dreary room was spoken by his voice or mine. Few footsteps crossed the floor save ours. Every movement of the one was heard, seen, felt by the other. I had only to glance aside from my press, and my eye caught his face, grim and stony, yet with flashes of despair under my scrutiny. It was necessary for him to speak to me often, to give directions or to ask questions about my work, and his voice always faltered as he spoke, but never changed in tone as it did if he were compelled to utter my name. On my side I was very calm, but always watching. Whenever he mounted the corner staircase, his last glance

showed him that I was noticing and listening to every movement. I knew every expression of his face, and every tone of his voice, so as to measure accurately every emotion that thrilled through his heart and soul. Sometimes by a few words from the pages under my hand, or by a softly sung verse—he used to love my singing—of some hymn of judgment and threatened vengeance, I could make his stern features quiver like those of a child in dread of punishment. Let him come as early as he would in the morning, I was seated at my press before him; and in the evening he left me still sitting beside the workroom fire. There was no moment of his working life, the daily hours of toil in which he earned his bread, but I was beside him, haunting him—the embodiment of a horrible suspicion, set against him as a living sign of an unuttered and as yet undefined accusation.

But this was not all. From his early youth George had been a member of a Methodist congregation, holding a somewhat honourable position among them; and in his religious life I was with him, at his side; noticing, listening, catching up every word he suffered to fall from his lips. All the profession required of us was that we were seeking to flee from the wrath to come; and if ever hopeless wretches needed to escape from coming wrath, he, George Denning, was one, and I, Rachel Holland, was another. In our weekly meetings, where each in turn gave an account of his inner life during the past week, I placed myself opposite to him, where my gaze could be fixed upon him, in that circle where all else sat with closed or downcast eyes, while he gave utterance to the few, feeble, common-place, empty words he dared to speak before me, let his heart burn within him as it would. It was the mockery of a soul-refreshing confession, the dead image of a living fellowship. Twice he broke out into wild, ungovernable lamentations, full of an exceeding bitterness and mystery, which shook him in every nerve, and left him without strength or speech; while it was in my power, by a chance solemn word here and there, some awful threatening, some dread suggestive verse which hinted at an unknown sin, to turn his face pale with fear, or blank with conviction, while his strong frame heaved with groans he dared not utter.

But the suffering was not all his—scarcely more his than mine. Alas for the dreary dying away of all the hope and bloom of womanhood! Only seven hours of innocent, forgetful sleep, and all the seventeen remaining burdened with one maddening thought. I marvelled to myself, as day after day I drudged at my work, at the dull, deadly hatred that possessed me against this man, who had been the object of my most tender love. Was it he and I who had rambled through dewy lanes in the quiet dusk or sleeping moonlight, with low-toned voices, and twined hands, and half stolen kisses—was it he and I, in truth, who had passed through that trance together? Or was it not some dreamy Paradise,

some deception of my crazed brain? Then, I scarcely ventured to lift up my eyes to him if he were looking at me; now, it was he whose eyelids fell before my glance, and who turned aside his head, and shrank away from my nearer approach. Even when, as years rolled on, I saw the strong frame showing tokens of early age and incurable decline from the prolonged anguish of his mind, I permitted no relenting from my fell purpose. I was rather jealous lest disease should snatch from me this wan, wasting man, who still held in his hidden heart the secret for which I had sacrificed all my womanliness, and for which my brother yet pined in miserable banishment. I also suffered the agonies of despair before this speechless possessor of a secret that had robbed me of all the hopes and joys and loves of life.

But it came to pass that after seven years of ceaseless watching, when I had grown old and worn down into a passive and sullen endurance of my condition, there awoke within me one Eastertide a restless and vehement desire to revisit my native town, where I had left no trace of myself, except a vague rumour that I was soon going to join my brother in America. I asked leave of my master to take holiday from the eve of Good Friday until Easter Monday, and started forth a grey, nerveless, fearful woman, from the tomblike stillness of the solitary house, into the noise and bustle of the world. Once more, with shaking heart, I trod the dolorous way along which I had led Willie quailing beneath the eyes and whispers of our band of witnesses; and once more I stood before the threshold crossed by my mother's feet, and where upon peaceful Sunday evenings I had watched Willie and George going away, with many backward glances and gestures of farewell. I had hoped that I should find it empty and deserted like the house I came from, and that I might have wandered alone through the rooms again; but there was the noise of laughter within, and the shadows of flitting figures upon the lighted curtains, and I turned away to seek the only asylum I would enter in my native town.

It was one of a row of poor almshouses built amid the graves of the churchyard, and under the shadow of the church tower. A short by-path was trodden down over the little mounds, and I was guided across it by the glimmering from the windows of the small dwellings. Again I tarried on a threshold, listening; for I did not know that my only and aged friend was still living, and my heart bounded as the sound of a cheery voice, shrill with years like the high notes of an old flute, came like music to my ears. As soon as the twittering song was ended, I tapped lightly at the door. There was the brisk clicking of a stick upon the quarried floor within, and then the door was opened widely, as if the aged woman had done for ever with fear or distrust, and was ready to welcome the whole world to her poor hearth.

"Charlotte," I said faintly, "I am Rachel Holland. Don't you know me? Willie Holland's sister?"

In a moment the withered hand had caught mine, and led me in from the dark night, and seated me in her own chair by the fireside, with many muttered words of delight and amazement. The poor desolate old creature rejoiced over me as if I had been her daughter, and spread her scanty meal for me with the finest edge of hospitable gladness. For a little while, as I looked round the tiny room, unchanged since the time when as a child I came here on busy days at home, to be out of my mother's way, and had played at keeping house, compelling the old almswoman to leave the work to me and let me wait upon her—for a little while I felt that if but one more shade of forgetfulness would come over the weary years between, I could be once again a buoyant, thoughtless girl. It was not till Charlotte settled herself on the colder side of the hearth, and peered at me anxiously from behind her spectacles, that the bitterness of the present returned.

"Has thee come across the seas?" she asked, with a woman's keen glance at my poor dress.

"No; I've been at work," I answered; "I've never been to Willie yet."

"Thee has been ailing," she continued, "and fallen behindhand, maybe, with the world. Why did thee not come home to me for a bit, Rachel? Eh! I've thought of thee many a night and day, thee and Willie. Lass, Willie never did that; many's the time I've said it out loud to satisfy myself; little Willie never could do that. It will be made clear, Rachel, in its own time."

Weeping was a rare luxury to me; but I wept then, with old Charlotte's shrivelled arm round my neck, and her broken voice speaking homely words of comfort. A new tranquillity came over me, and a strange sense of soothing in being once again cared for and wept with. The almswoman's simple cheery talk, the yellow-stained walls, with their rows of polished tins, the sanded floor, the low bed, where I lay down to fitful slumbers, on a level with the window which overlooked the churchyard, with its quiet graves asleep in the moonlight—all seemed to restore me to my childhood. Only now and then, both waking and sleeping, there crossed my fancy visions of the empty, echoing, haunted house left behind, with ghostly faces reflected in my little looking-glass, and ghostly feet gliding to and fro with a silence worse than the sounding of my own steps.

In the morning—the morning of the emblematic passover from the house of bondage—I went to church with my friend, sitting beside her in the chancel upon the seats set apart for the almswomen. There was a sense of freedom, a deliverance from a corroding captivity of my soul; I could pray; for George Denning was not in the same house of prayer. Before me, beneath the fair white linen cloth which covered the sacra-

mental elements, was the altar-cloth of crimson velvet with its sacred initials and the golden halo round them, which I had been working with my own fingers on that terrible doomsday that had fallen upon us. The "I. H. S." was just beneath the edge of the snowy cover, and I saw and heard nothing else of the solemn service. Dimly and vaguely, but irresistibly, these words laid hold of my thoughts, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

A profound peace, "peace on earth, and good will towards all," possessed me, as I left the church with the congregation; and while the almswoman, in her simple faith, remained for the concluding service, I paced to and fro in the churchyard, past the graves of my parents. But with this peace there mingled a strong yearning for action, for returning once more to my house of bondage, and freeing myself at once and for ever from its doleful captivity. Even the thought that I should set George Denning free was pleasant to me, for here, close to the lanes and fields where we had played as children, and loitered as lovers, I remembered him as he was before the scar and blight came upon our lives. He, too, should be freed upon this day of accomplished sacrifice. He also should be forgiven, if he knew not what he did.

With reluctance the aged woman gave me leave to depart, though my face, long set into sorrow, was beginning to soften into a shadowy smile. The early night was closing in when I returned to the streets through which I had crept, a hard and desolate woman, the day before; but I had tasted love again, human and divine; I had stooped to taste it, and in my hidden heart I blessed the groups of happy beings whom I passed. The bells of the churches chimed together overhead, making a glad-some music all the way along, as I pressed on to the central street, where the deserted house was waiting for me, with its tainted attic and empty chambers. Under a lamp I met George Denning's silly young wife, with a baby in her arms, and talking gaily with some companions; but though my heart stopped in its rapturous throbbing for a moment, I moved gently out of her path, and did not grudge her laughter, for little mirth had she with her stricken husband. She might have been coming from the house, for a minute more and it rose before me on the opposite side of the street, with its steep roof overtopping all the others; and there in the little dormer-window, glimmering like a feeble glow-worm, there shone the palest, faintest mote of light from within, just visible in the gathering darkness of the night.

I understood the tell-tale beam, and a sudden tingling ran through all my veins. At the very moment in which I had surrendered the purpose of my life I was to receive its fulfilment. I entered the house as silently as death. The smouldering fire upon my hearth, not kindled by me, gave me light to find the soundless list slippers, with which I could steal unheard upon the

busy labourer, who was at work upon this universal holiday. Doors that would have creaked under less careful and less steady fingers, turned noiselessly upon their hinges as they admitted me; and the mouldering floors gave no warning of my stealthy approach. Only my heart beat, and my pulses throbbed clamorously in my ears, until I had to tarry for a minute underneath the attic, where there was the dull heavy thud of weighty reams of paper thrown down in haste. I crept partly up the winding stairs, and stood still in the deep shadows where I could see him, myself unseen, at the furthest end of the crowded room. He had been toiling long, for the sweat and pallor of exhaustion were upon his haggard face, and his white lips were pinched for breath; but still he laboured, bearing piles of paper, upon which the dust of years had gathered, out of the dark closet into a scanty space he had cleared, upon the very spot where the murdered man had lain. Each packet he unwrapped and examined carefully, laying it down with a growing pallor and a deeper sigh, and retreating again behind the thin partition which hid him from my sight. At last he stayed so long that I stole on warily over the piled-up papers, to the opened door of the secret closet. He had sunk to his knees, and was holding to the feeble light of his candle a yellow page, with writing almost effaced by time—the one stained paper among thousands of blank and empty sheets. His thin and wasted fingers grasped it with a desperate clutch, but he trembled throughout his whole frame, until he could not steadily himself to read it. One step forward, and I stood beside him, leaning over him, and in a moment detecting that the time-stained lines were in his own handwriting.

"My God!" he gasped, as he felt the touch of my dress, and looked up straight into my bending face; but his painful breath failed him, and he fell prostrate at my feet, only drawing under him the paper which he grasped so desperately. I stood motionless, for before me were passing, in dreary procession, all the weary, weary days I had dragged through waiting for this moment; my scared life, weeks, and months, and years, crossed in funeral sadness my kindled memory; until last of all came the vague and dim but heavenly vision, when on the morning of this day I bowed my head in prayer, and lifting up my tearful eyes beheld the "I. H. S.," and heard a secret voice in my soul whispering, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

"George!" I said, stooping over him, and laying my hand gently upon the grey head at my feet—"George, I came back to tell you I would leave this place in pity for myself and you. To-day and yesterday Heaven has shown me that there is yet love for us. I have meddled with vengeance too long. Now it is made clear to me that I am worse than you, even if you are a murderer; for I have been your destruction body and soul."

"That is true!" he cried hoarsely, though

his voice was very low; "help me, Rachel; I cannot breathe. 'Raise me up.'"

I lifted him up in my arms, and rested his head against me, fanning the stifled air about us to bring a purer breeze to his quivering lips. As his strength came back a little I supported him over the scattered packets, and opened the narrow window for the evening wind to breathe upon him. The streets below were dark and quiet, as with a Sabbath rest from labour, and no illumination rose up from open shops; but the stars were come out brightly, and the moon was shining, though we could not see her from our western casement, and her yellow light blending with the glittering of the stars, shed a faint gleam upon George's pallid face, and his nervous fingers grasping still the written paper. Yet the dimness hid the changes that time and trouble had made; and in that confused glimmering the features I looked down upon were the features of my playmate in years gone by, of my betrothed husband, to whom I had linked myself for life.

"It is fit for me to die here," he muttered; "I have been dying by inches ever since; and it is fit for me to be hurried off at last. Take the paper, Rachel; it is found too late. There, take it; it is my legacy to you. You have your secret at last."

He thrust the paper in my hand, making a helpless effort to close my fingers upon it, but I let it float away, and fall rustling on to the floor. There was no thought in my mind but of the days of old, when he and I were boy and girl together. This hideous dream would be over soon, and I should wake to his morning call under my window, and my fearful fancies would be half-laughed and half-caressed away.

"I'd no thought to do it," he said, speaking painfully; "he held a bond of mine for a hundred pounds, and he never let me rest. I was sitting up my home for Rachel, and he was threatening me with a prison. The old miser kept his hoard in the closet yonder, and when he found that I had seen him go to it—it was late, and he believed every one of us were gone—he flew at me like a madman. I never meant to murder him."

The moon had gone under a cloud; and, behind us, the candle in the closet burned dim, so that his face was only a blank whiteness, with two burning eyes in which the light of life glimmered fitfully; but I could not turn away my gaze from it, even to glance round the attic, where the evening wind was fluttering and rustling many a sheet of paper, until the whole place seemed alive with restless sounds and movements. I drew his head down again upon my bosom, and laid my cheek against his clammy forehead.

"I was so strong," he murmured, clenching his feeble fingers, "I did not know that death could be in my grip. Rachel, I wrote a confession—it is there on the floor; take care of it

when I am gone—and I placed it in a ream of paper which would be opened shortly, only giving me time for a sure escape. But Willie had come back to seek me, and had seen all and fled, for my sake and yours. If the lad had been convicted I would have saved him at the price of my own life; but there was nothing against him, and there would have been everything against me. When we searched for a trace of the murderer I hid the paper far back in the closet under hundreds of other reams; thinking to secure it when a safe time came. But you have been ever watching me.”

Down in the quiet street below there came the patter of children's feet upon the pavement, and the chatter of children's voices. The dying man heard them, and tried to raise himself.

“I have had children,” he sighed, “but they never laughed and clapped their hands for me. Every morning I came from their cradles to look upon your face, Rachel; and there was always a curse in it. Now the sin of the father will be visited upon them. You have shut me out from prayer and penitence; you have been a living doom against me. Yet I am dying at last in your arms.”

While he whispered, the words falling with difficulty and pain from his faltering tongue, there came to me once more a sense of ineffable peace and love brooding over us. By some subtle and finer influence the dying man shared it, and opened his eyes again to meet mine looking down upon him with that mysterious renewal of affection. All the long known consolations, which had been to us only as a very pleasant song, or as good tidings for others from which we ourselves were shut out, entered into our souls in the hour of their extremest need. The pale evening star, steady but very far away, pointed the beginning

of the immeasurable distance that was about to separate us; and from my lips, lying close to his dull ear, there fell, almost unconsciously to myself, the words that had dwelt all day in my heart, “Jesus, the Saviour of men.”

I descended into the Easter streets from the fatal room, which had been the starting-point of both the murdered man and his murderer, into the boundless eternity. No one knew that I had been there; and without distinct aim or design, only hiding in my bosom the sullied and time-worn paper, I wandered back to the poor almshouse. There, with my face turned to the quiet churchyard, which offered me no refuge, though I lounged for it greatly, I lay still and silent through weeks of illness, with the treasured paper in his handwriting lying under my pillow, or held for safety in my feverish hands. Afterwards I remember, though vaguely, voyaging over miles of visionless waters, and finding Willie, not a heart-broken exile, but happy in a new home, and renouncing the land of his troubles and mine. But I was restless there, and must return: and returning found that the old empty house, with its death-stained attic, had been pulled down as an accursed dwelling, and not one stone of it remained upon another. Yet for me at every Eastertide it is erected again, and the tragedy of my life is acted out once more. Whatever else I forget, or whatever else my mind refuses to receive, there abides with me ever and ever the memory of my fell, remorseless purpose, and of my cruel hatred, darker in its sin than George Denning's unmeditated crime.

Now ready, and to be had at all the Libraries,

HARD CASH,

In 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

London: SAMPSON LOW, SON, and CO.

Now ready, Stitched in a Cover, price Fourpence,

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS,

FORMING THE

EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER FOR CHRISTMAS.

CONTENTS:

How Mrs. Lirriper carried on the Business.
How the First Floor went to Crowley Castle.
How the Side-Room was attended by a Doctor.
How the Second Floor kept a Dog.

How the Third Floor knew the Potteries.
How the Best Attic was under a Cloud.
How the Parlours added a Few Words.

Volume XI. will begin on the 15th of February, 1864, with a New Serial Story, entitled

QUITE ALONE,

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 246.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

[PRICE 2d.]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

POLLY-MY-LAMB rang the bell for Mrs. Goodall, her mother's old attendant and housekeeper, and, pointing out the little pale figure, inquired if she knew by whom that house was tenanted.

"It's little Arthur Haggerdorn, as I live!" ejaculated Mrs. Goodall, holding up her hands. "If I didn't think he was dead, poor boy, and buried with his mother!"

She then informed her young mistress that the house was let in lodgings. Some weeks since, a lady and her son had arrived, it was supposed from abroad, and had taken up their abode there. Both—the lady especially—were suffering from indisposition, which, after a few days, resulted in fever of a dangerous kind, and hurried the poor woman to her grave, whither the boy had nearly followed her. Indeed, Mrs. Goodall, too much occupied with the troubles at home to keep her usual vigilant eye upon her neighbours, imagined that he had really died.

Little or nothing was known of the pair beyond their name, which had an outlandish sound; but the lady having left behind her, among other things, several rich jewels and at least a hundred guineas in money, the worthy landlady, Mrs. Ascroft, saw no insecurity in exercising her kindly feelings, and had accordingly nursed the youth, with the greatest solicitude, through his illness, up to his then present point of convalescence.

"If you please, miss," concluded Mrs. Goodall, "I'll pop over presently, about tea-time, and ask the good lady of the house something about him, poor orphan!"

If, however, "popping over" implies speedy return, as well as rapid movement, that portion of the plan was not adhered to. It was nearly three hours before Mrs. Goodall popped back. But, then, she was, like Jacques, "full of matter."

"If you please, miss," she began, "Mrs. Ascroft says you've been and saved his life."

"Saved his life!"

"Before he was ill, that's Arthur, he used to make Mrs. Ascroft tell him all about our misfortunes here. He would sit at the window,

hours together, neglecting his lessons and everything else, and watching for you, though he could only catch a glimpse now and then, because you never went near the window, only walked wild-like up and down the room. He couldn't help crying sometimes (for you see, miss, 'tis only a child, and weak with his long illness), because he could do nothing for to help and comfort you; and when at last he heard that you was become an orphan, like himself, he went nearly frantic. After that, he was so bad that they thought he was going, and, to-day, he thought so too, and made them promise that when they knew he had only a few more hours to live, they would prop him up in his window, that he might see you once perfectly, if God would give him that comfort. And, strange enough, you did come; and, what's stranger still, his sickness took a turn, and to-night the doctor said if the boy's kept quiet, and soothed, and let sleep, he will live. I went up and saw the poor thing—what's left of him, that is. He's like the ghost of an angel," concluded Mrs. Goodall, with vague psychology. "Such a beautiful countenance / never set eyes on!"

Polly-my-Lamb, said little that evening; but her thoughts were not idle. The great purpose of her soul stood out, strong and dominant as ever; but a new idea had become associated with it. This boy, with his deep sympathy, and patient, persevering will, faithful even to the very threshold of death—this orphan like herself, endowed with similar resolution—might he not, boy as he was, be the predestined instrument in the hands of that Providence which works by means unlooked-for by the wise, to assist her in her filial purpose?

The little maiden's feet trembled somewhat as they bore her, more slowly than she had ever walked before, towards the window, on the morrow, and for a moment she could not raise her eyes. When she accomplished this, a warm blush—which must have been lying in ambush, so promptly did it appear—spread upwards to the very roots of her auburn hair. There sat, or rather reclined, the beautiful boy, white and wasted, indeed, but with light and life in his eye, and a gay smile on his parted lips, his bright glossy hair dressed and curled as if for a holiday.

"It is a child, as Goodall said," soliloquised Polly-my-Lamb, half amused at her own agita-

tion, half disappointed as the prospect of an efficient ally melted into air. "He looked so much older yesterday, the little thing!"

As she gazed, the lad inclined his head respectfully, and did not raise it again for a moment, during which Polly-my-Lamb debated hastily with herself whether she should return his greeting. Just as she had resolved to indulge him by doing so, Stephen entered the room, and announced Sir James Polhill, who presently appeared, followed by another person. This second individual was a very little slender man, with a bronzed face, and bright intelligent eyes. He bowed to the young lady, and remained near the door.

"Good morrow, my dear young friend," said Sir James. "I told you yesterday that I hoped to introduce into our plans a new and very important auxiliary. Here you see him—Henry Armour—our most capable, and, I may add, successful officer, for he has never yet been foiled in any of the cases (and they are not a few) confided to him. He has been in England but a few hours, and yet, strange to say, has managed to hit off the track which has evaded the rest of us, till your patience, like our own, has all but faded."

"Do you mean, sir, that you have got upon the track of the murderers?" said Polly-my-Lamb, clasping her hands.

Mr. Armour bowed distinct assent.

"O!" she continued, hurriedly. "O, never leave them! Why are you here *now*? They may escape the while."

"Calm yourself, my dear," said the magistrate, "and you shall know as much as *we* know. Tell her everything, Armour."

Thereupon Mr. Armour produced a small packet, and, opening it, displayed a richly-enamelled snuff-box, in the centre of the lid of which appeared a gold shield bearing heraldic devices, and surmounted by an earl's coronet. This he placed upon the table, as if it were to be his text, and, in clear and quiet tones, delivered himself as follows:

"Sir James has been pleased, madam, to pay me a compliment, of which, in this case at least, I am wholly undeserving. It is to sheer good fortune, not sagacity, we owe this clue. After having been made acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, and satisfied myself that no sort of suspicion attached to any of your household, while, at the same time, it was clear that the habits of your father had been ascertained by the assailants, it occurred to me that strict inquiry should be made in the immediate vicinity, with the view of learning whether any person or persons had been noticed *watching* the house and its inmates, prior to the occurrence. At the very first place—a lodging-house—exactly opposite—"

"Mrs. Ascroft's?"

"You know her, madam? A very respectable, sharp-witted woman. She told me at once that, about the period we were speaking of, a person

of gentlemanly demeanour, with light bushy hair, and rather profuse beard, engaged two rooms, front and back, on her second floor. He took a dislike to the back room, complaining of stable noises, and so forth, caused his bed to be removed into the front, certainly far less quiet, apartment, and there, though to all appearance in the enjoyment of perfect health, he passed the greater portion of his days, and probably all the nights, in bed! Occasionally, he walked out in the evenings, always carefully muffled up. Altogether, Mrs. Ascroft was so little satisfied with her lodger's singular ways, that she was rather pleased than otherwise to receive a note from him, late one evening, intimating that though he had engaged his lodging for another week, he did not purpose to return; and requesting that his luggage might be forwarded to the coffee-house from which his communication was dated. Now, what was the date of this man's occupancy? Unfortunately, Mrs. Ascroft was unable to determine it within several days. It was certainly in March, and, as nearly as she could remember, just previous to the presumed murder. His effects, consisting only of a small quantity of clothes and linen—the latter marked with the initials 'H. H.'—were sent to Sm's coffee-house, as he had directed."

But now came the important feature. That back room, abandoned by the lodger, had, within these few days, been denuded of its principal furniture, preparatory to some repairs in the wainscoting, when, between the wall and a heavy clothes-press, was discovered the snuff-box now submitted to the young lady's inspection. Well, it was but a snuff-box; but observe the arms and coronet. On a fess wavy azure, three falcons sable, with jesses of the first. Motto, "Pickle and Pille," the old words for "filch and plunder." Coronet of an earl. This was the blazon of the noble house of Hawkwood, whose present head was the reputed father of the greatest villain in London, "Lord Lob." "And it is a well-known whim of that unblushing miscreant," added Mr. Armour, who had a profound respect for heraldry, "to desecrate this illustrious badge, by placing it on every object he possesses."

As it chanced, no one had since occupied the room, excepting, for a few days, the deceased Mrs. Haggardorn, and hers the box could not be, since her son, who had had charge of all she possessed, remembered no such article.

"Our inference is," concluded the officer, "that the mysterious lodger was Lord Lob himself, in one of the disguises in which he excels; that the snuff-box accidentally slipped out of his sight and memory, and thus providentially supplied a clue of which we will never let go."

"You see, therefore, my dear," said the worthy magistrate, as comment on the address of his subordinate, "there is, at length, every probability of success attending our efforts. Hitherto, I own, the suspicions attaching to this leader of Black-Thumbs were not sufficiently defined to justify the risks that must be run in getting hold

of him. Armed with this little talisman" (he patted the snuff-box), "we shall be no longer troubled with such scruples; though I warn you, that the fellow we have to deal with, the pest of London, is the most crafty, as well as the most daring of outlaws, and must be encountered with qualities like his own—ingenuity and hardihood. If Armour succeeds——"

(Mr. Armour smiled slightly, and his lips mutely assumed that form which would be necessary to pronounce the word "if.")

"— he will have well earned the most liberal reward your generosity has proposed for him. You look pale and agitated, and no wonder! Farewell, my dear, for the present. When I come again, I trust it will be to bring you important tidings."

Why does the girl tremble, as she moves up and down the room; and, stopping at length, sinks on her knees before her father's picture, on the spot where she had so lately recorded her solemn vow?

In the afternoon, Polly-my-Lamb made up her mind to send for Mrs. Ascroft, and question her further on the subject of her lodger and the snuff-box.

That lady came, and not only related at considerable length what she could bring to bear on this topic, but further touched upon the subject of her later lodgers; and, receiving no check, launched out boldly into praises of the poor boy, whom she had nursed and cared for, till she was as fond of him as though he had been her own.

"He thinks of you all day, and I am confident dreams of no one else all night. Whatever you may call it, this fancy of his will be his life or death, never line as you please to behave."

"He'll be all right," repeated Polly-my-Lamb, aghast at thus plain speaking.

"Well, miss," continued Mrs. Ascroft, "last night, for the first time, he slept so quietly it was a treat to look at him; and he was up to-day as fresh as a rose; you might see him getting well under your very eyes! I wish, ma'am—if I might make so bold" (dropping a curtsy), "you would be so kind, now and then, as just to look out of the window!"

Polly-my-Lamb blushed scarlet, and executed a frown, which, however, having no constitution to speak of, faded presently away. The blush, conscious of itself, remained.

"You needn't look at him, you see," pleaded Mrs. Ascroft, earnestly.

Polly-my-Lamb smiled, and the landlady, with a woman's quick perception, saw it was a favourable moment to take her departure.

"It will be the saving of an innocent young life, if you should, miss."

This shot was fired from the door, and Polly-my-Lamb was alone. Suppose we leave her so? What do you think? She is a dear, good girl, and may be trusted. Goodness forbid that we should be guilty of the meanness of watching her!

All we know further is that, about three o'clock that same day, Master Arthur Haggerdorn rallied considerably: so much so that if, in the morning, he had reminded Mrs. Ascroft of a rose, he might, in the evening, have been easily mistaken for a peony.

CHAPTER IV.

SIR JAMES POLHILL sat in council with his vizier.

"Yes, I think it will do," said the chief. "After all, however, we want motive, eh?"

"We have that also, Sir James, as I will show you, with permission. I found a moment or two, this morning, to have some talk with the clerk, Middenmiss. He has always been persuaded that his principal had private dealings with the Amsterdam house, Dietrich and Co., who failed about a year since, under circumstances which rendered them liable to a criminal process. Yes, Middenmiss believes that Mr. Humpage, from motives of generosity, assisted the house with considerable advances, though it is certain that no securities in their names can be found among his papers. The clerk's belief is grounded upon other circumstances, with which I need not trouble you. Some suspicion of the rectitude of these people—Dietrich and Co.—may have induced Mr. Humpage to discontinue his support—perhaps even to press for repayment of his former loans—and, in revenge, or to evade such claims, this crime may have been devised and perpetrated. The younger Dietrich is known by the Dutch police as one of the most reckless scoundrels unhanged—a commercial pirate. However, this latter part, except as to Dietrich's character, is only our conjecture, since no record exists of Mr. Humpage's transactions with them, beyond the payment of several large sums, without apparent consideration, one at least of which passed through the hands of their agent in London."

"It wears a likely aspect, Armour; and Lord Lob was a man exactly to their hand," said Sir James, as cheerfully as if the fact had been of the most providential character. "But now, mind what you are about in tackling this fellow. You'll find it as much as you can manage. I'm not nervous in such matters, as you will allow, but I don't mind owning that I shall not be entirely at ease in *this*, till I have his lordship in limbo, and yourself in a whole skin. You may smile, Armour, but I cannot afford to have a vacancy in the police body, which, upon my word, I should be at a loss to fill."

"No fear, Sir James," said the officer, with his accustomed coolness. "When do you want him?"

"No sooner than you can put the needful amount of salt on his tail."

"I shall take him to-night."

"To-night? Why, Armour, you're a wizard!" cried Sir James, rubbing his hands, and becoming infected with the other's confidence. "But what's your plan?"

"There's a row among the gang—a split. What it is, I cannot make out, but our luck is certainly on the mend, for this very day, after we left Jermyn-street, and while I was getting my chop in the Haymarket, up comes a fellow dressed like a country parson, only with a very bad wig that even a parson wouldn't wear, and sits down opposite. When the waiter's back was turned, he took off his left-hand glove, and showed his thumb—black as ink! 'Hem!' says the reverend gentleman. 'Hem!' says I. 'You want an audience of my lord?' says the country parson. 'Well,' says I, using my tooth-pick: 'I—well—I *should* like to have a couple o' words with him; but it ain't pressing, or I could easily prevail on his porter, or one of his lackeys, to show me up.'

"'You're a liar,' replied the reverend gentleman, but not rudely. 'You couldn't do nothing o' the sort, and you knows it. Think you can gammon me?'

"'I would take a sharper chap than me to do that, Mr. — Smith,' says I, civilly (for he's open to flattery, is Bob Caunter). 'But about this said porter. I still think—'

"'The porter's come to you, Master Armour,' says he, cutting me short, 'to tell you that if you want my lord, you must look for him to-night, or not at all. Our establishment's broke up. The head cook's giv' warning. The butler's sold the lush and bolted with the money. There's a paragraph gone to the Newsman—you'll see it to-morrow: "Fashionable movement.—Lord Lob he's giv' up his princely establishment in the Adelphi, and left London with his soote, for a prolonged tour."'

"'Are you telling me the truth?' I says, as a matter of form.

"'Yes, I am,' says he, grinding his teeth savagely. 'He's a tyrant and—a thief!'

"'No! Nonsense!' says I. 'You can't mean that. Thief?'

"'You come to-night,' he says, 'that's all. Nine o'clock, punctual. Here,' and he wrote an address on a card. 'Bring a hundred redbreasts if you like, only keep 'em dark till they're wanted.'

"'All right,' says I. 'What's the porter's fee?'

"'Gratified revenge,' said the fellow, putting his mouth close to my ear, and was off before I could get out another word."

"A fortunate split," said the pleased magistrate. "Success attend you!"

About nine that evening, Mr. Armour, in seedy attire, with two brace of pistols in his pockets, sauntered carelessly along the Strand, while a very close observer might have been aware of other five seedy figures, moving in a like direction, and, gradually diminishing the intervals between him and each other, as all converged towards the entrance of a dark and narrow side-street in the Adelphi.

An individual in rusty black, walking in the same direction, here brushed past the offi-

cer, who turned and spoke to his nearest follower.

"Watch the house, number nineteen; come to shot or whistle. If I don't reappear in twenty minutes, force entrance."

The man in black halted at the bottom, before a corner house, one face of which apparently looked upon the river. As Armour closed up to him, he muttered interrogatively,

"You've enough?"

"Nine," replied the other, coolly, throwing in the additional four as a compliment.

"Get them closer. Are you mad? Follow me."

Armour made a signal to the folks in darkness, then boldly entered the robbers' den.

"How many?" he asked, glancing up the dark and narrow stair.

"Alone," was the answer. "In the lumber-garret, at the very top of the house; no retreat but by this stair, or a jump of ninety feet into the Thames."

Armour's pulse beat a thought quicker. He could hardly imagine that the redoubted robber would be captured so easily. He gripped a pistol with one hand, and his conductor's arm with the other.

"Look you, my friend, if you play the doubles on me, you, at least, shall not live to brag of it."

"Don't be an infernal fool!" was the reply.

"Keep quiet. We're within ten steps of his door. I'm going in. Stand close, and, when you hear me stumble over a chair, dash in. I'll help you, if necessary."

Towards the top, the staircase became so narrow that one person alone could with difficulty pass. Above, was a small landing, and at the back of it a door, through the cracks of which light was streaming.

The officer stood aside, in the darkness, while his guide made a signal at the door, and, without awaiting answer, quietly entered. There was a low murmur of voices, in question and answer, but though they occasionally rose high enough for the alert listener to distinguish words, he was unable to make out a connected sentence. Then there was a pause. Some one paced the room; perhaps the traitor, preparing the way for his signal—then there was a shuffling of feet—then there was silence again. Armour began to fear that his people might break in, and increase the difficulty as much as they would diminish the glory of the capture, by making an alarm. No! A chair was suddenly dashed from end to end of the apartment. The officer rushed in, like a bulldog!

Half dazzled by the blaze of light, it required a second or two to show him that he stood in a small well-furnished apartment, in which was one person only: a young man, habited in a rich loose dressing-gown, and embroidered cap, seated at a table, on which were wines and fruit, smoking a Turkish pipe. He had a fair womanish face, and, with a rather languishing, dandified manner, motioned to the astonished officer to take a chair.

"How are you, Henry? Sit down, my boy. I was sorry to keep you kicking your heels on that dull landing. There was a little matter to settle" (his eyes glanced towards a window which the officer now observed to be open). "But put up those toys of yours. You fellows are never happy but when you're fiddling with a pistol-butt. Have some wine. My name's Lord Lob. What can I do for you?"

"You young sprigs of fashion," said the officer, trying to adopt the other's tone, "sometimes leave London without settling all your accounts. Now, I've a little one here."

"A warrant, eh?" said Lord Lob; good humouredly, refilling his pipe from a satin tobacco-pouch, on which his arms were wrought. "What is a warrant? I never saw one close. Pitch it over."

"I can't do that, my lord," said Armour, "but here it is, you see. It's not quite so large as a patent of nobility; but perhaps it's big enough to be a match for yours."

"Ha! ha! Good. Henry makes a joke!" said his lordship, with a languid titter. "But to come to business, since you're not bright enough for a buffoon; what is your commerce with us, old merchant of capias, and purveyor of any amount of hardware of the jug description?"

"There are several dozen little matters requiring your attention," said Armour; "but the latest is this affair in Jermyn-street. Look you, my lord, my time is precious, and, besides, I'm afraid that if you don't come with me at once, the highly-respectable lodgers below, will have their slumbers broken by some impatient friends of mine, who must be rather near your door."

"Go with you, Hal, eh?" said Lord Lob, as though considering of the proposal. "Humph! By the way, I saw you looking round just now, wondering, and very naturally, what has become of the excellent young man who accompanied you here? Step this way."

He rose, and strolled towards the window, followed by the officer.

"Look out!"

Keeping, all the time, fully on his guard, Armour peeped out. The window, as he had supposed, looked down upon the river, now at ebb, and was not much less than a hundred feet from the ground. The moon had risen, and Armour, to his horror, distinctly saw the form of the traitor thief, lying doubled up as no living man could lie, as he had been flung headlong from the window. The struggle he had overheard was fearfully accounted for.

"The fool forgot the window!" sneered the robber, his fair face distorted like a fiend's. "Let other fools take warning. Look here!"

He made a sudden movement, as though to leap through the window: but, checking himself suddenly, slipped under the officer's uplifted arm, and, making one bound towards the door, disappeared. Quick and unexpected as the action was, the ready officer had drawn a pistol

and fired, even as the door was flung in his face. Then he dashed after. There was an alarm below; there were shouts, and the rattles of the watch, as these latter, roused by the attack of the police upon the house, hastened to contribute their quota of noise if not of assistance. The alarmed inhabitants of the place, which wore the appearance of a low lodging-house, ran to and fro in wild confusion. They were collected, and placed in custody for the moment, while the house was searched from top to bottom. All, however, was in vain. There was no trace of the fugitive nobleman. By what outlet he had escaped, no one could divine. Gone he was—and there an end!

Burning with rage and disappointment, Armour hastened round to the rear of the house where he had seen the body of the murdered spy. There it still lay. They lifted it up. The clothes were his, sure enough, but the body was represented by a brown pillow. Lord Lob had himself enacted the part of one of his own gang. "Done, and doubly done!" growled Mr. Armour, as he moved discousolately home.

ENGLAND OVER THE WATER.

WHEN the Melbourne and Suburban Railway was being formed, said a thriving Melbourne publican to me: "Ah, yes, a very good line I hear it will be; but there's one thing I can't make out about it, and that's where Suburban is. I think it must be some place up the country."

There are many people in Old England who speculate as wisely concerning the most obvious things in the other England on the opposite side of the world. Nothing so surprises an Australian who comes to England, accustomed, naturally enough, to think his late residence a place of some importance, as the wonderful extent of the common ignorance concerning things Australian; and this, not only on out of the way matters, but on such as are to be learnt by a very slight exercise of attention to the current news brought from the colony. It does not occur now, so often as formerly, but it is still a fact, that letters reach Australia for "Sydney, Melbourne," or "Adelaide, New South Wales," or "Melbourne, South Australia." The old custom of lumping the various Australian colonies together under the comprehensive name of "Botany Bay," is, I believe, extinct, and that is something. Yet to this day many people seem hardly to know that Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide, are distinct cities, hundreds of miles apart. I know for certain that simple-minded folk exist who seriously doubt whether the children of European parents born in Australia, are really black or only copper-coloured.

The Australian, with a warm heart for England, neither likes all this, nor deserves it. We do our best to be like you at home; in Melbourne, at any rate, which is the chief city of our other England. Be good enough to

learn, therefore, that we are men and brethren. It is really a fact that we are born and reared, marry and are given in marriage, die and are buried, in fashions very similar indeed to those of England: so similar, that many persons never find the difference. Every race among us does its best to maintain the traditions of the native lands. Once a year the petticoated Gael plays the bagpipe at a Caledonian gathering, capers between naked swords, "puts" stones, and throws hammers. These national festivities are held not only in Melbourne, but in other towns in the colony. At certain seasons, too, the Irishman in all his glory is there, and displays the brogue in glowing oratory at St. Patrick's Hall. I do not think we have an Eisteddfod, but I know that the Welshmen do somehow in their own way rites of the Cymry. So again the Germans, who are very numerous, hold solemnities of music and tobacco for the love of Vaterland. We dutifully follow the old country's example, and have High Church prigs and Low Church prigs, who squabble about music and ritual, and secede, and set up churches of their own, and piously cut each other in the interests of Heaven. Tea meetings we have too, and Sunday schools, and prosperous dissenting bodies: the Wesleyan church is the finest in Melbourne. In politics and government we follow home precedents, though all may not approve of some alterations we have made in our model, the British constitution. We have a legislature which is called a parliament, and which consists of a legislative council for the Lords, and a legislative assembly for the Commons. The Lords are provided with a gorgeous president; the Commons with a resplendent Mr. Speaker. We have a mace, and all the "properties" complete. The serjeant-at-arms brings up culprits to the bar, where they make abject submission to the majesty of the legislature. The hon. member for Mandurauk begs to correct the statement that has just fallen from the honourable member for Bendigo, or moves for a return of so-and-so, just as the thing is done at Westminster. We have a real ministry, too, which resigns and is reconstructed, on a moderate computation, five times a year; and the strength of our Opposition is refreshing. Among our M.P.s, it is true, are some who like to call themselves the "orny-anded sons of toil," whose mission appears to consist chiefly in abuse of what they call the "kid-gloved aristocracy." Personality is not an uncommon seasoner of our debates, and if we are sometimes found strengthening moral force with a physical argument between some honourable members, this little Columbian habit will wear off in time.

Descending a step, we have our mayor and corporation, and our ninth of November. Our civic rulers are much after the English type as regards capacity of mind and stomach. We are a community favourable to the sustenance of quack doctors, who advertise their panaceas as continuously as the humbugs of your older English life; and who, which is worse, get into parlia-

ment. Our briefless barrister pines for the shy fer, and the lower sort of attorney flourishes. We have a Seven Dials, without its poverty, in the Chinese district of Little Bourke-street, a place of torment for the nose; but our streets are free from the misery and squalor which shock the stranger in London. We have a Royal Society, whose members read papers, and quarrel, and publish their transactions (omitting the quarrels), quite like European scientific-bodies. Of course we have our upper and lower ten thousands, though of course, also, it is impossible that class distinctions should be so strongly marked in a new as in an old country. Still, the aristocracy of South Yarra are separated by as great a gulf from the dwellers in the other suburb of Collingwood, as that which divides Kensington from Hoxton. Our swells and belles imitate those of the original England to the best of their ability. The swells disport themselves in Collins-street (the Row and Regent-street combined) in pectops, of which Mr. Poole would not be ashamed; and the belle, with a whale-girth of crimoline, and a love of a bonnet, is tastes less enough to be approved by a Parisian modiste. We are not so possessed by great ideas of the future, as to have relinquished those habits in which we were brought up, of talking about other people's affairs, and we accordingly indulge in this little pastime with an amiability and zest quite European. Our smallest communities are, as in the old country, the cleverest in this respect. We really do have balls and parties, at which we enjoy ourselves with due British solemnity, in orthodox broadcloth, with the thermometer at 85 deg. in the shade. As to other amusements, we have three theatres, at one of which there are regular opera seasons, and Mozart and Beethoven, Verdi and Flotow. At another, Macbeth is now being done, with the ghosts of Direks and Pepper. We have a Tussaud's, a Polytechnic, a Cremorne, and music-halls; indeed, we are a very musical people, and keep up a Philharmonic Society, which gives concerts and oratorios very decently. We have a capital Botanical Garden, at which flower-shows are held, and the rudiments of zoological gardens are developing themselves.

As to learning and literature, there is a university in Sydney, and we have a better one in Melbourne, where the undergrads wear real caps and gowns, attend or cut lectures, pass or are plucked, strictly in Oxford and Cambridge fashion. At these institutions we raise our own crops of parsons, doctors, and lawyers, and we have a system of Civil Service examinations quite in accordance with all modern English ideas on the subject. We have plenty of schools, good and bad, and at the head of them stand the two rival establishments called the Church of England Grammar School, and the Scotch College.

Our press is very active. In Melbourne alone we have three daily, and heaps of weekly, papers, while the diggings and other up-country journals are to be counted by scores. These are all re-

spectably conducted, some with decided talent. The *Argus*, the best paper in the colony, sometimes contains really excellent articles. The weekly papers are devoted to all sorts of interests, religious, agricultural, sporting; and there is a *Melbourne Punch*, which, though its illustrations would not be mistaken for those of Leech or Tenniel, is—considering the small field in which it has to work—wonderfully well sustained. Then there are two or three illustrated papers published monthly, to be sent home by the mails. Many attempts have been made to establish illustrated journals in Melbourne, but nearly all of them have failed.

Some of our shops would do credit to the best trade thoroughfares of London, and in them is to be found every novelty, within two months of its appearance in England.

Between four and five thousand of us are volunteers—artillery, cavalry, engineers, rifles, and naval brigade—and we are about as efficient, and have about as great an idea of our military appearance and talent, as you fellows who volunteer in England. We have our reviews and our annual encampments on the Werribee plains, near Geelong; and we are told by our inspecting officers that “they never saw regular troops execute, &c.” So that, altogether, we glorify ourselves as you do.

Besides volunteering, our youth are wont to invigorate themselves with cricket, football, and all the other games in which Young England delights. Cricket is exceedingly popular among us; witness our match with the All England Eleven, and their second visit to us, shortly to be made.

We are a charitable people too. The chief public establishments in this way are the Benevolent Asylum, the Hospital, and the Yarra Bend (so called from being prettily situated at a bend of the river Yarra) Lunatic Asylum. There are plenty of other hospitals and the like, in different parts of the colony.

Having a proper regard to appearances, we have decorated our city with some very fine public buildings. Our treasury, club-house, and some of our banks, are very handsome, as are also many of our merchants’ stores or warehouses. The Houses of Parliament, the new Post-office, the University, and the Public Library, will be, when completed, creditable to our architects. People who come out to this other England with rather green ideas about “life in the bush,” and so on, are amazed when they find what manner of place Melbourne is.

As to our means of communication, we really do not paddle from harbour to harbour, and up and down rivers, in canoes, or make overland journeys entirely on foot or horseback; but we have plenty of good steamers, coaches, and railways, and some fine engineering works connected with the last. There is a complete system of telegraphic communication within and between the different colonies. Melbourne streets are noisy, with Hansoms and omnibuses, but the principal vehicle for passenger traffic is what is known as the “low-backed car.” This vehicle contains two

seats, running, not fore and aft, but athwartships, accommodates five besides the driver, has a light roof with curtains in case of need, and is drawn by a single horse. There was a very good specimen of one of these cars in the last Exhibition. Most people who come out, appear at first to look upon themselves as a superior race of beings, and qualified to instruct us on many points. A “new chum,” as recent arrivals are called, is known at once by the “old hands.” His elegant saunter, his very new clothes, and his air of affability and patronage, mark him out unmistakably. But the new chum, like the Indian griff, is soon brought to his level, and soon becomes qualified to instruct his friends, on his return home, as to the real state of things in the England far away over the waters.

ABOARD THE EVELEEN BROWN.

I THINK it was in the summer of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven that I became possessor of the cutter yacht *Barberina*, of Southampton. A liberal measurement of the craft would have fixed her burden at something more than three-quarters of a ton, while her price was ten pounds and a row with the out-going proprietor—who, with a stinginess more befitting one of his natural profession (a lollipop merchant) than a true son of the sea, sought to eliminate the mainsail from our bargain, as if that article were a superfluous “store,” which might, or might not, be occasionally required.

Moderate as these terms may appear, I am disposed to think that the proprietor aforesaid (who had christened his yacht after an animated sweetmeat that played about the shop, and had always treacherously fingers) took advantage of my innocence in nautical matters to the extent of several pounds.

I cannot say that he lavished many praises upon his craft. I was simply won by a manner he had of putting his head on one side, and remarking that she sat “like a duck” upon the water. According to his report, she not only sat, but rode, turned, and even stood up on the same model. I had never especially noticed a duck’s seat. If that fowl, when sedentary, rests upon its base, so, certainly, did the *Barberina*. Unless, however, water percolates freely through every pore of a duck’s frame—unless a duck, when tacking, invariably misses stays—unless a duck, when swimming, creates a disturbance in the ocean not inferior to that of a powerful tug, but without the accompanying progress, there (with the seat) all resemblance ends.

These little peculiarities revealed themselves to my after observation. Meanwhile, my first act, after forwarding my yacht to the metropolis, and thence to Brighton, by the goods train, was to endeavour to effect a change of name. Why upon earth should I call my yacht *Barberina*, and lay myself open to the suspicion of being attached to some mysterious nymph bearing that hideous appellation? I never could fully under-

stand the difficulty I encountered in that matter. Whether the maritime authorities who inspected my ship's "papers" had an especial relish for the name of Barberina, or whether they anticipated some serious danger to the customs department in the proposed alteration, at all events the trouble it cost me to transform Barberina into—well, into Eveleen Brown—is almost inconceivable.

I confided my vessel to the care of a gentleman whose name, if the pronunciation of his beach-faring brethren could be trusted, was Jarsper. The boatmen of Brighton are a remarkable and distinctive race of men. A generation having passed away since the period of which I write, I trust I shall not be wounding any individual susceptibilities, if I dwell for a moment on their singular characteristics.

The Brighton boatman whose type I would present, has generally served seventeen months, neither more nor less, in the royal navy. How and why he entered, under what circumstances quitted, and what exploits he performed in that service, are, together with the precise name of his ship, points enveloped in mystery. He has a wife and nine small children, who never grow any bigger, possibly because of the insufficient nutriment obtained from skate, winkles, and starfish, on which, if the family father is to be believed, they principally subsist. He has neither baptismal nor family name, in proof of which rather startling fact, I may mention that my five most intimate friends were known respectively as "Tim," "Jarsper," "The Shepherd," "Streaky," and "Bubs," all titles conferred on them by their fraternity. I had entertained some doubts on the subject of Bubs, till reassured by that gentleman's emphatic declaration that it "*wasn't* his name, leastways, not as he know'd on," though he never answered to any other.

I took some pains to discover the secret principle which governed beach-nomenclature. All, however, that I could ascertain was, that Tim was so called because he had espoused a Mrs. Juniper; the Shepherd, for so much as, many years ago, a gentleman had presented him with an aged vest of the plaid bearing that pastoral name; and Streaky, seeing that he had beguiled a part of his seventeen months' naval service, by tattooing himself, like a savage, from head to foot. "Jarsper" and "Bubs," being pure fancy names, defied investigation.

The Brighton boatman has two especial forms of invitation.

The fair weather:

"Take a retch (reach) off, sir? Fine breeze." An unconscious warning, which must have recurred with painful distinctness to many a pallid citizen, receding from the steadfast shore.

The foul weather:

"Seen that 'ere curious fish what our boats brought in o' Toosday, sir? Tuppence."

Boats—in the plural—to suggest the idea of one having proved inadequate to the towage of the struggling monster ashore. The animal—

need I add?—turns out to be a dogfish, some twenty-four inches in length, and about as interesting to coast-frequenters as a whiting.

The Brighton boatman is never known to beg; for, although mendicancy is with him a confirmed habit, it is simply argumentative, based, as it were, completely on hypothesis.

"Sposen any gel'man would give me two shillen towards a new mainsle, I'd do a good job among they mackardl-boats next year, sir."

"Happen some gel'man 'ood rise 'alf-a-crown, I'd—" &c. &c.

It is difficult to resist a perpetual suggestion. Hence, it was only when I discovered that "rising" half-a-crown meant, in reality, sinking that amount in the hopeless slough of Mr. Bubs's pocket, that I finally hardened into stone.

Perhaps, however, the most extraordinary feature in the history of this singular tribe, is the existence among them of a—of an—I am at a loss what to call it—a mysterious impersonality, a shadowy power, an influence felt—and felt severely—yet never seen, and distinguished by the familiar title of "My Pardner." The professional interests of Brighton boatmen, like those of all rivals in trade, are, *prima facie*, opposed to each other. The office of My Pardner seems to be to reconcile these, so far at least as is requisite to form a powerful league and combination against the general public.

By way of illustration, let us imagine Streaky, while touting on the promenade, having beguiled a couple of City gentlemen into undertaking a voyage to the remote haven of Shoreham, and back to that of Bedford-square. These unfortunate persons are forthwith conveyed on board a vessel with a bottom as flat as a card-table—displaying, though still upon the strand, a perfect cloud of canvas, likewise a board, intimating that the "Swallow" sails every day, not absolutely tempestuous, at "half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon," as though it were necessary to guard against the probability of some holiday-lounger applying for a cruise about midnight.

There must surely be some neglect in striking this vessel's bell, for it is now past one o'clock, she is still in full sail on the beach, and our two enterprising navigators, her sole tenants, are beginning to evince signs of dissatisfaction. Streaky, touting off and on in short tacks, has his eye upon them, however, and having, by a sudden stroke of fortune, captured three more prisoners all in a lump, conducts them on board; but, to the astonishment of the whole party, himself modestly retires.

Some misgiving apparently visits the mind of one of the City gentlemen.

"Heh! Halloo! Ain't this *your* boat, my man?"

"Well, sir, 'tis Tim's Pardner's," is the reply. "*My* boat's out, which a lady and two young gents is a rowing to Kemp Town. *Off* sho goes! Yea-ho!"

And Streaky, aided by two brown-faced giants, who have apparently shot up from the shingle,

and a small young lady in frilled trousers, with a spade in one hand and a cake in the other, sets his back against the wall-sided Swallow, and edges her into the wave. The brown-faced men jump on board, and off she does go. But, on her return with her pale freight, Streaky is found on the beach, so manifestly expectant of a shilling that the demoralised beings he assists to land will change a sovereign to give it him?

The result is identical if, on the next occasion, the visitor pointedly demands Streaky's own boat for a row. In accordance with the universal rule, Streaky exhibits the most marked reluctance to enter the craft, supposed to be his own; but at length, and on protest, does so, accompanied by a mysterious individual who not two seconds before was invisible. This person uses his oar with a careless professional air; but never utters a sound, saying once, when, at a jocular remark from one of the company, he gives vent to a sort of hoarse whinny, like a colt with a cold, and immediately resumes his fixed expression. On the boat's return, the strange man stalks silently away, and Streaky receives the money, but with such a look of discontent that the customer is provoked to ask:

"Well, what's the matter? Isn't that right?"

"Yes, sir, all right. *We* doesn't get much out of this here."

"What do you mean? Isn't the boat yours?"

"Well, sir, 'tis actually Tim's Pardner's. The Shepherd's out a fishing with mine."

In like manner, every attempt—however well planned—to embark in Tim's boat results in a voyage in the Shepherd's, which, eventually turning out to be chartered on behalf of Bubs, has been remitted by that gentleman to Jarsper, the entire proceeds waiting in the coffers of the Pardner, who graciously permits Messrs. Jarsper, Shepherd, Tim, Streaky, and Bubs to appropriate to themselves whatever extra coin any gentleman will "rise."

Jarsper, and occasionally Bubs, had an inconvenient habit of fixing upon you in the full tide of fashion that swept the esplanade, and if you sought to fend them off with a nod and a quickened step, defeating this manœuvre by promptly turning, adapting their faces to yours, and plunging at once into topics weathery and fishy.

"Jarsper," I said, impressively, on one of these occasions, halting suddenly, "business has been slack of late. That there are rock-whiting to be caught on what you call the Finny-ground, I make no question. Porpoises were off the pier on Thursday, and I hope that the structure and general appearance of that edifice met with their entire approval. If any gentleman—I don't think he will—should step across the walk, and beg your acceptance of five shillings, it might, or might not, go towards the purchase of a new 'spritsile.' But, as these matters are really your concern, not mine, as I can neither take a reach-off, nor rise half-a-crown, it is in your own interests that I strongly advise

you to resume your natural position off the old ship, and keep a bright look-out for other victims than he who has now the honour of wishing you good morning."

Jarsper did not understand me. I did not expect he would. But, in his astonishment, he allowed me to walk quietly away, nor did he ever again offer to disturb my promenade.

It was in consequence of this delicacy that I selected Jarsper as the especial custodian of the Eveleen Brown (born Barberina), on the express understanding that the mysterious Pardner should be entirely excluded from the business. Moreover, I had known Jarsper from my childhood, a period which he seemed to consider had not fully elapsed, his manner still retaining some tinge of that patronage which had directed my marine studies in earlier years. Jarsper could never comprehend the mighty change which lies between twelve years old and twenty.

"Pull to yer, Dick!" bawled Jarsper, one day, to a dashing lieutenant of dragoons, whom he had last seen as a boy with turn-down collars. ("Dick" and I were taking a reach off, in Jarsper's, that is, Tim's Pardner's boat, in memory of old times, and my friend was steering.)

"Confound his impudence!" growled the gallant officer in my ear. "At least, he might have said 'keep her away.'"

Although the Eveleen Brown cost but ten pounds to buy, she cost thirty-five to repair. She wanted so many new things, that, upon the whole, it would have been more economical to have sunk her and built another. When all was done, her propensity for admitting the ocean was as strong as ever. I never saw such a vessel; the water seemed to enter through the solid boards.

"Pay her well," suggested Jarsper; "you can't do nuthen more."

I did pay her, and Jarsper too; but the Eveleen Brown defied pitch, and leaked away as merrily as ever. Paying did not pay. All I could do was to provide the means of pumping; and as the Eveleen, to do her justice, drank with great regularity, and never required pumping under three-quarters of an hour, I knew exactly when it became necessary to examine the well.

My great delight was to go out entirely alone. As the sheets all led aft, I was able to trim and manage my sails without quitting the helm. Many and many a day have I thus spent upon the waters, and if I did not actually—

Watch all night to see unfold Heaven's gates, and Cithon snort his morning gold, I was, at all events, not long behind that fiery steed—often, weather permitting, not returning ashore till dusk.

One drawback to these excursions was the perpetual putting forth of a small fleet of boats, on pretence that I and my little craft were in need of assistance. Whenever I saw these speculative salvors bearing down upon me, I

always knew that business on the beach was fearfully slack, or else that certain threatening appearances in the weather had really escaped my observation, and made a speedy return-advisable. Nevertheless, there seemed to be something ignominious in being towed home by a common pleasure-boat, and I believe now, that I ran considerable risks in attempting to avoid this necessity.

"On the morning of the twenty-eighth of July, 'thirty-seven, I had put to sea so early as almost to forestal my friend Ethon, and actually met the sun upon the rosy wave. The breeze from the south-west was soft and steady, and I stood right out to sea till the summer haze began to shut out the shore—about six miles distant. Here I lowered my sails, pumped the Eveleen Brown, and lying down in the bottom on my coat, began to eat my breakfast, letting the boat drift as she would. It was now about half-past six, and already beginning to grow warm. With the exception of a few thin white streaks in the heavens, and whatever might be meant by the peculiar haze I have mentioned, everything seemed to betoken one of those perfect days of summer which, commencing with a cool fresh breeze, melt to breathlessness at noon. Great then was my astonishment, when, glancing landward, I beheld six or seven boats, with Jarsper conspicuous in the van, making towards me under a press of sail.

"This is really *too* absurd," thought I. "Because they lost sight of me for a moment in the fog, they thought I had come to grief. Now, I'll just give you a little dance, my friends."

My sails were hoisted in a minute, and with nearly a two-mile start, away I dashed before the wind. The Eveleen Brown, as though inspired with an idea similar to my own, behaved in a manner I have never witnessed before or since, and went hissing through the water with an actual speed which promised to make the chase, if persevered with, a protracted one.

With the assistance of my glass, I could detect Jarsper standing in the bow of his boat, and making frantic gestures in the direction, as I thought, of a couple of seagulls; but as there was nothing in the evolutions of those fowls to create alarm, I merely set my little gaff-topsail, and cracked on. Hereupon, I observed Jarsper make one frenzied movement, as though to cast himself overboard; then, putting about, return shorewards, followed by his consorts.

I was now off Kemp Town. The breeze had freshened, shifted a little eastward, and dispersed the fog. I was considerably elated at my success, and the idea suddenly occurred to me of running up Channel as far as Sandgate, where a part of my family were at the time residing.

The distance, as far as I could guess, was about seventy-five miles. It would be, of course, a two days' voyage; but, with the present wind, and nearly a whole flood-tide before me, there was almost a certainty of making Hastings by two or three in the afternoon. Acting upon this

determination, I shaped my course for Beachy Head, weathered that point about noon in safety, and then, the sea having risen rather unpleasantly, hauled in nearer the shore. I had been compelled to take in my topsail, and one reef of the mainsail; but the Eveleen Brown had comported herself nobly, and, despite the ruffled sea, had not required more pumping than on ordinary occasions.

For a moment the idea occurred to me of landing at Eastbourne; but the breeze being fair and steady, and having yet many hours of daylight, I abandoned the prudent thought, and stood away for Hastings. Before, however, I was off St. Leonard's, I had reason to repent this resolution. With the making of the ebb-tide, the sea had roughened considerably, not only retarding the progress of my small craft, but occasionally sending over her low bulwarks very embarrassing contributions to the water she already contained. To add to my annoyance, the wind, though light, was becoming foul. I did not think it possible to beat up to Hastings, and, after a moment's irresolution, put the Eveleen's nose about, and made direct for the nearest shore. But, alas! on nearing it, there was no landing for *me*. A surf, such as I could not have imagined would have risen so speedily, was breaking on the rocky strand, and one huge wave, that sent a sheet of snow twenty yards up the beach, convinced me that my cockleshell would be inevitably swamped in any attempt to land. There was nothing for it but to stand out once more to sea.

The next three hours were truly miserable. During this interval, it needed all my care to keep the wretched little craft from broaching to. The tide, now once more running to the eastward, swept me past my intended haven; but I had great hopes of finding an even better refuge at Rye, about the angle of the bay, and, by dint of sculling, got, as I considered, near enough to the land to discover the narrow entrance.

Owing, however, to the waning light, I failed to do this. Although within half a mile of the beach, no opening could I discover in that brown bulwark, on which the waves were breaking with a very unpleasant roar.

It was now as dark as it intended to be; when, as I was coasting slowly along, a light, like a mighty star, sprang suddenly out of the gloom, right ahead.

"Hurrah!" I shouted. "Folkestone!"

The tide and wind both setting me in that direction, I steered at once for the friendly beacon, not heeding that the shore slipped away presently altogether from my lee, as I was aware that the land about this point trended considerably to the northward.

At what period I became conscious of the rather serious nautical mistake I was committing, I cannot precisely remember. I think it must have been when I suddenly detected, at an immense distance and in a totally different direction, an assemblage of lights, which I recognised as being, beyond all question, those

of Folkestone. For what, then, had I been steering?

In coasting along from Rye to Dungeness, the brilliant pharos of Cape Grisnez, on the French coast, appears exactly ahead. Having no compass to direct my course, and the land being all but invisible, I, in place of rounding Dungeness, and hauling to the northward, had continued to stand right on across the Channel, until (according to my after calculations) I was at least twelve miles from shore.

Just as I arrived at this conviction, the breeze died entirely away. The sea, too, had fallen. There was nothing but a heavy harmless ground swell. A change, however, might occur at any moment, and, should it be for the worse, the chance of making Folkestone in a little, open, leaky boat, were but indifferent. There was but one course to pursue. I handed my sails, pumped the Eveleen free, drained the last drops in my wine-flask, and, seizing my sculls, turned the boat's head shoreward, and set to work.

The Eveleen Brown was a heavy puller at the best. Those four hours' labour were the severest I have ever known. Often I was obliged to pause a few moments from sheer exhaustion; and in these intervals felt, in that watery solitude and silence, intensely alone. It is said that those whose duty it is to keep watch at night are witnesses of many a strange phenomenon in sea and air. It may be that fatigue and excitement prompted my imagination, but at all events both my ear and eye were sensible of impressions I could not understand—singular gleams and sweeps of light, rushes, and sighing cadences, with now and then a deep booming plunge, and one peculiar sound which twice recurred close at hand, and was comparable to nothing but some monstrous denizen of the deep coming up, with a mighty gurgling gasp, to breathe.

So worn was I before reaching land, that it was more by the weight of my body than by muscular action of the arms that I still continued to row; and never shall I forget the relief I experienced in hearing the first welcome sounds of land—the bark of a dog. I pulled for that bark. It seemed to proceed from the neighbourhood of a whitish patch of shore. A few minutes yet, and the Eveleen grounded on a small spit of white sand.

I was dreamily conscious of being assisted out of the boat by several men of great breadth and stature—of being hoarsely questioned as to my name and object—of tumbling down on the beach without reply—of good-natured giants placing coats over me, and others under my head—of reviving in a few minutes, giving a satisfactory account of myself and views, being assisted up to a sort of cave in the cliff, used by the navvies at work on the then incomplete railway as a refreshment-room, and there partaking of some of the most execrable beer ever surely poured down human throat; but, to mine, nectar.

More distinctly do I recal to mind re-embarking, in two hours' time, under the immediate

auspices of the coast-guard; and, having but three miles of my course to retrace, arriving at Sandgate to breakfast.

FAREWELL TO THE HOLY LANDS.

(Twelfth Century.)

Ho, trumpets sound!
And around, around
With the red wine yet once more, friends.
Then to stirrup and selle,
And, fare ye well,
And fast to the ships on the shore, friends.

King Baldwin hath ta'en
His own again.
And shout for the brave right hands
That have won so well
From the infidel
God's ground in the Holy lands!

Here's first of all
To the Admiral,
And fair weather to him and his bark:
For a king among kings
Is the lion with wings,
The lion of stout Saint Mark!

And here's to the worth
Of the West and the North,
And the hearts of the North and the West!
And the eyes and the lips
Of those sweet she-slips
Of the East, that we each loved best!

Praise me the dame
Whose sweet Southern name
I never could learn how to say,
Tho' I well know the bliss
Of her sweet Southern kiss,
That ki-s'd better knowledge away:

And I'll pledge you the Greek
Learn'd lady's cheek
And her deep and dark eye-glance,
Whose praises you sung
In the great Latin tongue
Thro' the gardens of golden Byzance.

Hi! shine out afar,
Thou red even-star!
Shine over the seas and sands,
And light me again
To the wood, hill, and plain,
Where my own good castle stands.

In Thüringenwald,
In Thüringenwald,
The nightingale calls for me
Thro' the clear spring night,
When the walls gleam bright,
To the moon o'er the long dark lea.

Over the Baltic,
Black, basaltic,
Grim, with the wind in his grip,
Your castle awaits,
Behind barr'd gates.
The sound of that horn at your hip.

Like a snowdrop, all,
Shy, white, and small,
At the window your little daughter
Is at watch for a sail,
When the sun sets pale
On the great Suevonian water.

But in Thüringenwald,
 * In Thüringenwald,
 There my good wife waits for me,
 While the nightingale sings
 To her, sweet strange things
 Of the deeds done over the sea.
 Shine even-star!
 Shine fair and far
 To the silvery Northern climes!
 Blow sea-breeze sweet,
 Blow home, and greet
 My lady ten thousand times!
 Farewell to our Leader!
 Farewell to you, Cedar
 On Lebanon! Farewell, too,
 Cyprus and Sicily!
 Beck not so busily,
 We shall not weigh anchor for you,
 You siren maids
 In the scented shades
 Of your rose-bearing gardens yonder!
 We have wives over there
 Of our own, as fair,
 More fair, as I think, and fonder.
 For the rest of my life,
 Save my hunting-knife
 No weapon will I wear now;
 And, you old sea-hare,*
 You shall henceforth bear
 Your seal spear only for show.
 We will hang up our mail
 On a great gold nail,
 And dispute which is bruised the sorest.
 In a doublet of green
 I will follow my Queen
 Thro' the old Thüringian Forest.
 Ho! trumpet sound!
 Dash the wine to the ground!
 I have pledged, and will pledge you no more, friend.
 Houp! into the selle!
 And fare ye well,
 For see yonder my ship on the shore, friend.

THE NILE AND ITS NOBLE SAVAGES.

I HAVE endeavoured, says CAPTAIN SPEKE, on the first page of his Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile, accurately to describe naked Africa. Africa, in those places where it has not received the slightest impulse, whether for good or for evil, from European civilisation. And now that Captain Speke has done so, let our endeavour be to repeat in a few words the substance of his story.

The whole continent of Africa he compares as to its ups and downs to a dish turned upside down. There is a central plateau, a surrounding ridge, and a slope down from that mountain ridge to the flat strip of land bordering the sea. But of course it is not all uniform as a dish-bottom. There are lakes in the central plateau which, when the rains flood them, form rivers that cut through the flanking hills and find their

way down to the sea. In the middle of the plateau, around the head of the Tanganyika Lake, are high hills of a clayey sandstone, probably the old Mountains of the Moon. At the northern end of the plateau, instead of the rim of hills, there is a general shelving down of the level of the country from the equator to the Mediterranean Sea.

The rains that fill the lakes, at five degrees south latitude, last during all the six months that the sun is in the south: a like rule is said to prevail at five degrees north. On the equator, where there is also the rain-bearing influence of the Mountains of the Moon, it rains more or less all the year round. The winds with an easterly tending deflect north and south, following the sun, and are cold enough in the dry season to make the climate pleasant; besides that, the central region is on a plateau lifted three thousand feet above the sea level. The rains on the equator, under a vertical sun, maintain a constantly profuse growth of vegetation. This gradually decreases northward and southward. Five degrees south, where there are six months' drought, the natives suffer famine if they do not lay by stores during the fertile season to support them when the rains are gone, but they lay by only and barely store till the next rains, none caring or daring to hoard larger wealth for his chief or his neighbours to take from him. The natives are found nowhere in dense communities, but generally distributed over the country in tribes under a government that is mostly patriarchal, some tribes being pastoral, more being agricultural. There are absolute district chiefs, with their councils of greybeards and village chiefs, but except among the Wahuma, otherwise called Gallas, or Abyssinians, the travellers found no kings. In each community the small government revenues are only for the support of the chief and his greybeards; thus the chief may have a right of free drinking from the village brews, right also to a tusk and some of the meat of each elephant that is killed among his people, or all the leopard, lion, and zebra skins. Every chief takes toll—or Hongo, in the plural Mahongo—at discretion, upon merchandise brought into his country, and has a right to the property of all persons within his territory who are condemned and burnt or speared for sorcery. The several tribes of Central Africa do not differ essentially. They all fight a great deal with one another; half-brothers of a polygamist father fight together after his death over the distribution of his slaves and cattle; while the custom of slavery tends also in itself to keep up a strife that keeps down population. Moreover, men who have slaves become doubly lazy through the dread of seeming slavish; they avoid work, and leave to the women the task of assisting the slaves in brewing, cooking, grinding corn, the making of pots and baskets, care of the household, labour in the fields. Women are property. In the name of dowry, the price for a wife is paid in slaves, cows, goats, fowls, brass wire, or beads. A

* "Fortes prope ripas nati
 Cagnomento non irati
 Leporum lacustrum."

J. V. SCHIFFEL. *Tristitia Amorosa.*

wife can return to her father by refunding the dowry, or she can be sent home by her husband, who then has a right to receive half his dowry back. Polygamy is the rule, and children are wealth. Both sons and daughters cook for the house, the daughters more than the sons; then daughters become also saleable as wives, and sons are fellow combatants, besides being supporters of their parents in old age.

The negroes of Central Africa give up their minds to the influence of their magicians, or M'ganga, who may hinder the movements of a traveller at their discretion, by prophesying calamities if he set eyes upon the soil of any region. They divine with a cow's or antelope's horn, called Uganga, stuffed with a magic powder. Such a horn, when stuck in the ground before a village, is said to ward off attacks of an enemy, and, if held in the magician's hand, is said to enable him to discover anything that is stolen or lost. The people pay their magician for sticks, stones, or mud, which he has doctored for them. They believe that certain flowers held in the hand will guide them to anything lost; that good luck and warning come to them in the voice of bird or beast. They build dwarf huts in their fields, and lay grain on them for the evil spirit; and their little churches for the spirits they call also Uganga. More rarely, when the magician has found by inspecting the blood and bones of a fowl flayed for the purpose that there will be war, a young child is flayed and laid across a path where all the warriors may step over it as they go forth to battle. Usually, however, they are content to step over a flayed goat. Another extreme form of barbarous ceremonial is to lay a small child and a fowl both alive on a grating of sticks over a jar half full of water, cover them over with a second jar, and steam them like potatoes for a certain time. At the end of that time, if they be dead, a proposed war must be deferred; if living, it may at once be entered on.

In Africa, after leaving the low country by the coast, one finds plenty of cows that yield a little milk, from which butter is made; goats also are common, but there are fewer sheep, and those ill bred and lanky, with longfat tails. Fowls abound, a few Muscovy ducks are imported, also pigeons and cats. There are many small dogs, and in some places a few donkeys. At the proper season there is hunting of the wild elephant, buffalo, giraffe, zebra, pigs, and antelopes, or shooting with arrows at small birds, and guinea-fowls. But with animal life and vegetation at their command—if only they knew how to command it, and had sufficient providence and industry—the native tribes of Central Africa frequently suffer from famine, and are found eating dogs, cats, rats, porcupines, snakes, lizards, tortoises, locusts, and wild ants: or, are forced to seek the seeds of wild grapes, or to pluck wild herbs, fruits, and roots. The traces of the prowling restless elephant are common in the woods, here and there lies a tree that it has amused him to knock down, but he himself is rarely seen. In every jungle there is the

rhinoceros. The buffalo delights in the dark places where he can wallow in the mud, and browse and drink at ease. That taste for a mud-bath, the wild pig shares with him. The hippopotamus is found wherever there is water to float him. In all open forests and plains, where the villages are not too frequent, and the grass is not too long, are the giraffe, the zebra, and the antelope. The lion, a snakyish beast, is seldom heard, more rarely seen. Thievish hyenas abound; leopards, less common, are the terror of the villagers. Foxes are not numerous, but the native traveller is often terrified by their ill-omened bark. Porcupines, although not numerous, are widely spread, and so are hares, of about half the size of English hares. There are no rabbits. Squirrels and monkeys keep out of sight among the trees. Tortoises and snakes, and huge and little snails in great variety, crawl about after the rains. Lizards abound. Wild cats and animals of the ferret kind destroy the small game, of which guinea-fowl is the most abundant. Partridges are common, but quails rare, and there are very many little birds where there is water. There are few mice, but many rats feed in the fields, and on the stores of men. In open plains are the ostrich, and the bustard, and the florikan. Ducks and snipe do not like Africa; geese and storks are found only where there is most water. There are few vultures, but many hawks and crows.

It was chiefly by help of the men freed from slavery, or the Wanguana, who worked for them as hired servants, that Captains Speke and Grant were enabled to assure their discovery of the true source of the Nile. The Wanguana are born Africans, who usually, after having been caught in wars and sold to the Arabs for cloth beads or brass wire, have been taken to the Zanzibar market, and resold like horses to the highest bidder, then kept in bondage by their new master, circumcised as Mussulmans, fed, clothed, and kindly treated. After a time, when a sufficiently strong tie of mutual interest and regard has been established, such slaves are commonly trusted far away in the interior to buy for their master, slaves and ivory. By Mahometan law, at his master's death a slave is free, but in Zanzibar he is usually willed to the next heir. The slaves at Zanzibar are physically stronger and more numerous than the Arabs who hold them, but they accept their position without question, and even think it would be dishonest to run away from a man who has bought them in the usual course of trade. When freed, at his master's death, the slave in Zanzibar takes service in some vessel: an employment he likes, and from which he looks down on other Africans as savages; or he will serve some other merchant as a porter, and when he has saved money enough, begins a trade of his own in slaves—the commodity most easily come by—and ivory. But the Wanguana are spoilt children without consciences, arrived at man's estate; they are strong, brave, frivolous, and lazy lounging cheats.

In their talk these African tribes have a fixed

use of prefixes Wa-, U-, and Ki-, according to which Wa-gogo means the people of Gogo, M-gogo is a Gogo man, U-gogo the country of Gogo, and Ki-gogo the language of Gogo.

And now for the successful journey to the Source of the Nile. On the thirtieth of July, eighteen 'fifty-eight, Captain Speke had discovered the great equatorial lake, Victoria N'yanza, lying chiefly south of the equator, and three thousand seven hundred and forty feet above the sea level. This lake he believed to be the long-sought source of the Nile. And so, with his old friend and fellow-sportsman in India, CAPTAIN GRANT, for a comrade, and with a grant from government to sustain him in his enterprise, Captain Speke left England again to prove the truth of his opinion, reached Zanzibar, crossed from Zanzibar to the mainland, and in October, eighteen hundred and sixty, passed through the region known as Uzaramo. His caravan consisted of a corporal and nine privates, Hottentots, small, weakly, and burdensome; a jemadar and twenty-five privates, Beluchs, these latter being only an escort, offered by the Sultan of Zanzibar, through Uziramo. Then again of the regular expedition there was an Arab caravan captain directing seventy-five freed slaves, there were a hundred negro porters and their leader, twelve untrained mules laden with ammunition-boxes, three donkeys for the sick, and two-and-twenty goats. Ten men who had received bounty money ran away because they believed the white men to be cannibals, who were taking them into the interior to eat them. These took their money with them; but another man put his hire down on the ground before he fled. After about a week's march, eight more men decamped with the goats. Captain Speke's duty on the march was to map the country, sketch, keep a diary, make geological and zoological collections. Captain Grant made the botanical collections, attended to the thermometer, kept the rain-gauge, and undertook the photography; but the photographic apparatus was soon sent back, as the heat to be endured in the little tent while preparing and fixing plates was too severe work for the climate. Captain Grant, therefore, substituted sketching in water-colour.

The way was next through the uplands of Usagara, where the lean people in a fertile land habitually fly before the sound of an approaching caravan, warned by their long experience of slave-hunting treachery. Captain Grant had his attack of fever without loss of time; it seized on him before the month was out, and instead of passing away after the first year, as Speke's had done on the former journey, it stuck to him, recurring every fortnight till the journey ended.

Having mounted by the hilly Usagara range to the more level lands of the interior, the travellers were in the wild region of Ugogo, where the people, of a ruddy brown black, are of the colour of a rich plum, form tembé or mud villages about all the water-springs, keep plenty of cattle, and farm enough to supply

both themselves and the thousands who annually pass in caravans. But they are so avaricious and intrusive that caravans never enter their villages, but camp outside among the "gouty-limbed trees" that often encircle these villages with a ring fence of thorns. The Ugogo were found partly famishing. The springs were so dry, that water fetched the price of the country beer; and the small stores of grain were being mixed with the monkey-bread seeds of the gouty-limbed tree. Captain Speke shot, one night, his first rhinoceros, and fetched his men to get its meat before the hungry Wagogo could find it. But the tough skin could hardly be cut through, before the Wagogo had gathered about the dead beast like vultures, and fallen to work on it among the men of the exploring party "with swords, spears, knives and hatchets; cutting and slashing, thumping and hawling, fighting and tearing, tumbling and wrestling up to their knees in filth and blood in the middle of the carcase. When a tempting morsel fell to the possession of any one, a stranger neighbour would seize and bear off the prize in triumph. Right was now a matter of mere might, and lucky it was," says Captain Speke, "that it did not end in a fight between our men and the villagers. These might afterwards be seen, one by one, covered with blood, scampering home, each with his spoil—a piece of tripe, or liver, or lights, or whatever else it might have been his fortune to get off with." A nice picture of the noble savage—always an ignoble creature! In one day's buffalo shooting Captain Speke was three times charged upon by his game; then war was threatened by a native chief who could not extort all he desired in the hongo, or toll for use of the ground, that had to be argued over and settled at every village, as systematically as the European traveller must settle with his landlord at every hotel. Then followed eight successive marches through the wilderness, after the porters had already been reduced to living on wild herbs and white ants. Before the end of the next January ('sixty-one), when they had reached Unyamuezi, the Country of the Moon, more than half the explorers' property had been stolen; the famine in the land had made the travelling expenses unprecedented; twelve mules and the three donkeys were dead; one Hottentot was dead, five had returned, and, after a reinforcement on the way, more than a hundred men had deserted.

The region known as Unyamuezi, or the Country of the Moon, is not much smaller than England. The natives have no historical traditions, but their forefathers were first called, in ancient time by the Hindus who traded with the east coast of Africa, Men of the Moon, associated with whom there first arose what was written of the Mountains of the Moon. These men are now, as they were in ancient time, the greatest traders in Africa; they are the only people of the interior who, for love of trade and change, will leave their own country as porters, and account it a pleasure to go down to the

coast. Their country is a high plateau, three or four thousand feet above the sea level, with little out-cropping hills of granite, and many fertilising springs in the valleys. They have a rich iron ore in sandstone, they smelt it and work it up expertly, make cotton clothes in looms of their own, and keep many flocks and herds. But the Men of the Moon, who are blacker than their neighbours, want pluck, are desperate smokers, and are much given to drink. The road to their country Captains Speke and Grant found to be held by a fine young brigand chief, Manua Sera, who had been a lawful chief forcibly deposed by the Arab traders because, on his accession, he laid unaccustomed tolls upon them. He was much liked for his generosity, by the Wanyamuezi, who would have done anything they could to restore him, and believed that he had a charmed life; but the Arabs, upon whom he was then, in revenge, levying black mail, were resolved to hunt him down. Famine was also among the Wanyamuezi, who were in all directions lying about dead of starvation. But with all this liability to famine, Captain Speke heard of no cannibalism except among the Wabembe, who will give a goat to their neighbours for a sick or dying child, regarding such flesh as the best of all.

With war as well as famine in the country, his remaining men sick, and the necessary force to secure independence of the natives during the rest of the march northward not procurable, Captain Speke, after a march forward, returned to Kazé, where the Arabs were living in fresh terror of the victorious Manua Sera. Some negotiations for a peace were set on foot, but nothing came of them. Having secured a reinforcement of two-and-twenty men, Captain Speke returned to his comrade Grant, whom he had left sick at Muinga, and found greatly recovered. They pushed on, plagued everywhere with extortion, theft, desertion, breach of faith. At the village of Mbisu they found peace being ratified between a small and a great chief, after a war which had lasted two years, during all which time the lists of those fallen in battle had amounted to three killed on each side. A caravan leader named Ungurue, or the Pig, was engaged here, and there was again delay over the difficult or vain search for porters. The natives were not to be tempted even by three times the price usually paid by Arab traders. Supplies were not inexhaustible, and the travellers pushed on to Nunda, where the chief, Ukulima, claimed of Grant four yards of cloth for walking round a dead lioness. It destroyed a charm, said Ukulima. At Nunda was a caravan of Arabs, who said they had never come that way before, and never would again. They had lost five thousand dollars' worth of beads by their porters running away with the loads, and were at a stand-still for want of men. Captain Speke himself, abandoning all hope of getting a sufficient force about him, left Grant behind with the most honest man in the company for his attendant, and pushed on, reaching on the ninth of June

the "palace" of M'yonga, the chief, extortioner in those parts, and making terms with him for his own passage through the land, and for his sick brother's passage afterwards, to join him free of all further charge.

Through such experience, then, the explorer made his way across the Country of the Moon, and entered the next region of Uzinza, which is ruled by two Walumia chieftains descended from the Abyssinian stock. The country here rises in high rolls that swell as they approach the Mountains of the Moon. Here, there was the old weary story of petty extortion. "The Pig" was offered ten necklaces a day in extra pay if he would avoid the villages and march steadily ten miles a day. Instead of doing so, he led the traveller into every robbers' den, where the chief must have his drums beaten in token that the hongo had been paid, before more progress could be made. After being especially fleeced in Sorombo by a chief named Makaka, the next obstacle was the steady refusal of the whole camp to advance into what was regarded as an enemy's country. Speke then returned to Grant, at Kazé, with a cough produced by the cold easterly winds of the plateau, that daily grew worse, so that he could not lie or sleep on either side. More beads and clothes were written for, with fifty armed men, which it would cost a thousand pounds to get and bring up to the scene of action. Then news came from Suwara, a great chief in the district yet unexplored, that he had heard with displeasure of the unfriendly reports that had prevented the white man from advancing to visit him. A certain Lumeresi, getting the traveller as guest in his hut when he fell sick, made the most of his opportunity to fleece. Nearly ten times the pay given by an Arab, presently became the hire of men, and as for the further hongo questions, seeing how sick of them the reader becomes, we may conceive how tedious they were to the travellers.

But at last they forced their way to the beautiful country of Karague, where King Rumanika ordered that they should be fed in the villages at his own cost, and where there is no taxation of the traveller. His majesty is a well-made man, of the best Abyssinian blood, with a fine oval face, large eyes, and a high nose. It is his custom to shake hands like an Englishman. But it was a great wonder to him to see Captain Speke sit on an iron camp-chair; he took it to be the white man's throne, and cried thereat, "O, these Wazungu! these Wazungu! they know and do everything!" The wives of this king, and of the princes of his family, are fattened carefully up to the highest standard of court beauty. They sit on the floor in the beehive-shaped hut, with wooden pots of milk hanging on all the poles that support it, and are expected to sip at the milk incessantly, the father sometimes standing over a daughter of sixteen with a stick to keep her active at the unintermitted suckling. Constant swallowing of milk, and the complete avoidance of exercise, make the court ladies so big, that the fat hangs in puddings

from their joints, and a great queen—a very great queen—thinks it much to stand upon all fours like a hog; to rise and stand on her two hind legs only, is more than with two people to help her she can always accomplish without fainting. One princess measured within an inch of two feet round the arm, and four feet four inches round the chest; height about five feet eight. King Rumanika put his hospitality and good will into the best form, by assisting the desire of the travellers to learn the geography of his land, and the relation of the adjacent rivers and lakes to the Mountains of the Moon.

Some parallels to such old pictures as one finds in the Romance of Alexander, are to be met with at Karague. We think of the spear that none but the destined conqueror could draw from the earth, when Rumanika tells how one of his peasants found in the earth an iron like a carrot, but dig as he might and pull as he might, with others to help him, it would not be drawn out of the ground, and yet when Rumanika went he lifted it without the smallest exertion. When Rumanika's father, the great King Dagara, died, there was placed before his three sons a small light drum loaded with charms. Rumanika lifted it with his little finger; although neither of his brothers could, with their whole force, lift it from the ground. To this fable Rumanika himself was a witness. He also told how the body of the deceased King Dagara was sewn in a cowskin and set afloat in a boat upon the lake until it decomposed, and then three maggots were taken from it and given in charge to the heir elect. One maggot turned into a lion, one into a leopard, and the other into a stick. Then the royal body was shut up in a hut with five living maidens and fifty cows, and the doorway was made fast for ever.

Dagara's father, Rumanika's grandfather, lived so long that it was supposed he would never die, and at last he secured death for himself by the use of charms. A young lion came out of the heart of his corpse and gave birth to other lions, who have been the defence of the land of Karague. When countries to the north threatened Dagara, he gathered together these lions, who were all obedient to his will, and swept the enemy away. Rumanika claimed also to have been, on his accession, to that part of the country where, if a prince sit down, the earth rises with him, telescope fashion, till it has hoisted him to the skies, whence, if he be found a proper person to inherit Karague, he is gently lowered again: if not, he is dropped and smashed.

Dagara, his son told Speke, had wished to know what the centre of the earth was made of: so he dug into the ground behind his palace, a deep ditch that led from the palace to the cavern, but there he gave up the job of digging, and spent many days in his cavern without eating and drinking, turning himself sometimes into a young man, sometimes into an old one. One of Rumanika's scientific questions was whether the moon made different faces to laugh at us upon earth.

Leaving with Rumanika, his friend Captain Grant, who was then too ill to travel, Captain Speke passed on into Uganda, said to be named after a poor sportsman who, eight generations ago, came into that country with a pack of dogs, a woman, a spear, and a shield, and killed so much meat that he fed the people: who invited him to be their king, for they said, "Of what use is our present king, who lives so far away that when we sent him the offering of a cow, the cow gave birth to a calf on the journey, and the calf becoming a cow became the mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother of cows, and the offering has not yet reached the king's court!" So they made Uganda king, and gave his name to the country, and called him by the new name of Kimera. Kimera stood on a stone, with a spear in his hand and a woman and a dog sitting by his side, and his footprints and the mark left by his spear-end, and the mark of the seats of the woman and the dog, are yet to be seen upon that stone. The great king of Unyoro who was so far away, when he heard how a king had been made in that corner of his dominions, only said in his magnificence, "The poor creature must be starving. Let him feed there, if he likes."

Spears, shields, and dogs, are the Uganda cognizance. These all must keep. The king always appears in company with two spears, dog, shield, and woman. He keeps strict court, where untidiness of dress is sometimes punished by decapitation. Whatever the king does, he must be thanked for with grovelling, wriggling, and whining. Court ceremonies are so numerous that they take up the greater part of every audience, the king having a sharp eye for every sort of short-coming, when he condemns the blunderer to lose his head, and takes in his property the price of his head, if he can pay it, to keep the royal exchequer in good order. If not, all near the untidy man rise in an instant, drums beat to drown his cries, a dozen bind him with cords, and he is dragged off to instant execution. The offence may be a tie made contrary to court regulations, or an inch of leg accidentally exposed while squatting. And yet his majesty is waited on by naked women. As for his wives, every slight offence or oversight in their court manners is punishable by death. Captain Speke reports, after a long residence at the court of Uganda, that "nearly every day I have seen one, two, or three of the wretched palace women led away to execution, tied by the hand and dragged along by one of the body-guard, crying out 'Oh, my lord!' 'My king!' 'My mother!' at the top of her voice in the utmost despair." When the king of this delightful court heard that the white men were coming, he "caused fifty big men and four hundred small ones to be executed, because he said his subjects were so bumptious they would not allow any visitors to come near him, else he would have had white men before." The court of this equatorial king, whose country, lying under the equator, rounds the northern border of the great lake Victoria N'yanza, covers a

whole hill with its gigantic huts. Captain Speke found it necessary, at first, to submit to much ceremonial. On the first visit, he simply had the honour of looking at his majesty. As evening drew on, his majesty sent to ask the white man whether he had seen him, and, on getting the answer "Yes, for full one hour," he rose, spears in hand, leading his white dog, and waddled ceremoniously away, with a grotesque royal gait, intended to imitate the outward sweep of the hind legs in the stride of a lion. Captain Speke had occasion to blister this terrible despot, and made the acquaintance also of the convivial queen-mother: who smoked her pipe, got drunk upon pombé, and drank it like a pig out of a trough when the small wooden cups ceased to content her.

A creek of the Lake N'yanza, not very far from the King of Uganda's palace, is named Murchison Creek; and here across the mouth of a deep rushy swamp is the royal yachting establishment—the Cowes of Uganda. The king set off for this Cowes without notice, a day before the time he had appointed, expecting everybody instantly to fall into his place. Seeing a woman tied by the hands to be punished for some offence, he combined business with pleasure by firing at her and killing her. When he was pic-nicking at his Cowes, he usually ate with both hands, gnawing his meat like a dog; and bits of gristle or meat that he found too tough he pulled out of his mouth and gave to his pages to eat as especial dainties. In the course of three days' pleasure, they went to an island in Lake N'yanza, where the spirit of the lake, the Nile source, was supposed to dwell. Here, one of the prettiest and best of the king's wives, thinking to please him, offered him a fruit that she had plucked. On which he flew into a violent passion at the breach of etiquette, and ordered her off to instant execution. The other women appealed and implored, but the king only became more brutal, and, taking a heavy stick, beat his poor victim on the head with it. Captain Speke, for the first time, ventured to intercede, and the king smiled and released the woman instantly.

At last, in July, 'sixty-two, after nearly six months had been spent in Uganda, the king granted the pass through Ungoro, and the travellers departed. Some hostility was provoked on the way by the native escort, and a man was killed; but in a fortnight the actual source of the Nile was reached, over hills and through huge grasses and village plantations that had been laid waste by the elephants. From the broad lake, partly shut out from view by a spur of hill, the water roars down a rock-broken fall of about twelve feet deep, and four or five hundred feet broad, where the passenger-fish leap, and the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen plant themselves with rod and hook on all convenient spots. Above the falls—Ripon Falls—is a ferry. Below them, the cattle come down to drink; the hippopotamus and crocodile lie lazily upon the water. Around are grass-topped hills, with gardens on the slopes, and

wooded valleys. So, flows the great Nile stream from the Lake N'yanza; its remotest source, or top head, being at the other end of the lake, close on the third degree of south latitude. This makes the whole length of the Nile two thousand three hundred miles, or more than an eleventh part of the whole round of the globe.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

AFTER a whole winter spent in studying art at Rome, I had come down, sitting bodkin between two Germans in a cheap veturino carriage, to study nature at Naples. I was so sick of huge picture-galleries, hired models, and the gossip of the studios, that I thought it would be a relief to paint landscape for a change: so I said to others, and so I said to myself; but my own heart contradicted me. I knew very well, in my innermost soul, that it was in bitterness of spirit that I left Rome, unable to bear the sight of other men's prosperity. It stung me to see men whom I knew to be inferior to myself in taste, in knowledge of colour, in originality, in everything but a plodding, stolid industry, pass me in the race of life. This is a cold, hard, work-a-day century of ours, an age without sympathy for the flaws and failings of genius, and measuring all capacities by the same pitiful little foot-rule of the results attained to.

And so I went to Naples; and, when the heats of the sultry Italian summer came on, led a roving life among the coast towns and petty watering-places within reach of the great city, now at Portici, now at Sorrento, and then dawdling away weeks at Salerno or Castellamare. A lazy, good-for-nothing life it was; a life of castle-building, of regrets that I tried to banish, and of hopes that I knew could never blossom into realities. I was still young, not four-and-twenty, but I thought I had a right to consider myself a disappointed man. Doubly disappointed. First, because I had not met with encouragement from connoisseurs and the public. Secondly, because Lucy Graham, dear little Lucy, whom I loved and had loved for years, and who would have shared my poverty un-murmuringly, was not to be my wife. Her relations were wise, forsooth. "They could not hear," they said, "of the dear girl's throwing herself away upon an idle, purposeless man, who would drag her down with him into the mire of merited poverty." How false and selfish such reasoning was! They might have known—Lucy's aunt and Lucy's brother, to whose will her gentle nature deferred—that with such an inducement, such a talisman, as her love and her welfare depending on my toil, I should have done fifty times as much as I had ever achieved without such a spur to exertion.

A penniless artist cannot live, even in that country, always cheap to those whose wants are few, without work. I, therefore, worked; but in an unambitious fashion that did not task my patience overmuch. Coloured sketches of moun-

tain scenery and bits of blue Mediterranean, with bronzed fishermen, peasants in goat-skins and brown serge, square-capped women with pitchers, nets, olives, vineyards, rocks, and red caps, I drew from time to time, and these sold freely. My chief patrons were the foreign visitors to Sorrento and Castelmare, who were glad to carry home with them some memento of the rich scenery of the Neapolitan coast. I worked when I was hungry, earned enough to pay for beef and macaroni, and lived altogether in an improvident hand-to-mouth fashion, like an educated lazzarone. All this time I was very far from happy. There was not a much heavier heart in the kingdom of Naples than that of Hugh Edwards—British subject and artist, as his passport described him—when he sauntered out of the little inn at Portici one autumn evening.

The sun was going down; one could see the scarlet light flaring and blazing through the green boughs of the rustling chestnut-trees, but there was plenty of light as yet, and the prospect was a pleasant one, even to jaundiced eyes like mine. Portici and its painted houses were soon left behind, and I struck off by one of the many paths that lead into the hills.

Presently I stopped, and looked around me from a small eminence that commanded a view of the surrounding country. There was one object that especially caught my eye, the new railroad, then in process of construction, and which was being carried out, like most of the iron ways of Europe, by English skill and English capital. As I looked, I saw a cutting far beneath me, in which a gang of labourers were still at work. The low rays of the sun flashed on their variously clad forms, their heads topped by the red Naples cap, or boupad, turban-like, with a coloured handkerchief, and the picks and spades that were tearing a way through the volcanic soil. I stood afar off, and watched them; but not from any sympathy with their toil or its ultimate objects. On the contrary, as I looked, I felt my lip curl, and my brow darken, for the spectacle suggested unpleasant thoughts. The contractor who had undertaken that section of the new line was no other than Lucy's odious elder brother, that very George Graham who had had the chief share in breaking off the half engagement between his orphaned sister and myself. A clever, plausible man, who had succeeded, and who, like all the successful in this world, treated failure as a crime.

I had never met this prosperous relative of Lucy's, nor did I desire to meet him. His opinion of myself had been formed from the report of mutual acquaintances, from the conversation of Lucy and her aunt, and from a brief correspondence that had begun and ended in anger. To meet George Graham was more than I had bargained for, and I quickly made up my mind to quit Portici.

A strange whim had urged me to visit this little town, and that whim had been disap-

pointed. While last at Salerno, an American traveller had given me an animated description of some adventures among the banditti, and had told me a number of anecdotes of the most celebrated brigand chiefs of the day, Saltocco, Capo Rosso, Malinghetti, and another freebooter, whose nickname of L'Agnello, or "the Lamb," ironically expressed his peculiarly ferocious disposition. My informant was a doctor, and to this circumstance he had owed his immunity from any ill usage while in the hands of his dangerous hosts; many of whom were at the time suffering from marsh fever, and among them their leader, Saltocco. The American had been lucky enough, having a medicine-chest among his luggage, to cure the greater part of these invalids; and, in return for his medical services, they had set him free, uninjured and unransomed, retaining, however, his gold watch and chain, which the chief promised to wear as a keepsake. The account Dr. Hucks gave of the wild bivouacs, high up in the thin clear air of the mountain solitudes, of the Salvator Rosa groups around the fires, the dances, the village merry-makings, in which the brigands took a part as welcome guests, had piqued my curiosity. My desire was to obtain, if I could, a safe-conduct to inspect the camp of these marauders. For the idea of painting a great picture, and growing famous at a single effort, haunted my fancy yet, as a similar idea does that of many and many an idle man. Who knew whether some quaintly savage scene amid the hills might not suggest matter for a work that should even yet retrieve my blighted fortunes?

Most complete, however, had been the failure of these romantic notions. I found the good people of Portici by no means desirous to admit the existence of any brigands in their vicinity. All stories of outrage and plunder were gross exaggerations. A petty theft might now and then take place; but, beyond the pillage of a hen-roost or a vineyard, no transgression was authentic. In fact, I suspect the Bourbon government at Naples, anxious to avert the troublesome advice of foreign powers, had issued orders that the banditti, if they could not be exterminated, should be ignored.

"I beg your pardon, but I conclude that your name is Edwards, and that you are staying at the Albergo d'Inghilterra—is it not so?" said a voice in English, at my elbow. I turned and confronted the speaker, who had approached me, lost as I was in reverie, without my hearing his step. He was a strongly-built man of middle height, with a sunburnt face and quick blue eyes, that roved hither and thither, and seemed in an instant to take the measure of any object or person. His hair was getting grey, but probably more from toil, and exposure to weather than from age, since he did not appear my senior by more than eight or nine years. His attire, of dark-coloured Tweed, was neat and plain, and by the compasses and ivory rule that projected from the breast-pocket of his shooting-coat, I

easily guessed him to be one of the English surveyors employed in laying out the line. His voice was loud, and rather abrupt, like that of one used to command; but there was something pleasant in the ring of it.

I admitted my identity, wondering what the new comer could want with me. He had not the air of a mere lounging, seeking to kill time, and hailing a fellow-countryman for the sake of a chat in his native tongue. Besides, he had taken the trouble, somehow, to ascertain my name.

"Then this letter is yours. I thought it must be. You dropped it on the bridge, and a goat-herd gave it to me, so, as I had noticed you pass by the embankment, I followed you to restore it, and I am glad to return it to the right owner."

The letter was from Lucy, received that morning. I was vexed at my own carelessness, for I might have dropped it in some more public place, and I knew that all travellers are not over-scrupulous as to perusing the wails and strays of correspondence that may fall into their hands. I therefore thanked the surveyor more heartily than was my custom.

"No trouble at all, not worth mentioning," said my compatriot, wiping his forehead as he glanced around him; "it has given me a pleasant walk and a pretty prospect. How fine that sunset is!"

And he gazed at the deep glow of orange and crimson burning in fast-fading splendour on the edge of the western sky, with an enjoyment that was evidently genuine. Before long I found myself deep in conversation with the stranger, whose blunt honesty of manner pleased me better than the hearing of a more courtly person might have done. On my side, I did not profess to be other than I was, a poor and lonely artist.

"Not a bad trade either, if a man's true vocation be the brush, and he sticks to it," said the stranger, tapping the crumbling rocks with a switch he carried, as if to test their solidity.

"We don't generally regard it as a trade," said I, with something of a sneer.

"Pooh, nonsense; everything by which an honest man makes a living, from soldiering to shoemaking, is a trade, and only coxcombs are ashamed to own that they are paid for their work," broke in the stranger, very unceremoniously; "don't let us quarrel on matters of professional etiquette. *My* trade, now, is a rougher one than yours, yet Michael Angelo knew something about it."

I laughed, and remarked that to build a cathedral was a nobler task than to plan a railroad.

"I don't know that," said my new acquaintance, sturdily. "I never go about my task in tunnel or cutting, without remembering that every one of these iron links between town and town, country and country, is a step towards bridging over the great gulf that lies between mankind and happiness and liberty. To my mind, every tinkle of the hammers of our platelayers is a pledge and promise of a 'good

time coming,' as the song says. No civiliser like a railway."

I somewhat sneeringly asked if my new friend's employer, Mr. George Graham, shared these fine sentiments with regard to the iron ways with which he was so busy.

The stranger's eyes twinkled.

"Oh, Graham," he said, with a dry laugh; "Graham is obliged to have an eye to the main chance. He can't afford to indulge his fancy much, but must look to the balance-sheets and steer clear of the Gazette. I sometimes think he would prefer a safe salary to the profits he nets, and the anxious days and sleepless nights that go to the winning of them."

Presently I asked him what he thought of his employer, Graham, but he was somewhat reserved in his replies.

"A strict hand. Keeps us all to our collars. Won't tolerate any shirking of work, on his own part or that of others. He pays well, but he *will* have the pennyworth for the penny," was all I could gather, and I own I was disappointed. I wanted to have a right to despise this hard money-grubber, who stood between his gentle sister and myself, and it would have been music to my ears to hear him called tyrant and miser. Independently of this, I took a great fancy to the rugged stranger, and not the less, perhaps, because he bluntly disagreed with my own theories of social life, which I freely propounded to him.

"I've heard most of your arguments before, Mr. Edwards," said he; "but I hope you won't think me rude when I say that when a young fellow is on bad terms with the world, it isn't so much the world's fault as that of the other party. I know practice is better than precept, and I've no right to preach, but one thing I'll say, I've taken a liking to you, brief as our acquaintance has been, and in spite of your wild talk, and if I can ever be of service, I will. Perhaps you may not think a poor engineer's help worth having, but should you ever be really in want of a friend, while I'm in Italy, send me a line. I'll do my best for you, and not even ask for thanks."

I smiled, for I was in the humour to treat the offer as a jest.

"You forget," said I, "that we are not on equal terms. You know my name, while yours is unknown to me."

"I'll give you an address by which your letter is sure to reach me," said the engineer, pencilling some words on a leaf which he tore from his pocket-book, and handing the leaf to me; "and now, good-by, for I must hurry back to Portici, and pay wages and docket vouchers for a couple of hours at the least."

He was gone, and it was not until I had watched his disappearing figure across the olive grove, that I thought of looking at the address he had given me. The words he had pencilled were merely these: "S. D., care of Burbidge and Styles, English Bank, Via Stretta, Naples." My new acquaintance had not revealed his name after all. For a moment I was un-

decided as to whether I should fling away the scrap of paper, or keep it as a curiosity. I took a middle course, for I thrust it carelessly into my pocket, and sauntered away up the hill. It was getting very dark, but the moon was half full, and threw light enough on the less thickly wooded parts of the landscape to save me from stumbling. There was no trace of the sunset glories left in the darkling sky to westward. It was black night among the cactus shrubs and rustling bushes that fringed the rocks on my right and left hand. Only a pale yellow streak of light fell between the boughs of the stone-pines, and showed the water-worn pebbles and red sand at my feet.

"Faccia a terra!" called out a deep voice from the thickets overhead; and then followed the sharp click of a gunlock. I stopped, and looked quickly in the direction of the invisible speaker. Again came the same harsh summons, spoken in the vilest Calabrian patois, but quite intelligible. "Face—to—the—ground, English fool! Beppo, Niccolo, let him see the carbines."

Instantly the branches crashed, and through the evergreen foliage were thrust the gleaming barrels of several guns, while the order to lie down and press my face to the earth was gruffly renewed. I had been half incredulous at first, half inclined to suspect a trick or a delusion of the senses, but now I doubted no longer. I was in presence of the brigands, and, as I realised the truth, a quick tingling sensation ran like fire through my blood, and I scarcely knew whether the thrill were one of pain or pleasure. Then came a heavy body crushing and tearing through the boughs and matted creepers, in headlong descent of the bank. I attempted to fly, but, overtaken, turned desperately round on the pursuer, wrenching the carbine out of his hand, and hurling him, with a force that surprised myself, upon a heap of stones and twisted olive roots. But two stout fellows were close on the heels of the first, and they threw themselves upon me, grappling me with a tenacious hug that could not be shaken off, while a fourth came up in a more leisurely way, and, pressing the muzzle of his piece to my forehead, ordered me to leave off struggling, on pain of instant death.

I submitted, and in an incredibly short space of time my arms were tied behind me with a cord, my watch, purse, pocket-book, sketch-book, and pencil-case, were transferred to the care of my captors, and I was in full march towards the mountains.

So long as our course lay through a cultivated district, my lawless guides either kept silence altogether, or only spoke in growling tones, and as curtly as possible. But when the olive terraces and walnut groves had disappeared, and the walled vineyards and fenced fields had given place to bare rocks and thorny shrubs, the spirits of the robbers rose in proportion to their remoteness from civilisation. When we were quite in the uncultivated country, the two younger of the brigands began to whistle and sing scraps

of operatic airs that from La Scala had found their way into the hills.

It was quite in vain that I protested against my captivity, assuring the elder and graver of the four that I was a most unprofitable prize, if, indeed, I had not, as seemed probable, been taken by mistake for another; that I was a poor artist, with hardly a scudo beyond the silver coin they had found in my pocket, and that no one was able or willing to pay ransom for a lonely stranger like myself. The only answer I got to these appeals was a push from the butt-end of a carbine, coupled with a rough command to hasten my steps. Presently I had not much breath to spare for such useless remonstrance, as I found myself, perforce, scrambling up steep and stony gullies that were probably the mere beds of dried-up torrents, dragging myself painfully over rocks in whose fissures grew the mountain thistle and the stunted cactus.

Breathless, spent, and with bruised and bleeding feet, my light boots proving a poor protection against the sharp stones over which I had for hours been forced to stumble as best I might, I sank down on a fragment of rock, and declared my inability to go further. The bandits threatened me, struck me; but in vain. I could do no more. One of them at last drew a gourd from his pocket, uncorked it, and held it to my lips.

"Drink!" he said, impatiently; "there is but a mile to travel. Drink! San Gennaro blight you—do you fancy the good liquor poison?" The coarse and fiery brandy revived me; but it was not without a great deal of hustling, supporting, and pushing on the part of my conductors that I contrived to stagger on, until we entered a narrow glen between steep peaks, and suddenly turning a corner came upon a small plain, in which a strange scene awaited me. A number of ruddy watch-fires, perhaps twenty, were burning with red and snaky light, and around these reclined, sat, or moved in a variety of more or less active employments, groups of dark forms, most, but not all, of whom wore the pointed Calabrian hat so familiar to playgoers. Here and there the glare was reflected from the barrels of guns which the owners were cleaning or examining by the fire-light, and before several of the fires cooking operations were going on, and whole kids, hares, or great pieces of half raw meat, were being slowly turned as they dangled on a string in front of the blaze. From one group, larger than the rest, came the notes of a guitar, and of a deep voice singing some bravura song, such as the Italians of the lower class pick up like parrots from their occasional visits to a theatre. And as the song came to a close, I distinctly heard the shrill voices and laughter of women mingling with the mirth and applause of the men. This, however, surprised me little, for I had heard that the brigands kept on friendly terms with the villagers, whose relations they frequently were, and that the wives, sisters, and mothers of members of the band were constantly visiting their

haunts for the purpose of conveying intelligence or provisions to the outlaws.

"There he is! Ecco, the tall signor beside the fire, to the left," said one of my guides. "We shall see what the Lamb has to say to all this poverty of yours."

"The Lamb?" said I, half unconsciously, striving to recal the American's account of the celebrated freebooter who bore that incongruous name.

"Si! L'Agnello himself," said the brigand, thrusting me forward into the firelight, and doffing his hat to his leader.

"Who's that? The Salernitan. Good. And what sort of a foreign sheep have you there?" called out the chief, shading his eyes with his broad hand, and staring hard at me. "The Englishman, the Englishman, for a gold ounce! Welcome, milordo!"

And with a grotesque mockery of courteous deference the brigand leader rose to his feet and took off his hat, bowing low, while those around burst into a roar of laughter. I looked anxiously at L'Agnello, on whose good pleasure my fate probably depended. He was evidently a great dandy, his equipment being more picturesque than that of his followers, for he wore a suit of green velvet, with silver buttons and embroidery, much tarnished, but still handsome, a yellow silk sash, two gold watches, whose chains were festooned across his waistcoat, and a lady's gold chain about his neck. His stiletto and pistols were stuck in a crimson belt, and under his hat was a kerchief of a brilliant red colour, which waved and flapped like the kefia of a Bedouin Arab, setting off the swarthy complexion and grim features of the wearer. When the brigand chief had replaced the hat which he had doffed in salutation, I ventured to renew my protest, declaring that I was no "milordo," but an artist, and a very poor one: in a word, not worth trapping. The Lamb grinned incredulously.

"Basta! For what do you take me, Englishman, that you deafen me with lies. So you are poor, then? You, who arrived at Portici with a carriage grand enough for the Holy Father to ride in, with trunks and imperials, courier and valet, and a fourgon to carry the heavy luggage—a veritable train de prince!"

This last speech, spoken with an air of the profoundest conviction, and in bad French, eked out here and there by a word of Italian (the Lamb was, as I afterwards heard, not a little proud of his abilities as a linguist), sorely puzzled me. I could not doubt that the brigand believed what he said to be true. His jocular aspect was giving place to a gloomy frown.

"Enough of this play!" he said at length, in a more menacing voice. "You see I know you. You are the Inglesè who gave old Geronimo Valleri, at the inn beside the Ponte Nerone, a hundred and twenty golden Napoleons for two old pictures the rogue had to sell!"

It now flashed upon me for the first time that I had been mistaken for a rich young

Englishman of rank and fortune, who had lately arrived at Portici, and had, that very day abruptly left the inn where I had been staying. He was, as I remembered, said to be a liberal, if not a very judicious connoisseur of art, and was of about my own height and age. I even recollected that he, like myself, was addicted to solitary rambles, which circumstance had probably been reported to the brigands, who have their spies in most places, and hence in all likelihood the ambush and the capture of the wrong man.

I could not help shrinking from the awkward office of undeceiving the chief, whose grim visage grew more and more like that of a hungry tiger as he watched me. "I could guess," I said, "for whom I had been mistaken; but, so far from having arrived at Portici with four post-horses, a fourgon, a valet, and a courier, I could assure my present host that I had made my humble entry in a hired calessino, with straw cushions and calico lining, and drawn by a couple of starved ponies. So far, too, from having lately given an innkeeper a hundred and twenty Napoleons for two old pictures, I should be happy to sell four or five new ones for the same price, and was perfectly willing to take the portraits of all the members of the band, gratis, as the only ransom in my power."

By this time a great many of the brigands, attracted by curiosity, had crowded round me, and among them was a ragged lad, who cried out in a squeaking voice,

"Why, that's no more the milordo in the green carriage than I am. Body of Bacchus! it's the English artist that came on Piero and me as we were eating our bread and melons by the well, and gave us a baiocello apiece to stop quiet while he sketched us. The milordo is fatter, and has red whiskers."

Indeed, an inspection of my passport and sketch-book convinced the brigand leader that I was not the wealthy traveller whom he had endeavoured to ensnare. This discovery threw the Lamb into a paroxysm of dangerous fury. He began by cursing my captors for "blind bats," who did not know the difference between a beggarly spoiler of canvas and a "ricco" of the first quality. They excused themselves for their blunder by proverbial remarks, to the effect that might made every bird of one colour, and that in the dark all cats were black. And the hum of assent which rose from the crowd proved that the brigands exonerated their comrades of all blame. Then the Lamb turned his flaming eyes on me, and, with a volley of choice Neapolitan abuse, declared that I should pay for both.

I reiterated the assurance that I was poor, and had no relative to whom I could apply for the price of my freedom.

"Per Ercole! but we will see to that," thundered the ruffian; "if you cannot pay in silver you shall in skin. Strip off his shoes and warm his feet, my children; when they are roasted, this pert bird will sing a different song."

Instantly I was seized by several strong hands, I was thrown down, and very tightly bound with cords and thongs, drawn savagely around my wrists and ankles, for it had often happened that a tortured prisoner had done mischief among the tormentors. Then my boots and stockings were torn away piecemeal, and I was thrust forward until the bare soles of my feet were close to the glowing red embers of the great fire. I was chilled with the bleak mountain air and with fatigue, and for the first few moments the heat was not disagreeable, but presently it became inconvenient. I bore it silently. The discomfort deepened into pain, the pain into agony, and I groaned, and tried to crawl away. A robber took me by the shoulders, and thrust me back again as if I had been a log; my scorched feet came in contact with the hot embers, and I could not suppress a scream, which was mocked by a roar of laughter from the unfeeling savages.

"The roast meat will be burned," said one wag, and the joke elicited fresh mirth. A woman or two certainly did say "povermo," as I writhed and moaned, but no one offered to release me, and I began to fear that I should be maimed for life. The fierceness of the pain drove even that thought from my mind, conquered all sense of pride, resentment, and prudence, and I shrieked wildly and incessantly, sometimes beseeching the hard-hearted barbarians to have pity; sometimes taunting and cursing them, in the frantic hope that I might provoke some more merciful brute than the rest into ending my sufferings by a shot or a stab. Then nature was utterly spent, and I fainted.

When I recovered my senses I was lying in a wretched hut, on a heap of straw. On a broken wine-cask at some distance sat a grey-haired old crone, busy with one of those classic snindles which the Italian peasant women have used from the days of Etruscan civilisation. For a time my senses were so dulled that I could remember nothing; and, though I saw that it was morning, and felt the air chilly, I did not try to realise how I came into my present position. At last a sharp shooting pain in my feet recalled my recollection of bygone suffering, and I groaned, and tried to rise, but failed. The old woman turned her head, and bade me lie still, as if I had been a froward child, then came forward to unwind some yards of coarse linen in which my injured feet were wrapped, and proceeded to dress the scorched skin afresh with some wonderfully soothing unguent.

This old woman had, I suspect, saved my life. She alone had had compassion upon me as I lay insensible. The motive of this was very curious. Neapolitans of her class have little or no idea of philanthropy in theory or in practice, and it seldom enters into any one's head to pity the distress of those who are not akin to them in blood, or bound by friendship. But old Caterina had, it appears, been the mother of two sons, members of the gang, who had been hanged at Naples several years since, and, to

the youngest and best beloved of these, I, in his mother's opinion, bore a strong resemblance. This lucky likeness had induced the old woman to undertake the cure of the lonely stranger. Thus she had coaxed some of the men to carry me to her hut—a goatherd's deserted hovel—had laid me on a heap of straw beneath a tattered blanket, and had rubbed my blistered feet with an ointment which she declared to be infallible, and which would enable me to "dance the Tarantella" in a month at latest.

But I was not yet safe. The Lamb, though convinced that I was not the traveller in whose stead I had been captured, was determined that I should not get off soot free.

"He has fixed your ransom at eighteen thousand ducats. The milordo would have had to pay fifty thousand," said my protectress; "and he will have the money. He gets money from all, even from begging friars and vine-dressers. Only last week he cut off the ears of a rich jeweller, first one, then the other, and sent them to his children in Salerno. The ransom was paid, but had it not been, L'Agnello would have chopped off every finger of the prisoner's hands joint by joint. That's how he serves the rich. As for those who are not rich, he first coats their feet and then stabs them with his stiletto—he does not waste much trouble on them; so, child, you had better think of some relation who would pay down the money to see you alive again."

Later in the day I received a visit from the brigand chief, who spoke substantially as follows. Everybody knew that all English were wealthy folks, and, if I were not able to pay, probably I had kith and kin who would buy my safety. Failing that resource, were there not consuls and ambassadors of Ingilterna who might, could, would, and should forward the necessary cash to save the life of a British subject? To facilitate matters, he, L'Agnello, would give me two weeks' grace, and would lower the terms to fourteen thousand ducats; but, sooner than take a maravedi less, he would cause my head to be cut off and forwarded as a present to the Syndic of Portici, as he had done, four years since, in the case of Tommaso Potti, the vintner.

Thus spoke the Lamb, not angrily, but with a kind of good-humoured ferocity, and in the course of the afternoon a number of the robbers sauntered into the hut, and one and all advised me in all seriousness to comply with their leader's recommendation. Some of them—of the younger men especially—did not appear to be wholly without compassion for my wretched state, since my injured feet were very painful, and I could not stand as yet, and they patted me on the back with rough kindness, and bade me fear nothing, as I should be well used among them. But one and all agreed that unless I obtained the sum demanded, it would go very hard with me.

"The Lamb," said one tall youngster, who had

been a boatman at Palermo, and was very proud of the five or six English words that he had picked up when plying among the foreign shipping—"the Lamb was out of temper yesterday, for three of his traps have caught no mice. There was the Cardinal, for whom nine of us watched for a week on the Sorrento road, a prince of the Church, whose ransom would have made us all as rich as Jews, to say nothing of the absolution he could have given us while we had him fast. Well, he slipped through our fingers, and so did the Notary of Salerno, old Signor Tazzi, who is wealthy enough to eat off gold and drink lacrima every day if he were not a skinflint, and so did the milordo of the green capriage. The Lamb is not often so hasty as you found him, but he is a man of his word, and, per Demonio, you had better recal yourself to the memory of such of your friends as have the plumpest purses and the softest hearts."

Excellent counsel, no doubt, but, like much other advice of the same sort, easier given than followed. There was no one to whom I could turn for help in this sore strait. The sum demanded was a huge one, above two thousand pounds of English money, and I could as soon expect the National Debt as have raised the sum of it from any resources of my own. Rich friends were no more plentiful with me than they generally are with a man who is at once poor and self-willed, and I had no living relation who either could or would pay my ransom. The only hope, and that a desperate one, seemed to be that of an application to the British Embassy at Naples, and I knew too much of routine to expect success in this. Time was life to me, and I lost five or six long before a dry official reply should be returned to my letter, I should be past all power of diplomatic succour. Moreover, it was not improbable that my appeal would be treated as a hoax or an impertinence: there was "no precedent" for such a sollecism as a correspondence between a prisoner of L'Agnello and the Envoy of Her Britannic Majesty to the Court of the Two Sicilies.

In this emergency I bethought me of the stranger, the English engineer with whom I had been conversing immediately before my capture by the brigands. He had professed his desire to render me a service, should real need of assistance arise, and I might as well take him at his word. Of course I was not so absurd as to dream that a salaried professional man could furnish the considerable sum that the bandit leader required as the price of my liberty, but I thought that if my new acquaintance were to press my case on the notice of the officials at the embassy, I should have a better chance of a hearing. With this idea I penned a short letter, addressed according to the direction that had been given me by the mysterious S. D., and a young brigand undertook to carry this missive to the nearest lowland village, whence it would be conveyed to Naples through the customary channel of the post.

Day after day went by, and my feet were so far healed, thanks to the ointment and chewed leaves which old Catarina daily applied to them, that I could hobble about the camp, which I was allowed to do pretty freely, for I was by far too lame to escape over the rugged and stony country that lay between me and safety. I was not ill treated; a share of the polenta and meat was always assigned me, even when, as sometimes occurred, there was a scarcity of food in the bivouac, and I was always offered wine and cigars when I drew near one of the fires around which the wild groups sat after sunset. I had been appointed portrait-painter in ordinary to the band, and ruffian after ruffian jostled and squabbled with his compeers for the prior right to have his villainous features transferred to the blank leaves of my sketch-book. A strange set they were, so ignorant, so shrewd, so lively in their hours of good humour, that they were less like criminals than some savage tribe at war with society. There were two or three improvisatori among them, and several who could sing to their own accompaniment on the guitar, and the mirth and merry-making were loud and unrestrained around the watch-fires at night.

The robbers were by no means isolated from the sympathies of the rest of the community. They were on very good terms with most of the villagers in the mountain glens around them, at whose feasts and fairs they showed themselves openly, and from whom they received information and provisions. Indeed, many of them belonged to the district, and were akin to the rural magistrates and the very police who should have hunted them down, and this, perhaps, explains the fact that the carabinieri never seemed able to discover the fastnesses where the marauders lurked, well known as they were to hundreds of so-called honest people.

The brigands were not idle. Frequent expeditions were undertaken with varying success, but no prisoner was brought up into the hills during my stay, though more than one carriage was stopped, and its occupants plundered. On one occasion only was there any collision with the gendarmes, and on that the detachment came back sullen and discomfited, with the loss of two of their number, who had been wounded and taken. This misfortune did not tend to make the Lamb more amiable. He gruffly intimated to his followers that they must prepare to set out for another lurking-place, since their unlucky comrades, in spite of the tremendous oaths by which the banditti are bound to keep the secret of their companions' retreat, would probably be tempted by promises of pardon to reveal all they knew. And it was just possible that the authorities would take active measures to destroy the wasps, when once certain where their nest was to be found. Under these circumstances, the Lamb notified to me that he must curtail my lease of life by two days, and that if in twenty-four hours my ransom did not arrive, he should simplify matters by cutting my throat. Nor

could there be much doubt that he would keep his word.

Life is dear to us all, and it was with a heavy heart that I prepared to die. But I had no hope. I even despised myself for the weakness which had made me attach the slightest faith to the professions of S. D. Why, after all, should I expect a casual acquaintance like the engineer to trouble himself regarding me? "Nothing for nothing," thought I, "is the rule of the world. It matters little. Even poor little Lucy will soon forget me, and—"

"Ho! Englishman, your skin is safe this time," said L'Agnello, breaking in on my gloomy meditations, and jingling a heavy bag of gold, as he grinned encouragingly at me. "Your ransom is paid, and the priest who brought it up the mountain will show you the path, and let you ride his mule. I bear you no malice, and am just as glad as yourself to pouch the cash, instead of seeing what colour your blood is. So be off, and keep clear of my claws for the future!"

The surprise almost stupified me, but it was no delusion. The ransom had really been paid, and that in full; and a cura, with whom the robbers had a good understanding, was there to confirm the Lamb's account. All he could say, however, was, that the money had been confided to him by an English signor, who refused to give any other name than "S. D.," and who had ridden down the valley, to return, as he believed, to Naples.

I did not tarry long, but before I went my watch and chain were restored to me, and these I bestowed, as a parting keepsake, on the kindly old crone whose capricious tenderness had saved my life, and the brigands gave me a cheer by way of farewell as I descended the rocky path, mounted on the priest's mule. That night I slept at San Paolo, and by noon of the next day reached Naples, and hurried to the Via Stretta. I was eager to see and thank my unknown preserver, ignorant as I was of his name or real rank. I found the senior partner of the firm of Burbidge and Styles in his bank parlour. He pushed up his gold-rimmed spectacles to the middle of his wrinkled forehead, as he listened to my earnest request to be told to whom I was indebted for my life.

"S. D.," my dear sir," said the banker.

"Well, the question is a little out of rule, but I, have never been asked to keep silence on the subject. I do not, therefore, think any professional confidence will be violated in this case if I say that the gentleman in question is Mr. Graham."

"Graham—George Graham?" asked I, as the blood mounted to my face.

"Yes; Mr. Graham, the railway contractor. He met you, I understood, not long since, and—but here he is to answer for himself."

I turned, and there in the doorway stood the English engineer that I had met at Portici. And he was the man I had hated—Lucy's brother—and to him I owed my life. His undeserved kindness, his noble generosity, smote me to the heart, and I dropped into a chair, covered my face with my hands, and burst into tears.

"Has Burbidge been telling tales?" said the new comer. "Pray don't distress yourself, Mr. Edwards, and let bygones be bygones. We have had, I dare say, a fictitious idea of each other's character, but in future let us be friends."

And friends we are, friends and brothers, for Lucy is now my wife, and the happiness of calling her mine, with such of the world's good report and worldly prosperity as has fallen to my lot, I owe, under Heaven, to the man whom I long looked on as a cold egotist—George Graham. His succour of me at the hour of my greatest need, at a pecuniary sacrifice which was no trifling one—for he was not then rich—broke through the cynic disbelief in human goodness that was gathering round my heart. Cheered by George's counsels and example, I led a new life, applied myself assiduously to my art, and, in four years of toil, was able to repay the large sum which Graham had advanced for my ransom. By this time I was well known as a painter, and in receipt of a fair income, and on the day of my marriage with Lucy, which took place in the fifth year of my probation, George Graham, grown a wealthy man, insisted on settling ten thousand pounds on his sister and her husband.

Now ready, and to be had at all the Libraries,

HARD CASH,

In 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

London: SAMUELSON LOW, SON, and Co.

Volume XI. will begin on the 13th of February, 1864, with a New Serial Story, entitled

QUITE ALONE,

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 247.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864.

[PRICE 2d.]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

PASSING over a few days, we find our Polly my-Lamb no longer a solitary little maiden, but under the affectionate and rather piercing eye of Aunt Serocold—no relation in the world, but what, I am sorry to say, is often infinitely better—an old friend, and also a schoolfellow of good Mrs. Humpage, deceased.

This lady who, though the suns of five-and-forty summers had ripened her fair cheek, was yet unchosen as a bride, had passed the later years of her life abroad. The death of her mother, in Holland, had occasioned her return to her own land; and, at the request of the orphaned heiress, she had taken up her temporary abode in Jermyn-street, and there did her utmost to cheer and comfort the lonely little girl.

[In the lowest possible tone, let us whisper to the reader that Aunt Serocold, who was by nature of a lively and social turn, found it sometimes a little, even not a little, dull. No power or persuasion on earth, however, could have prevailed with her to say so. The pair saw no company, and, now, even Sir James Polhill, deeply mortified at the failure of his redoubted lieutenant, had discontinued his visits.]

In the mean time, it had been ascertained that the band of Black-Thumbs, far from breaking up, were more active and united than ever. That excellent brotherhood celebrated their leader's recent successful exploit by stopping the carriage of the Lord Mayor himself, as that dignitary, attended by three footmen and a couple of armed retainers, was returning from a performance at Sadler's Wells. Not a groat did they leave on the persons of any one of the party; but the greatest audacity was perpetrated by Lord Lob himself, who took off the enraged magistrate's wig and chain of office, and rode off, decorated with both! This unheard-of atrocity provoked the Common Council to such a degree as to induce the offer of an immense reward; and it seemed that Lord Lob, the fearless, deemed it no unwise proceeding to relieve the metropolis for a few months of his presence. At all events, his daring and skilful hand was no

longer recognisable in the daily recurring records of London crime. And thus matters stood on the morning on which we re-visit the house of the Three Elms.

"Do you prefer sitting in the window, Aunt Serocold?" asked Polly-my-Lamb. "Will you not be more comfortable here? arranging a tempting cushioned chair near the fire.

"My dear, who are your opposite neighbours, do you know?" was the rejoinder.

"A Mrs. Ascroft, I believe, ma'am," said the young lady, quietly.

"That's one of them, dear. Who else?"

"Oh! Captain Broxley."

"The big man, that always quarrels with his chairmen. Yes. Well?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Who else, dear? Go on," said Mistress Serocold, her eyes fixed upon the house.

"Ah! yes—a Mrs.——"

"Stuff, Polly! Once for all, who is that pretty young gentleman, always making believe to draw, in the middle window, but always looking—looking——"

"At *you*, aunt?"

"Well, it's certainly very odd," said Aunt Serocold, with a becoming embarrassment. "It unquestionably *is* odd. I wish he wouldn't, you know. Ah! there he is! It was, I think, on the second day after my arrival, that I happened to be standing at the window, when a young person—a remarkably handsome young man—suddenly appeared in the window of the opposite house. Our eyes met. His fell—he withdrew. A few minutes later, I chanced again to approach the window—again he was before me—again his eyes fell, and, with an air of diffidence, shall I call it?—once more he precipitately retired. These little encounters have been of frequent occurrence, my dear. If he sees but the flutter of my dress, in a second he is at his post, but only to desert it again, with an expression of mingled deference and (vanity would whisper) admiration, which, I must confess, have not been wholly without their effect on my mind. I thought at first it might be *you*!"

"Dear me, aunt! why should *you* imagine *that*?" asked Polly the innocent.

"I'll tell you why I knew it was not," returned the elder spinster. "You happened to come to the window once, during one of these singular

interviews. In a second the young man's face changed in its whole expression. He coloured scarlet, and stole away as though caught in some fact, to the tender gravity of which his heart bore testimony."

"But, really, aunty," returned Polly, blushing a little, "I think we may find a more agreeable subject to discuss than Master Arthur Haggerdorn."

"Arthur Haggerdorn! So, that's his name! Why didn't you say so before?"

"Did I not, aunt? I—suppose I—forgot—or—didn't remem—Yes—O yes—Master Arthur Haggerdorn." And thereupon the young lady recounted to her companion the history as detailed by Mrs. Ascroft, not omitting the interest with which he had inspired his kind landlady.

Miss Serocold was sensibly touched, and with difficulty refrained from tears.

"The poor orphan!" she exclaimed. "And, doubtless, now he is striving to do something for his daily bread. I shall never forgive myself for having, though involuntarily, embarrassed these noble efforts. He must have wasted an immensity of time at that window. We owe him some reparation, dear. Could we not, now," added Aunt Serocold, with maidenly hesitation, "send him—a little—"

"Money, dear aunt? He does not want it."

"Nor would I so far insult his noble nature as to offer it," said Miss Serocold, warmly. "He would wave it from him with disdain! No—send him a little note, you know. Invite him to tea."

"My dear aunt! Tea? Are you in your senses?"

"I flatter myself I am as collected as yourself, child," returned Miss Serocold, in a high state of perturbation; "nor is there anything so very extraordinary in my proposal. At the Hague, people used to come in to tea without being asked at all. I am sure he draws beautifully. My dear mother was devoted to the art, and I feel I am but paying fitting reverence to her memory in encouraging its professors to the best of my power."

"But not necessarily by inviting them to tea, dear."

"Humph! But it's no matter. Indeed, I must beg your pardon for forgetting that I am myself but a guest."

"You are my dearest, almost my only friend."

And Polly-my-Lamb kissed and soothed her in a manner few could resist; but my aunt was hard to pacify, and continued to bemoan the youth's hard fortune, expressing at the same time such a longing desire to inspect those wondrous specimens of art on which he was so unceasingly employed, that Polly-my-Lamb, wearied out, yielded reluctant consent that a verbal message should be despatched to Mrs. Ascroft, intimating a wish to examine more closely any of those productions of the young artist, whose progress had been unavoidably witnessed over the way. The young lady reconciling her conscience to this forward step, by regarding the message as confined to Mrs. Ascroft, and instructing the bearer accordingly.

To her extreme confusion, an answer was returned, with lightning speed, to the effect that the young gentleman would himself fulfil the grateful duty of leaving a few of his best drawings.

My aunt precipitately glided from the room, nor was Miss Serocold visible to mortal eyes, save those of her maid Hester, until near the hour of evening refection, when she rustled into the apartment in a gown of silver-grey, which had not seen the light since the grand entertainment given at the Hague on the marriage of the Stadtholder's nephew, and now, redolent of lavender, came forth to do honour to the arts—as represented by Master Haggerdorn.

"Of course we will ask him to tea, aunt," said Polly, reassured by remembering Mrs. Ascroft's allusions to his juvenility. "He shall have tamarisks and Barbary prunes, and you shall tell him a story."

So, in due course, that is, at six o'clock, the expected guest appeared, proving to be a remarkably fine infant of nineteen, who, with galloping pulse and bewildered brain, presented himself, portfolio in hand, and paid his compliments to the two ladies.

Miss Serocold dexterously flung her handkerchief over the Barbary prunes, and both ladies welcomed their guest not the less graciously because the traces of severe illness were still visible on his fair open face. The lad's singular beauty, even more striking on a closer inspection, almost awed Aunt Serocold into silence: while Polly-my-Lamb, who, on seeing the stature of her guest, had resolved to be marble, found herself transmuted, by force of the laws of hospitality, into common clay.

Agitated as he certainly was, young Haggerdorn's manner possessed all the seeming ease and actual grace of perfect breeding. But the perpetual change of colour, the eager, anxious expression of the luminous eye, the tremor of his voice, bore abundant witness to the tempest of feeling that raged within. Polly-my-Lamb felt, with considerable alarm, that she was becoming slightly infected, and was conscious of a hearty desire to run away, put her head into some dark corner, and, being thus, like the ostrich, secure from all peril, weep for a quarter of an hour. But this being, for the present, incompatible with her duties as hostess, the young lady steeled herself as much as might be against the silent fascinations of her visitor, by trying to feel both wounded and offended by his presence there at all—the plea of infancy, so craftily urged by his landlady, being completely overruled. Why, the impertinent young man had absolutely a brown and curling moustache, so silken-soft, it is true, as to have passed (across the way) for one of those darker shadows which tedious sickness casts on many a fair face. There was no help, however. Beard, or no beard, the boy—that is, the youth—that is, the man—could not be turned out till after tea.

Now it was that the drawings, which proved—

to be very indifferently-executed studies of highly-uninteresting ruralities, proved an inestimable relief. Never, surely, were the early struggles of juvenile artist against the difficulties of perspective and the inexorable laws of gravitation, received with such cheering encouragement. A donkey, upon three swollen legs (fourth invisible), who had parted with his shadow in exchange for the substance of a thistle as big as his own head, provoked a world of enthusiastic comment. A ruined feudal residence, whose toppling towers, rising far above a seemingly impenetrable wood, looked like tipsy Titans fighting in a green bog, restored comparative composure to the embarrassed group. And, finally, a sea view with a huge black specimen of naval architecture, perched on the very apex of a mighty wave erected expressly for the purpose, placed everybody completely at ease.

But, as Polly-my-Lamb regained her accustomed calmness, she became only more and more deeply impressed with the singular character of the countenance before her. Again and again did she turn her eyes, almost angrily, aside. As often did they infallibly wander back, until every lineament of that face of surpassing beauty was rooted in her heart and memory as though engraven in steel.

But the voice—the voice! From what choice cabinet in Nature's laboratory where that skilled craftsman conceals her rarer gifts, came forth the sounds which, low and tristful as they were, dropped upon the ear like a murmur rather dreamed than heard? Polly-my-Lamb felt her pulse vibrate like an accordant harpstring, and, longing to be angry at the liberty thus taken with her nervous system, sighed unwittingly when the music ceased, and thought her own voice sounded raven-like as she strove to answer.

As for my Aunt Serocold, had the guest preserved anything like reasonable self-possession, her demeanour must have astonished him not a little. Had those golden curls and translucent eyes been exchanged for the hissing snakes and stony gleam of a Medusa, they could scarcely have more effectually subdued her. For ten minutes after his first appearance, she had sat almost like a grey petrefaction, received with dull bewildered apathy the youth's respectful greetings, and, after muttering some half-intelligible sounds, became once more entranced in speechless wonder. We who are entrusted with the key of my aunt's secret soul, perceive one thought alone assuming positive shape, and wandering ghost-like through the intellectual mist, exclaiming, "What upon earth can make this angel in love with me?"

"And I, zese poor limning have broughten you, dears madams," went the musical voice in its pretty foreign-English, "viz ze fear zat you would sink me for an impostor."

"Sink you, sir!" murmured my aunt.

"Sink me an impostor, when you saw my figuris—sketches."

"'Vigorous,' indeed, sir," said Miss Serocold.

"Zat is, my personen, my humans, I cannot draw a man, far less," he was going to raise his eyes to the younger lady, but changed his purpose, and simply bowed to the elder. "But, ah! An evening red! Here is my best."

And he produced a smudgy landscape, generally mouse-coloured, but representing the god of day half suffocated in a mass of red hot vapour, striking out frantic rays, like feelers, in every direction, and wearing altogether the appearance of a gigantic crab, being grilled on a dullish fire.

My aunt fanned herself involuntarily. The picture was warm enough, but it was nothing to the gaze of the painter, which dwelt searchingly upon her.

"I wish he'd look at Polly a little!" thought my aunt. "So awkward, really!"

To whatever unseen power the amiable lady appealed, her remonstrance seemed not ineffectual. Miss Humpage requesting him to draw near her tea-table, Arthur Haggerdorn perforce looked towards his inviter. In a second his transparent face was dyed in blushes, from brow to chin. With such extreme sensibility the inexperienced Polly was sorely troubled to deal. She hardly dared address to him the most ordinary expressions of courtesy, and fortunate it was for her that Miss Serocold began at this moment to exhibit manifest tokens of returning life, and presently was able to converse with a collectedness Polly-my-Lamb might envy. What was still more satisfactory, the latter observed that, in proportion as Mr. Haggerdorn's attention was diverted from her friend, so did that lady's disposition to regain it steadily augment.

But now it was that gentleman's turn to be distraught and unintelligible. His replies were made at random, wide of the purpose. He contradicted my aunt in the flattest, though sweetest, manner. He laughed at wrong times. He spilled some cream on the sacred lavender, and saw it not. All his faculties were gradually centring in one point;—the consciousness of being absolutely in the immediate presence of the little idol whose sweet face had, he fondly believed, had power to draw back his fleeting spirit from the very portals of the grave. He knew perfectly well that he was losing self-possession, and yielding more and more to an insane desire to lie down by that footstool on which one of Polly's little diamond shoe-buckles was at that moment glistening, to gaze unreprieved upon the bright young face, and listen for the rare words she dropped like jewels on his ear.

So long as Miss Serocold's remarks obtained the slightest notice from him to whom they were addressed, Polly-my-Lamb was comparatively comfortable; but when it became evident that the fire of her ally was wholly ineffective, and that the visitor was becoming more and more unconscious of every object but herself, the poor child grew anxious and confused, blushed, talked nonsense, and, at length, finding the position intolerable, rose and expressed her intention of retiring to her room, and committing

their guest to the care of her aunt for the remainder of the evening.

Polly had expected an effect of some sort from this forced move, but nothing so violent as it did produce. The young man turned deadly white, like one stricken with a sudden terror. The quickened throbbing of his heart was painfully visible. Weakened by recent illness, and with a nervous system wrought to the extreme point of sensibility, it seemed as if but a slight shock was necessary to reduce him to a condition as pitiable as that from which he had so recently emerged. But there was no help for it. The very violence of his emotion only suggested more clearly to Polly the desirability of at once handing over her susceptible love-patient to calmer care. Could there be a fitter doctress than Miss Serocold? Polly-my-Lamb gave him one pleasant smile, and vanished.

"Dear girl! how thoughtful of her!" was Miss Serocold's reflection. "Now, my young friend, you may speak freely, as I know well enough you have been dying to do."

The words had scarcely framed themselves in her thought, when Arthur Haggerdorn was at her feet: kissing her hands, calling her his hope, his blessing, his guardian angel, imploring her pity, heaping epithet on epithet, such as nothing but idolatrous affection could suggest.

Miss Serocold, not absolutely taken by surprise, was startled at the vehemence of the young lover. She drew her hand coyly away.

"This sudden passion, sir——"

"Sudden! It is twenty-four, forty years of growing!"

("How did he guess my age?" thought my aunt.)

"A sousand years it has lived, in zese six weeks," continued the suitor. "'Passion, saidst you? It is madness. It is *Dess!* I tell you I sall die if you withdraw zis face, which has killed everying else in ze world!"

"Compose yourself, I entreat you, sir; I have not said that I *intended* to withdraw it," said my aunt, gently. "Pray be calm. This excessive agitation may be injurious. It is somewhat embarrassing—I—I am inclined to wish my niece had not left us!"

"I also, wiz all my heart," cried the young gentleman. "Recal her, I beseech you, best madam."

"I will endeavour to do so, since you desire it, sir," said my aunt, rather stiffly.

"Desire it? O, my best madam, you guessed my secret well. You found what was ze matter wiz me, and, your tender heart provided ze's comfort. To-morrow I from London certainly go."

"To-morrow!"

"Surely, to-morrow. Why stay? I have looked on my angel. I have heard her voice. I have her fingers fell. I am ready now to die."

Miss Serocold felt inclined to suggest that an increased disposition to live might be a more legitimate result of these successes. All she

said was: "You really leave London to-morrow?"

"And also England, best lady."

"Permit me then to ask you," said the lady, "might it not have been better to postpone these singular declarations till your return?"

"I return never," replied the lover, emphatically.

"I do not think I quite understand you, Mr. Haggerdorn. Are you evincing a becoming consideration for the feelings of—of others, in expressing your own, thus strongly, under the circumstances you mention? What if you had obtained an even more explicit assurance that your overtures might be acceptable——"

"My dear lady! Acceptable? Is zis then possible? But no—no——"

"No, by all means, if you prefer it, sir," said my aunt, turning her head aside, a little coquettishly.

"You will drive me mad wiz joy! I possessed one sousand terrors. I shall name them. First, that being both so young——"

"One of us might be older," thought Miss Serocold, gazing tenderly on the boyish face.

"A stranger, an orphan——"

"Such are commended to our ch—charity," sobbed my aunt.

"A beggar."

"I am far from penniless."

"How satisfying is that! I rejoice wiz my heart to hear it."

"Perhaps you do," was the mental comment.

"In spite of all, you bid me hope? And *she*, she will then suffer that I zee her?"

"I beg your pardon?" said my aunt.

"She shall hear my vows?"

"Your——"

"Vows, excellent madam."

"Of what nature, may I be allowed——"

"Great Heavens, madam! Have I not said she is my life, my goddess, my——"

"*She!*"

"I have I not been pouring my gratitudes to you, for bringing me to gaze so near upon her glorious beauty? Do I not already love you as my mother, best lady?"

The shock was severe. Such a castle, however unstable its foundations, can hardly topple down without occasioning a sensation of *something* having fallen about one's ears. But the absurdity of her position, should the mistake become apparent, flashed across my aunt's mind, and, as it were, lighted up the way of escape. She had in no way committed herself. Her looks and language, though intended to convey a meaning of their own, had somehow been caught up in the torrent of the young man's passion, and borne away in a totally different direction. My aunt accepted it, with a sigh.

"You hesitate, dear lady. Will you destroy the hopes you raised?" asked the young lover, becoming greatly agitated. "Now that you have spoken, zat is too late. Better madness; better *dess!*" His hand closed involuntarily on

"a knife that lay beside him on the table. "O, let me see her! Let her tell my fortune—zat is, fate. For me, I will speak never. To-morrow I from England for always go, and my name and my history never shall be hearken more. I shall paint my bread. I shall sketch silently my livings in a foreign shore." (My aunt cast a doubtful look at the donkey, and thought of very short commons indeed.) "Only I ask to look again upon her angel front. I am savage—yes, I am intoxicate. I drove her from ze room, perhaps, wiz my mad lookings. I beseech you, for you have a good sweet heart of woman, let her come and stab me wiz one word—farewell."

He was at her feet again, in his wild anxious entreaty. Miss Serocold would not trust herself to look at him. Indeed, she could not have seen him if she had, the good soul's eyes being suffused with tears of genuine compassion; but she gave his hand a gentle reassuring pressure, and, with her kerchief to her eyes, hurried from the room.

Polly-my-Lamb was not at all in bed, but standing, fully attired, at the window of her apartment, gazing intently at an opposite house which happened to be in the occupation of one Mistress Ascroft. She started round, half-guiltily, as her friend entered, and became pale as death as she noticed her agitation.

"What has happened, dear? Is he—has he—?"

"He *has* indeed, dear," said my aunt. "B—but it's not *exactly*—what we thought. It is you, dear, that this singular young gentleman honours with his preference. To be sure, he *is* very young," said Miss Serocold, candidly. "He implores you to grant him an interview. He loves you."

"He dares?"

"And he says that in spite of your brief acquaintance—"

"Brief! It is none at all," said Polly, impatiently stamping her little high-heeled shoe.

"Don't, dear; you may bring him up," cried Miss Serocold.

"Up, madam!" exclaimed Polly, now really angry and flushing scarlet. "Is he a lunatic—a housebreaker?"

"I don't think he is either; but I do think he is labouring under a degree of mental excitement which you, who have caused it, can alone allay. But I should have hesitated to bring his request, had not his quitting England to-morrow rendered it unlikely that his presence should ever offend you again. Well, I will dismiss him."

"He—he—leaves to-morrow, aunt?" said the young lady, sitting down.

"Never to return. I could not but feel some pity for one so friendless and desolate. But I think you act wisely in rejecting his entreaty. I need not tell him in what terms you did so, you know. I can say you have retired to rest."

"Thank you, Aunt Serocold. . . . But—but—"

"My dear?"

"I haven't."

"Such excuses are permissible."

"Not when better are at hand. I think the request is impertinent, and—and requires apology."

"I will receive it."

"And—oh, aunt!—how *could* you?" burst out the young lady.

"Eh! could I *what*?" demanded the startled spinster.

"Advise me to receive declarations of—of—goodness-knows-what—attachment do you call it?—from a person to whom I have never spoken in my life, before this night?"

"I advise!" ejaculated poor Miss Serocold. "I am sure I never did anything of the kind. And, besides, in justice to the young man, I am bound to say that I do not think his hopes extend beyond a few words of farewell."

"Oh, indeed! That alters the case," said the little lady. "One ought not to seem churlish, ought one? Well—O, aunt, why don't you speak? Tell me, dear, what ought I to—?"

"Put on? Nothing; you look charming."

"I mean, ought I to see him, or not?"

"Go down, by all means, dear," said my aunt, frankly recanting her previous opinions. "You cannot do less."

Polly-my-Lamb, justly regarding the later counsel as the wiser, decided on adopting it, and presently—not, however, without a little tremor of the nerves—tripped down stairs, followed by her friend.

She had assumed the most stately demeanour of which her pretty little lithe figure was susceptible; had compelled her animated mobile features into a very ill-fitting mask of indifference, which had in it more of discomfort than dignity, and opened the door with a determination to freeze the young gentleman, with one Gorgon glance, into the condition of decorous quiescence fittest for receiving the little speech of farewell she had arranged, in descending the stairs. Nevertheless, as they entered, her eyes involuntarily fell.

"Why, my good gracious!" exclaimed the voice of Miss Serocold. "If he's not gone!"

Polly-my-Lamb threw one hurried glance round the room, then uttered a loud cry, and, springing like a fawn towards the other side, knelt by the recumbent form of the young man.

"He's asleep!" was Miss Serocold's first perplexed suggestion.

"No, *dead*! He's dead! Ring! Cry! Call out! Do something, aunt! O, Heaven!"

Miss Serocold did everything proposed, and that with considerable energy; then hastened to Polly's side.

The poor boy was lying almost on his face. In his fall, he had displaced the hearth-rug, a portion of which was grasped in his hand, while a dark thread of blood, proceeding from his lips, crept, like a red snake, across the stone.

"Emotion has killed him. He has broken a blood-vessel. O, aunt, aunt, how *could* you?"

"*Could* I?"

"We waited too long. O, it was cruel."

"Now Heaven forgive you," began poor Miss Serocold.

The apartment was rapidly filling with alarmed servants. Stephen Gould, the deaf—who had of late discarded his fixed idea of conflagration, and now, on the appearance of any agitation in the household, invariably made a dive across the street, and brought up a doctor—quickly followed, accompanied by Mr. Hartshorne, the busy little practitioner at the corner, who, though present at about the same period at twenty different places in the vicinity, possessed the curious property of always being found at home.

The calm professional presence had its accustomed effect of reducing everybody to silence and self-possession. Hartshorne lifted the white face—white, and seemingly impassive, as the stone on which it lay—and the poor boy being gently placed upon a mattress which had been brought in and stretched upon the floor, the little doctor began a closer examination.

"He's d—d—dead!" sobbed Miss Serocold.

"Not a bit more than you are, madam," said the little doctor, rather sharply. "And, what is almost as satisfactory, the bleeding has stopped for the present. When I have examined the character of the blood, I shall be able to prove—Bless me! that's unlucky, first time in my life, I've left my spectacles behind! I'll not be gone one minute. Get you all out of the room but two; and let those two, for their lives (or rather, for the patient's), not suffer him to be moved, or touched, or even spoken to, till I return."

"I will remain," said Polly, quietly.

"And I," said my aunt.

Presently there was a trembling of the eyelids, the long lashes went heavily, wearily apart, as though waking were unwelcome. But the first object that met his view was the face of his little lady, a tear upon her cheek, and a whole world of pity in her eyes. He saw it, for a hectic colour rose in his cheek, and he made a feeble effort to move.

Polly remembered the doctor's charge. She made a gesture, almost fiercely, with her hand.

"If you move, you die," she murmured.

The boy repeated his effort, without taking his eyes from her face, and succeeded in placing his head about an inch nearer to Polly's foot; then, as though satisfied, suffered his heavy lids to close again.

"If you move hand, or foot, or tongue again, we quit the room," said Miss Serocold.

The patient lay like a stone.

Back rushed the little doctor, flitting his glasses on his nose as he entered. After a careful examination of the invalid's condition, he was enabled to assure the anxious witnesses that all danger had for the present passed away. (Good Mr. Hartshorne was not aware of the new symptom that had declared itself during his brief absence, and, oddly enough, nobody mentioned it!) Extreme quiet, and perfect repose of mind, were now the chief essentials. If the bleeding should

not return within the next half hour, the doctor held that there would be little risk in removing the patient to his own lodging; and as Mr. Hartshorne knew Mrs. Ascroft very well, he would call, as he returned home, and arrange with the good woman as to the best mode of conveying him thither.

Had any indifferent person taken note of Polly-Lamb's demeanour, since the moment she had been detected by her resuscitated guest in the act of weeping over him—but more especially since that guest had been pronounced out of danger—she must have appeared in the light of a very unfeeling young person. When the doctor reappeared, she withdrew to the other end of the apartment; and no sooner had he uttered the hopeful words, than she quitted it altogether.

"A very self-possessed young lady," thought little Mr. Hartshorne, as he buzzed quietly about his patient, feeling half disposed to remain, and see that the latter received humane treatment. "She offered to watch him, with all the coolness of a hospital nurse, and now that she knows he's not going absolutely to expire on her hearth-rug, walks off, I dare say, to her supper! But she's an heiress, forsooth. Miss is more accustomed to receive attentions than to expend them on the suffering. I hate (if you please, my dear Miss Serocold, hold his head a little higher) coldness in very young people. 'So young, and so untender!' as the cow said, when she mumbled the pine-shoots. Well, well. Thank you, my dear madam—the spoon—so—just a few of these drops before he is moved, and as many after."

Only once more did Master Haggerdorn open his languid eyes; and, seeing no one but my good aunt, speedily closed them again, unnoticed, remaining in that state until he was conveyed in a sort of funeral procession, with Stephen Gould as chief mourner, to his own lodging, and placed in the custody of his landlady.

CHAPTER VI.

It was some days before the sick-chamber exhibited any tokens of living occupancy. The blinds remained half drawn, and not even the figure of a gliding nurse was visible. A message forwarded to Mr. Hartshorne on the day after the catastrophe, importing Miss Humpage's desire (after "compliments") to be informed of the young man's condition, received a decidedly tart reply: "Can't tell her, or anybody, yet. I'm not a witch."

"Hang her 'compliments!'" muttered the little doctor (who was, nevertheless, amenity itself to the sex in general, but had conceived an absolute dislike to poor Polly). "Why the dogs" (the doctor's nearest approach to an exclamation) "doesn't she send over to the lad's own place? It's nearer. But, no, my lady's fine—'Let some one inquire of the medical person.' Hang the chit's affectation! Yet, if her lapdog had been choking with a chicken-bone, she'd have been down on her knees, shrieking, tearing

her hair. Money spoils her. She was a nice pleasant little girl, was Polly-my-Lamb Humpage, before she got her fortune. Is it pride, now, or—humph!—ah? But, excessive prudery is almost as bad. If she cares about the boy, let her send, like a frank Christian gentlewoman, and ask for him. She'll get no more bulletins from John Hartshorne, M.R.C.S."

Polly so far complied with the doctor's mental suggestion, that she sent over a formal message every other day, and received as formal a reply.

"The patient is much the same."

But, at the same time, it came to pass by some mysterious arrangement, that no change in the invalid, be it for worse or better, no faint syllables that he had uttered, no wish that he had contrived to express, was for many minutes unknown to the tenants of number twenty-seven. Through the same occult intervention, it became known that the invalid was rapidly regaining strength. Finally, by a ridiculous accident, Polly, who had happened to take unwonted pains with her toilette that day, chanced to be standing at the window, when the corresponding casement opposite suddenly became the frame of a little pale-faced picture, with entreating eyes, looking as if it begged pardon for being yet alive, and was not too sure of obtaining it. Polly neither started nor ran away. Had Mr. Hartshorne been passing at the moment, and noticed the gentle, gratulating look and pleasant smile with which she greeted the convalescent, he would have received her back to favour on the spot.

My lady, however, had no idea of pampering her young—well!—say friend. So, with a little care, she taught the young gentleman to understand that it was of no earthly use to hold a perpetual vigil—that, as no discreet fisherman expects to snare a trout on a sunny day between the hours of eleven and four—so no Polly was to be seen contemplating the smiling landscape of Jermyn-street, at any hour but the meridian.

Having educated her young worshipper thus far, Polly felt it incumbent upon her as a faithful teacher, not to break faith with her pupil. Hence, these mid-day meetings recurred with the regularity of clockwork, until (so extraordinary a thing is habit!) I am persuaded that either party would have forfeited dinner, rather than foregone one moment of the allotted time. What passed in these unspoken dialogues, I am not in a position to state. All I know is, that Miss Humpage woke one day from a reverie, with a sudden start, to find that Mr. Arthur Haggerdorn was restored to perfect health, and to wonder what was to be done next.

The young lady's first feeling was one of having lost something. She had experienced it, she remembered, in a milder form, when, years and years ago, she lost a pet goldfinch. Then she felt angry, and a good deal injured, that Arthur had not devised some fit means of informing her that he was no longer entitled to the indulgence due to a life in peril, and that he wished the daily meetings to be discontinued.

It was excessively rude—most inconsiderate of her feelings. He should quickly be brought to a sense of the fault he had been guilty of. She would never appear at the window again!

On the following day, Polly-my-Lamb engaged herself particularly in her own room, examining some lace, until past one o'clock, after which, with a slightly-accelerated pulse, she stole down stairs. Had he waited? How would he look? Should she be satisfied with this slight punishment, for the present, and withdraw herself more gradually? At all events, since she *had* come down—Why stay to reason? As if it were within the bounds of possibility, O my Polly, that you or any woman, under the circumstances, would have come down, and not at least ascertained if he was there! Go, "like a frank Christian gentlewoman," and look at the boy whom your love, under Providence, has kept alive. For it's a terrible power committed to your weak hand, that of wielding the entire happiness of another's soul, and, if you use it childishly, no after-wisdom can redeem the fault.

Half humbled, she crept to the window, and gazed forth.

The blinds were closely drawn.

There was a strange quiet about the whole house, which was ordinarily, it should be observed, of somewhat gayest aspect than its fellows, Mrs. Ascroft holding that birds and flowers are excellent baits for lodgers, as evincing gentle rural tastes in a landlady, a disposition untainted by the sharp selfish life of London. Not a leaf or a feather was to be seen. What was yet more extraordinary, Polly, as her eyes glanced from floor to floor, noticed with a sudden tremor that the entire front might be considered as closed, every sash being shut down, and every blind drawn! What if he had suffered another attack, and one that had proved fatal? That *she* had been its proximate cause, was too frightful a thought, nor was there as yet any reason to subject her conscience to such a charge.

In spite of herself, a feeling of vague apprehension took such hold upon her, that Polly had to sit down, feeling very sick, and was presently found in that position by Miss Serocold, who, shocked at her ghastly face, ran to her, caught her in her arms, and begged her to tell her what was the matter. Finding that the young lady would not or could not reply, my aunt became seriously alarmed, and, ringing the bell, declared her intention of sending to May-Fair for Doctor Pettibone, the family physician.

Polly shook her head.

"But, my love, you *must* see some one. Such an attack as this—Ha! how lucky! There's that good little Hartshorne just leaving Mrs. Ascroft's. The very sight of him is as good as a vinaigrette. I'll wave my handkerchief. Ah, he sees! Mercy! what a grave face! walks, too, as though he were following the funeral of his last patient. There's his knock."

Polly made no answer nor resistance. Her heart was throbbing like that of a criminal about

to receive sentence. She was using the brief interval of the doctor's approach in attempts to nerve herself for whatever she might be called upon to hear.

The doctor entered, with a gait and aspect that completely justified Miss Serocold's criticism, and Polly turned her white face to him in silence, leaving to her friend the duty of explaining the reason of the summons.

After announcing that he could discover nothing beyond the traces of a slight nervous attack, and giving such directions as seemed needful, he took his hat, and prepared to withdraw. Then Polly took courage.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Haggerdorn, your patient, Mr.—Mr. Haggerdorn, is——"

"Hm," said the doctor. "Permit me once more." (He felt her pulse.) "Yes. Good morning."

"And—the—young gentleman?"

"I beg your pardon? Young——"

"Miss Humpage alludes to our neighbour, Mr. Arthur Haggerdorn," explained my aunt.

Mr. Hartshorne shook his head.

"Ah! Sad—sad."

And again he offered to retire.

"You have just left the house, I think, sir.

Pray let us know."

"And a melancholy house it is, ma'am," said the little doctor, with a countenance black as night. "She will miss him terribly. A kind soul is Mistress Ascroft. She cried herself almost into a fit."

"Good gracious, sir! Do you mean us to understand that the poor young man——"

"I wish you to understand, my dear madam, that the day to which this poor boy has looked forward so long and earnestly, with such singular earnestness, like a prisoner for freedom," said the little doctor, almost solemnly, "has at length arrived. Yes, Miss Humpage, since you condescend to take some kind of interest in this young orphaned stranger, let me announce to you that he is gone——Eh! my dear little girl—what is this?" concluded the doctor, in a very different tone, as Polly-my-Lamb sunk suddenly forward on his shoulder in a dead swoon.

Eagerly did he direct Miss Serocold in the application of restoratives, and with an almost paternal solicitude watch their effect, till a faint colour revisited her cheek, and the eyelids quivered with awakening life. Then he placed her gently on a sofa, enjoined silence for ten minutes, and, half drawing the curtains, turned to hold a whispered colloquy with Miss Serocold.

"Does she suffer frequently from these little attacks?" he inquired.

"Little attacks! Oh, doctor, doctor," sobbed the lady, "how could you be so sudden?"

"Sudden!"

"Death is sufficiently dreadful—but, to be informed thus abruptly——"

"Death, madam!" exclaimed the doctor, forgetting his own injunctions of silence.

"Why—did you not tell us that the poor boy was 'gone'?"

"Gone!" shouted the doctor. "Yes. To Greenwich."

"Green——" faltered my aunt.

"—wich. It's his birthday. He is greatly improved in health, and we had promised him, if all went well, a walk this day in Greenwich Park. So, about one o'clock (he would not go before), we put him into a chair; and now, I take it, he is gliding down the Thames, not the Styx, with old Joyce, my waterman, for Charon, and one of my steadiest nurses for companion, gay as any lark."

"But, you said Mrs. Ascroft was almost in a fit from sorrow."

"Pardon, my good lady; I might have said from joy. She was overcome with delight in witnessing the pleasure of her favourite at being able once again to breathe fresh country air, and wander under the waving trees. She misses him for the moment, as I said, but looks forward to his return home this evening with renovated strength, and is busying herself in preparing a little treat to celebrate the day. Good night, my dear young lady," he continued, in the gentlest tone, as he approached Polly, "I see that you have no further need of doctor or nurse. Am I right?"

Polly looked at him once, blushed, hesitated, smiled, and frankly gave him her little hand.

He withdrew.

Miss Serocold whispered, as she followed him out, "There is nothing to fear?"

"Nothing in the world," said Mr. Hartshorne, quickly.

METEORIC STONES.

THE statements made by Livy, Herodotus, and others, regarding the fall of meteoric stones from space to the surface of the earth, were a century ago discredited by those who were then considered to be the authorities in all matters relating to science; but the publication of Chladni's pamphlet, of Lacroix's work, *Des Pierres Tombées du Ciel*, and Howard's paper, published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, led to a more intelligent consideration of the subject, and the evidence was found to be so strong in favour of the assertion that such stones had reached our planet as hardly to admit of question. There are so many recorded instances that it would not be possible to do more here than mention the chief of them.

On the 13th of November, 1799, meteoric stones fell in such profusion that the heavens seemed to be raining fire. This phenomenon was witnessed from points of the earth widely separated. The Moravian missionaries in Greenland passed several hours in looking at the splendid spectacle; and Humboldt describes the appearance it presented to him in South America. For four hours, he says, there was not a space in

the heavens equal to three diameters of the moon through which one or more of these meteors was not constantly passing, all of them leaving a luminous trail which endured for seven or eight seconds. They were also seen at Weimar, and a Mr. Elliot, who on that night was at sea between Cape Florida and the West India Islands, says "The whole heavens appeared as if illuminated with sky rockets, which disappeared only by the light of the sun after daybreak. The meteors, which at one time appeared as numerous as the stars, flew in all possible directions, except from the earth" (Humboldt says their direction was very regular from north to south), "and some of them descended perpendicularly over the vessel we were in, so that I was in constant expectation of their falling on us." Exhibitions of this kind have been frequent before and since. One of these was so brilliant by reason of the immense number of these glowing meteors which constantly filled the air, that the people of Quito, and those who dwelt in the surrounding country, imagined the volcanic mountain of Cotacachi to be on fire, and were greatly terrified. Similar falls were seen in Canada, and a person writing from the North Sea in 1819 related that the atmosphere surrounding them looked like an ocean on fire. Equally magnificent displays of the same kind are recorded which have been visible from a large portion of the earth's surface. But by far the grandest exhibition of the kind on record was observed in America. Showers of fiery meteors had been observed to fall on a certain day in November in two succeeding years, and in the following year on the same day of the month, there was a repetition of the phenomenon on a scale which has never been witnessed before since. I was, says a South Carolina planter, suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy, I could hear from most of the negroes on three plantations amounting in all to about six or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause I heard a faint voice near the door calling, my name. I rose and taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, "O, my God, the world is on fire!" I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me most—the awfulness of the scene or the distressed cries of the negroes. Upwards of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, but with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful, for never did I run tall much thicker than the meteors fell towards the earth, east, west, north, and south, it was the same." All these meteors seemed to emerge from a particular part of the heavens, near a brilliant globe of fire, which remained visible during the entire display. Similar globes, many of them of immense magnitude, but travelling with great velocity were likewise seen, one in particular, which is described as

having an apparent diameter exceeding that of the moon at the full.

Many of these meteors left long trains of various coloured light behind them, which in some cases did not disappear for several minutes. These larger bodies, no doubt, passed through the earth's atmosphere or they would not have become luminous, but it would seem that their distance from the earth was so great that, combined with the velocity with which they moved in their orbit, the attraction of our planet was insufficient to draw them to its surface, while, as regards the lesser bodies, the intensity of the heat generated in them by the rapidity with which they traversed our atmosphere reduced them to ashes, and they only reached us in the form of dust as in the instance related by Pierre Le Feuillie, who says that a shower of sand fell on the Atlantic for fifteen hours, and others might be mentioned of this kind in addition to those recorded by Sagesse and Geoffroy le Cidre the former of whom tells us that a shower of powdered sulphur fell at Brunswick in 1721, and the latter that a shower of fiery particles fell at Queneoy on the 4th of January 1717. Some of these comets which have been seen to pass through the higher regions of our atmosphere, have been of such enormous magnitude that, if they had descended upon the earth in an unbroken state, they must have caused great local damage, even if their volume were insufficient to affect the inclination of the axis of the earth. There was one instance supposed to have been at least five hundred thousand tons in weight, which passed within twenty five miles of us, and others have been seen to pass us at a higher elevation, immensely exceeding this in dimensions. Probably it was a meteor of this kind which the Arab historians describe as having fallen in India just previous to the visitation of the frightful epidemic spoken of as the Black Death, which went far towards depopulating the world. Indeed they recorded the fall of this meteor as giving rise to the pestilence, for they said it either generated or was accompanied by a foul vapour which poisoned the air for miles round, and killed innumerable persons.

It would seem that the Creator of the universe has provided a shield for the protection of his creatures from evils which are not inevitable results of their own wickedness or folly. We do not remember any instance on record in which an explosion did not take place before the globe revolved the earth by which it was blown harmless to pieces, some of the fragments reaching the earth at different points, others, and these probably the larger portions, continuing their revolutions through space. An extraordinary instance of a series of such explosions was observed in France, which was subsequently made the subject of an inquiry by a commission under the direction of M. Biot. The explosions were preceded by the appearance of a huge ball of fire seen over nearly the whole of Normandy. Then, for five or six minutes, they followed each other

with great rapidity, and such loudness that they were heard all over a circle about sixty leagues in diameter. They appeared to come from a brilliant cloud. An emission of a vapour resembling smoke followed each explosion. This was at mid-day, in an almost cloudless sky, and immediately after the first explosion, and during the whole time they lasted, an immense number of aërolites fell to the ground with a hissing noise. Nearly three thousand of these were afterwards picked up, the largest of which weighed over seventeen pounds.

It is not possible to give a positive answer to the question: Why is the fall of an aërolite always preceded by an explosion? Generally there is a single explosion, but this is not invariably the case, as we have just mentioned one instance in which there was a succession. Almost simultaneously with the report, the aërolite strikes the earth. Whenever this has occurred in the presence of a spectator, it has always been found that the stone was exceedingly hot. The mass of meteoric iron which was dug out of the ground at a village in the Punjab, was almost too hot to be touched, though it had penetrated to a considerable depth in the earth, and some time must have elapsed between its fall and the arrival of the officer of the district on the spot. This mass was sent to the emperor, who directed it to be made into a sabre, knife, and dagger. Heat was likewise very sensible in the case of the stone which fell at Ensisheim on the 7th of November, 1492, though it had to be dug out of the earth from a depth of between five and six feet. This stone was placed in the church at that place by order of the Emperor Maximilian, where it may still be seen; the French, who carried it off to Paris during the Revolution, having subsequently returned it to the place whence they had taken it, minus a fragment retained for the museum of the Jardin des Plantes. One tremendous explosion was said to have accompanied the fall of this meteoric stone, and the same was the case with that, weighing fifty-six pounds, which fell near Captain Topham's house in Yorkshire, descending perpendicularly to the earth, and burying itself in the chalk beneath the surface soil. I can myself vouch for one instance where, at the conclusion of the most terrific thunder-storm I ever witnessed, a tremendous explosion was accompanied by the fall of a number of fragments of an aërolite within a few yards of the house in which I was sitting. Some of these I kept in my possession.

One of the objections formerly urged against the assertion that these meteoric stones fell from the atmosphere, was the fact that they were sometimes found on the surface of the earth. Pallas describes an immense mass of meteoric iron he met with on a slate mountain in Siberia, and few of the thousands who have visited the British Museum can have failed to notice a mass of a similar kind lying on the floor in the mineral department, which, though it weighs over four-

teen hundred pounds, is not a tithe of that from which it was separated, and which is still lying on the plain of Otumba, in Buenos Ayres.

That these aërolites do as a rule penetrate the earth, we have now ample evidence, and there may be special reasons why in the cases just mentioned such enormous masses did penetrate so slightly. I suppose that the larger the mass of meteoric iron, the softer it will be when it comes in contact with the earth; moreover, the force of the collision will be affected by the height at which the explosion takes place. That these masses really fell from the atmosphere, I believe nobody competent to speak on the subject will now attempt to deny; there is the indisputable evidence of identity of composition between them and those aërolites which have fallen in the presence of witnesses. Nowhere in mines has iron ever been discovered in a pure state, but only in the condition of ore. Aërolites are chiefly composed of pure iron, to which are added in small, but slightly varying proportions, nickel, cobalt, sulphur, zinc, silica, and magnesia.

How far this uniformity of constitution may be affected, or produced by fusion in the atmosphere, and the probable presence of electricity drawn up with the vapours about the equator to descend again at the pole, we do not know. That they become incandescent in passing through our atmosphere, we have seen in hundreds of instances quite recently, and the explanation of this is given by the rapidity with which they traverse it, varying according to estimation, from eighteen to forty miles a second. The lowest of these rates would be sufficient to raise the temperature of the mass to a degree we can hardly realise. This exceeding vividness to a certain extent accounts for the different versions that are given of the apparent size of the remarkable fire-ball, seen on the night of the 4th of last March: the eyes of different individuals not being affected alike by strongly luminous objects. This most remarkable meteor was visible over the greater part of England, as well as on the Continent. Dr. Heis, of the Royal Academy of Munster, has given a complete description of it; and, as he is a professor of astronomy, it may be inferred that his account is less likely to be exaggerated than that of an unscientific observer. He says that in a clear bright sky, every object near him was suddenly lighted up by a fire-ball, apparently about the size of the moon when at the full. The time during which it was visible, he estimates at from three to six seconds, the speed at which it moved at forty-seven miles a second, and its actual diameter nearly fourteen hundred feet. Its brilliancy remarkably dazzling, and its motion attended with a hissing noise. Thus it may be inferred that the professor is not far wrong in his estimate, that it approached within seventeen miles of the earth, and that its volume was as enormous as he computes it. The long trail of

light, the appearance of which is differently described by different observers, was probably nothing more than the ordinary effect produced on the retina of the eye by the passage of a luminous body.

A similar phenomenon to the preceding was witnessed on the 5th of December last. The description given of it by many persons who saw it, is that of a ball of fire of intense brilliancy, which threw such a strong light, that one who saw it in the country says it was equal to that of the moon when at the full. There are some discrepancies in what has been published with respect to the appearance it presented. Apart from the apparent magnitude, which is estimated from four times that of Jupiter to about half the size of the full moon, one describes it as followed by a luminous train; another, that it scattered sparks as it went; a third, that just before disappearing, it threw off several balls of a red colour; and a fourth, that it vanished in an explosion.

The hypotheses which have been suggested to explain the origin of these wonderful phenomena are various. Some thought meteoric stones must have been ejected from volcanoes on the earth; but this was very quickly disposed of, by showing that it was impossible, from the absence of any volcano from which they could have been expelled within many miles of the place where they have fallen. Others supposed they might have been thrown out from volcanoes in the moon; but this hypothesis was likewise considered to be destroyed by the objection that during all the ages through which the moon has been observed, no visible change has taken place on her surface, though the evidence of violent volcanic action at some long distant period is distinct enough, if we examine her with a telescope. It was then suggested that they were generated in the atmosphere by the action of electricity; but, inasmuch as the atmosphere does not contain the materials of which they are composed, in any shape, this hypothesis is not worth consideration. Another supposition is, that an infinite number of masses of matter, of all sizes, move round the sun in an orbit which closely approaches that of the earth at the two opposite points which our planet passes through in August and November. There is much that is plausible and probable in the idea that at least a portion of the meteoric stones which reach the earth, are of lunar origin; that they may have been discharged from the moon ages ago; and that they have gradually been drawn so near the earth, that their orbital motion was overcome, and they dropped down upon its surface. But scamed and scorred as the moon evidently is by prolonged volcanic action, the enormous number of fragments of matter which have been seen to pass through our atmosphere seems to disprove the notion that they could all have come from this source; and we are disposed to believe that the greater portion are the smaller fragments of a

great planet moving between Mars and Jupiter, which, having exploded, is visibly represented by the asteroids. Indeed, if it be admitted that these roving planets moving in such eccentric orbits are merely the fragments of what was once a great whole, it would hardly be possible to dispute that the catastrophe which gave rise to them must at the same time have dispersed through space an innumerable quantity of fragments of lesser size, down even to the particles which, from their having reached the surface of our globe in the form of reddish-coloured dust, have given rise to the oft-repeated reports of its having rained blood. But the only real conclusion we can arrive at, is, that we know no more of the origin of meteoric stones, than we do of the origin of the globe on which we live.

FLORIMEL.

I.

THE night is quiet, this New Year's Eve,
Lull'd in a trance of snow and rime;
For a sighing wind, that seems to grieve
Before the path of the coming time,
Is rather a silence than a sound,—
Or, at most, the voice of the great profound
Of darkness closing half-way round
This orb of earth. And I who sit
In my curtain'd study, harkening it,
By my study fire companionless,
Will send my own voice sighing out
From the haunted dark of an old distress,
Ere yet, in the stormy swirl and shout
Of the bells that clash from every side,
We kiss the lips of the infant Year:
For my heart this night is open'd wide,
And the wind of verse is rising there.

I lift the heavy coffin-lid
From the sweet dead face of the sad dead Past,
Where it lies all white and still amid
The dust which the stealthy years have cast
On the graves of all things. Ah, how fast,
In the kindling breath of love and pain,
The buried time grows warm again,
And arises living, and speaks to us,
As we speak to it! Behold how thus
From death to life comes Florimel,
The light of her love and loveliness
Just shadow'd with awful distance.—Well!
If I saw her not with the inner eye,
I should feel her presence none the less
In the quick, electric, vital nerves,—
In the quivering blood,—in the heart that swerves
From its natural course,—she standing by.

Once more I behold the face of her
Whose actions all had the character
Of an inexpressible charm express'd;
Whose movements flow'd from a centre of rest,
And whose rest was that of a swallow, rife
With the instinct of reposing life;
Whose mirth had a sadness all the while
It sparkled and laugh'd, and whose sadness lay
In the heaven of such a crystal smile
That you long'd to travel the self-same way
To the brightness of sorrow. For round her breath'd
A grace like that of the general air,
Which softens the sharp extremes of things,
And connects by its subtle, invisible stair

The lowest and highest. She interweav'd
Her mortal obscurity with so much light
Of the world untrisen, that angel's wings
Could hardly have given her greater right
To float in the winds of the infinite.

And she came on me like a swift surprise,
Making the old earth born anew
Out of prophetic dawn, as through
Those incised windows of the eyes
The souls of us look'd forth, and kiss'd
Suddenly, deeply, darkly : then
Each of the other's being guess'd
The central thought, there lying blest
Beyond the reach of vulgar ken.
What need of words, which are but faint
Colours in which we poorly paint
The eternal flame within, when ray
Mingles with ray, and shoots direct
Into the broad celestial day ?
Yet Love, grown human, must affect
Our brittle human speech ; and I
Sought by the weak infirmity
Of words to prove the truth of what
My innermost nature doubted not ;
And at those words the vision died.

She answer'd, not with scorn or pride,
But rather with sorrowful ruth and awe,
That, gazing into the distance, saw
The Yes of the heart unaffixed
By the stern, awaiting Future. So
'Twere better that each alone should go
Through the desolate stretch of arid sand,
Than find at once the blissful land,
Only to faint on the slopes, and bleed
In the midst of the unpluck'd roses. Strange
That my eyes were blind, and could not read
In *hers*, that would so quickly range
From bright to dim, the cause of this
Her faltering answer ! For indeed,—
As a planet out of the vast abyss
Comes with its golden blush suffused,
And, trembling ever with love and fear,
Withdraws itself to the finer sphere
Of heaven's interior ecstasies,—
She faded, smiling, like one unused
To earth ; and as, for a little space,
The planet renews its shining grace,
And glows on the verge of the utmost dark,
She kindled at times (though I did not mark
The changes *then*) with a light of life,
Whereat I marvel I did not weep.

No hope ! Yet ever within the strife
Of the common world I vow'd to keep
The thought of her as a central calm,
Refreshing myself with the sacred balm
Of a passion doubly full and deep
From the added sorrow. This I hold,—
That a true affection grows not cold
Because the sun has left its sky,
But all the night-time warms it by
Its own immortal heat and strength,
Being to its darkness sun and moon
And star ; and knowing that at length
Desire of good, whatever says Nay,
Fulfills itself, by some rough way
Reaching its Eden, though it swoon.

But still she faded with patient look ;
And, as in a suddenly open'd book,
I read the peril that lay in wait
For the life of my life ; read thus late
The truth, and felt relief almost

When I saw stand off from the English coast
The ship that bore her, all its sails
Set for the soft Italian gales,
That visit the delicate shore of Nice
From leagues of sunlit sea and pease.
—Fair blow the warm winds over the sea,
And bright may the lovely country be
Where the winter spares the myrtle-tree,—
Divine for ever ; but most of all
When she by its magic breaks the thrall
That keeps her heart from the heart of me !

II.

Month after month pursued its course,
Bringing me news which I perforce
Accepted as comfort, though I felt
The spirit of sadness lived throughout.
And thus, in a wrestle of hope and doubt,
I saw the spring in the summer melt,
And the airy flush of summer pass
Into the autumn's heavier mass.
October had touch'd the skies with grey,
And the year was sad with its hastening death ;
But the west wind breath'd a balmy breath,
And the leaves were thick on bough and spray,
As I sat at my window, and watch'd the day
Wane into the grave, still afternoon,
And heard in a kind of waking dream
The distant brook, and the air asworn
In the branchy trees. Some warning gleam
Of the imminent fact struck through me when
A letter, not from *her* dear pen,
Came to me out of the weary South.—
Oh, shaking hand ! oh, clammy mouth !
Oh, eyes eclips'd in a sudden fear !
Oh, heart consumed in frightful drouth !
I durst not read what's written here !
No border and no seal of black,
Yet all—all black with fatal dead !
Oh, God, absorb me ! smite me back
'To naught ! I read—I read it !—

Dead !

Ah, now I see in rainy light
Of *his* her answer growing white
With new translucence ! Not for her
To feel a husband's fondness stir
Around her heart, where Death had set
His standard while its bloom was wet
With dew of the April morning. She,
Fanning her face away from me,
Could bear to droop, but could not bear
To see the husband's mute despair ;
Perhaps to leave, before she die,
The sweet and dreadful legacy
Of a small failing life,—a child
Declining, piteously mild,
To its young grave. Ah, bitter fate !
For Love's sake, Love denies its mate !
Yet clearer than noon's full garishness
Are the nights on which such dawns arise,
And sweeter the gall of such distress
Than the honey of most felicities.

III.

The sudden New Year bells burst in,
Trampling the dark with fiery din.
I start, and find myself once more
Wreck'd on the Present's craggy shore.
—The Year is dead, the Year is born :
It is the tender time, and sweet,
When, pinned 'twixt the night and morn,
The Year we grieve and the Year we greet

• Touch for an instant over the gloom,
And the dead thoughts and the living meet.
Oh, clamour of bells, sweep into my room!
Out of the midnight pulse and swell!
And do not simply ring the knell
Of the buried days and the buried dead,
For I sit with the spirit of Florimel!
For I sit with the soul that has not fled
Forth from this soul of mine, nor will;
• And as once we heard in the air o'erhead
The iron tongues in the steeples tell
That a Year had come, a Year had sped,
So now,—by the heart's deep miracle.

Dear love! dear ghost! dear memory!
Beam of the light that does not die!
Now, while we hear the eddying chimè
Which marks the solemn season set,
Like the sword-sharp bridge of Mahomet,
Between the Past and the Future time,
Do we not vibrate each to each?
Yes. Though the senses may not reach
Beyond the graveyard's barren wall,
And although we often grope and fall,
And see no opening, clear or dim,
Along the horizon's cruel rim,—
Thank God that across the shoals and sands
Of this perilous life, which is but death,
We feel at times with a catching breath
The wind that comes from the outer main—
From the sea that bathes the larger lands
Where the soul may grow and perfect itself,
Having space to beat its wings, and attain
To the sum of its being broad and high;
Not cramped as now on the narrow shelf
Of its undevelop'd capacity.
—All might be more than any are;
Our natures languish, incomplete;
Something obtuse in this our star
Shackles the spirits' winged feet:
But a glory moves us from afar,
And we know that we are strong and fleet.
And I know, oh Florimel, I know
That I can wait, and nowise fail,
Until from the ship that delivers me
(The ship that hoists no mortal sail)
I see the coast-line dropping low,
And hear the long wind breathe and blow
In the Year that is and is to be.

BEN'S BEAR.

THIRTY years ago, my father, a half-pay captain, emigrated to Lower Canada. He bought a farm in the vicinity of Stanstead, where he settled with a family of three boys and as many girls. There were too many of us for his means in England, where boys often cost more than they are worth—and possibly this is sometimes true of girls. Brother Ben was nineteen when we went into the bush: a brave boy, and a good leader for his younger brothers, and a good protector for his sisters, who were younger still.

We had a log-house, as most settlers had then, to begin with. It was quite an aristocratic edifice for that region, having three large rooms, while most log-houses had but two rooms, and many but one. It was coiled with hemlock bark, smooth side towards the rooms, for we were to

spend one winter in it. We moved to our "opening" the first of May, and had the summer before us. We were full of spirit and hope. A new country and a new life, with all before you to conquer, and the consciousness of strength to make the conquest, is a constant inspiration.

Ben's bear was his first winning in the game which he had set himself to play with the wild nature of the woods. I was then ten years old, and that bear is the one thing that stands out most clearly in the dim distance of thirty years ago. Ben had shot the mother bear, and the same ball that killed her, killed one of her cubs; the other he brought home in his bosom. "Poor little fellow," he said, "he is too young to mourn for his mother, and I intend to be a mother to him." And he kept his word.

The small beast slept with Ben, always laying his nose over Ben's shoulder. He grew apacc; I used to think we could see him grow. He was very fond of milk and butter, and he ate bread and milk, and mush and milk, with avidity. During the first winter, his was a numbed sort of half life. In the early spring he was a happy bear, going everywhere with his master, and only miserable if he lost sight of him. He was entirely obedient to my brother, and always woke him in the morning. As my father was about to build a frame-house, he sent Ben to buy material of a man who had a sawmill in the next town. This was Bruin's first affliction, for he could not accompany his master. Ben stole away from him, and when the bear knew that he was gone, he began a search for him. He went to my brother's bed, and, beginning at the head, inserted his nose under the sheets and blankets, and came out at the foot; then he turned, and reversed the process. This strange search he would keep up by the hour, if he were not shut out of the room. He took possession of his master's clothes and other belongings, and used them so roughly, still seeking for their owner—inserting himself into legs of trousers and sleeves of coats—that my mother locked everything in a wardrobe. Nothing of Ben's was left out, except a large folio Bible, which rested on the top of the wardrobe, six or seven feet from the floor. Up this, the bear contrived to climb, and taking the Bible in a tender embrace, he curled himself up, and dropped to the floor with it. My mother attempted to take it from him, but for the first time he showed fight. Many blows from the broomstick were administered, but the bear held fast to the book, and my mother came off second best from the contest. This was fatal to her authority, as we discovered afterwards.

When Ben came back, the bear's joy knew no bounds. He lost his love for the sacred volume, and had no care what became of it. He showed his disrespect for my mother by taking the butter from the tea-table and eating it before her eyes. Ben gave him a drubbing for the robbery, and he submitted to Ben's authority, but butter and honey, and sweets of all kinds, were appropriated, if Ben were not at hand to enforce good behaviour. My mother was very unhappy, between

her love for Ben, and her fear of Bruin. She grew miserably afraid of the bear, and, what was worse, the bear knew it. She complained to Ben; but he only said, "Mother, you have only to be resolute with him. Ellen can drive him away from the table, because she is not afraid of him."

"But I am afraid of him," said my mother, "and I think he will do me harm yet."

"Give him a taste of a hot poker, mother, and I'll answer for him afterwards."

"I would not try it for the world," said my mother.

The bear had his own way very completely, till a circumstance occurred which resulted more favourably for the peace of the family than my mother's mild remonstrances. We had a neighbour, a Mr. Bennett, who had a very lovely daughter of seventeen. Ben fell in love with her, as in duty bound, she being the prettiest girl in the New World. He had been unable to get any clue to her sentiments towards him. She had spent a considerable portion of the past year with a married sister in Stanstead, and Ben and the brother-in-law being friends, it was there my brother had seen her. Her coolness towards him was a great torment to an impulsive lover. I believe Ben would have served seven years merely to know how she regarded him. At last he lapsed into a state so unhappy and anxious that even his bear could not comfort him. About this time Alice Bennett came home to remain, and in neighbourly kindness, she, and a younger sister, came to visit us. She had never seen Ben's bear, and did not even know of its existence. Ben shut Bruin into his bedroom in compliment to our guests, and the afternoon passed pleasantly to all but the prisoner. When the time came for Alice and her sister to go home, my brother and I prepared to bear them company through the woods to their opening. Ben incautiously opened his bedroom for his bat, never thinking of Bruin, and came running to catch us. The liberated bear ran after his master, and jumped for joy upon him, hugging him after the manner of bears. Alice turned and saw Ben in the (to her) terrible embrace. She shrieked as a girl with a good voice only can shriek, but instead of running away, she rushed up to my brother, and tried to help him like a brave girl, crying, "Dear, dear Ben, you will be killed."

My brother threw off the beast, and caught the fainting Alice to his glad heart, saying, "Dear Alice, he is a tame bear, do not be afraid."

The poor girl looked like a broken white lily, she was so frightened at herself and the bear. She could hardly realise that the bear was harmless, and she was ashamed of having been betrayed into such an avowal of a tenderness for Ben. When she recovered her wits, she said, "O, I'll never come here again."

"Indeed you will," said Ben. "I'll banish Bruin, or imprison him, or do anything you wish."

It was surprising how clear-sighted Ben became regarding faults on the bear's part that he had heretofore made light of. My mother had

no need to complain of stolen butter, or a highway robbery of honey on its way from the pantry to the tea-table. Ben suddenly discovered that his pet was a nuisance. "I don't see how you have borne with him so long, mother," he said, in the most considerate manner, when he had taken a plum-pudding from a plate in my mother's hands, and had made his way to the woods with it.

"I am glad you saw him take it," said my mother.

"He must have a prison," said Ben.

And so it came to pass that the poor bear was chained, in the centre of the space that had been cleared and levelled for our new house, with the light surveyor's chain used to measure land. The bear immediately described a circle, limited by the length of his chain, which he walked over, turning a somersault always at one point, and only stopping to eat, or pay attention to Ben, if he came in his vicinity. Why he inaugurated this particular and peculiar exercise I am unable to say, but I have often noticed a tame bear keep up the circle and the somersault hour after hour, and day after day. He did not tug at his chain, nor quarrel with it, as we poor mortals do with chains, but apparently accepted it as a provision of Ben's superior wisdom. This view of the case, if he took it, was sure to be abandoned at bedtime, when he would inevitably break his chain, to get into his master's bedroom. His indomitable desire to lie on the foot of Ben's bed, or to hug an old vest under it, was sure to make him break away from any breakable restraint. Therefore a prison was made for him. It was made of small logs, "cobbed up:" that is, the ends notched with an axe, and the end of a log fitted into each notch. The roof was of boards destined for the new house, held in place by heavy stones. The first night the poor beast occupied his new den, he raised the boards in his struggle to get out, impelled by the desire to seek his master. He got his head out, and then hung by his neck, and so was choked to death. I shed some tears for him, and my mother rejoiced. I think Ben was not very sorry. Under other circumstances he would have mourned for the loss of his sublimely ugly pet; but he had a new and life-long pet in prospect—perhaps many other pets after that—and he had no need of, and no place for, a bear.

ON THE SOUTH COAST.

If I want to taste the very essence of early English history, I betake me to the southern counties of our island, and more especially to those parts which border on the Channel. At Dover I behold the cliffs and beach where the great Cæsar came with his Roman legions, and his eagles that had glittered in the sunlight of half the countries on the globe. Round the eastern corner of Kent, where Thanet juts into the sea, and North Foreland and South Foreland ruffle the waters, to the great anguish of cockney

voyagers like myself, all is Saxon to the backbone: names of places, names of people, blue eyes and ruddy cheeks, grey churches with the moss about their stones, old villages with the lichens on their roofs. I forget that any alien Italians ever held rule here, and think only of Hengist and Horsa at the head of their Norsemen, or of Rowena weaving the meshes of her charms round British Vortigern. In Sussex, I recal the days when the Normans and the Anglo-Norman Plantagenets, with their mailed warriors and mitred abbots, kept the Saxon churls in subjection, and fattened on the heritage they had won. Here, on the sea-shore, is Pevensey, where the Conqueror landed on that memorable September day eight hundred years ago, and, falling on the sand, filled the minds of his followers with gloomy omens, till William Fitz-Osbert, the duke's steward, exclaimed that the incident was a favourable token, for that their leader had "embraced England with both his hands." Here, to the eastward, is Hastings, where the invader made his proclamation to the English people, giving his reasons for claiming the crown; there, to the north, lies Battle, where the great struggle took place, and the ruins of the old abbey which rose in pious recognition of the victory yet remain in the heart of their wooded hills. Westward is Lewes, where the rebellious barons of the reign of Henry the Third laid the foundations of English liberty, as was set forth in these columns more than a year ago,* and all about the downs, and the woodlands, and the long marshes, and the sweet grassy meadows, and the hills that are blown by the salt breath of the sea, are many spots of historic interest, where the nobles wrangled and the monks and friars feasted in the far mediæval days.

One might learn much of "our rough island story" by merely travelling from town to town in this county of Sussex, visiting the ancient relics, and looking up the traditions. Rye would tell us of the reign of Stephen, when William de Ypres, Earl of Kent, built Ypres Tower, now used as a jail; of Queen Elizabeth, who gave to the town church its communion table and its clock, both said to have been taken from the Spanish Armada; and of the attacks on the coast made by the French in 1377 and 1448. Winchelsea, with its sand-choked harbour and its decayed prosperity, would speak mournfully of the time when the waves came up to its feet, bringing with them the commerce of distant lands, after having engulfed the old city that had been founded by the Romans. Arundel Castle carries us back to the age of Alfred, and even into the core of old English legendary romance, for the sometime warder was no less a man than the giant Bevis of Hampton; and yet the very same stones are eloquent of the great "war of ideas" in the seventeenth century, when the

fortress was twice taken within two months—first by the Royalists, and afterwards by the Parliamentarians. The ruins of Pevensey Castle, reposing slumberously in their wide tract of marshland, amidst the flat green meadows, the long meandering dykes, and the countless herds of sleepy-eyed cattle, is a very incrustation of history, from the era of the Romans, who built the outer walls, to that of the Normans, who reared the inner towers, and so down the grand expanse of our later annals to comparatively recent times, with many a story of war and festival, and woful imprisonment of kings and queens and princes. Along the coast, from Beachey Head to Selsey Bill, and for miles inland, the soil is thickly strewn with Saxon and Norman antiquities; and the sight of the coast guardsmen, lounging about with the inseparable telescope under the left arm, will remind us of the period when a guard was needed for something more than anti-smuggling purposes—viz. for the protection of the maritime towns and villages from the ravages of piratical Frenchmen and Spaniards. Past these coasts, in the summer of 1588, sailed the Great Armada which was to make us all vassals of his Most Catholic Majesty and the Pope; and many an anxious eye must have looked seaward from the coast towns and headlands at the slow passage of that portentous cloud upon the waters. More than two centuries earlier—in 1350—the Spaniards were encountered not far from Winchelsea by an English fleet under the command of Edward the Third in person, and were beaten, with the loss of fourteen ships; during the progress of which action, gentle Philippa was staying at William de Echyngham's house at Udmore, trembling for the safety of her lord and children, the more so as her attendants, who had watched the battle from the hills, told her that the Spaniards had forty large ships. You can scarcely mention a single town or village along the coast, but you find traditions of the place having been sacked and harried several times by the French and Spaniards. In 1545, a party of marauders belonging to the former nation made a descent on Seaford, with a view to advancing on Lewes, but were repulsed by a gentleman of that town, named Sir Nicholas Pelham; concerning whom and his feat of arms, a punning epitaph-writer composed this couplet:

What time the French sought to have sack't Seaford,
This Pelham did repel 'em back aboard.

A French army landed at Rottingdean in 1377, and marched over the downs towards Lewes, but were defeated, and obliged to take to their ships again. Winchelsea, Rye, Hastings, Brighthelmston, and Newhaven, have all at various times felt the fury of these maritime assaults; and even as late as 1690, a French squadron caused great alarm all along the Sussex coast, and fired into Hastings. We who have inherited the traditions of the times of Rodney

* Vol. viii. page 184.

and Nelson can hardly understand our southern coast lying at the mercy of a naval power which we have long known to be vastly inferior to us at sea. And it is equally difficult to picture these tranquil ports and inland villages, and these breadths of pastoral uplands, where the crops grow and ripen undisturbed, as the scene of clamorous battle, rapine, and incendiarism. The little village of Rottingdean, for instance—who can fancy it in the hands of a savage enemy? Of all quiet places it is surely the quietest. The waves strike against the cavernous white cliffs, and now and then the south wind must come with a roar from sea; but those are the only ungente sounds it knows. Go there on a Sunday morning, when all the people are in the quaint old Norman church, sealed apart on a little knoll of rising ground, and you may think it is the very Sabbath of creation, such a balmy silence steepens the houses and the billowy land beyond, especially if it be about the harvest season, when Nature seems to hush the babbling voices of the spring and summer, and the winds themselves are tranquil. A drowsy place, whose dwellings have caught the ripened red of many vanished summers; whose roofs are painted with the rusty gold of lichens that have sprung from the kisses of last century's rain and sun; whose silvery-grey flint walls dividing field from field are touched with the sunny flicker of invading moss. An enchanted place, you might almost say, haunted for ever by harmonies of winds and waves, visited by delicate influences from sea and land; in front a wide expanse of many-tinted waters, and round about long slopes of corn-bearing fields, across which, and up the high green hills, and over the fair nestling hollows, the chime of the church bells floated this Sunday morning in undulating cadence; hamlet calling to hamlet in that community of worship. Who can think of the French pouring like a tempest through this peaceful nook?

But the centre of our South Coast memories is certainly Hastings. We date a new epoch of English history from that little town. The great event connected with Hastings changed our destinies as a country, modified our national character, revolutionised our language, founded our aristocratical system, and inaugurated the long era of feudality. The chivalrous pageant of our mediæval annals takes its start from that sea-side borough. When I observe the young gentlemen in wide-awakes, and the young ladies in cavalier hats, lounging on the beach, I feel inclined to tell them that they are like Madeline in the Eve of St. Agnes, who went to sleep "in lap of legends old." They are frolicking and flirting like so many infants in the lap of venerable mother History. The younger ones, when they go back to school, will have a more vivid and personal idea of Norman William and Saxon Harold from having trodden the ground which felt the shock of their contending forces. Wonderful is the magic which lies in actual contact with memorable spots. Pericles is

less a dream to those who have seen the Acropolis; and the Cæsars live once more to him who wanders among the ruins of Imperial Rome. There are parts of Hastings which, though undoubtedly much more modern than the eleventh century, are yet old enough not to contradict the sentiment of antiquity. The town that existed at the time of the Conquest has been almost entirely swallowed up by the sea; but "the new town" is now in itself old—at least, many parts of it are. Quitting the more fashionable localities, and penetrating into the back streets, you find yourself in a region of ancient houses, reared on different levels, and over-peering cue another, like wizen old elf-men playing at bo-peep; with pathways before them so much higher than the road, and so utterly unprotected by chains or posts, that, on going home at night, you must look out sharp for your neck; with bits of the old town wall breaking in here and there in an utterly unreasonable manner; with the ruins of the castle (which has been decaying for the last six hundred years, or more) on the summit of the West Hill; with flint-built churches, scathed by the fire of the French in centuries gone by, yet standing up bravely, large, massive, and crumbling; and with a background of craggy cliffs, like an impending avalanche. A rough and angry coast has Hastings; and the sea, time after time, has eaten its way into the land, tearing down almost the whole site of the original town, and defying every attempt to reconstruct the pier destroyed by a great storm in the early part of Elizabeth's reign. The ruins of that pier may still be seen at low water, and its importance to the town, as forming a harbour of refuge for merchants and fishermen, is testified by a royal proclamation, bearing date the 31st of October, 1578, wherein we read that since the carrying away of the pier by the extreme rage and violence of the sea, "the town is much decayed, the traffique of merchants thither forsaken, the fishing, by reason of the dangerous landing, but little used, the riche and wealthy men gone thence, and the poore men yet remaining would gladly doe the like, if without offence of our lawes they might be elsewhere received, whereby our people are likely to perishe, and our said port likely to be subverted, and become desolate, or els the people there by necessitie driven to commit great and heynous offences, to the great hindrance of the public weale, unless some speedie remedie be for them provided." The object of the proclamation was to empower certain of the local gentry to collect voluntary subscriptions for the construction of a new pier. The attempt was made, and renewed over and over again in Elizabeth's and subsequent reigns; but the sea was too strong for the engineers, or the subscriptions failed, or the commissioners embezzled the funds, or some other unlucky accident occurred, and frustrated the plan. Thus Hastings, from having been a place of no small commerce and of some political importance (even possessing a mint in the days of Saxon

Arbelstan), became little better than a poor fishing village, till Dr. Baillie, at the latter end of last century, found out the advantage of its warm equable air for his consumptive patients, and so turned the famished little town into a fashionable watering-place.

The Hastings fishermen, who, with their families, number about three thousand persons, have long borne a high reputation for being excellent seamen; but at one time they also possessed a character of a more questionable sort. They were great smugglers, and desperate fellows enough in an encounter with the revenue cutters. In very early times they seem to have been downright pirates, sparing neither foreign nor English vessels, and exciting such terror that, on entering any port, it was usual for the authorities there to hold up a hatchet, as a sign of hostility—a custom which is said to be continued even to this day in some of our western harbours. Every now and then, a number of these marauders were strung up, as an example to the rest; but they were a reckless set of men, and went their way all the same. At the present time they are a peculiar race, with a physiognomy distinct from that of their townfellows, attributable partly to their often intermarrying among themselves, partly to their having, of old, in their wild raids on the French coast, chosen wives among the women there. Many a pretty bit of corsair romance, I doubt not, might have been picked out of the family records of these men, had any been kept; stories of love and adventure, with the smack of the briny wind in them, and the bloom of a certain chivalrous tenderness suffusing the reckless savagery, as good as ever were told of Barbary pirates or South American buccaniers. It is curious to find how the same families continue from generation to generation in the same calling, as the descendants of the exiled French Protestants are still weaving with their old hand-loom in the attics of Bethnal-green and Spitalfields. When, in 1586, the government of Queen Elizabeth were preparing to defend the country from the anticipated descent of the Spaniards, a return was sent in from Hastings of the ships that could be supplied by that port, with the names of their masters and of all the able-bodied mariners under them; and this document (which is preserved in the State Paper Office) contains a great many names that exist to this hour among the boatmen. Two of them I have myself observed about the town over shop doors—two patronymics remarkable for their jingling oddity; to wit, Bossum and Cossum. And this reminds me of a good story of the said names told by Leigh Hunt in a letter to one of his daughters; and published in the *Correspondence* (1862). The writer, referring to a sojourn at Hastings in his early life, says that “a Mr. Bossum used to visit our landlord, or a Mr. Cossum, I forget which, and there was a shopkeeper at the entrance of the town, whose name was the *other* of the two names, whichever that was; and Hastings had then a vile high-

pavement on one side of the street, very fit to break people's necks; and you must know there was a pianoforte in the house; and so I used to thump the pianoforte to a threatening air, and sing the following words, the absurdity of which has made me remember them:

If the people of Hastings don't mend this vile street,
I'll Bossum and Cossum, and kick all I meet.

There was another couplet; but, having more sense in it I suppose, it has slipped my memory.” As I have already intimated, the “vile street” is as “fit to break people's necks” as ever; and Bossum and Cossum still hold their own. May the bearers of those famous names increase and multiply, and may the shadows of their craft upon the waters never be less!

I am told in the guide-books that Mr. Banks, of Bleak House, Hastings, has made sundry observations with reference to the atmospherical influences of the town and neighbourhood, from which it results that “the ‘cloudy fine’ days number 46; the ‘cloudy,’ 52; the ‘fine-rain,’ 42; and the ‘cloudy-rain,’ 30.5; while the ‘rainy’ days only amount to nine in the year. From this it is evident that the number of days on which the invalid cannot get out on account of the weather is very few; and those on which he may enjoy the rays of the sun are 280. To these must be added 52 which are dry though overcast; hence there are 332 days on which a person may enjoy a walk.” I have no doubt this calculation is perfectly correct; yet I cannot help calling to mind a day which must have been one of those exceptional nine—a day of perpetual, of inveterate, rain—a day when the air seemed made of rain, and the house fronts were soaked and blotchy, and the very sea looked wet with a wetness not its own. I had dropped down on Hastings for a few hours, and, having no lodgings to go to, and not a soul in the place that I could call on, was obliged to divide my time between a bar-parlour and forlorn perambulations through the sloppy streets. I glanced from time to time out of the said bar-parlour windows, and tried to draw hopeful auguries from the scud of the clouds; but it rained with a gloomy pertinacity. I sallied forth, and looked at the old churches and the old houses; and it rained. I returned to shelter and to speculation on the skyey portents; and it rained. I effected a sortie towards the castle walls, and saw a high hill, and a grim circumvallation on the top, and a leaden sky on the top of that; and the rain. Once more I beat back to quarters, and in savage mood heaped sundry maledictions on all connected with Hastings, from the time of William the Conqueror downwards; with special and intensified application to certain cooks and waiters who had still further embittered my fate by serving me with an execrable dinner. And it rained. In short, it was just such a day as that which Mr. Longfellow describes in some dismal verses, when “it rained, and the wind was never weary;” though I was very soon

weary of seeing the one and hearing the other. Hastings was assuredly in one of those fits of ill-temper in which, it seems, she only indulges nine times in the course of each revolving year.

But she is a beauty for all that, and none the less so for being in a pet now and then, as it is the lofty privilege of beauties to be. She has the mingled charms of sea-side and woody inland—of beach and cliff, of rock and glen, of field and grove, of hill and dale. Ancient castles and churches, ruined abbeys, dismantled priories, and venerable ancestral seats, sprinkle the surrounding land, and make it teem with ever-living interest. A submarine forest, overwhelmed for centuries, lies off the beach, the trees just visible at low water, and nuts and branches from some of them lying on the sands when the tide is out. Caves of sandstone, supported on pillars, wind through the cliffs. A score of lovely spots with pretty or quaint names—Lovers' Seat, Dripping Well, Fairlight Glen, the Old Roar, &c.—lie round about the town; and Lovers' Seat has a story attached to it, which is a good story, whether true or false, and it is generally held to be true. The heroine was a Miss Boys, of Rye, who was beloved by the gallant Captain Lamb, of the revenue cutter *Slag*. The old Boys (or, to speak more correctly, Boyses—that is to say, the damsel's father and mother) disapproved of the match, and removed their daughter to a lonely farm-house, the Warren; but she, of course, contrived to slip out at times, and would come at night to a woody spot on the summit of a high cliff, and, like another Hero, hold forth a light to Leander, who was cruising about off shore in his cutter. Very naughty of Miss Boys, no doubt, and highly reprehensible, sir, in Captain Lamb; yet, as long as "sex dividua!" shall last, the sympathies of most men and women will be on the side of such adventures; and it is of this stuff that poems are made, and ballads that come to us with a living touch out of the waste of ages. We may be sure the captain kept his weather eye open towards that cliff, more sharply than ever he kept it open for the running of contrabands into creek or cave. And we may be equally sure that every man on board the cutter was heart and soul with the captain as his vessel crept along those darkling waters, with no other sound than the strain of the sail upon the mast, and wash of the long waves, waiting for the glimmer of Hero's light upon the headlands. Nay, so much were they concerned in their commander's success, that when at length he and the young lady managed to get one day to Hollington Church to be married, they posted themselves as guards up and down the sylvan paths and dingles of a thick wood in the midst of which the church is placed, that they might be ready to repel any rescue, should it be attempted. It was *not* attempted, and the lovers were duly spliced, and the old folks had the good sense to forgive and forget, and they all—it is not so stated in the local histories, but I will have it so—they all lived happy ever after. Is not this

enough to make Hastings the chosen spot of young lovers in want of sea air, as long as the generation lasts?

THE CARDINAL'S WALKING-STICK.

"WHY—West? old fellow? West!"

"Crooke, my boy!"

We stood silent for a few seconds, holding each other's hands, in the first surprise of the unexpected meeting. And as we thus stood, the strange foreign street, the tall white Roman houses, balconied and terraced, vanished like dissolving views, and before our eyes rose Magdalen College, Oxford, and the images of two beardless undergraduates in cap and gown. At least, I can answer for myself. Crooke and I had been fast friends and college chums, long ago, and I forgot, in the pleasure of seeing my companion of well-remembered days, how different were the paths which we now trod. Then gradually came back to me what had passed, and how our correspondence had languished first and finally dropped, until we who had been so intimate had wholly lost sight of each other. I cast a glance at Crooke's garb, that of an ecclesiastic of the Church of Rome, and could not help sighing.

"You are still an Anglican, I see? Have you been busy all this time with that curacy in the north—at Leeds or Halifax, wasn't it?—or have you a fat benefice from some lucky turn of the wheel of fortune?" asked my old acquaintance, in a tone that I hardly liked. Probably he had seen my involuntary start when I caught sight of the habit he wore—a trim black soutane and hat of moderate brim, not like the portentous Dom Basilio headgear usually assumed by priests of Italian birth. Hastily I recalled to mind how Crooke had given up his fellowship, and a fair prospect of preferment, from conscientious motives; how he had incurred slights and aversion on the part of his friends; had been the cause of grief and anger in his own family; and, finally, how I had vaguely heard of his working with all the enthusiasm of a neophyte somewhere in London, until a newspaper paragraph announced that the Rev. Titus Crooke, ex-prizeman at Oxford, and Fellow of Magdalen, had gone abroad. From that time forth I had wholly lost sight of him.

I suppose my old chum saw that I was ruffled by his somewhat flippant remark, for he passed his arm through mine, saying very gently that he begged my pardon if he had annoyed me; but that I must be lenient with a poor fellow whom many of his countrymen and countrywomen, kind-hearted enough at other times, chose to condemn unheard. He did not think me narrow-minded or uncharitable enough to treat him thus. The path he had chosen, from no selfish motives, was sometimes a very stony one, and he did not mind confessing that it had often happened that the coldness or repugnance of old friends had cut him to the soul.

What on earth was I to do? My heart softened towards my old companion in his ad-

versity, for I could not but see that the poor fellow was far from happy, and not in very robust health. His face was sallow and thin, his eyes were terribly sunken, and his temples were getting bald, while there was a nervous twitching about his mouth that told of anything but content.

All this time the fierce white light of the mid-day sun was pouring down its force upon the bleached stones of the pavement, and the heat was extreme. I was glad to step aside into the shadow of a cool caffè, with a gay red and white awning before it, where a drowsy waiter was fanning away the flies with a green bunch of twigs, and where two or three of the foreigners who chanced to be in Rome at that unfashionable season, were languidly smoking cigars or sipping iced sorbetti and lemonade. It was, indeed, not only the hour of a summer's day when, according to the Italian proverb, mad dogs and Englishmen have a monopoly of the thoroughfares, but it was August, the most unhealthy part of the year in the Roman States. Crooke, who, as I gathered from his hints, had remained at Rome, summer and winter, for three years, smilingly asked me how I ventured to the Eternal City at that dreaded season of sickly heats.

"My leave is not a long one," said I, laughing. "School begins again on the 18th of next month, and I must be at my post when the bell rings for early prayers."

"School?" said Crooke, with a puzzled look.

"Even so," said I, reddening a little, I am afraid, "but I don't mean that I have gone back to the status pupillaris. Only I have just been appointed third master at St. Winnipeg's, and must enter on my duties at the end of the midsummer vacation. Not a bad post, and quite as good as my deserts entitled me to expect, though it is not what I used to dream of when we were lads at college, and I fear I shall never be an Arnold. At any rate, I must make haste if I am to 'do' Rome and Naples."

"Ah," said my former friend, "so you are going to Naples."

Lightly as I had mentioned my appointment to the office of third classical master on the ancient and stately foundation of St. Winnipeg's, the post was anything but a matter of indifference to me. It had cost me much trouble and anxiety, and the kind help of friends, to secure my election, and I thought myself a very lucky curate to obtain it. Fortunately I had a good degree; I had kept up my classical lore when more brilliant scholars had permitted theirs to rust like a useless sword, and if I could but teach as well as learn, and win the confidence and respect of the boys, I trusted not to prove unworthy of the favour of the governors of that fine old school. For the rest, there was a tolerable house, and an income, large enough, as Emma and I thought, to marry upon. Emma's parents thought so too; but it had been made a condition of our engagement that I should wait until I had had at least a couple of terms' experience of the practical duties before me.

I had been appointed just at the commencement of the vacation, and had decided on taking that rare opportunity for a short but rapid continental tour. My time was brief, and my purse but moderately replenished, so I was obliged, though with a sigh, to forego ambitious visions of Greece and Egypt, but it was a great treat to me, after a peep at Paris and the Rhine and Switzerland, to cross the Alps and visit that Italy that I had so often pictured to myself, but which I only knew from books. And now I had seen Milan, Venice, Florence, and, more interesting still, to one who travelled with Eustace's volumes in his portmanteau, the old Etrurian cities, and had recently reached Rome. But already my time was waning, there was much to see, and brief space remained to explore the wonders of Rome, Pompeii, Ostium, and Herculaneum, and I must not miss the Liverpool packet that left Naples in the first week of September, unless I would be a truant on the 18th of the month. Should I fail to be present at the somewhat ceremonial opening of the new term, Dr. Swishington, the august head-master, were he so disposed, could "suspend" me from my duties, and the governors had full powers to cancel my appointment, without official inquiry, or the prospect of legal proceedings. On this account—not that I had the slightest reason to apprehend any hostile feeling towards myself on the part of my future superior, to whom I was personally a stranger—I was naturally a little nervous. But I consoled myself by remembering the admirable punctuality, on the whole, which modern steam-packets display in the performance of their service, and by the prospect of a swift and easy summer voyage in that favourite and powerful vessel the *Volcano*. All that was necessary was, that I should not permit any circumstances to interfere with my embarking on the proper day. So, not to lose the golden hours of this rare holiday on classic soil, a chance that might not occur again until my limbs should stiffen and my hair grow grey, I was eager to make the best use of my time. And it was vexatious to find that the dull professional ciceroni, to whom time was of no value, except as represented by the piastre earned by a day of plodding beside Murray-consulting tourists, could not distinguish the chaff from the corn.

In this strait, Crooke proved a valuable ally. He had spoken no more than truth when he said that he knew Rome thoroughly. And he assured me that he had ample leisure (his duties, whatever they were, did not seem very onerous), and that it would be a pleasure to him to guide me to the cream of that inexhaustible treasure of antiquities which Rome contains.

"Dismiss your *l'equais de place*, and accept me as a volunteer in the same capacity," said Crooke, with great good humour. "Depend upon it I'll not let grass grow under your feet. You shall 'do' the seven-hilled city in less time than ever did even a Yankee excursionist, come

to Europe to stay his three thousand dollars, and yet miss none of the true lions."

The ex-Fellow of Magdalen faithfully kept his word, and acted as a skilful and zealous guide, while I found it a great comfort to be conducted through the wondrous old city by a scholar and an Englishman, instead of the snuff-taking old Mentor whom he had supplanted, and who referred all buildings to Nero, and all pictures to Raffaelli. Very kind and attentive my former chum certainly proved himself; but there was something in his manner that perplexed me, for it suggested that, for unknown reasons, he was acting a part. And yet I was angry with myself for the meanness of the suspicion, and drove it from my thoughts as an intruder. Why, after all, should Crooke take the trouble to pioneer my steps through church and temple, arena and Vatican, as he did, save from pure kindness and recollection of our old friendship. Why, indeed?

Imprimis, there was nothing to be got out of me. My former fellow-student was the reverse of a parasite, and declined all invitations to dine with me at my hotel, nor would he even permit me to pay more than half the hire of carriages or boats on the Tiber. As for the idea of Crooke's borrowing my money, that was absurd. I had none to spare, as he very well knew, and, moreover, he belonged to a wealthy family enough, and had private means, which were quite sufficient for a person of his careful and unostentatious habits. Nor did he appear to be possessed by any peculiar proselytising fervour. I stood on my guard at first, prepared to do battle, and expecting to be battered with the heavy artillery of Jerome and Augustine, and sapped by the subtler causticity of Pascal and Fénelon; but I was agreeably disappointed. Crooke showed not the slightest desire to make a convert of the third classical master of St. Winnipeg's. Indeed, beyond a hurried assurance, in answer to some timid question of my own, that he had "found peace" in his present belief, he was almost silent on the subject of his own faith and calling.

But he talked freely and amusingly enough on mundane topics, and displayed great knowledge of Italian politics and statesmen, having endless anecdotes to relate. His view of affairs in the peninsula naturally differed from mine, but he spoke without bitterness, though in terms of gentle blame, of the king and Cavour, and with admiring regret of Garibaldi. The ex-King of Naples he described as a rash and generous youth, while admitting that there really were great faults, coupled with great qualities, inherent in the Bourbon stock. But he drew a most masterly and touching picture of the bleeding and torn kingdom of Naples, the priests persecuted, the bishops insulted, the nobles exiled or captive, the simple peasantry hunted and harried by cruel soldiers, ground to the earth by taxation, harassed by harsh martinets, civil and military, from the pedantic regions of Piedmont.

Now, I had no especial sympathy with brigands and plotters, lay or cleric, but it was difficult to

refuse entire credence to my friend's statements, highly coloured, no doubt, but still supported by legions of facts, real or imaginary, and by all manner of circumstantial evidence, drawn not only from newspapers but from private letters, of which Crooke translated sundry passages for my behoof, and of which he seemed to possess a never-failing supply. At first I was incredulous, then staggered, and at last I was brought to own that very likely there had been instances of unnecessary severity or caprice, and that it might go hard with an ignorant and helpless population, squeezed as in a vice between Chiavone on the one hand, and La Marmora on the other.

And then the cloven foot peeped out. Crooke very cautiously asked, in a circuitous fashion, if I would—if, in a word, I would do him the service of smuggling a few letters over the frontier of the new reprobate kingdom of Italy. He did not ask me to take any peculiar trouble in delivering these letters, which would be made up into one thick packet, and which I could easily conceal about my person, while I could simply leave them at a certain house in the suburbs of Naples. It was wonderful what good the safe arrival of those letters would effect. They would heal dissensions, comfort those who were ready to perish, restore hope to the afflicted, stop bloodshed, and, in a word, benefit everybody without hurting anybody. But such was the hard and jealous tyranny of the sub-alpine government, that these letters, with all their attendant blessings, would be intercepted, unless secretly conveyed by an Englishman, who could hardly be suspected, would—

"Stay, my dear fellow," I broke in; and I felt the blood rush up to my face, and set my very ears tingling, as I thus interrupted my old friend, for the idea of seeming churlish and ungracious was one that I flinched from, resolute as I was not to be beguiled into doing what was wrong. "Stay, Crooke, and don't tell me any more secrets of state, for it is impossible that we should think alike upon the point in question. You are a far cleverer fellow than I—always were—and I remember what capital speeches you used to make at our old debates at the Union at Oxford. You have spoken very well now, and I do you the justice to believe that you believe every word you have uttered, but, you see, I am a plain Englishman, and I can't go with you. I cannot believe the Piedmontese to be detested usurpers, the monks and brigands suffering saints, King Bomba an exiled martyr, and United Italy a myth. And sooner than carry a single letter, however well intentioned, that should tend to plunge back those poor Neapolitans into the slough of degraded servitude they had wallowed in so long, I tell you frankly that I would abandon the pleasure of my journey altogether."

I began this speech, an unusually long one for me, in a diffident and stammering way, but I spoke warmly and earnestly after the first words were out. Stranger as I was in the land, and few as had been my opportunities of intercourse with the natives, I had seen and heard enough

to convince me that the immense majority of the people had accepted the new order of things, heart and soul, and that rich and poor were alike full of hope that a brighter and better era than Italy had ever known was dawning throughout the country. Everywhere industry seemed to be springing up into healthy vigour, old rubbish, moral and material, to be swept away by the sudden touch of improvement, and populations long inert to be awakening into active and intelligent life. Nor could I endure—however I might respect Crooke's convictions—that he should regard me as a willing instrument in thwarting and impeding the march of Italian regeneration.

Still, my heart smote me at the idea that I might give pain to my kindly fellow-countryman, to whom I was indebted for much attention since my arrival in Rome, and I broke the awkward silence that ensued by some expressions of regret that I should be obliged to refuse the desired service—expressions clumsily worded, I am sure, but none the less sincere.

Crooke took the refusal very well indeed. I could see that he was hurt, but he bore the disappointment better than I had expected, wrung my hand, said that he "fully entered into my feelings," begged I would allow the subject to drop, and, after gazing out of the window for a minute or two, began to converse on other topics with more than his usual fluency of speech and lightness of spirit. Nor did he again allude to the unlucky subject of the contraband correspondence.

However ardent a sight-seer may be, his researches are necessarily limited to the period of daylight, and, even at Rome, the Coliseum is the only lion which can well be explored by the help of torches or the moon. It was summer, and the Opera company had quitted the city, while the foreign residents, and most of the Romans who possessed country-houses, were away. But there were a good many palaces still tenanted, and Crooke was very kind in introducing me to his numerous Italian acquaintance. My evenings would have been dull enough, spent in the empty sala of my hotel, but for this thoughtful attention on the part of my former chum. As it was, I was "presented" in the drawing-rooms of several of the Roman nobility, at whose houses Crooke was intimate, and was hospitably made welcome at the frequent "receptions" of sundry ladies of rank.

A reading and rowing man at College, a working curate afterwards, and third master elect of St. Winnipeg's, I had no experience of London fashionable life, and the little I had heard of it had by no means caused me to aspire to an initiation into its social inanities. I dare say the society of the Roman grandees, into which, under Crooke's auspices, I was admitted, was sufficiently tiresome and stupid, but, at any rate, it was thoroughly new to me, and had a sort of picturesque dulness and gloom about it. The great shadowy rooms, with priceless pictures on the walls, peerless marbles, cabinets

of gems, and costly heirlooms of all kinds, the cumbrous furniture, carpetless floors, and frescoed walls, all seen by the dim light of a few sorry candles, pleased my fancy much. There was an illustration of national life and Old World modes of thought in everything around, even in the scanty and cheap refreshments, a few cakes, a few glasses of syrup or lemonade, a little of the common wine of the country, a collation for which eighteenpence would have paid amply, served on monstrous silver trays by domestics in shabby but gorgeous liveries. And the calm, portly marchionesses, with their fans, their black silk and old lace, their diamonds, good-humoured stolidity, and soft voices, were a study in themselves. And so were the snuffy old counts—there seemed to be few or no young people at these parties—with their decorations, quaint politeness, and solemn manner of playing trictrac.

Perhaps part of the charm of these curious réunions was due to sheer vanity on my part, for, as Crooke took care to inform me that an Englishman was very seldom admitted into the dingy but magnificent saloons of which, with him for my Mentor, I was free, I could not help piquing myself on my rare good fortune. "What a capital subject of conversation," thought I, "my sojourn in Rome, and the opportunities I have had of seeing how Romans really live and amuse themselves, would hereafter prove." And I found time to write long descriptions of life and society in Rome to a correspondent who was pretty certain to consider my account as a masterpiece of all that was graphic and diverting. It was when the period allotted for my stay began to dwindle until the hours might be counted, that my old companion proposed to present me at a house the threshold of which I had not yet crossed.

"It is—don't be shocked—a cardinal's palace, that of Cardinal Campobasso, the ablest scholar, and most judicious collector of antique statuary and mosaics in all Italy. His Eminence has fine taste, and his noble fortune enables him to gratify it without stint. You are not afraid, are you, to be the guest of a cardinal? I'll pledge myself that no one shall make even an effort to win you to our way of thinking."

Crooke went on to tell me that the Cardinal, who was one of the richest prelates in Italy, and was, among other things, archbishop of the wealthy Neapolitan diocese of Foggia, was just then absent from Rome, attending to his archiepiscopal duties. But the honours of his palazzo were admirably well done by his sister. His sister and his niece, the latter of whom, a young widow, was reckoned among the most beautiful women in Rome. They had a reception on that evening, and Crooke had asked and obtained permission to present me. For the first time I demurred. It was Thursday, and a hot and breezeless day, and I had been racing through picture-galleries for the last time, had inspected the wonderful cabinets of the Doria collection since lunch, and was knocked up and weary. As for Crooke, nothing seemed to tire him. But

then I was booked to start, early on the following morning, for the Neapolitan frontier, as No. 3 in the coupé of a shabby green diligence, and I should have preferred a night's unbroken repose. I could hardly be tempted, even by my friend's account of the treasures of classic art, the Byzantine mosaics, the Greek intaglios, in the Cardinal's saloons, and was quite deaf to his praises of the beauty and grace of the fair hostess. However, I did not wish to be churlish, and I consented, groaning the while, to put on my dress suit, and to accompany Crooke to the "reception." Indeed, he made such a point of my compliance, that I could hardly refuse, little as I guessed the real reason of his eagerness.

The "reception" at the Campobasso Palace differed in some respects from those dreary parties at which I had previously been a guest while at Rome. The huge mansion was brilliantly lighted, the servants were liveries that were grotesque, certainly, but rich and new, and there was no lack of music; a well-stored buffet, and a crowd of company, amid which youth and good looks were mingled in fair proportion. It was a real party, in fact, with clean cards on the tables, instead of the well-thumbed packs that the old counts and abbés must have known by heart, with a blaze of wax-candles, refreshments that were meant to be eaten and imbibed, good singing, and fresh toilettes. The saloons were gorgeously furnished in the style of Louis Quinze, and there were objects of art in even greater profusion than Crooke had led me to expect.

My friend introduced me to the Cardinal's sister, a stiff old lady in velvet and diamonds, whose name I did not catch, and to the Cardinal's niece, Countess Minetta something, but the latter somewhat curtailed the introduction by giving me her hand with a sort of queenly condescension, and observing in tolerable English that she "was glad to see one of whom M. Crooke had told her so much good. Her own papa had been half an Englishman, and she regretted to speak his language so imperfectly."

I do not think I could describe the Countess Minetta if I were to try. I can only say that she was a very beautiful creature, with a dark, almost Spanish cast of face, which her black dress and sparkling jewels set off to perfection, that she seemed very young, and had a fawn-like timidity of manner that was very charming. But what pleased me most was her great kindness to an undistinguished stranger like myself, and her filial affection for her absent uncle, the Cardinal. Of the latter she spoke with the utmost pride and fondness, regretting that he should have been away from Rome during my sojourn there. His Eminence would have been delighted to converse with a learned Inglesse like myself—ah! I must not be bashful about my attainments—M. Crooke had told them *all* about me—and I should have been sure to like the Cardinal. *Why* not? Her uncle was a scholar, a poet, like Petrarch, a father to his flock, the tender protector of the poor, kind and benevolent to all. Any one less conscientious than

himself, so his niece declared, would have stayed away from his diocese, which his vicar could administer, but Cardinal Campobasso was a model archbishop. His age and infirmities, alas! weighed every year more heavily upon him, but never was he known to be deaf to the call of duty.

Then Madame Minetta, begging my pardon with the prettiest humility for having wearied me with her egotistical praises of the good old relative who had been as a parent to her, offered to show me some of the Cardinal's rare stores of curiosities. Very notable and exquisite were many of the cameos and scraps of many-tinted mosaic to which she called my attention, hurriedly describing them in her low sweet voice, but I could hardly distinguish one from the other. I was fairly dazzled for the moment. It was not that I was silly enough, or fickle enough, to fall in love; my heart never swerved from its allegiance to Emma, at home in England; but there was something in so much loveliness and excellence as that of the Cardinal's niece that interested me very much. I fancied, too, that she was not happy; there was a pensive melancholy in her dark eyes, and a sad music in her voice, that seemed to hint at hidden sorrows. Perhaps she was inconsolable, I thought, for the loss of her husband, Count something—I only know that the name was a long and sonorous one. Or could it be that she found no congenial spirit in that gay and frivolous society, amid which her lot was cast. How noble, in any case, were her sentiments, and how exquisite was her devotion to that good old uncle, Cardinal Campobasso.

I had plenty of time to think all this, for the young countess could not, of course, neglect her other guests, among whom were princes and great ladies, French officers of the garrison, Knights of Malta, and bishops, to spend all the evening in showing Macedonian medallions and Syracusan bronzes to the third master at St. Winnipeg's. But as she glided gracefully through the midst of the company, she never passed me without a bright smile, and a word or two in her pretty broken English. And she introduced me to one or two persons, among others a handsome young Roman lady, who looked like Juno, but spoke little, and appeared ignorant of all topics, save only her parish church, its rich shrines and altar-pieces, and her confessor, Father Bonifaccio, who preached there in Lent, and her own, the countess's, brother. The latter was a tall young officer in the Pope's Noble Guard, very splendid and good humoured, but without any of his sister's keenness of feeling or grace of manner. Of Crooke I saw little. He had many friends, and seemed very busy indeed.

The party gradually broke up. The guests took their leave, and I, like the rest, made my bow to the Cardinal's sister in black velvet. The niece I did not see, nor at the moment was Crooke visible. But before I got clear of the ante-chamber, Crooke hurried up and caught my arm.

"Come back, West, for just a moment! Countess Minetta has something to say to you."

So she had. In her sweet soft voice, and with her flashing dark eyes a little more hidden by the drooping lashes than I had seen them before, she asked me to do her a favour, if she might presume on the kindness of one who must regard her merely as a troublesome stranger. But Englishmen were always ready, she had heard, to fulfil a lady's entreaty—was it not so? Ah, so her papa had told her in her childhood! She was so reluctant to trouble me, but M. Crooke said I was going to Naples next day, and the temptation was too strong to be resisted. Would I oblige her? She asked nothing alarming. But the Cardinal-Archbishop was gouty and old, and he had left his favourite stick, which usually supported his tottering steps, dear man, behind him in Rome. He had written twice to his niece from his palace at Foggia, lamenting, in serio-comic fashion, the want of this well-remembered staff, which he missed sorely. He had sticks in plenty, but none suited him like this old favourite, which had belonged to his father, Prince Julian Campobasso, and was a sort of heirloom.

"The aged have their fancies, you know," said the young widow, smiling with angelic benignity, as she finished this explanation: "here is the stick. If you would kindly take care of it on the journey, and leave it at Capua with the Cardinal's factor, Signor Boccotristo, whose house is opposite the chief hotel, you would really oblige us all. The dear good uncle! I know his kind old eyes will brighten when he sees this quaint crutch of his once more!"

The stick was a curious one, a tall and stout staff of some dark wood, probably ebony, with a silver ferrule, a crutch handle of ivory, serrated by the file, and a profusion of ivory rings let into the wood. It looked ancient, the very ivory being discoloured by age to a pale yellow tint, and I could easily fancy that its familiar support might be endeared by custom to its venerable owner. Of course, I willingly undertook to execute the countess's commission. My road led me through Capua, and a walking-stick was no formidable addition to my baggage. I pledged myself, however, never to lose sight of the Cardinal's stick until, at Capua, I should resign my trust. The countess thanked me in her bewitching way, and I took my leave.

Crook saw me off next morning, early as was the hour of my departure. I took my place in the diligence, along with some intensely national fellow-passengers, who insisted on keeping the windows closed, and who sustained nature on cigarettes and slices of melon, as we rolled along. The Cardinal's stick was in my hand. "Good-by, and a good journey, West, old boy. Perhaps we shall never meet again, but I shan't forget you. Mind you take care of the stick," were the last words of my Oxford friend.

The diligence, with its load, jangled and jolted but slowly along the road through the Pontine Marshes; the dust hung around us in heavy

clouds, and through the hot haze the burning sun glared like a red ball. Early as had been our start from Rome, it was dusk when we left Terracina, and dark night when we got to the frontier town of Fondi. The boundary line lies, as all travellers know, some four miles north of the latter place, and there we had duly undergone the usual routine of inspecting passports, tapping pockets, and "visiting" luggage. All this had passed over pretty smoothly, and as the officer of the Dogana Reale returned me my keys, I felt that I was fairly out of Papal Rome, and a denizen of Living Italy. But at Fondi we found lighted torches, a guard under arms, and unwonted signs of activity at the second custom-house.

"Body of Bacchus!" cried the conductor, letting down the glass on my side of the coupé, "something must be up. Signors and dames, you are invited to descend for the gratification of the royal officers. A second search takes place."

Out we got, grumbling, sleepy, and disgusted at this unexpected call on our obedience, and again portmanteaus were unstrapped, bags forced to disgorge their contents, and trunks uncered and unlocked. The second search was very severe, and I was called on to explain the purport of even my English papers and manuscripts, poor Emma's letters inclusive, while several cards and notes of invitation from the Roman grandees were set aside and remitted to the custody of the controller. The scrutiny was long and minute. Our pockets, even, were emptied, and the failure of all these efforts to discover anything contraband only seemed to sour the temper of the officials, who eyed us with actual hostility, the reason of which I could not guess.

"That stick, English signor; that stick?"

I handed over the Cardinal's staff, smiling, the while, to a lynx-eyed person in uniform. A fat good-humoured chief clerk in plain clothes smiled too, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Blessed Gennaro, Signor Vulpini, we must not vex the forestieri for nothing. Give the English illustrious one his cane back again. Cospetto, man, we don't care, as the Tedeschi used to do, even if there be a sword or a dirk in that slip of old wood."

But what was my dismay, when the prying personage addressed, unscrewing the crutch handle of the cane, drew from a hollow in the staff itself, *not* a sword, but a long roll of closely-written papers, which had been craftily concealed in that receptacle, and of which I had been the unconscious bearer. There was a hum, and then a Babel of vociferous exclamations, and all the officers rushed, as to a focus, to the spot where the papers were rustling in the hands of the wily finder.

"Instructions to the band of Chiaione!" cried one, seizing a document.

"The College of Cardinals, to all regular and secular clergy, greeting!" bawled another.

"A regular commission of lieutenant-general, under the hand of Francesco de Bourbon, King

of the Sicilies, to Hernan Mendez, the Spanish brigand," cried a third; "and here are letters to all the worst conspirators and most pig-headed codini in Naples, enough to hang the messenger ten times over. See, comrades, to the Englishman!"

I had scanty time given me to protest my innocence. Collared, hustled, my hands pinioned behind my back, I was paraded off to jail between two soldiers with drawn bayonets, regarded by my fellow-travellers as little better than a demon, and hooted by a large ragged population that seemed to start from porch and stone stair, from hovel and cavernous house, throughout the ruinous old town. I scarcely had leisure for reflection, before I found myself thrust into a bare and damp room, which contained but a truckle-bed and a broken stool, but which yet was reckoned the state chamber of the prison of Fondi.

What I underwent in that wretched place of confinement, during several of the longest and most miserable days that I ever spent, I scarcely like to think of. I was not wilfully ill treated. The jailer and his subordinates were rough, but not cruel. It was the hard fare, the extreme discomfort, the blank monotony of my captivity that I felt so bitterly. The prison had been designed, in the Bourbon times, for the reception of mountain robbers, but what might have been endurable to them, the grim bare room, the bed of coarse sacking, covered by a flea-infested rug, the polenta and rancid bacon, tried my spirit sorely. The people persisted in regarding me as a great criminal. A judge came to visit me, and a greffier with him, and I was interrogated, cross-examined, worried to my wits' end. In vain I protested my good will to Italy, and my utter ignorance that the staff contained papers dangerous to the State. The judge only shrugged his shoulders. And all this time the days were dropping one by one into eternity, and the time of the packet's sailing drew near. The eighteenth of September would come, and St. Winnipeg's school would assemble, masters and boys, but the third classical master—where was he? In an Italian prison, unwashed, hungry, despairing, and the governors would no doubt proceed to a new election. Enma!

"Mr. West, you are free!" said a tall young Englishman, coming suddenly into the room where I lay, sullen and desponding, on the wretched bed. "Unscrupulous as he is, your precious college friend, what's his name, Crooke,

never intended that your captivity, if the papers of which you were the unwitting bearer should fall into wrong hands, should be a very long one. He wrote to my uncle the consul, and we have lost no time in settling matters with the authorities at Naples. I have come over here on purpose to effect your release, and if you can start at once, I should be happy to have your company back to Naples. Here, Giacomo, Beppo, whatever you call yourself, unlock those irons, can't you? English wrists get chafed by such bracelets."

The jailor, as obsequious and apologetic now as rough and suspicious formerly, removed my chains, and before I well knew where I was, I was whirling away from Fondi, by the side of my kindly young countryman, who seemed to consider the whole matter a capital joke, pushed, perhaps, a little too far.

"Hard on you, I must say," remarked he, "but the Italians could only judge by appearances. They are not to blame, you know; but, excuse me, Mr. West, how *could* you let yourself be hoodwinked as you were? It was known papers of a treasonable nature were on their way; but bah! I dare say you are sick of the subject."

With all our speed, and my deliverer was very good natured in hurrying on when once I had told my reason for haste, I did but reach the Chiaia at Naples, and jump into a boat, as torrents of black smoke gushed from the Volcano's chimney. The boatman pulled and shouted, and just as the huge paddles began to revolve, we were alongside, and I was hauled up the side-ladder.

"Just saved the boat, sir. Cast off there, Johnny, and now, go on ahead!" shouted the captain. And off we went.

But when the dreaded eighteenth came round, the third classical master of St. Winnipeg's, very lean and sunburnt, was at his desk in the ancient hall, and Dr. Swisherton nodded to him with civil approval. The third classical master is at home there now; his name is the Rev. William West; his Italian misadventures seem like a dream in the distance; and Emma is his wife. He has never heard anything more of his former chum at Magdalen College, Mr. Titus Crooke.

Now ready, and to be had at all the Libraries,

HARD CASH,

In 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

London: SAMSON LOW, SON, and Co.

Volume XI. will begin on the 13th of February, 1864, with a New Serial Story, entitled

QUITE ALONE,

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 248.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

[Price 2d.

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the day after Miss Polly-my-Lamb Humpage's little indisposition, that young lady, discovering that her lace required no further examination, repaired to the drawing-room about, nay, peradventure a little before, the noontide hour. Such an odd little face looked out at her from the great mirror! It was like that of a spoiled school-pet, who, having played truant, steals into her place, half penitent, yet exultingly convinced of foregone forgiveness. Polly-my-Lamb smiled, and, smiling, looked so pretty, that she pardoned herself on the spot.

Twelve. Miss Humpage had resolved not even to glance by accident at the window till the clock had fairly struck; but she would do *something* to show her interest; and, accordingly, at the second stroke, turned and glided to the window. What did she behold? A broad black velvet back and shoulders, a head, with golden curls, slightly inclining towards the right shoulder, as though studying an effect, the edge of a palette, and the top of an easel. Mr. Haggerdorn was at work—at work upon a battle-piece! Yes, it was evident, from the fury with which he every now and then returned to the assault, that it *was* a martial subject, the glow and passion of it mounting, like a blush, visible across the street, to the very brow of the canvas. For two full minutes Polly remained rooted to the spot, her pretty lips half opened, and her soft brown eyebrows raised. Then, recollecting herself, she moved quickly away, still, however, observing—how could she help it? as she idled busily about the room—that the work went eagerly forward, and never ceased, until the clock struck one.

And *now*, remarked something within Polly's breast, the gentleman will perhaps turn round; but it's rather of the latest, we imagine!

Mr. Haggerdorn doubtless thought so too; for though that gentleman did revolve, and, pretending to draw down the blind, was at especial pains to untie a knot in the cord, he never so much as glanced across the road, but adjusted the blind to his fancy, and withdrew to dinner.

The next day, and the next, presented the like

phenomenon of professional abstraction, and total indifference to neighbours, on the part of the black velvet body; and, during this period Polly-my-Lamb passed through such a variety of mental conditions as filled her with astonishment. Surprise, anger, regret, impatience, disappointment, love, assailed the poor little heart in turn—sometimes all together—so that none could tell what might have been the result, had not this conflict of parties ended, as is generally the case in wider revolutions, by the sudden triumph of one. Of course, the new fetters galled a little, and Miss Humpage, from the liveliest and sweetest of companions, became silent, cold, inclined to solitude, nay, touching so nearly upon the morose, that poor Miss Serocold, extremely puzzled, decided upon leaving the matter to cure itself, and passed the greater portion of her time in her own chamber.

Whether the tidings were conveyed to Mrs. Goodall, nurse, in the course of some return "pop-over" on the part of Mrs. Ascroft, or to what other little bird is due the carriage of this matter, was never clearly ascertained. Certain it is, that it quickly became known at number twenty-seven, with singular circumstantiality, that Mr. Haggerdorn had received a commission from a wealthy Portuguese merchant to execute an important family historical picture.

This, by far the most ambitious of the young artist's attempts, was to be called the Battle at the Bridge, and was illustrative of a passage in the life of a beautiful ancestress of Señor Torrediaz, who had been abducted (voluntarily) from her father's castle by her lover and a band of chosen cavaliers.

A couple of hundred of the friends of the house assembled with an alacrity only permissible on canvas, pursued the fugitives, and overtook them at a bridge (without a parapet, as in all bridge battles, for greater convenience in flinging over), upon whose slippery surface five noble cavaliers took post, to abide the onset. The moment grasped by the painter is that in which the young lady hesitates for an instant whether to continue her flight, or avert the bloody struggle by returning to her officious kin. No wonder our young enthusiast was enthralled by such a subject! The picture was, moreover, to be completed in nine days, and, as yet, he had not touched the heroine's face, which, to do anything like justice to, must be of surpassing loveliness.

There was, no doubt, a difficulty in obtaining a model of sufficient beauty.

Miss Humpage listened with calm disdain, as Mrs. Goodall, affecting to dust some pet china, detailed by instalments the above particulars, but the idea of allotting nine days for the completion of such a work, by such a hand, almost upset her gravity.

Nine days? Nurse must have been mistaken in that. It was no matter.

Mrs. Goodall vindicated her memory. Remembered distinctly, 'cause of the poor young man.

How, because of—It did not signify. Miss Humpage required her smallest scissors.

Him that was all but a dying a few days ago, to think of tossing on the salt seas.

Salt or fresh, the very mention brought a bright colour to Miss Polly's cheek.

Was—was he going abroad, then? She thought—that—it really was of no consequence. And a bit of bobbin.

But the glances at the window were more frequent that day.

A Turkish lady, whose rich husband had dowered and deserted her, told a friend of the writer's that her heart was changed to "black velvet." Too frequent association with a similar material was certainly beginning to tell on Polly's.

The picture proceeded, nay, rather went dashing, plunging on towards completion. With the exception of the hour allotted to dinner, the artist passed his whole time, till dusk, at the easel, turning, with the regularity of the clock itself, at the stroke of *one*, casting up his fine eyes at that always-obsolete blind, but never suffered them to stray abroad. Once, Polly thought of placing herself experimentally at the window, irrespective of any hour, but this idea was smothered as soon as born. It was too like asking an alms, and though her heart was full of tears, and bursting for charity, better die than demand it.

The situation was becoming intolerable. There was something worrying in this speechless misunderstanding, to which the ordinary opportunities of reconciliation were denied. What a very irritable young man Mr. Arthur Haggerdorn must be! All this anger and—and—obstinacy, for a little caprice! And even if it *were* a caprice, was it not fit, and maidenly, and—and—so far from vexing herself any more about this person, or even thinking about him. . . . What *could* he mean, now, by retaining that face—his heroine's—*blank*? Artists loved to introduce familiar faces into their more important compositions. Mr. Haggerdorn might have a relative, a cousin, some friend, you know, or even a strange countenance might have caught his errant fancy. Now whose? It (the face) *must* be beautiful, or it would spoil all. Polly chanced to look up, and caught sight in the glass of a cheek so dyed in blushes, that she stamped her little foot with passion.

"I think I am bewitched," said Polly-my-Lamb. "But I'll be stronger than the spell. Snap. There it goes! Henceforth, till I am mistress of my own thoughts, I'll—sit in the next room. Intrude *there* if you can!"

As she flung the defiance towards the object apostrophised, Polly involuntarily accompanied it with a parting look. As she did so, the little hands tightened on the velvet arms of the chair, she half lifted herself with unconscious contraction of the muscles, while the rich colour flickered like a furling banner, and passed utterly away.

Another figure was visible in the artist's room. A beautiful—ah, *how* beautiful!—face looked gaily up to the head that crowned the black velvet body. Clear olive skin, dazzling teeth, almond eyes, braided hair—the Portuguese beauty herself! If such had been the real fugitive, far less surprising is it that five rational individuals, with no particular interest in the matter, and each, probably, with an Inez of his own, should have taken post upon that slippery bridge, with the certainty that if the enemy did not pitch them over, the artist would.

The two were not alone. A very tall gentleman, with long, drooping moustaches, was apparently engaged in criticising the unfinished picture, but not enjoying the undivided attention of his two companions.

Polly-my-Lamb, from her position, invisible to the party, remained, in a manner, fascinated by the scene. Presently a change took place in the grouping. A chair was raised and carefully adjusted upon a small platform. The young lady, with a laugh, shook her lustrous hair into disorder, threw a wild look into her splendid eyes, and placed herself in the chair in the attitude of a "sitter." The father—or is it brother?—or is it guardian?—likewise assumes a position, and, to appear perfectly at ease, takes out a cigarette.

And Inez sits, looking like Cleopatra at her very best—perhaps when she gave that first state-dinner to hook-nosed Julius, and all the worries about Antony were as yet unwritten on her soft brown cheek; and Inez smiles, and pouts, and tosses her proud little head, and—what is that scintillation? The sparkle of her eye? No. On my sincerity, she is smoking too!

Inez was evidently a very wilful, petted person, one accustomed to give a considerable amount of trouble. She appeared to talk incessantly, holding the cigarette all the while between her pearly teeth. She skipped off the chair at intervals of three-quarters of a minute to peep over the artist's shoulder, and see what progress had been made. She roused the tall cavalier, who had subsided into a doze, and ordered him to tie her sandal, holding out her small foot from the dais. As for young Haggerdorn, he painted faithfully on, as for very life; and well he might, for, in a brief space, Signora Inez, starting suddenly to her feet, threw down the

chair, and announced the sitting at an end. It had lasted about twenty-five minutes. To Polly-Lamb it had seemed as many hours.

That evening's declining sun caught Mistress Ascroft popping over—albeit uninvited—to tea. It had proved impossible for her gossip-soul to carry, of itself, the burden of “that day's great business”—the first appearance and sitting—or fidgeting—of Inez.

It turned out that her name was not Inez at all. That was our conjecture only. She was called the Señora Theresa Felicia Torre-Díaz.

Of all the lovely creatures that had come across Mistress Ascroft—and they was a many—the Señora Torre-Díaz was the beautifullest, by a handful. Though haughty as a queen, she was lively as a kitten. Nobody knew whether to adore or to hate her. Some does both. As for Master Arthur, he was just mad. What had occasioned the sudden change, she, Mistress Ascroft, could not divine; but, leastwise since Friday week, the Señora Torre-Díaz was everything, and more, to that young man. He talked and thought of nothing else. He worked at the great picture hour after hour, sometimes far into the night; and when, once, Mistress Ascroft, out of all patience, walked steadily into the room and blew out his candles, so frightened her, by painting frantically on in the dark, that the good lady ran down stairs, and never interfered again.

Finally, it was understood that the picture was to be finished eight days from thence, and delivered over to the Señor Antonio Torre-Díaz, the señora's uncle, in consideration of as many Portugal crowns as would defray the cost of a journey to Newfoundland, in Holland, a journey upon which Master Haggerdorn would set forth on the day succeeding the bargain and sale; while the señor and señora would follow, some months hence, in a ship entirely the señor's own, likewise bound for Newfoundland, in Holland.

Such, at all events, was the form in which the tidings reached Miss Polly, as she prepared her weary little head for the pillow. Whether it lay quietly there, I am not bound to say. Surely it is sufficiently irritating, without entering into details, to be obliged to confess one's heroine a woman, a creature of hope and fear, passion and pride, love and jealousy.

Every day, the work went bravely on. Did Polly see it? Of course she did. There was no resisting the fascination. No doubt, she ought to have done anything else in the wide world—fled into Shropshire, bricked up her windows, fallen sick, made vows, and tried to keep them. Anything (almost) would have better become a well-educated young lady, with feelings properly blunted, and the teeth of sentiment duly drawn, than wandering restlessly to and fro, hiding, as though from very self, in the darkness of some inner room, creeping half-guiltily back into an outer; glancing fearfully forth; bursting into bitter tears; stamping her small foot. O, Polly, Polly, who do you think will care for any young lady who yields herself

up to an anguish so excessively ill-bred as—as—I am almost ashamed to speak it, jealousy? At first, indeed, I was disposed to regard your fault with some indulgence, but this is wilful obstin—Don't talk to me of feelings, miss! I am speaking of polite breeding and the exigencies of good society, with which “feeling” has no manner of concern. Very fortunate it is, Miss Humpage, that we are alone, and that you can rely upon my secrecy.

The Señora Torre-Díaz had been more docile of late—behaving, in fact, like the best of sitters—the play of her superb features, plainly visible in the strong light, as she sat nearly facing the window, alone proving the restraint she put upon herself.

As touching the Señor Torre-Díaz, that noble cavalier apparently regarded Mr. Haggerdorn's studio in the light of a dormitory. Sometimes he smoked; at others, he didn't; but whether he smoked, or didn't smoke, three minutes seldom elapsed before the señor's spirit departed from Jermyn-street into the land of dreams.

It was within one day of the allotted time, when poor Polly, lying wearily on the sofa, with a book in her hand, but eyes ever straying from the page, saw the black velvet body suddenly fling palette one way, brush the other, and clasp its hands as in a violent ebullition of feeling! Apparently, the beautiful sitter caught the infection. Leaping lightly from her seat, she motioned both the artist and the awakened señor impatiently aside, and, standing before the picture, expressed by every graceful child-like gesture the utmost delight.

It was clear the work was finished, and triumphantly. Well might the Señora Theresa exult. But where was the need of displaying that glorious face at the window, as if in contemptuous pity of the little rival she could not see? Pressing her pale face down upon the sofa cushions, Polly groaned.

News, in effect, did reach number twenty-seven that evening, importing that the picture was completed, the money paid, and the work of packing begun. For, on the next day but one, would sail the ship Good Adventure for Helvoetsluis, and, not to lose passage, the young artist must leave for Harwich early on the morrow.

Aunt Serocold was Polly's companion the whole of that evening, and the latter, spite of a sort of dull fire that seemed burning at her heart, could not but feel grateful for the kind solicitude with which her friend essayed to win her from herself. But to converse freely was an impossibility, and Polly was not sorry when kissing-time arrived, and set each lady free to retire to her apartment, and indulge in her respective train of meditation.

Before withdrawing, Miss Humpage looked out to see if the stars were shining. There was husbandry in heaven. At all events, none of its silver candles were distinguishable through the tawny, towny atmosphere; but there were, in revenge, certain coruscations on the opposite

side of the way which seemed to indicate that preparations for the departure of the young traveller were still in progress. One by one, even these died out. All became dark, and might have been silent also, but for the interposition of an infirm old gentleman, clad in several coats, who hobbled along the footway, mentioning, for the advantage of anybody who might peradventure have forgotten to go to bed, that it was past twelve o'clock.

It is not written in my notes at what precise hour Miss Humpage rose on the following day; but I do know that when, at nine o'clock, a hackney-coach, once, as it seemed, the property of a marquis of florid taste, tumbled up to Mrs. Ascroft's door, and fell into a jingling halt, Polly-my-Lamb, fully dressed, and pacing her drawing-room, not only heard, but saw it.

There appeared to be no especial haste, for it was twenty minutes or more before any notice was taken of the vehicle, during which interval the coachman dozed, with a bit of straw in his mouth, and his chin on his breast, as if he were sucking up some "cobble," or "julep" (neither then invented, I believe), that lay concealed among the capes of his rusty coat. At the expiration of that time, sundry articles of baggage, well secured, as though for a voyage, began to be brought out, and disposed in and about the coach. Two or three persons, neighbours, went in, doubtless to bid the traveller good speed, and finally Mistress Ascroft, in person, was revealed at the door, looking eagerly up and down, as if to ascertain, first, whether it had dared to rain; secondly, whether any, and if so, what change befittling the melancholy occasion, Jermyn-street had undergone.

But Polly's eyes, as she stood far back in the room, were riveted upon one window, for, across its field, a black-velvet figure had glided once and again. For twelve days the face had been averted. Would he *now* come to the window? Would he? would he? Polly shuddered at the earnestness with which she caught herself muttering the words . . . O, what matter now? She would forgive all, bear all, if that comfort might only be. Why does he linger in the room, passing, repassing? He starts. They are calling him from below. The coachman looks at Saint James's clock, and lashes his horses over the eyes, as a hint to wake and be ready. And *now*. O, not without one look, to make friends, one look, *one*.

A maid bounced in, and drew down the blind! Polly had unconsciously approached nearer to the window. A figure issued from the door. No, it is not he. It is none other than little Mr. Hartshorne. He too has been to say farewell. He waves a parting hand; and, looking sad enough, turns away—glares across towards number twenty-seven, stops suddenly, makes three skips ~~to~~ the door, and rings sharply at the bell!

Before he can be admitted, maid Kezia presents Miss Serocold's love. Miss Humpage is not to be uneasy, the lady has an alarming diz-

ziness in her front tooth. Happening to observe Mr. Hartshorne passing, and to catch his eye, Miss Serocold had waved etiquette and her handkerchief—and—yes—there was his step going up-stairs.

Polly murmured some condolence; then, dismissing the maid, resumed her invisible watch, longing, yet hardly hoping, to catch one glimpse of the estranged face as it passed to the carriage. Both driver and horses had relapsed into slumber, and not even the deep voice of Saint James's, chiming the hour, aroused them to the consciousness of time's progress. It was now ten o'clock, and the Harwich post-coach quitted the suburban yard at eleven.

Suddenly, Mistress Ascroft reappeared with a small provision-basket. This she placed in the coach; but then, instead of re-entering the house, to Polly's great surprise, walked hurriedly across the road, and bestowed on the door of number twenty-seven a knock which, soft and modest though it was, thrilled the lady of that mansion from head to foot. Her heart gave a jump, then subsided into a low tremble. Mrs. Goodall appeared, with a singular message.

"The respectful duty of young Mr. Haggerdorn. If Miss Humpage condescended to retain any favourable recollection of Mr. H.'s former pictures, would she be pleased to inspect his latest effort? If so, it should be immediately transported to the house."

Polly felt herself colour to the very brows. This was the parting shot! She was to learn what love could do, in transferring to the inanimate canvas the perfections of its idol. Refuse she dared not, for that might imply resentment, or wounded pride, of neither of which she wished him to believe that she considered his fickle fancy deserving. Then, too, she was sensible of a burning curiosity to see how far, with such slender artistic gifts, he had succeeded in arresting any one of the beautiful, but ever-changing, expressions that characterised the face of his new favourite. She signified a cool assent.

Nothing, perhaps, could have better tended to restore Polly's mind to its usual balance, than the heartless revenge—or was it vanity?—of her recreant lover; and, by the time she received intimation that the picture awaited her in the parlour, and that the artist had attended it in person, she was prepared to descend with a calm and dignity that literally astonished herself.

On the landing-place, Polly was greeted by Mr. Hartshorne and her much-recovered aunt, and together they proceeded to the parlour.

There, on an extemporised easel, stood the wonderful picture, shrouded from view, as yet, in a green cloth, which Mr. Haggerdorn, grasping with a somewhat agitated hand, prepared to twitch off on the young lady's entrance.

He bowed respectfully, and murmured some words, to which Polly, not comprehending them very clearly, returned an almost inarticulate reply. She made a slight movement with her hand. Off went the cover.

A mass of things in violent action, trampling chargers, frightened oxen, furious men, crimson dust, blue trees, green heavens, a rushing cata-
ract, a peaked bridge, all these, and more, much more, though present, were scarcely seen, for Polly's eyes were nailed upon the prominent figure, a noble damsel on a palfrey, which looked as if painted in Irish butter, who, pausing in her headlong flight as the shock of arms reached her, reined round her cowslip-coloured steed, and, with wild ringlets and dilated eyes, seemed to ask counsel of the spectator what upon earth she should do?

And well might Miss Humpage involuntarily open her blue eyes, for not only was the countenance Polly's own, but it was executed with a precision unsurpassable in art! Nor was the minute finish of the portrait one whit less extraordinary than the resemblance of feature. In that one little gem of a face genius had been content to vindicate itself; but *that* so thoroughly, that all the surrounding extravagance and impossibility were absolutely forgotten or overborne. Quentin Matsys—Arthur Haggerdorn—other little boys—love's Royal Academy possesses the finest schools of art in the world!

For a few seconds, Polly stood gazing as if in a dream; then, awaking, found herself alone. Not quite alone, for the young artist was kneeling at her feet, kissing the little passive hand, exclaiming in a tongue I dare not offer to render in the original (how Polly managed to interpret it I never could understand), that she was, had been, ever would be, his life, his soul, his treasure, star, angel, and the holder of so many other honorary and incongruous appointments, that it is to be hoped some, at least, were sincere. Passionately inquired if Polly believed he could have quitted England without one gracious look? Explained that, when Polly ceased to appear at the window, he, in dread of having offended, vowed never again to court that happiness, until he had prepared a proof (behold it!) that he needed not another glance to impress her darling image for ever, and for ever, on his soul!

That the Señor Torre-Díaz, though given to sleep in studios, was awake to every generous impulse, had a pretty taste for art, and was his poor mother's only friend.

That the señora—(caprice itself)—liked the fun of sitting for somebody else's picture beyond everything, flinging herself and dress into the most graceful attitudes and bewitching folds, and half crying, like a spoiled child, that English manners forbade the possibility of her being a witness of the surprise Miss Humpage must crince on seeing the finished work.

The rest of Mr. Haggerdorn's observations were couched in the purest dialect of the Low Countries, which I don't speak.

As for Polly, her feelings—so far as they were susceptible of analysis—included a sense of recovering from the concussion of a shower-bath, dancing a saraband, witnessing a disorderly

review, and stretching over a precipice at the risk of her neck, to catch the accents of an Æolian harp. Taking her situation in the general, Miss Humpage can only be likened to the commandant of a fortress, who has crammed it with brave defenders, but forgotten his commissariat. The pride and resentment stored up in Polly's heart, were altogether disproportioned to the gentler thoughts now crowding back, nay, even peeping out, esurient as ever, from their original cells, as though they had never been out? Why, therefore, prolong a hopeless defence? As well surrender frankly; at least, so far as to acknowledge the commanding position of the foe. For there was a further consideration.

Polly-my-Lamb did not take away her hand; but she looked down with a sort of grave, sweet pity, upon the young suitor; then gently bade him rise and follow her.

He did so, mechanically, hardly conscious of what was passing, till he found himself standing in front of the picture of a benevolent-looking old gentleman, in a brown coat and powdered wig, who appeared to smile on both of them.

Polly raised her hand.

"There is my answer," she said, her tears falling. "I have sworn to him, before Heaven, a calm, irrevocable vow. By virtue of that pledge, I may never marry until my father's murder is avenged, nor *then*, unless it be the man who avenges it."

"You promise *zat*?" asked young Haggerdorn, with startling abruptness. "To be ze wife of him who shall track your father's murderers?"

"At least, of no one else," replied Polly, firmly, but mournfully.

"Ah! promise, promise! All, zen, shall be most well!"

"Well?"

"Smile not, dear young dames. There is power, I in my withinmost spirit believe, to do zis thing. Love can evrything contrive. Shall he not take one prisoner? I love you. Good. I am painter. Again, I love you. Good. I am avenger. Now, promise!"

Polly looked at him in amazement.

"*You*!" said she, incredulously; yet gradually inclining, as she gazed on those bright, animated features, to partake his enthusiasm. "Alas! Mr. Haggerdorn, what can you have learned of the haunts and hiding-places of crime? How can you, young, strange, inexperienced almost as myself, hope for success, where men, bold and cunning, trained to the work of detection, have owned themselves defeated? How—"

"Only *promise*," reiterated the young man. (She hesitated.) "Not to *me*—not to Arthur Haggerdorn; but to him, young or old, or little, or poor, who shall fulfil zis dutiful desire. For the love of Heaven, promise."

Polly surrendered at discretion.

"I do promise," said she, ~~then~~, with a pitiful certainty of the disappointment he was incurring, when his excitement should have subsided, she added, "Reflect, however, for one

moment, Mr. Haggerdorn. You have no clue, not even a suspicion to guide your efforts. This is building on air."

"You have promised. Zat is no more but success!" was the confident rejoinder. "Zc magistrate—*he* found a clue."

"Ay, here it is," said Polly, taking from a cabinet the mysterious snuff-box which Sir James Polhill, at her request, had committed to her custody. "And what has this told us? It is more than doubtful if the person suspected to have been its owner had any share in my father's murder, and if he had, the wretch has escaped us, and left the country."

"Whither, think they, he has fled?"

"To France—to Holland—to America—who knows? There is safe refuge on either shore for the miscreants."

"To Holland? I, too, thither go. Something points me that way. Remember only your gracious promise, dear lady, and all is done. Trust to me zat box—it shall be my guide. In fourteen weeks, I will restore it, and with it I will bring you my own self the murderer—I swear it. I *know* it. You have promised."

Polly mechanically placed it in his hand.

"I *have* promised."

"It is enough: I ask not more. Farewell—farewell!"

As he stooped to kiss her hand, Mr. Hartshorne and Miss Serocold rejoined them, as quietly as they had withdrawn. There was a singular expression on the latter's face, and even Mr. Hartshorne lacked something of his accustomed perfect self-possession—a fact he, however, tried to cover with an embarrassed laugh.

"Your coachman's sleeping powers are exhausted, Arthur," he said. "He has driven off!"

"He has driven!" said Arthur, not, however, evincing any remarkable consternation.

"Baggage and all. Don't be alarmed. He will return in the afternoon, in time to convey you to the extra post-coach, which, as we have learned, will go to Harwich to-night, with government property and passengers. I have one word to—say to you," added the little doctor, hesitating, "if Miss Humpage will pardon."

As he drew Arthur aside, Miss Serocold sidled up to her friend, and, taking her hand, pressed it with a significance of congratulation with which Polly, though grateful, could have dispensed.

"Darling, I am so happy!" murmured the elder lady.

Polly intimated her satisfaction, trying, nevertheless, to look as though she accepted it rather as a pleasing fact in their domestic history than as implying any new phase of feeling.

"So very—*very* blest!" continued Miss Serocold. "Such a sudden wave of joy!"

"Blest! Wags!" said Polly. "My dear aunt—I—"

"Cannot realise the pleasing pain!" said her friend, sentimentally. "No more can I. That he should have snatched the first moment—"

"The last—" murmured Polly.

"When we had not set eyes on each other these five weeks, to ask me to be his."

"Whose, aunt?"

"Hartshorne's—John's, my love. To whom *was* I referring, do you imagine?" asked her friend, softly.

Polly looked at her—she was not jesting. It was clearly no delusion now. Miss Humpage returned the pressure of her friend's hand with what gravity she might.

"But how, dear aunt," inquired the curious young lady, presently, "has your lover conducted his wooing? Surely *to-day* was not the first—"

"We have corresponded, dear," replied Miss Serocold, with a becoming blush. "It—it began with pulsatilla, and ended in—in—*this*. John would like to have called, of course; but he is the most thoughtful, the most considerate—He knew, by some means, that you were not in good spirits, and feared that the sight of others' happiness might only increase your melancholy. But, this morning—I was in trouble, you know—and—and—he spoke."

"Oh!" said Polly.

Mr. Hartshorne, who had only prolonged his confidences with Arthur until his betrothed had communicated *her* secret, now approached Miss Humpage, and paid his compliments with an ease that, under the circumstances, did him great credit, after which he took his hat to withdraw. Arthur, though less self-possessed, was sensible that he too should take his leave.

Not another word, and but one more look, followed between the pair. That sufficed. On the one side, it ratified the promise; on the other, reiterated the assurance of success. Four or five hours later the sleepy coachman returned, and, without being permitted the briefest interval of repose, transported Mr. Haggerdorn to the yard of the Merry Privateer, Tower Links, whence the extra post-coach was to depart for Harwich.

CHAPTER VIII.

Not yet was the business of that eventful day complete.

Polly-my-Lamb sat before the picture of her father in deep meditation, not unmingled with self-reproach, as she remembered how freely, of late, hopes purely selfish had been permitted to entwine themselves with the great end and purpose of her life. Strive as she might, however, she could not now disconnect them, nor could she conceal from herself that the failure of each attempt to do so was not a source of pain! But then, this youth—who was he? Under what pretext could one in his position become the claimant of her hand, unless as the fulfiller of the object she had in view? Good. It was in this character alone that she had given him her promise. Of course he understood *that*? Not for any personal interest she could be presumed to take in him. Miss Humpage applauded her

own excellent wisdom, foresight, and hard-heartedness, in having laid down this distinction so guardedly. She had promised her hand and wealth to him who should trace her father's murderer. To such a man alone—

Polly had exactly reached this satisfactory conclusion, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Stephen, who announced Sir James Polhill—and, without further ceremony, ushered in that excellent magistrate. He was attended by Mr. Armour, still calmly confident, but comporting himself with more real humility than on former occasions.

"Are you prepared, my dear young lady," said Sir James, taking Polly's hand with a meaning smile, "for tidings of considerable importance?"

Polly coloured for all answer.

"Not to keep you in suspense, my dear," resumed Sir James, "you must know that we have received the most satisfactory testimony of the return to this country of the persons supposed to be implicated in the—the affair of your poor father. One of the most dashing, interesting, and remarkable outrages of modern times, was committed, two nights since, on the Harwich road, within a few miles—My dear!"

Polly had uttered an unconscious exclamation.

"Go on, sir, I beg," faltered the young lady.

"The parties have been traced to their haunt, and by this time to-morrow (we have to concert measures with an officious country justice, who has a fancy to be associated with this important capture) Lord Lob will be in our hands! Eh, Armour?"

"If he is not, Sir James, may I never take thief again!" ejaculated the gentleman addressed.

"Enough. I thought, my dear," continued the magistrate, turning to Polly, "that you would be glad to have this matter placed beyond all doubt. And now, Armour, you can return to the office. I will be with you in half an hour."

The officer withdrew. It did not, however, appear that the excellent magistrate had anything especial to add. Nor had he. This was merely one of those little methods to which he occasionally had recourse, by way of checking the vanity of his subordinate, and teaching that individual that, clever as he was, there were depths of consultation into which not even *he*—at least, as a matter of course—was privileged to enter. Sir James therefore talked on, without much significance, till receiving no reply, he looked steadily at his companion, and saw that she was both pale and agitated. His notice brought matters to a crisis. The poor little girl, overcome with mingled emotions, burst into a violent flood of tears.

The good magistrate, somewhat alarmed, and not a little puzzled, quickly discovered, however, that there was something of a troubling nature on her mind, irrespective of the agitating ideas conjured up by the information he had brought, and, touched by the poor child's friendless position, set himself, with so much tact, and gentle-

ness, to probe the wound, that he ended by winning her confidence, so far as to become possessed of the secret of her vow!

Let it be owned that Polly-my-Lamb was, in her heart, not a little astonished at the collected—not to say indifferent—manner in which Sir James received the important revelation. His lips struggled hard against a smile, and to say truth, with difficulty overcame it, as the good gentleman pictured to himself Henry the Successful, accompanied by the fettered tyrant of the highways, presenting himself at the footstool of the heiress, and claiming the promised guerdon of her hand and wealth!

Aware, however, of the serious light in which Polly was prepared to view the matter, he contented himself with hinting at the improbability of Mr. Armour's coveting any other reward than such as his conscience (and the government) might bestow. To be plain, he assured her, even if in her enthusiastic fulfilment of this rather unadvised pledge, it should be needful to inform the officer of the extraordinary preferment thus likely to be placed within his reach, he, Sir James, would venture to affirm, on the part of that bold but respectful man, that he would prefer accepting a reasonable composition in money to aspiring to a station for which he was, by birth, habits, and education, alike unfitted.

With this prompt analysis of the excellent Armour poor Polly was fain to be content. The glowing face of the young artist had died hopelessly out of her future, but at least it would never be replaced by the cool, supercilious visage of this Bow-street runner. "*Thus*!" Such was not the term she would have applied, some few months since, to one who seemed the appointed instrument of vengeance. Poor Polly! Her mind could not stir without a pang!

Sir James walked back to his office, absolutely choking with hilarity. He was gifted—if gift it be—with a keen sense of the ridiculous; and, by the time he arrived in Bow-street, the joke, as it appeared to him, had attained such colossal proportions, that he found it impossible to refrain from confiding it to the party most interested; certain that the latter would enjoy it with equal, though more subdued and respectful, relish.

Much to his surprise, Mr. Armour heard the story out with a degree of gravity wholly unsuited to the theme, and, almost before Sir James had well concluded, the magisterial mind became sensible of a painful suspicion that not only was Mr. Henry Armour a vain, but also an ambitious, man: that, in fact, in his view the gigantic jest had diminished to a pigmy. Briefly (in the plain English in which, undoubtedly, Mr. Armour laid the case hastily before himself), that *he* had as good a right to the lady's hand as any other fellow, so that he fulfilled the conditions required. The officer, however, did not deem it advisable to give utterance to his feelings at the moment; while Sir James, on his side, was too anxiously intent upon bringing the coming enterprise to a successful issue, to enter

into any discussion that might have the effect of damping his lieutenant's zeal. So let the morrow care for itself.

They plunged at once into the preparatory arrangements. In that occupation we leave them.

ADVENTURES OF A FEDERAL RECRUIT.

"AN Englishman, travelling through the State of New York, I found myself reduced for a time to destitution in its capital, by loss of my luggage, containing everything I possessed in that part of the world; not only my money, but also letters of introduction, and my papers of all kinds. There I was in the streets of New York, possessing only the clothes I then stood in, and some three dollars, in American notes. What could I do? I was reckless; I was disheartened; for how could I live until I should have written home and got remittances from England? After purposelessly wandering up and down the streets, I strolled into the bar of an hotel which stood before me, and soon found myself drawn into conversation with a person dressed in the uniform of the Federal States. He invited me to drink a cobbler with him, and as it is dangerous in America to decline such a request, I acceded to his invitation. We drank several glasses together, and I afterwards remembered noticing the exchange of some expressive glances between the soldier and the barkeeper; but I had no idea that they could have any reference to me; indeed, I was too reckless then to think much about anything.

I soon found myself talking incoherently; my head felt giddy, and the veins throbbled almost to bursting. I had a faint consciousness that something was said about getting me home, and that I was lifted into some conveyance. I know nothing more of what took place, until I awoke next morning, and found myself lying on some hard boards, filthy and dirty beyond description. Near me lay several men in sky-blue uniform, sleeping a drunken sleep; while some were smoking, some were cursing, yelling, and howling, and two were engaged in a desperate fight, which awoke me. They were all Irish. I soon found, from their conversation, that I was in a guard-house on Staten Island. How or why I came to be there, I knew not. I lay as still as possible, that I might not provoke any quarrel with my drunken and quarrelsome neighbours. Some little time after I had been awake, the door was opened, and we were all marched out, every man between two dirty soldiers. An officer stood at a little distance, before whom each of us in turn was taken. My turn came; I was still half stupid from the effect of the drugged drink of the previous night; and as I was dragged forward to him, he turned to a sergeant near, and asked what that—not blessed—Englisher was there for? "A drunken recruit for the 168th New York Regiment," was the reply.

A drunken recruit! I began to protest, when he savagely ordered me to shut up; and the sergeant, a huge fellow, catching me by the throat, shook me, and almost strangled me. A corporal was then ordered to take me to a tent, get my uniform, and see me put it on. I was then marched off (a couple of bayonets bringing up the rear), and pushed into a tent, where a guard was set over me. In a few minutes, a bundle of clothes was thrown in, with orders that I was to put them on, and be quick about it. I refused. In a few minutes an officer appeared, who angrily asked, "Will you put on those clothes, you English cuss?" I still declined, and said that I was not a soldier. "Bundle him into the guard-house, double iron him, and see that he gets nothing but water till he comes to his senses." A Yankee sutler who was standing near, remarked as I passed: "Guess you are in for it, Britisher!"

Into the guard-house I was accordingly bundled, and heavily ironed. There, for six days, I remained, without food, surrounded by the filth of drunken and quarrelsome Irish soldiers. Oh! the horrible stench of this place! Each day I was taken before some officer, and asked, "Will you put on that uniform?" Each day I answered, "No." At length, the horrors by which I was surrounded, and the weakness of starvation, so far broke my spirit, that I consented. I was taken to the same tent as before, I put on the uniform, and I saw my own clothes burnt.

I was now secured, and might go at large in the camp, for I could not escape. I was on an island, connected with the mainland by two steam ferries; one to New York, the other to New Jersey; each strictly guarded. Patrols also were posted over the whole island. Camp Scott, in which I was detained, was surrounded by a cordon of sentinels, stationed at intervals of twenty yards, while beyond these, were pickets, consisting of officers and non-commissioned officers, all heavily armed. There was assigned to me a share of a very small tent, already containing five men, and we were at night so closely packed that, once down, we were compelled to remain in that position for the night. It was impossible for us to turn; there was not room. In this camp, which was a camp of instruction, were the material of five regiments, forming the Irish Brigade, under the command of General Corcoran, distinguished for his insult to the Prince of Wales.

Being allowed to walk about the camp, I spent most of my spare time in wandering round it, as close to the bounds as possible, longing for and seeking any remote chance of freedom. Escape, indeed, seemed hopeless, and for a time I gave up the idea. I went almost mechanically through the routine duty exacted; it was heavy and tiresome; and to me, wrongfully detained, almost insupportable. From daylight to dark, I suffered drill, drill, drill. Soon after dusk we were turned into our hot and dirty tent, and then woe to the unlucky man who, half stifled,

left it for a mouthful of fresh air. If caught abroad, summary vengeance was dealt on his unlucky head, most probably in the shape of a knock-down blow from the butt-end of a revolver. The filth of this camp was disgusting. Few of the men ever saw water except to drink it; their flesh was disguised in dirt, and their underclothes were in very few cases ever taken off until they fell to pieces.

Being a wild Irish camp, peace was preserved by allowing any row short of a faction fight. To keep the steam under, Paddy was suffered to thrash Paddy to his heart's content; rings were formed for that purpose under the supervision of the officers; and it was truly wonderful to see the number of rings that were required in which to settle all the little daily differences. More than once I was awakened in the night by a desperate fight within the narrow tent, where all the occupants were pummelling each other in the dark. A truly rueful face have I brought out in the morning, while the tent, much stained with blood, was being visited by admiring crowds who came to witness the scene of a battle so much after their own hearts.

It is a boast of the Stars and Stripes that there is in their army no such thing as corporal punishment. But of corporal punishment there are more forms in the world than one. It is true that I have never seen the lash used, but American ingenuity has not been slow to invent substitutes. A favourite mode of punishment, inflicted by courts-martial, is the old-fashioned torture of picketing, once used in the British army, but long since discarded as barbarous and cruel. Its victim is hung by his thumbs to a beam, so that his toes only rest on two pieces of wood driven for that purpose into the ground. Thus he remains, for from half an hour to an hour, unless, as is frequently the case, he falls insensible, and is carried away to the hospital. Another form of punishment, not unlike the cangue of the Chinese, is that of the "barrel." A heavy cask of from one to one and a half hundred-weight, having an end knocked out, and a square hole cut in the other for a man's head to go through, rests with its sharp edges on the shoulder of the culprit, who is thus for many hours marched round the camp between a file of soldiers with fixed bayonets. This is described by those on whom it has been inflicted, as a terrible punishment, for though to a strong man the weight is at first not great, it soon begins to give great torture, the sharp edges cutting deeply into the shoulder. Indeed, but few get through a long punishment of this kind; men fall exhausted, and frequently senseless, and are carried to the guard-house or hospital. Not many days passed in Camp Scott, without the infliction of these and other punishments upon whole batches of delinquents. During my short stay, two men died under the infliction of these cruelties.

It was my good fortune to escape such punishments, by great care and submissiveness, although on one occasion the escape was narrow. I was

sent for to the tent of the adjutant-general, and required to swear allegiance to the United States government. This I refused to do, asserting that I was a subject of Great Britain. I was, however, confronted by men who swore that I had been regularly enlisted into the United States service, and had signed a paper to that effect. The paper was produced. There was no writing of mine on it, nor was it my name that was attached; but the name by which I was known in the regiment, and in which, in spite of my protestations, I had been entered on the rolls, was there. These men swore, also, that I had acknowledged having voted at the last election, and that I was consequently a citizen. In vain were all my appeals. A hundred dollars were produced, which I was told was the portion of bounty to which I would be entitled upon swearing allegiance; but that anyhow there I was, and there I should remain, till Uncle Sam had done with me. The discussion ended in a night's lodging in the guard-house, and the promise of the "barrel" in the morning; the threat, however, was not executed, neither did I swear allegiance.

Six dreary weeks passed by—weeks spent in dreaming of home in that England I never expected to see again. Gladly would I have given a leg or an arm to have stood free on the deck of one of the ships that I saw sailing homeward by my island prison. I had been continually planning schemes of escape, but was disheartened by the fact that the few who did manage to run the guard never got safely off, but soon were brought back to suffer severe punishment. I wandered round the camp day after day in search of the most likely point for escape, and the search generally ended in attention to a spot where the lines of the camp extended to within about fifty yards of a thick wood. Even here I should have to run the fifty yards in sight of the guard; and should they, in their hurry to fire, miss me, I must then risk meeting the out-pickets, made alert by the sound of firing. But I trusted that in the thick wood I might be able to elude these, and, once free from the camp, take my chance of getting off the island. It was indeed a poor chance, as the island, being used specially for the safe-keeping of recruits, was jealously guarded by officers picked from each regiment, in order that the appearance of every man might be known to some one of them. Even in private clothes there was but a very poor chance of escape, but in uniform it seemed to be almost impossible. No matter, I would do my best, and I could but risk life to be free.

About this time I was sent for to the tent of the paymaster, who, much to my surprise, handed me one hundred dollars, which he told me was part of my bounty. I knew too well how much I should need money, to have any scruple about taking it, though I was informed that, after this, if I did not take the oath of allegiance within a week, I should be sent to Fort Lafayette as a disloyal traitor, and that I should, in addition, be tried

for defrauding the State. This I knew to be no idle threat, such means having been taken in other cases to coerce entrapped foreigners. I knew many instances of men defrauded of their liberty being sent to work on the fortifications, for having under similar circumstances "defrauded" the State. Knowing all this, however, I deliberately took the dollars; for I was fully resolved to make my escape, or die.

One day, while wandering round the camp, I saw in a dust-hole, behind an officer's tent, an old and ragged pair of trousers. These, with some difficulty, I managed to secure under my overcoat, and watching an opportunity when the tent was empty, I put them on under my uniform. I had also obtained an old red flannel shirt, and these would enable me to throw off the regimentals when necessary, and appear in some sort as a civilian.

My first step was to sham a violently sprained ankle. Having deceived the surgeon, who was a very incompetent man, I was relieved from duty. Limping about the camp for a day or two, I occasionally heard it said that I was "foxing," which was not far wrong. Then, when I had made the few possible arrangements, I chose for my great venture a fine day about two hours before dark, when most of the officers would be on parade with their regiments, and when I knew that men of my own company were on guard at the spot where I hoped to break the lines. Having supplied myself with a bottle of whisky and some cigars, I made towards the spot I had chosen, and found, to my agreeable surprise, that one of the men of my own company there on guard was a Scotchman, who had felt as little at home as I did in such a camp. We were on friendly terms; indeed, we had often discussed our chances of escape. The whisky was produced, and so were the cigars, which the soldiers on guard shared, of course secretly, and without attracting the attention of the officers; for speaking to the sentinels on duty was an offence very severely punished. I was convinced that none of the guard had the least suspicion of my purpose, and it must have been much to their surprise that when I had passed one of them, as if to carry the whisky-bottle to another, I suddenly dropped it, and ran for the wood, right through their lines. Indeed, they were so much taken by surprise, that I was already half way to the cover when they called to me to halt. Four or five shots were fired after me; but although I heard the whistle of the balls, none of them passed very near me; in fact, I don't think the men had any wish to hit me. In a few bounds I reached the wood, and, dashing through the bush up a short hill, found myself, on reaching the top, almost face to face with the lieutenant-colonel of my own regiment. He stood a little below me, revolver in hand, but I had come so suddenly upon him, that before he had time to cock a single barrel, and while he was fumbling to do so, I, by a sudden spring as I rushed down hill, by throwing my whole weight

upon him, dashed him headlong to the ground. Rolling several yards down the hill beyond him, I sprang to my feet, and was out of sight in the thick bushes before he recovered himself.

Taking, as I judged, the direction from the camp, I ran as well as I could through the bush for some twenty minutes, or half an hour, and believed that I was a mile or two from the camp, when unexpectedly hearing a cry of Halt! I turned sharp off to my right, and found myself on the edge of an open space of the wood next to the camp, in full view of, and close to, a company of the guard, with an officer, who, on seeing me, at once gave orders to fire. But the range was long, and although the balls out branches of trees near me, and some passed very close, with an unpleasant hiss, none touched me. All this time I was running through thick reedy grass, and making for the dense brush on the other side of the small clearing, when, just as I had almost reached it, General Corcoran and his staff, who had heard the firing, galloped up, and a smart fusillade was opened upon me from their revolvers. But they were on horseback, and at some distance: so at first none of their shots took effect on me, except that one of them knocked off my cap. I was beginning, therefore, to congratulate myself on still keeping a whole skin, and was on the point of entering the thick bush, when General Corcoran, enraged at the possibility of my getting off untouched, leaped his horse over the fence which stood between us, and rode to within fifteen or twenty yards of me. I, on hearing him, almost involuntarily turned round and faced him just as he took deliberate aim at me. I thought it was all over with me then, for at that distance he could not well miss. He fired, and I fell as if some one had knocked my legs from under me with a big stick. I did not exactly think that I had been hit; I did not know what it was. I had been standing, when he fired, up to my waist in thick grass, and when I fell I rolled completely out of sight, into a dry watercourse which ran from the wood. I heard the general remark that he had "settled that coon, anyhow," and he ordered his aide-de-camp to go and see whether I was dead, or only wounded. While he spoke, I was scrambling as rapidly as I could up the dry watercourse, and before they had dismounted and come to the spot I had crept some fifty yards into the thick underwood, and was again off as fast as I could run in the direction that I thought would take me from the camp. I ran for some time. From the top of a little knoll I heard the drums: they were distant, and my escape so far was effected.

Then, hastily, I threw off my uniform, and stood, dressed in an old ragged and dirty pair of what once had been black pantaloons, and an old red shirt; civilian dress, it is true, but of a sort to make me look like a suspicious character, who could not get off the island without giving a very clear account of himself. Still I had now a better chance than I could possibly

have had in uniform. Up to this time, in the excitement of flight, I had scarcely known that I had been struck by the shot when I rolled over, but I now saw that my shoe was torn and bloody. The wound did not yet give me inconvenience, and I paid no further attention to it, but walking rapidly on, kept as well as I could in the same direction. I was soon clear of the wood, and taking the road that I believed to be the way to the New York Ferry, rapidly marched on, hoping to reach it in time for the last boat, when it would be dark, and therefore less difficult to escape without recognition. I walked for some two hours, and on coming to a small village, asked the distance to the Ferry, when, to my utter consternation, I found that I had been walking directly from it, and that I was within a mile of the Jersey Ferry at Port Richmond. I knew it was impossible for me to get across, for at that point the captain of my own company was on duty, and would of course know me directly. Nevertheless, I kept on towards the village, when suddenly a man, in the United States uniform, sprang from the shadow of a hedge and laid his hand on my shoulder. I thought it must be an officer on patrol duty, and seized him by the throat. When he with some difficulty managed to make me believe him, I found that he was one of the soldiers on guard at the time of my escape, who, during the confusion, had managed to make his escape too. But he had come away without any preparation, was entirely without money, and was in uniform; his chance, therefore, was desperate, and he was then thinking of giving himself up.

This meeting was awkward for me. I was as ill off with my comrade in full uniform as if I had remained in uniform myself. I dared not refuse to throw in my chance with his, for he, being reckless, might have given himself up to the nearest guard, and screened himself by informing against me. We therefore marched on together, I feeling my hope of escape much diminished. So we passed through the village of Port Richmond. In the outskirts I made inquiries as to the prospect there might be of hiring a small boat, but some mischievous boys raised the cry of "Deserters!" and we ran at once.

By this time it had become dark, and we kept along the sea-shore until we reached a lonely spot, with only an occasional fisherman's hut; I not being in uniform knocked at several of the doors, and tried to bargain for a boat to put us across the water (which was there about half a mile wide), but all moodily refused to discuss the matter; all evidently suspected me, and knew there must be something wrong, when a ragamuffin like myself offered a large sum for so small a service. Even two darkies, whom we found busily engaged in splitting wood, refused the fifty dollars which I desperately offered them. They, too, had heard of Fort Lafayette. After walking many weary miles, trying all the boats we met with, and invariably finding them locked and without their

oars, we discovered a helper whom I will not say a word to identify, and were speedily placed on the shore of the opposite state of New Jersey. I offered our friend twenty-five dollars for his good services, but he refused to take more than his proper fare, one dollar. He even walked a mile with us to put us on the road for a railway station.

By this time my foot began to pain me excessively, and as we had still to walk several miles to the station, I began to fear that I should be unable to reach it. Had I been alone I should have lain down where I was, but I began now to feel the benefit of having a companion. My comrade made me lean on his shoulder, and half lifted me along. When he found that, almost unclothed, I was shivering from the cold night air, he at once took off his over-coat and threw it across my shoulders. Slowly and painfully I dragged myself (or rather he dragged me) forward. We reached a station on the Pennsylvania Railway about midnight, and found people then waiting for a train to New York. Our worst danger was now to be faced. Night-time, however, favoured us, and a slight circumstance in itself secured our safe passage without suspicion. We entered the station; my companion in uniform, and I with his great-coat thrown loosely over my shoulders, leaning heavily and painfully upon him, having, as was obvious to all at a glance, been wounded in my foot, for tracks of blood were left where I walked along. This station being in a direct line from the seat of war to New York, it was at once inferred that I, a poor wounded soldier, was being forwarded to New York under my companion's care. Every one pitied me, and I heard the words, "Poor fellow!" from many lips. One officer present, even went so far as to direct my companion to the place to which he supposed I was to be taken. We reached the Hudson River and crossed the ferry unquestioned and unsuspected; for this, being the ferry from New Jersey, and not from Staten Island, was not very strictly guarded. Soon, therefore, we found ourselves in comfortable quarters, where the landlord insisted upon treating us, and greedily swallowed the tales by which we sustained our new characters. A soft feather-bed in place of hard boards soon gave us the sleep we much needed. We rose early in the morning, breakfasted, and left the hotel. As no soldier dares to show himself in New York without a pass, and as I could be of no further assistance to my companion, while he, by remaining with me, would infallibly lead me into danger, I gave up to him his great-coat, and pressing on him a sum of money, left him to his own devices. I now had the full advantage of not being in uniform; out of it, dressed in rags though I was, I had no difficulty in buying the dress of a respectable civilian. So, with hair and whiskers trimmed by a fashionable hairdresser, and in a brand new suit of clothes, I began to feel safe. But at the same time I knew that every hour of delay in New York added largely to the chance of my detection, as descriptive lists would

soon arrive, and many officers would know me. Right glad I was, therefore, to find myself in the cars, en route for Canada. It seemed an interminable time before the cars started, and I was in nervous dread lest I might be discovered before they set off; but we were soon whirling along the beautiful banks of the Hudson, and then I began to breathe freely.

Nothing unusual occurred till we reached Albany, the state capital, when a United States officer entered the train in which I was proceeding northward, and took a seat in the car by my side. He was a red-headed good-natured fellow, who at once began to gossip with myself and others about the war, and such usual topics. At length the conversation turned upon deserters, and he remarked that desertion had now reached its climax, for he believed that the authorities had resolved in future to shoot all who were taken. He added, quite innocently, that a telegram from New York had just been received at Albany, directing them to look out for and stop a fellow who had, on the previous day, escaped from Staten Island, under most outrageous circumstances. He had first knocked down and half killed his colonel, besides defying the whole guard, and the general himself. He took from his pocket a paper, from which he read to me the description of myself. He added that, being an Englishman, this fellow would assuredly make for Canada, and that he (the speaker) was then on his road to a junction dépôt, some twenty miles from Albany, through which all the northern trains must pass, and there he would examine each passenger until he found his man; when caught, of course he would be shot. Very well pleased was I to see him leave the train at this junction, after courteously bidding us "good day."

Onward I sped, travelling night and day, by land and water, until I reached a small village at the top of Lake Champlain. The steamer arriving there on Sunday morning, I could get no further, as in America trains do not run on Sunday. I was compelled, sorely against my will, to stop twenty-four hours near the Canadian frontier, but still within the United States territory. In this village lived the United States provost-marshal and staff, who were in charge of the frontier, and whose duty it was to examine every one passing through for Canada. I went to the principal hotel (which was not a very grand one) and quartered myself there, among numerous guests, of whom some had been my fellow-travellers, and some were regular boarders. Among the boarders was one old gentleman, who made himself peculiarly agreeable, and with whom I soon got into a lively controversy. We spent nearly all the day (it was snowing heavily outside) in debate over political and international subjects: I taking an essentially English view of everything, and showing myself to be in every respect thoroughly English. During the discussion, I was startled by the accidental discovery that I, a deserter, particularly wanted by the authorities, was actually in warm

controversy with the provost-marshal himself, whose duty it was to stop me. I did not feel very comfortable during the remainder of the evening; but all went well, and in the morning, after we had breakfasted together, I proceeded to the dépôt, where, on going to take my place in the cars, I found the provost-marshal already busy, papers in hand, diligently inspecting all the passengers. But he never once suspected me; how could he suspect a person who had passed most of the previous twenty-four hours in his company, and on terms of friendship? We parted with a hearty shake of the hand, and a joke over our yesterday's dispute.

Arrived at the frontier, I was exceedingly nervous during the Customs examination; in fact, now that my last chance of failure was attained, I found myself trembling violently. But this delay was at length over; we moved on, and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing a soldier in the British uniform enter the train. A terrible load was lifted from my heart, for I then knew that I was safe under the protection of the British flag: a blessing none can properly appreciate but those who, like myself, have felt the want of it. I was still friendless and moneyless, though free, for my hundred dollars had by this time disappeared, and Canada being then, and for months afterwards, covered with snow, I saw but a poor prospect for the future; however, having written to England for a remittance, I had only to fight out, as a free man, six weeks of hardship and hunger. This I did with a good heart, for my life and its future were my own again.

RICHELIEU.

ALL she-creatures that exist
Power can subdue;
Save the Muse,—that could resist
Cardinal Richelieu.

He the War of Thirty Years
With his left hand led;
Struck the turbulent French Peers
With his right hand dead;

Mad-dog-Luther loosed, to thwart
Kaiser Karl, and Rome;
Fashion'd France, and shook to the heart
Crazy Christendom;

Greatest man of many great!
When to see him came
The Queen-Mother, while he sat,
Stood the royal dame:

Round him he, with haughty mien,
Rome's proud purple wrapp'd:
Trembling stood the bare-head Queen,
Sat the Cardinal, capp'd.

Only little poets were
Gombault, Desmarets,
Colletet, and Boisrobert;
Yet, whenever they

Came to see the Cardinal,
Not one doff'd his hat;
Proud as princes one and all,
These small poets sat:

While in supercilious mood
They his rhymes did view,
Trembling and bare-headed stood
Cardinal Richelieu.

FETTERS.

Is there such a thing as freedom? We make a great cry (and righteously) against the material chains of the slave, but what is there for any of us but fetters? Are we not all slaves, spiritually if nothing more. Take any social position you like to name, and you cannot find in one true liberty as the necessary consequence: all are mortised and clamped to slavery with iron clamps more or less severe according to the tenon, often jagged, at the edges to make it fit the tighter. Of the three grand divisions of property—wealth, competence, and poverty—it is a toss up which has fewest liberties, and where the strain is tightest.

There is no freedom assuredly in great wealth; indeed, golden fetters are heavier in the main than iron ones, and money scrawls out a long list of prohibitions, with gilded flourishes to set off the letters. What liberty can there be for a man whose perpetual motto is *Noblesse Oblige*? noblesse translated by guineas or quarterings, as the case may be. His noblesse is always obliging him to something: and that something is sure to be a diminution of his personal freedom, and a curtailment of his private pleasures. He cannot make simplicity or unconventionality the rule of his life, be his desires never so unartificial and his tastes never so savage, and he must live hand in glove with the pomps and vanities, however much he may despise them. He must have big houses, and many of them; though he can live in only one at a time; and, out of his half-dozen estates, five give him the ague, and the sixth has a patent for neuralgia; he must have an army of tall powdered footmen, against whom, perhaps, his soul revolts in favour of neat-handed Phyllices in clean gowns and white muslin aprons, according to the waiting-maid ideal; he must have carriages and horses, when he would rather walk for the sake of his health, or see life from the top of an omnibus, which he finds more amusing than a stately drawl along the Serpentine, half smothered in my lady's crinoline, and crawled over by my lady's Skye terrier; he is fond of gardening—likes digging celery trenches, hoeing potatoes, or even hacking out stones from the "leek"—doesn't mind what kind of work it is, if he can but have a spade or a pickaxe in his hand. But fancy a man with a hundred thousand a year among his cabbages, with his gentlemanlike head gardener in kid gloves standing by, calculating his own future when my lord shall be taken to a lunatic asylum like any other unseemly growth plucked up from the place it deforms and carted off to the great rubbish-heap outside the yard gates!

What freedom is there in middle-class competence got by work? whether as a strictly

graduated government employé, who knows his income and expectations to a fraction, or as one of the Bashi-Bazouks of professional life, able to calculate only by average, with a margin for contingencies? The first is surely not his own master, with an eight o'clock breakfast winter and summer, and only a month's holiday at an inconvenient time. Not very like true liberty that, I think! And is the Bashi-Bazouk his own master either, with the necessity of writing so many pages per week? Of painting so many yards of canvas? Of visiting so many diseased bodies? Of pleading so many unsavoury causes, if he would find his children in bread and boots? Is a man his own master while the butcher and the baker stand at the corner of the street with a fiery facias as a potentiality if the bills be not paid when demanded? The Bashi-Bazouk may wear no livery, not even the Queen's, but he is not a free man for all that, and his chain and bullet gail him like the rest.

As for poverty, there is no question of freedom here. When a man's fetters must needs be padlocked with a private lock and key—and when he belongs to any one who chooses to keep that key in his waistcoat-pocket—he has not much liberty to play at bowls with! Well for him too, poor fellow, if he be padlocked at all, and his chains be numbered and hung up in the great Blue-Beard chamber of Work; for, what we choose to call real liberty would bring but a cold cupboard to him, and would be rather the liberty of starvation. The personal freedom of poverty is a shadowy chimera, and cannot hold its own in the face of facts.

But beside the mere framework of a man's being—his income—how many other things are fetters to him! Chains that are sometimes lugged as the most precious things in life, and gilded over till they shine in the sun like cables of pure gold; chains that are wreathed with flowers, and decked with evergreens so thickly strung you cannot see the metal beneath, and know nothing of the sores engendered; chains that are sometimes sadly wept over, till all the bright polish has become dimmed and dulled, and the rust has eaten into the steel, and the comeliness and glory of the metal has departed, leaving only tear-stained, time-worn, cankered fetters, swinging and clanking round the bleeding limbs. What is love itself but slavery?—a better slavery than loveless freedom, but slavery none the less; fetters forged out of as unsubstantial materials as you will, but binding down the soul with stronger force than ever did iron manacle of slave or convict. No living heart that loves, can sing *Io* means to freedom: unless in mockery of itself, or in the bitterness of an illusion fled.

And if love be slavery, what is marriage? Slavery, too, in quite as large proportion, and often times without the love as a makeweight on the side of happiness. In its ideal, marriage is the perfect harmony of two tuned chords; the stately moving, each in its own orbit, of two smooth spheres, tending ever to the same end, but without interference or domination

from either. This is the figurative ideal: what is the reality? The mutual wearing of an eternal chain; the mutual shackling by unyielding fetters; the subjection of the one under the mastership of the other; the delivering up of free will and independence when we sign those terrible indentures of the Irrevocable, by which we are bound to the most tremendous apprenticeship life has to offer. This is not saying that duty and love are not higher than liberty: it is simply clearing the ground of false definitions, and maintaining the right of spades to be called by their names. No, there is no liberty in marriage. There may be happiness—that I do not gainsay; and there is certain to be cause and room for nobleness and self-sacrifice; but that is not liberty—with which the question stands at this moment.

The very household furniture is a fetter, and a chain as well: the two being distinct varieties of the implements of servitude: the one binding you fast, the other weighing you down. Chairs and tables do both. They weigh you down with champagne and dinners, with wax-lights and suppers, with linen floor-cloths and balls; and they bind you back from Egypt and Morocco, South America and the Fiji Islands, Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen—to all of which places your wandering feet would have carried you long ago, had you had the courage to constitute yourself a Bohemian pur sang, and to sink the chairs and tables. Not daring to do this, you sit in the one, clamped hard and fast to the other, and spend your time in regretting your wooden slavery.

Is not hospitality, too, a fetter? Hospitality, according to the traditions of the modern drawing-room caravanserai, is an awfully long chain round some necks, and a tremendous fetter to many feet, keeping them nailed to the arid rocks of impecuniosity, where no rich grass for cattle, no savoury fruits for man, grow among the granite, but only lichens, and dim tufts of heather, and withered pods of the golden gorse: growths of stony poverty, bare of wealth and beauty alike. How many of us have gone down that long dark road of monetary ruin, starting from the brilliantly-lighted mansion of Hospitality, where all the chimneys reeked a welcome, substantially interpreted and aromatically flavoured; and where the rooms were caves of mirth and music, not in any way associated with Trophonius! And yet Trophonius lives down there at the end of the lane; and the luckless visitor to his cave has rather a different lodging to what his own Hospitality—even tuating in Ruin—gave his guests.

What a fetter, too, is sickness! Perhaps the heaviest and with the sharpest strain, as it is the saddest. Ah! those weary fetters jangling down by the sick bed, and barring the sick man's door! Those tear-dimmed fetters of sickness! And yet we would rather wear them ourselves, than let another bear their weight, while we walked abroad into that sterile freedom where is no duty and no power of self-sacrifice—that hideous superficiality of free

will, where is wanting the divinest liberty of all—the liberty to soothe, to serve, and to save. Better the heaviest chain and bullet that evil fortune can forge and mould, than that wilderness of life where duty, love, and sacrifice are not! Humanity dressed in silver-spangled robes, with a golden crown on its head and pleasant smiles upon its lips—humanity all light and no shadow—all song and no imploring cry of need—is a fine thing to contemplate in a heavenly envelope; but while down on this sorrowful earth of ours, while breathing in a sob with every breath, and looking on the sun through the mist of tears, it is the fatalest mistake man can make. The soul that shakes off its fetters of help and sympathy shakes off the best parts of its bondage to heaven.

Temper, too, throws chains and fetters round life. The bad temper of a house is emphatically the master and the tyrant of that house: the criss-cross-row dominates the whole series. Who that is tied up by the neck to a bad temper, can boast of freedom? You might as well talk of summer ardours in the midst of a snow-storm! When madam has a headache, or a fit of the spleen, because of some trumpery disappointment, the whole house clanks in chains tuned up to sol in alt; when master's digestion is awry, because Greenwich fishes are uncomfortable dream-fellows, the chains clank G flat, an octave lower, with a running accompaniment of double notes, tied in the bass; even little miss, when petulant and saucy, and sorely needing the divine application of bread and water, has the power to clash the links together, and make old wise papa himself, and mamma, tender, grave, and good, dance a mazurka obligata, striking their fetters instead of their heels. Temper is, indeed, a diligent chain-maker, forging fetters as fast as the shot-tower rains down shot when the heated metal is shaken through the holes. There is no freedom for any one where there is bad temper; not for the peccant chain-maker himself, bound by his own links to dissatisfaction and despair; nor for those who live within reach of his fingers so deft at padlocking up all the liberties that come within the circle of his passion or sullenness. Whom do we study to please in the family? Amanda, sweet and smiling, whose chains are only love and gentleness, who is always ready to sacrifice herself for the good of others, whose wildest fit of passion is as little to be feared as the assault of a white mouse? Or Drusilla, irritable and bilious, with a soul like a volcano, and that not covered with snow—or covered with snow more black than white—nor masked by vineyards, though it may be by vinegar jars; with a temper and passions always at explosion point; without a thought for others in all this grim selfishness of hers, and with not a spark of pity in her lurid fires of rage and hate? Certainly not Amanda. She, poor love, gets loaded with all the burdens:—oh! Amanda will go; Amanda will do it; Amanda will sew on my buttons; Amanda will entertain Mrs. Wigsby—we all hate Mrs. Wigsby, cross old thing, and fly out of the

drawing-room windows when we hear her little cough in the porch; Amanda will ask mamma for a holiday, and even beard papa with a draper's bill. Amanda will do anything, and consequently has everything to do; but Drusilla walks through life scot-free, with only half her duties strapped to her shoulders, and shaking those so vehemently that they sit loosely at the last, and drop off on the road for others to pick up and carry. If she could only shake off the iron of her evil nature as well, it would be more to the purpose. It is true, however, that the real master of the house, whether it be wife, child, relative, or servant, is the one with the worst temper. This is the domestic slave-driver—this is the family turnkey, before whom all the rest stand shivering in their chains. Once establish a reputation for evil temper, and you may deal in chains to the end of your days, and live on the softest cushions of ease unmolested; but mark you! you will not deal in Love! And when you glide off from your cushions of ease into the hard elm coffin gaping for you at the end, you will glide off, unwept and unregretted—the released spirits of your victims singing Jubilate in full chorus, as they escape through the door of your tomb into the freedom you have so long denied them.

There are smaller fetters than these; little linklets, with the power, certainly, of fostering sore places; but only small sores, of no importance to the vital state; not big ulcers or huge wounds like the other chains already spoken of. The regularity of home hours is such a sore to some erratic spirits, indifferent to the march of time, or the punctual appearance of the bread and butter. I have known more than one chronological Bohemian who held the dinner-hour, and the breakfast-hour, and the hour of shutting up the house, and turning off the gas—no latch-keys allowed—as chains of many hundred-weight, under the burden of which life was not worth having. And I have known other Bohemians—these were Bohemians in the courts of the tailors and the milliners—groan over the grievance of a dress-coat, or a pair of white gloves, or dress-boots—corns notwithstanding—as if an Atlantic cable had been run out full forty fathoms, and were weighing a world's weight of cold iron on their necks.

Then, what a fetter is jealousy! What gyves and manacles and bullets and leg-irons come out of that grim psychological forge! Worse than temper, which causes a voluntary imposition of chains through the instinct of self-defence. Jealousy is the armed jailer of the whole world—the Charon of the flood of life, ferrying souls across the Styx to Hades; the Cerberus standing guard against liberty everywhere, and yelping down all manifestation of free will, as terriers yelp at ground birds, believing them to be rats. There is no kind of fetter in which jealousy does not deal; from the tightest curb, tight and strong enough to break Behemoth's jaw, to the slightest little steel links, sharp and light and cutting into the flesh on the smallest strain. Nothing is too mean for jealousy to ima-

gine, and very little too base to be accomplished. Admit this into your spiritual circulation, and you have admitted the venom which will poison all the rest. I do not believe in love, in unselfishness, in truth, or in purity, where jealousy is the basis of the character: this being to me the grossest passion of the whole faulty human series. I do not mean that jealousy of despair where there is cause; but the causeless distrust, the sleepless suspicion, the envy at any ray of loving light falling on another, the hunting after evil and the making up of evil substance out of shadows, which constitute the lower form of jealousy as cherished by the lower class of minds.

But all chains are not galling. Pleasant are the fetters of gratitude, and God bless the loved chain-maker! Pleasant are those of friendship, with its precious obligations of sympathy and help and the sharing of the heavy burden and the aiding in the gladness of joy; pleasant are the chains of reverence bowing your head meekly before the nobler stature, and bending your knee humbly before the grander life; pleasant are the fetters of duty—ay, pleasant to the released soul, poor Andromeda! when the hour of Perseus has arrived, and the reward of patient bearing with it! Pleasant is the small sweet chain woven by the light touch of baby fingers; pleasant are the fetters lying all across the nursery floor—those gracious fetters! through which shine bright blue eyes, and round which are twined soft locks of golden hair—fetters woven in and out by rapid hands, and twinkling feet, and fresh young voices crying out aloud the child's dear Hosannas to the brightness and the beauty of life! Pleasant are all the fetters, however many, and however strict, wherein Love sits bound; for Love is, after Good, the greatest antiseptic of this life, and keeps souls freest from the pollutions of the world, the flesh, and the devil. We do well to honour the chains which he has woven, and to submit to the fetters which he imposes; for if we would be free from fear and strife and jealousy and despair, let us love something more than we love ourselves. Whether it be father or mother or brother or sister, wife, husband, child, or friend, whom we love, in loving we have plucked forth the Hope which never escaped from Pandora's box, and have accepted the chain which will bind us into all joy and delight.

A VISIT TO A RUSSIAN PRISON.

WE were all standing round the piano one evening, singing that pretty Russian gipsy song, "The post-house lamp had died away," when M. Billet, the proprietor of our hotel, the most comfortable one in Moscow, returned from his weekly vapour-bath, and aided us, as a basso profundo gipsy troika-driver, with his powerful voice.

M. Billet was a robust Swiss, with a round close-shaved head. His good-natured face was beaded with perspiration, his flesh looked as red as if it had been parboiled, and a steaming glow arose from his broad massy fore-

head. Flogging oneself with birch-branches in a room raised to an equatorial temperature, is, perhaps, calculated to produce these symptoms; but M. Billet was happy with himself, and rejoicing in his parboiling, sat down laughing to the piano, and dethroning his pretty wife from the music-stool, broke forth into one of Chopin's wild and capricious mazurkas.

M. Billet, our parboiled friend, had been first a music-master in Paris, then the keeper of a fashionable gymnasium in a street near the Smith's Bridge at Moscow. He was a matchless pistol-shot, could smash the plaster medallion eight times running, was a consummate fencer, and a Hercules in lifting weights. He had lately abandoned these feats to keep an hotel in the Grossen Loubianka-Varsenofsky Percolok, and his wife being an English woman, we English naturally enough patronised him.

"Mr. Goodman," said he, suddenly snapping round on me, and swivelling on his music-stool in a droll way, "you know the governor who refused last week to let you see our great prison?"

I nodded assent.

"Very well; I have found out a way to get you in. There is an English member of parliament stopping at the Gostopchin Hotel who is going there to-morrow, and he wants an English companion. I am to be his interpreter; I used to know him in Paris; good sort of man, but talks too much—you shall go with us. He has an order from one of the emperor's ministers; so the governor will show us everything. The order is for three; he cannot prevent your joining us."

I was loud in my thanks, but M. Billet only smiled and bowed in his pleasant way, got entangled in wrong idioms, and elaborate French, English, and German compliments, and then, turning to the piano, as if proud of checkmating the governor, thundered forth, in the universally intelligible language, the gorgeous Wedding March of Mendelssohn. Madame Billet and her pretty little brunette sister congratulated me warmly, for very few Englishmen are admitted to see the Moscow prison.

The next morning early we started, M. Billet, Mr. Ratchet, M.P. for Crotcheton, and myself. Mr. Ratchet was a tall, thin, worn-looking man, exceedingly well dressed, but with a pre-occupied and intensely fussy manner, a bundle of docketed letters in his breast-pocket, and a nervous, ex-official manner, as if he were every moment expecting a deputation of constituents, and he was not quite ready for them.

It is a pleasant thing to visit a sealed and prohibited place armed with a government order, which acts as a talisman to open every door, and to silence every Cerberus of a sentinel. When we arrived at the prison, out flew a soldier at us, but a word in Russian from M. Billet, and he grounded his musket and let us pass. We were now within the circle of whitewashed walls. A vast circuit of stern cruel bastions and flanking towers received us as voluntary prisoners. Everything in Russia, except intellect and

liberty, is on a large scale. This huge prison of the wicked Catherine's time is as big as many a market town, and contains several squares, besides countless detached buildings, offices, store-houses, and wood-yards—a slovenly spaciousness, a clumsy, semi-brutal, and yet careless severity, was everywhere visible.

Turkish madmen are less subject to maniacal paroxysms than other madmen, because they are fatalists. Russian prisoners are tamer than other prisoners, from their hereditary habits of blind obedience.

Inside the huge murky gateway lounged several soldiers and turnkeys, shambling in or out just as they chose, without apparently any special supervision.

As we entered, a poor peasant woman, bulky with several great-coats, and carrying a jar in her hand, followed us, and in a stupid, bedazed way, told the guard that she had come to see a prisoner named Ivan Petrovsky. A soldier gave a shout, and instantly there hobbled out of a dirty wooden shed a filthy dishevelled old harpy, the female searcher of the prison, who, with a hideous dexterity, ransacked the visitor's pockets, sleeves, and every fold of her greasy wardrobe, pinching her with a sour suspicion, to see that she brought in no files, knives, or any prohibited commodity. All this she did with the rapidity of drill, silently; then, with one word, she passed her on to the turnkey who was to lead her to the parlor, where prisoners, at stated hours on certain days, meet their friends and relatives, and glided back in a moody discontented way to her den.

The moment after, a boorish-looking gaping lad, wearing his pink shirt outside his trousers, blundered through the wicket with a large brass tea-urn (semovar) for one of the better sort of prisoners. This was instantly snatched from him by a soldier, a man with a face that seemed turned into wood, and placed on a bench. The lid was removed, the spout examined, and every hole and orifice probed and searched for letters or treasonable correspondence. The semovar was then pushed back into the lad's arms, and off he went into the interior of the prison. It was a fantastic, incongruous thought of mine, that this searching was like the way in which the clown and pantaloons in a Christmas pantomime molest and trouble quiet passers-by with their purposeless and thievish curiosity.

We passed on to the governor's office, and were shown into an outer room, a little dirty den, crowded with slovenly prison registers and printed forms. At a table near the one window sat a grubby old clerk—of course in threadbare smeared uniform—a horrid, beetle-browed, ugly Quilp of a man, working away with his stump of a pen with a sort of chuckling, untiring mechanism. He regarded us with a magpie sort of look, as if he might have some day to enter descriptions of us in his register. That man had seen a good deal of human suffering; but his heart had evidently long since turned to leather or stone.

M. Billet stole a glance at the register, and read us a few of the prisoners' names, their offences, and their sentences. All at once he turned red, and dropped the book in a half-guilty way, like a detected schoolboy. The governor was at the door, his malign eyes turned on us. The clerk audibly chuckled, and wrote faster than ever.

The governor was an elderly officer, a man, probably, who had risen from the ranks. He wore a plain brownish uniform, with gold shoulder-straps and gilt buttons. He had those cold pale bluish-grey eyes that seem the special property of merciless men. There was no sharp, business-preoccupied manner about him, but he seemed inflexibly suspicious of us, said little, but led us on in a monotonous, stern way, as if preceding us to trial. His mouth seemed to shut with a click like the lid of a patent safe. It was impossible to prevent fancying him superintending a knouting, or dashing a red ink line through the name of some banished man. He had a subordinate manner, and yet negatively and silently seemed to protest against the criminal folly of those who let such spies and Gentiles as ourselves into a Russian prison.

I saw Ratchet watching him, while we all bowed and took off our hats, with a speech visible all over him, which, for once, found no words.

As we passed through the first court-yard the governor pointed us out a frame of iron bars about six feet high, and three wide. It was riveted to the wall, and stood on a stone platform in one corner. It was half a cage, half a pillory, for a man could not have had room to move in it.

"I see you look," said the general, in Russian, interpreted to us by M. Billet. The governor, as he spoke, assumed the air of a connoisseur when he produces his finest piece of Stèvres. "That is a cage in which *re* confined a man who, in the time of Catherine, excited a rebellion of the serfs, that lasted for several years, by passing himself off as Peter the Great. *He* caught him at last, and showed him to the people in this cage, to prove he was not the dead emperor come to life again. After that he was put to death."

We asked how.

The governor transfixed us with his stony eyes. He thought tortured—perhaps knouted.

Ratchet made a note of the rebel's cage.

One peculiarity of every Russian house, is the vast mountains of wood that are piled up in the court-yard to feed the winter stoves. These stacks of wood billets make every Russian town very inflammable, and render a bombardment terribly destructive. The prison we were visiting had a square pile of wood, enough, I should have thought, for all Moscow, had I not known that along the line of one Russian railway alone, four thousand square acres of forest are every year consumed.

And now we came to the first ward, and a soldier preceding us, threw open door after door down the corridor, so that every moment fresh pictures of prison interiors presented themselves. In each room there seemed to be some eight, ten,

or a dozen prisoners, who rose from their beds as the key turned in the lock, or rolled their heads with stupid curiosity upon their pillows. They had nothing to do (one or two were reading), and were herded together in close hot rooms, for although it was yet early in autumn, the stoves were lit with the usual result of that hateful dry hot foul air that always seems to fill a Russian public building, retaining all the noxious odours of weeks past. There was a stupid wild-beast look about the men, who, with their tangled hair and dirty sheepskin caftans, or still more sordid cloth pelisses, outside shirts, and shapeless boots, huddled together, and stared at us unabashed, but with a patient, protesting, melancholy air, that was utterly unlike that hypocritical humiliation that our English thief wears when he wishes to ingratiate himself with the visitor or the chaplain. Everything was slovenly, careless, ill disciplined, and dirty; but there was no sign of watchful cruelty, or a desire to press the punishment specially home upon each offender. Once locked in, the prisoners could fight, sing, dance, gamble, or plot as they liked, till the hour came round when the turnkey visited them.

"Very sad," said Ratchet, with a sigh. "No idea of proper supervision or cleanliness."

The governor had his stony blue eye on him in a moment. "You find us," he said, addressing Billet as our foreman, "in a bad state; you come on an unlucky day. It is a fast to-morrow, and the prisoners are all preparing to take their vapour-baths. To-morrow we should be cleaned up and ready for you."

As we entered the next line of cells, there was a great bustle of men carrying wood, and turnkeys shouting the names of prisoners who were wanted at the parlor. Every moment a hoarse cry for "Ivan—Demetri—Alexis," rang down the long vaulted passages, and was caught up by rooms full of captives. The noise was increased by the unlocking and locking of doors, and the departure of Ivan, Alexis, or Demetri with the turnkeys on guard.

The governor, now passing through some new and spacious cells, as yet empty, opened a door in an unused outbuilding, and ushered us sternly into a small schoolroom for the younger offenders, with an atmosphere certainly none of the purest. There were a dozen or two boys there, with faces coarse, but by no means repulsive, busy at sums and spelling. They all acknowledged the governor's presence, for Russians are born polite, and seemed rather pleased at our visit.

"This boy," said the governor, pointing to one of the least attractive urchins, "has an excellent voice, quite a genius for music; he sings to them, shall he sing to you?"

We hoped he might be allowed to sing.

The governor gave a signal; and O! what singing it was! With a violent strained shriek, that little wretch (who *must* eventually be hanged) poured forth a series of the most hideous semitones, wildly monotonous and excruciatingly discordant. He sang till he got red in the face,

and every vein in his face was swollen, to the envy and delight of his companions. The governor beat time with a stern approval, as much as to say, "Listen, that is what our prison discipline produces." We gave him some silver, and left him as proud and happy as a successful tenor the first night of a glorious début.

The chapel was our next station. It was a handsome domed building, rather sombre from association than from reality. The perfume of incense hung about its walls, which were painted with scriptural scenes bearing upon prisons, such as the Escape of Peter (rather a dangerous precedent), the Murder of Abel, and the Impenitent Thief upon the Cross. The prisoners were not pewed in, but could sit or kneel where they liked. There was nothing in any way calculated to repel them from the comforts and consolations of religion; yet I felt sad to think how many broken hearts, how many abandoned incarnations of evil, those walls had encircled; creatures like the locust, the tiger, and the serpent, created only to slay, devour, poison, and corrupt.

The great screen hiding the altar, emblazoned with long ranks of marshalled saints, looked almost too gorgeous for a chapel where poor felons and murderers were to pray; but the Greek church is an Oriental Church, and glories in the splendour of its ceremonies, in which the beggar and the Czar equally participate; and I love a Church which is consistently tolerant too much, to be harsh at its smaller inconsistencies.

From the chapel, by an undignified transit, we passed along a court-yard to the kitchen, where a slovenly lavish sort of liberality prevailed. A band of hardy young prisoners were hurrying about with soup-cans and bread-sacks, and drudging in a rough, careless, lazy way, at scraping floors, and brewing of quass in vast caldrons.

A true Russian cannot live without quass, even in prison. The receipt for this muddy light beer is: A pailful of water, two pounds of barley-meal, half a pound of salt, and a pound and a half of honey. This is put into an oven at a certain temperature, and kept stirred. It is then left to settle, and the clear and thinner liquid poured away. At the end of a week the quass is at its highest perfection. The kitchen reeked with this painful preparation.

When M. Billet gave us the above receipt, Mr. Ratchet made a note of it.

"We are now," said the governor, "going into the nobles' prison. It is here, to the left of the kitchens."

I knew perfectly well that in Russia it is no uncommon thing to see degraded colonels slaving like beasts of burden at the brandy distilleries of Siberia, tending the furnaces, driving carts, or carrying wood. I had heard of general officers broken during the Crimean war for disgraceful peculation and for receiving pay for men long since dead, but I still scarcely expected to find a large room in the Moscow prison especially devoted to swindling, thieving, homicidal nobles, and my curiosity was whetted.

A turnkey threw open the door, we looked into a large bare room with pailasse-beds ranged against the walls on either side, the prisoners standing near them or clustering round the door, as if expecting our visit. Except that there was less greasy sheepskin and fewer beards, I could see no special mark of rank about the men. Their pale faces were, however, perhaps less torpid and sullen, and one or two of the younger ones looked rather abashed at being exhibited. The dress of these nobles was of the old traditional type—cloth caffans cut like dressing-gowns and crossing over the breast, lank hair parted down the middle, and trousers tucked inside the boots. They all assumed the contrite suffering manner of men trying to look like martyrs, and no smile or word was exchanged, though they were boisterous enough directly we were outside the door.

"What is their crime?" I said to M. Billet, who asked the governor the question.

The governor's eyes looked sterner than ever. He put aside the question. He might be compelled to show us the prison, but he was not compelled to tell us secrets detrimental to the government. He preceded us, in reproving silence, till we came to a deserted tower, some distance off.

Here he assumed a tone of crafty triumph. "This," he said, "is the cell for political prisoners; but, you see, we have none at present."

There was nothing to see but a dirty stone-paved dismal-looking pigeon-house, with stucco walls, covered with verses written in pencil, lampoons, and scraps of treasonable songs.

"The prisoners," thought I, "cannot be very severely guarded; but how could he say they had no political prisoners, when about forty Poles are leaving his paternal care every week for Siberia? But perhaps he called the Poles rebels and murderers, not political offenders, though their only crime is their wish for national independence."

"This Polish affair," said Billet, as we walked along another quarter of the prison, "is complicated. The true war is not in Poland, it is waging here among us. The government service is full of Poles, so is the army; everywhere there are men who advocate the Polish cause, and at the head of them is the grand-duke, the emperor's own brother. The Poles are a clever people, a troublesome, a false people; the present emperor has always favoured them, and that is how they found means to begin the rebellion."

A turnkey led us down another corridor, and threw open a door. I observed among the dozen men who occupied the room into which we looked, one or two thinner, darker, and acuter-looking than the rest. Their faces were more oval, their features sharper and finer, their eyes had a different and a more alert and spiritual expression. "Those are Poles," said I boldly to M. Billet, pointing out the particular men to whom I referred.

"They are," said the governor, with a coldly

malignant look. The next moment the turnkey slammed the door and locked it. I felt sure I had begun to distinguish Poles from Russians.

In this corridor, as all the doors were simultaneously thrown open, we walked up and down as in a menagerie we examine the different animals. In the last cell to the left, a long, dimly lit narrow cell, sat a short-sighted, heavy-browed man, not ill dressed, who was reading a book at a comfortable-looking table, peeringly, as short-sighted men read. There was something gloomy and threatening about the fellow.

"What is that man's offence?" I asked M. Billet.

The governor muttered something sullenly and reprovingly. M. Billet did not reply for a minute or two; then he said, under breath,

"That is a Russian noble, imprisoned for life for cruelties to his serfs."

I had heard too much, since I had been in Russia, of such cruelties, not to be able to well imagine what knoutings and floggings that wretch had been guilty of before justice would dare to have touched him. For such deeds, the serf had formerly to judge his own cause; but, since the emancipation, many a noble has been cloven down by his serf's axe, and many a cruel master tortured to death.

In the cell next to this noble was a degraded priest, his long hair flowing over his shoulders, still marking the sacred profession that he had disgraced. This was evidently a grand and special quarter of the prison; but the governor gave no sign, made no comment; he did his duty, led us through, and that was all.

"I will now show you a tower where three of our murderers are," said the governor; "bad subjects—we keep them by themselves."

We ascended the staircase of a tower, at the foot of which stood a sentinel. On the first floor were three doors, heavily barred. In each door there was a round hole pierced, through which the turnkey might observe the prisoners. As to a ghastly peep-show, we each applied an eye to one of these holes.

At first I could see nothing but a dim lofty cell lit by a loop embrasured high in the wall. Presently even that dim light was obscured by an advancing shadow, a pale haggard man paced slowly by, and in a moment was beyond my orbit. In the second, I saw no one at first; but at last, looking up, I distinguished a man coiled up in the embrasure, one bandaged leg hanging disconsolately down. In the third cell, a morose-looking ragged boor sat rocking himself on the edge of his bed. What terrible thoughts of revenge, remorse, and impenitent rage were prisoned with those three murderers in their ghastly, lonely cells!

We had nearly completed our survey of the prison; but there was still the parlor to see, and to that we next went. We entered a small room, two-thirds of which was walled off by a heavy wire grating, that, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, gave it the appearance of an immense

meat-safe, such as Polyphemus might have employed to hold Ulysses and his companions.

Along its whole length there were standing, peasants male and female, their lips close to the wires, talking to friends, and giving or receiving messages of sympathy. There were the usual big bearish moujiks in sheepskin coats, the wool inside; but, on a bench against the wall facing the corner of the parlor nearest the door, sat a well-dressed matronly lady, who kept her eyes fixed on a handsome, wild-looking young man, who clung to the grating opposite her like a new-caught bird to the wires of its cage.

I at once set her down in my own mind as the matron on duty, superintending the female prisoners. She had a hard-lined mindful look, half sad, half distrustful. When the governor entered, she rose and addressed him in some anxious and hurried words, as if troubled with some difficulty she could not solve. All at once she wrung her hands, and burst into passionate exclamations, but no tears sprang into her eyes: her grief was beyond tears. Then, turning abruptly from us, she ran again to the grating, and addressed some passionate incoherent words to the young man who stood leaning his head against the flexible partition, his large black eyes almost insanely dilated, his black hair falling over his pale face.

M. Billet whispered to us, "That is a young man of good birth, who the other day stabbed his mistress and a friend of whom he was jealous. He had observed on his friend's finger a ring which he had given to the girl. He struck them both dead with a stilet." He has been condemned to work for seven years in the verdigris mines in Siberia."

"What! only seven years?" said Ratchet, in a disappointed way.

"Oh, it means death," said M. Billet, coolly.

I looked again at the murderer's face; it was convulsed with the agony of that parting. The doors of his youth's Eden were fast closing behind him. The flaming sword was pointing towards the north. But I saw no remorse in him. His fixed look seemed to say, as a man guilty of the same crime once said, "She took away my happiness, I took away her life, now we are quit. If she came to life again, I would again kill her." "In England," Ratchet remarked, "this young murderer, having moneyed friends, would have been made out mad, and saved."

We now passed into a large court-yard, with buildings round it devoted to those Poles and Russians who were waiting to be transported to Siberia. My curiosity was roused. The governor saw it. "It is scarcely necessary," he said, "to show you this part of the prison, as it exactly resembles those parts you have already seen."

We, perforce, agreed with him.

"That prisoner you see there walking up and down," said M. Billet to us, "is a Polish marshal, who is sentenced to Siberia. His wife is a voluntary prisoner with him, and he pays, of course, for her support."

It is not good dress nor handsome features, luckily, that make the hero; for the marshal was a little fussy slovenly man, looking like a Jew hawker, and his wife was not much better in dress or bearing.

We passed through the infirmary, where the attendants seemed kind and humane; there was no appearance of restraint. As we passed one room, a pretty young woman, neatly dressed, came tripping forward in a fantastic manner that seemed more than half assumed, and asked the governor to be set at liberty, as she was quite recovered. The governor smiled coldly with some stern formula of refusal, upon which she walked away with strange or rather insane gestures, and a spurious Bedlamite walk.

"What has that woman done?" M. Billet said to the attendant physician, a trim little man in blue tail-coat and brass buttons.

The doctor looked at the governor. The governor telegraphed him permission to speak.

"She has several times attempted to murder her husband, and she now shams madness in order to escape due punishment." I gave up henceforward all trust in prisoners with pretty faces.

The governor turned his stony blue eyes on us with a look of relief as he led us back to the office we had first entered. He had done with us—he washed his hands of us.

The grubby little beetle-browed clerk in the grimy uniform looked up at us, his pen between his yellow rat-teeth, with a look that seemed to say, "What! those accursed outer-barbarians back again! Well, never mind; the day will soon come when I shall have to enter their names in my register."

The governor said nothing, but removed his military cap and bowed; we took off our hats and bowed—the door closed upon him.

"That governor is a fearful Tartar, I'm sure," I said to M. Billet.

"I think," replied M. Billet, with a quiet smile, "he must be brother to that old General Maimenoff, the commandant in Siberia, who, when the Polish prisoners used to ask him for mercy, was accustomed to reply, sternly, 'Man, the hand with which I wrote pardons belonged to the arm that I lost at the battle of Smolensko.'"

SHADOWY MISGIVINGS.

I MAY as well begin by stating that my name is Blushman—Percival Blushman. I believe an unusual name; but that will not affect the course of the little true narrative which I am about to introduce, and which I hope will "run smooth."

Further preliminary particulars in reference to Percival Blushman may not perhaps be found uninteresting. From childhood upwards, I have always had a leaning—a yearning, in fact—for the noble. The grand, the colossal, fills my mind with a strange sensation of speechless awe. Nature's grandest works

are to me always sublime in the direct proportion to their size and strength. An elephant somehow seemed to affect me with a greater thrill of admiration than, say, a powerful mastiff, though the latter might naturally furnish more immediate grounds of alarm. Yet so it was. Even such a thing as a cattle-show had, on these grounds a strange fascination for me; and, a prey to mingled feelings of repulsion and attraction, I found myself surveying the gross charms of the kine so mysteriously and wonderfully fattened. Yet so it was. All monstrous developments—Great Easterns, Great Exhibitions for all nations, and even the stalwart forms of the heroes of the ring, all excited this elevating tone of mind—morbid, some of my friends called it. Yet so it was.

I was reading for the Bar. I had determined to walk that famous Westminster Hall, which a Scarlett, a Ffollett, and the rest of the profession, had walked. Everything, too, about it was large, stately, grand—and that impressed me. The statutes, the reports, the suits (of law), the suits (of costume), the wigs, the abuses, the excellences, and (sometimes) the fees, all were on a monstrous and overgrown scale. It struck me, too—but this might have been fanciful—that the physique of the men was greater. But about their professional reputation there could be no question, boasting such men as a Scarlett, an Erskine, a Ffollett, and many more.

I was, then, reading for the Bar, with a view of being "called" by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. The Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. How euphonistic! It seemed to come to me rolling down a church aisle like an anthem. I was reading hard, very hard; I felt the responsibility of the course I had chosen; of the path made sacred by the steps of a Scarlett, of a—but I must not allude to those famous names again. I determined not to see my fellow-creatures; I declined routs, and female society generally; I rose in the mornings two hours earlier than I was accustomed to—that is to say, at half-past eight; and it being now close on a Christmas week, I had, with the calm disposition of a suttee, declined a dancing, shooting, driving, riding, general merry-making party, down in the country. Tears came almost to my eyes as I rose with the lark at the cold dull hour of half-past eight, and I thought of Greyforest, for I had been there before, and shot, and driven, and danced. But then I thought of a Scarlett, and of—the rest, and how they, too, rose betimes as I was doing, and laboured, and gave up shooting and dancing. And then, sternly, I brought all my law books together in a pyre, and, laying myself down on the top—a true suttee—set fire to—that is, began to read again with desperation.

I grew ill in the struggle. I have heard the expression used "broke down"—I think it a good one. So I broke down. I confess it was hard to say what had broken, or where it had broken, or why the breakage should have been down and not up, or at least in a lateral direction.

I was sitting one night in this state of general fracture at my lonely chambers, when my friend Twentyman burst in. He, too, was reading for the Bar; but not as I was reading. He danced and sang. He had come on an errand of charity. He had heard of the break down, and found me—with all the broken pieces about me: he pitied me.

"Blushman, my boy," he said, "what's all this? Never mind; you must come with me. A little in the dumps? Never mind, I have got a notion that I will soon put you straight."

Put me straight—put straight what was broken down. I smiled at the notion, but waved to him to proceed.

"You must come with me," he said. "I have a scheme. I am going to-night to the Strongbows, out to Triton Villas. You don't know the Strongbows; I do."

I did not see how this concerned me, and was about to interrupt him with what is called in our legal dialect a demurrer, when he stopped me.

"You must come with me," he said. "You must know the Strongbows; you must go out to Triton Villas."

This was more pertinent, so I withdrew my demurrer, and substituted what is called—still in our legal jargon—a traverse.

"Impossible," I said. "Graver matters engross me. It was not thus that a Scarlett, a Ffollett—a Sir William Ffollett, I mean—"

"I know," he said, "exactly. But as a favour—a particular favour, old friend—oblige; never have asked you for anything." (This was scarcely consistent with truth; yet I did not allude to a trifling loan, barely three weeks old.) "Do, do, *do* now."

In short, I weakly consented. I gave way. I bound myself to go out to the Strongbows, positively for one night only, as I think I have seen it in some public notices. As he was going out, he said thoughtfully, "We can join in a cab, you know; that will just do;" and went his way.

At night he came, and we *did* join in a cab—at least as far as mere occupancy went; but, in a more figurative and fiscal sense, I might be considered the sole tenant. My friend had forgotten his purse—unfortunately, as I considered it: I had brought mine—fortunately, as he considered it. We entered the Triton Villas, the home of the Strongbows.

It was a party. The house was not to say large: on oath, I should adhere to the statement that it was small. It stood by itself in a little garden, and, being lit up, looked like a square card lantern. There was a small hall, where hats and coats were shovelled up together in a mound of wearing apparel. Sounds of feeble pianoforte playing issued from the room.

We entered. I was made known to the hostess by my friend, who straight out the social painter—I believe that is the nautical term—that joined him to me, and stood out himself to sea. I scarcely saw him again that night, and I now divined the sordid motives that had prompted him to solicit my company. And as

this reflection occurred to me, I suddenly saw close beside me a miracle of strength, symmetry, and beauty—that is, a miracle of female strength, symmetry, and beauty.

I was amazed. She overpowered me with her presence. Such a form! More a hint than a positive manifestation of secret strength; yet nothing out of proportion. Athletic is scarcely the word; stoutness suggests itself with horrible indelicacy; and yet it is miles away from the truth. A coarse mind would say extra stout; but I have my own ideal, and she reached to it. Six feet of beauty, yet in proportion. A corresponding breadth of person was only harmony. Everything reached to my ideal. She was tall, graceful, strong, matchless, superb, *lithe*. Ah! at last there is the word. *Lithe* she was, and I was introduced to her.

Why linger over the earlier stages of that passion? The whole of that evening I played and eddied around her like the waters about the foot of the great Bass Rock. I looked up and measured her with admiration. I spoke with her, and to my joy found she too had an ideal of secret strength and poetical muscularity. She candidly told me that I did not reach to that ideal, and my heart sank; but she saw, she said, that I could admire the same ideal, which was the next best thing, and my heart rose again. We presently understood each other, and she took me into confidence. She was amused at my unrestrained and almost childish admiration. She told me many things that night (on the stairs). How she loved tales of daring deeds; of her hero who, with a single stroke of his keen falchion, cleft a sheep whole; of her second hero, who wrestled with a lion on the savage desert; of her third hero, who had pulled down a tree with his single arm; of her heroes in general, whom she loved to go and see at circuses, lying upon their backs upon a carpet, cast their off-spring into the air, and catch them skilfully on the soles of their feet. I told her of the athletic man I had once seen, who threw fifty half-hundred weights in succession over his head, as though they had been feathers. She eagerly broke in and asked me had I ever seen Herr Botz, the German professor, who lifted an ordinary stone weight with his little finger. We grew enthusiastic with our mutual confidences. "I will tell you a secret," she said, "as you are the only one I ever met that understands me. Mamma and papa know nothing of it. They would—kill me if they did."

I smiled at this pardonable little exaggeration of filial reverence. Papa and mamma were a little man and a little woman, of wretched muscular development. But my noble girl, as I may call her, felt that no muscular charms of person ought to emancipate her from parental control. "Yes," I said, eagerly, "*do* tell me. I love to hear those things."

"Well," she said, bending down her—may I call them massive? Yes, massive shoulders. "No," she said, raising her massive shoulders, "no, I *couldn't* tell you. You will laugh."

"Laugh," I said, wounded deeply: "do you take me for one of those heartless circulating things yonder, who have no feeling for the beautiful, the strong, the——?"

"What is it, Captain Rideaboot?" she said, sweetly to that officer, who was standing over her. A chill passed athwart my heart like a knife. Captain Rideaboot was a giant. Miltonic in his proportions; Goliath in a dress-suit. I hated and scorned him with a deep, deadly, defiant, passionate scorn.

He took her away—took her to the dance. With a horrible gnawing I marked their progress. I had to own myself, with a frightful pang, that they were suited. He was a Patagonian, and yet, O yes, a graceful Patagonian. There was, I owned it with a loud groan, muscular poetry somewhere. They performed their dance, and swept a road clear for themselves in the little room. It was fine; like the great Miltonic monster again, I trembled while compelled to admire. It was over; but another creature, one of the vertebrate order called a brother-officer, came crawling up, and to him the man Rideaboot handed her. Rideaboot then went his way, mopping and fanning himself with his handkerchief; for he suffered by exercise.

The other was a wretched thing; a mere reptile, if I may be pardoned the noun. His action was ungraceful; I could see she was suffering agonies with him. It was soon over, and then, after an interval, came—I declare yes—that—that—*beast* (I *must* call him something)—again offered his odious person for the measure that was now about commencing; and she, I grieve to say, yielded. And yet to me, writhing in a corner, the sight was beautiful to see, as they floated, rather surged, with a gentle roll round the room. Other mere ordinary dancing fry fell away from their path like waves before a ship's keel. Going away, I caught her for a moment. My friend had come to me an hour before, and proposed with a strange effrontery that we should again "join in a cab" home. Following my massive charmer as she floated by I agreed mechanically, and he had gone out to secure a vehicle. That conveyance had been retained now more than an hour, yet I did not regard it. Strange to say, he did not; though we were to "join."

I caught her for a moment in the moral sense of the word. "Sit down," she said; "I want to talk to you."

"You must tell me," I said, "this secret. What is it like? Something large, grand, stupendous."

"I can't," she said, smiling; "you would laugh at my weakness, for a weakness it is."

A *weakness* in her! Physical? No. But I was burning to know.

"Something that I am *sadly addicted* to," she said, with meaning, "and dare not tell you. Good night; come and see me. You understand me, I can see."

Perhaps I did. But with reference to that Rideaboot, did he understand?—as well, or perhaps better? "I should like," I said aloud,

"to have that uninformed beast here in this cab, say under the seat."

"Hallo!" said my friend; "asleep, eh? How did you like it, though? A little too small a crib, eh?"

"Small!" I said, indignantly. "What do you call large? What do you call symmetry? What do you call massiveness, shape, outline, proportions? I say," I continued, excitedly, "what do you call these? *You* a judge?" I added, derisively. "Talk of what you know—pipes, bats, and the United Suffield Duffers. There's *your* line."

He was scared at my manner, and did not resume the subject. I waited for him with an intellectual bludgeon raised to smash him if he should; but he didn't.

"We shall go out there to-morrow," I said; "you and I."

"I can't," he said. "I have an engagement."

"The Duffers, I suppose?" I said, scornfully. "Put them off. I have no engagement. *We* go."

He was again cowed. He agreed. We went next day. We joined in a cab; but he proposed it feebly.

We got to Triton Villas. We saw her. Papa, mamma, and all the world, except a younger sister, were out; and by a sudden and ferocious look, I made *him* devote himself entirely to this child of nature. The child took him presently to show him her doll. *We* got on delightfully. "But the secret," I said; "what you are addicted to. Do, *do*, no tell me."

"Ah, it is a vice," she said, with a sigh; "an unwomanly vice. The world would point at me if they knew. The mouth of an enemy," she added, prettily, "often steals away our brains, you know."

Where had I heard that? "But this obscure language," I said.

"It is growing on me every day," she said, mournfully. "I am enslaved to it, and cannot shake it off. If I told you, you would despise me, and yet I mean well."

I was growing alarmed. These were phrases usually applied to one species of human vice the most degrading of our nature. Surely—surely—in one so young, so grand, so noble—ah! that was it. To keep that splendid system well strung, who knows but that some stimulating—

"I will give you a hint," she said, in a low meaning voice, and looking round to see she was not heard. "*Dobbler has just sent me the materials, and I have contrived to smuggle them in.*"

At this moment her parents returned. We went away; in sorrow and grief, and a prey to a thousand misgivings. "What," said I, as we journeyed home in the cab we had joined in (I mean that I had joined—I mean that he *didn't* join in), "what is the popular quotation about the mouth—an enemy stealing our brains?"

"To drink," he replied, humbly; "to strong drink indulged in to excess. And the accurate

shape of the quotation is something about putting an enemy in our mouth to steal away our brains. It occurs in Othello."

"You should lecture," I said, sarcastically, "on the immortal bard, and on the unities. Reserved seats, five shillings. Your exegesis—I believe that is the new word—your exegesis would be entertaining. You would draw."

This bitterness silenced him. He would not again presume to be merry at my expense.

"You must come with me," I said to him, "as near to midnight as is convenient."
"Midnight!" he said, amazed. "Where? Why?"

Where? Why?

"To Triton Villas; and because I want you," said I, answering his two questions curtly. "That is the where, and the why. We are going to walk by night. I must satisfy the horrid doubts that you have raised."

"I raised! When? Where?" He stopped himself hastily. "I mean, I raised none."

"We will watch," I said; "you at the back, I at the front. You at the side, I at the other; you all round generally, I everywhere. You understand me?"

"No," he said, vacantly.

"And yet," I said, with pity, "if I addressed you in the slang of your profession—for cricketing, with the addition of pipes, is your profession—you *would* understand. I *could* adapt my language to the meanest capacity; but I won't."

He was stung by this cutting remark, and agreed without a word more.

Towards midnight, or more accurately speaking, about eleven o'clock, we again—and for the last time—joined in a cab, on the old commandé principle. I had a strange foreboding, as I took my seat, and the strange sound of the door closing with a jar and discordant jam. Something was impending, I was convinced, but I would know the worst.

We reached the neighbourhood of Triton Villas, and drew up the vehicle in a by-lane, where he was to wait our coming. I may add that this arrangement was not perfected until after the exhibition of a disheartening lack of confidence in the person who drove, and who required a partial settlement of his claims before he would consent to let us go our way. I went my way cautiously, my friend following vacantly as in a dream. Here was—were—which is it? Triton Villas.

All was still, as I looked over the railings; all was hushed in repose. Not a sound. From one window, and from one only, flashed light. I knew whose window it was, from information I had received. When I received it, I thought myself blessed; but there are things—and I don't know whose the thought is—which it is better wisdom *not* to know. It was her window, without shutters, but with a yellow blind down—ala! too much down—illuminated from behind. Shadows—a shadow, rather—passed at times fitfully across. A grand, stately, full,

comprehensive shadow, which I would have picked out among a thousand shadows. These reflections have an individuality of their own.

We were still at the railings, looking through. He coughed; there was a slight fog, natural in the country, rising from the ground. I turned on him fiercely, and he did not cough again for some time. Suddenly the shadow, hitherto restive and unsteady, acquired a darker intensity, which could be explained, on principles of natural philosophy, by a nearer approach to the window. It seemed to expand in size, and remained perfectly calm and quiescent. What was she—it—about to do? Had she—it—seen us? My breath came and went. Suddenly—how shall I tell it? but I was near to fainting at the moment, and but for the rails would have fallen—I saw—saw—saw distinctly, projected—yes, projected is the word—with all the vividness of a spectral image in a photograph, projected upon the blind, a shadow of some material object in her hand. Indistinct at first, with a horrible vividness, it gradually took shape—a vile, odious, terrific, but unmistakable shape. The outlines of an object but too familiar, tapering at the neck (the object's neck), distended and swollen about the body (the object's body), and distinctly applied to the mouth (*her* mouth)—a FLASK! its contents partaken of, not, not by the agency of the vehicles furnished by civilisation, but with the degrading simplicity of savage life.

It was all over. The dream was past, and I tottered away to—the cab, my friend humanely leading me.

This, then, was the secret of those mysterious allusions—the "little vice which she was addicted to"—of which she dare not tell her parents, and "the materials" for which (there was an Irish student at an Inn of Court always calling for what he called the materials; I knew what *he* meant) she had to "get in" privately. Worse than all, was the strange moral obliquity which could lead her to speak so lightly of the fatal passion, which would lead her by slow degrees down the abyss.

Such a night I spent. A female, too! Was not this the most degrading feature. Moralists tell us, that for a man there is hope, but once a female become enslaved, then reformation is all but impossible!

I determined to tear her from my heart, and go back to the outraged Follett, to the Erskine, the Scarlett, too long neglected. And yet I could not shut out her image, that is to say, that particular image, with its horrid accompaniment. It was always before my eyes.

She wrote to me, inviting me to go and see her; she wanted to talk to me, she said: I understood her. (I did understand her.) In a postscriptum she added, "Perhaps I *may* confide to you the little weakness you were so curious about."

I wrote a reply, half mysterious, half scornful—I wonder what she thought of it. I told

her bitterly that I knew all, had discovered all; that the necessity of devotion to my legal studies would prevent my having the pleasure of waiting on her; but that, as a friend, nay, an acquaintance, I trusted she would not resent the few words of friendly counsel I would venture to give her, for her own sake. "Fly," I said, "fly the fatal seduction; it will gradually impair your strength, weaken your powers, and stupify the faculties. Every time you yield to the temptation, think, oh think how you are hurrying to destruction."

An answer arrived next day, couched in very mysterious language. She could not understand the tone of my letter. If I had discovered, as I said I had, what she was engaged in, there was nothing, thank Heaven, to blush for. Many good and eminent persons had before given way to the same weakness. For her part, she gloried in it, and would never give up the practice. "Impair my strength!" she added; "how little you know—After—after every bout, I feel myself stronger and better." (Every bout! of course she fancied she did; the most confirmed drunk—I mean, beings—that is their fatal delusion.)

I strove to banish her from my mind, but ineffectually.

Two months passed away. It was too much for me; it was wearing me to a thread. It must end one way or the other; I chose the other way. I would go and see Triton Villas, merely out of curiosity.

I stood at the gate with mingled feelings. Before me was the fatal window. I paused; should I go in, merely out of curiosity? Prudence said yes, and in I went.

I saw her; she was good natured, genial, warm.

She reproached me gently with my absence. She was afraid I was offended. She was more grieved than angry, I could see, and with a sudden impulse I resolved that we should have a reconciliation. I love scenes of reconciliation.

"But you must come to us now; next week we are to have a little festival; in short, I am going——"

"Away?" I said, with a start of alarm.

"Well, yes," she said, a little embarrassed; "did they not tell you? I thought you knew it. It has been settled some time."

"That you were to go away," I said.

"Yes," she said; "and my marriage also."

"Your marriage!" I started from my seat.

"And who is the vile impostor; the base—er—er—I could not think of a word for a moment, 'er—scullion—who has dared——"

"Hush! hush!" she said, amused and

flattered at my warmth; "if Captain Rideabout heard you——"

"Better and better," I said, bitterly; "nothing *could* be better, or more suitable."

"Well," she said, modestly, "it is considered a good match; and do you know," she added, "he has been so good, so kind, so generous, about that little—you know—weakness of mine, which I hinted to you. He will not require me to give it up——"

"Ha! ha!" I laughed; "what revelling you will have together."

"Yes," she said; "the truth is, I have found out he is just as much addicted to it as I am. Wasn't it good? And more," she added, "he was actually so kind as to bring me in the materials by stealth—wasn't it good of him?"

"Excellent," I said, bitterly.

"Only yesterday," she added, "such a delicate little surprise as he gave me—only think, knowing my taste, a whole case——"

"Of the materials, I suppose," I said.

"Yes," she said, "of the very newest kind; wasn't it considerate of him? I must show them to you."

She went to a little cupboard and brought out a small chest, opened it, and took out one by one—Goodness! what a mystery was here—a light began to break in on me!

"Look," she said; "two gymnastic clubs, just my weight and size; and, look here, a set of dumb-bells, beautifully finished—ain't it charming!—a balance rope; a portable pole, jointed so as to be carried about; a patent chest expander; a——"

I saw it all, and put forward my hand to stop her.

"I used to practise with them at night up in my room. When papa and mamma were gone to bed I would sit up till all hours. Nothing like practice. See how I twist them about."

She flourished the club over her head, twirled it, twisted it, and then held it out in the air steadily for many moments. It was on a line with her mouth.

I saw the whole picture of that fatal night before me, with only the addition of the blind drawn up; and how the fatal shadow became projected.

NEW WORK BY MR. DICKENS,

In Monthly Parts, uniform with the Original Editions of "Pickwick," "Copperfield," &c.

In MAY will be published, PART I., price 1s., of

A NEW WORK BY CHARLES DICKENS

IN TWENTY MONTHLY PARTS.

London: CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

Volume XL. will begin on the 10th of February, 1864, with a New Serial Story, entitled

QUITE ALONE,

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 249.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

[PRICE 2d.]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE extra post-coach which carried Arthur and his fortunes had, by reason, no doubt, of its exceptional character, so many extra preliminaries to perform, and adieus to make, that it did not rumble finally from the yard of the Merry Privateer till after dusk. Government—which collective substantive, for reasons best known to itself, evinced quite a personal interest in this present coach-journey—had allowed fourteen hours for the vehicle to reach Harwich, a distance of seventy miles; and, as these would for the most part be hours of darkness, a trusty guard had been further provided to watch over its safety.

This individual, after the fashion of other important characters, made his appearance only at the last moment: and, when he did show, nearly frightened a nervous lady-passenger into hysterics by the multitude of lethal weapons sprinkled about his person.

Just before leaving, a very weighty square box, iron-bound, and secured with a most ostentatious padlock, was borne from the inner office, and let down with great care and ceremony into the fore-boot.

"Treasure," said a knowing passenger to his neighbour, with a wink.

"O, I do wish they wouldn't!" said the nervous lady, trembling from head to foot.

"Wouldn't what, ma'am?" said the formidable guard, bending his bushy brows.

"Put in money, please, sir," said the lady, timidly. "It's like inviting them. Does government want us murdered, please?"

"They send *me* to prevent it, ma'am," replied the haughty guard. "Jump in, if you please. Coach waits."

Five miles an hour, including stoppages, was regarded in those days as excellent speed. The extra post-coach disdained such creeping ways, and had been scarcely three hours on the road, when they approached Ingatestone, nearly twenty miles from town.

A long hill, however, intervened, and the sudden change of pace aroused the dozing travellers to the knowledge that they were crawling

up an ascent, lined on either hand by a bank and woodland. They were within a few yards of the summit of the hill, when a loud exclamation from the guard startled everybody. The coach gave a rough jerk onward, as if the horses had been urged to sudden speed. Then came a halt, and an authoritative voice—

"Fling that down!"

Down went a blunderbuss on the road. It was that bane for the formidable guard. He had snapped it, honestly enough, at the speaker; but the piece had missed fire, the robber's pistol was at his head, and all the fire-weapons in the world could not have saved his skull.

With one hand, the robber took away the guard's remaining arms; the other still holding the pistol about an inch from his eye. There was a moment's pause: then the coach door was opened, and a white hand, sparkling with gems, but with the thumb black as ink, was extended into the circle.

"Forgive me! Purses. Quick, if you please. The mail for London is coming. You know very well I can't search two coaches at once."

A rapid fumbling ensued, and several purses were put into the hand. Then commenced a reluctant tugging at watches.

"Keep those! Purses only! Now, sir!" said the highwayman, touching Haggerdorn.

"I have not a purse, nor much of money's," replied Arthur, "but—"

"What's that in your hand?"

"Only a—"

"A snuff-box. I've lost my own. Toss it hither."

"I'll die first," said the boy.

"Young fool!" was the only retort, as the practised hand made one swoop into the coach and vanished with the snuff-box. "Enough, gentlemen! A good journey!"

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the nervous lady.

"Have they got the treasure, you?" inquired a male passenger of the discomfited guard.

"No, they *ain't* got the treasure," growled the latter. "For why? There wa'n't none. It were a trap, you see. The treasure's gone by the reg'lar coach. And the robber *he* know'd on it."

"This is a paternal government," said the passenger, dashing up the window. "Trap, indeed! Baited with the public!"

Every aggrieved individual feels for the public. The coach was in the very act of getting into motion, when—

"Hold, there! Stop!" was shouted, and the steaming horse of the robber reappeared at the coach door. The glass dropped, as if it knew the touch of his finger.

"You—boy! Where did you steal this?" he questioned, roughly, thrusting forward the snuff-box.

"I steal not!" said Arthur, indignantly. "Zey found it in——"

The robber seized the boy by the collar, and dragged him forward, so that the light of the coach-lamps fell full upon both their faces. The upper part of the robber's face was covered with a black silk mask.

"You are a thief, sir," he muttered. "I take you into my custody. Descend. Do you hear?"

Arthur was powerless in the man's gripe, and was obliged to obey.

"Drive on!" said the robber, levelling his pistol.

The coachman lashed his horses, and young Haggerdorn was left alone with his captor.

"Follow me, boy," said the latter, "and, if you can trust a robber's word, be sure you shall receive no injury. I must speak with you, and this is ticklish ground. Follow close."

He touched his horse with the spur, and sprang into the thicket, Arthur scrambling over the barrier as best he might. Threading the copse, they crossed a field or two, entered a green lane, thence passed into an orchard, and stopped before a decent cottage. Here the robber dismounted, and allowing his horse, which seemed perfectly at home, to seek his own place of concealment, conducted Arthur into the hut. A fire was smouldering on the hearth. The robber flung upon it a bundle of dried furze, producing a blaze which made the room as light as day.

"Now, answer truly, boy. Where did you get this box?"

Arthur replied that it had been found in a house in Jermyn-street, left there by nobody knew whom.

"You know. Speak, sir," said the robber, seizing him by both arms with a force which, though gently exerted, seemed to paralyse every nerve.

Arthur hesitated.

"I can guess," he said.

"Who?"

"Lord Lob."

"Lord Beelzebub! These are the arms of—Who was your father, boy?"

"I never knew him."

"Your mother?"

"Dead."

The robber started.

"Dead!" (He drew his hand slowly across his brow.) "My boy, this was hers, your mother's and mine!"

"Yours!"

"I am Lord Lob, your brother."

Arthur turned white as ashes.

"And—and—ze murder?" he gasped.

"The murder, lad?" said Lord Lob, showing his white teeth. "Be more particular. Which murder? What affair concerned you?"

"I mean—in Jermyn-street—the——"

"Old Humpage? Ha!"

A light flashed across the casement. Next moment the door was dashed in, and the officer, Armour, followed by half a dozen others, flung himself boldly on the Black-Thumb.

Whether the latter was actually confounded by the sudden onslaught, or, at once comprehending the hopelessness of escape, purposely forborne resistance—certain it is he was secured without difficulty—after which, Armour, turning to Arthur and congratulating him on the safety of his person and property, requested him to accompany them to the house of the magistrate, a short distance off. The young man, feeling as though walking in a dream, assented, and, the little dwelling having undergone a rapid search, without producing anything of a suspicious nature, the party set forth.

CHAPTER X.

THE demeanour of Lord Lob was singular, and contributed in no small degree to the confusion of Arthur's brain. Since his capture, the robber had neither turned his eyes towards his brother, nor had he addressed a single syllable to him nor to any one else. Still preserving the same strange silence, he was placed before Mr. Thickles, the magistrate of Ingatestone, who had apparently sat up to that unwonted hour in the expectation of such a visitor. Several of the coach-passengers, and the guard, were already in attendance; and, so eager were these good folks in furthering the ends of justice, that Arthur's testimony was not, for the present, required. The examination ended with the committal of the prisoner on the charge of highway robbery, the magistrate intimating that, by express order from the government, he would not be sent to the county prison, but to London, there to answer charges of a more serious nature.

So effectually, in fact, was Lord Lob compromised in the eye of the law through many a previous exploit, that it was scarcely deemed necessary to take the usual measures for securing his conviction on this charge, and it was finally settled that all the outward-bound witnesses, with the exception of Arthur Haggerdorn, who evinced no kind of reluctance to remain, should be allowed to proceed on their voyage.

A chaise was then ordered, to convey the redoubted prisoner to town, and Arthur was about to follow the others from the room, when Armour touched his arm, and showed the snuff-box.

"Where did you tell me you got this, young gentleman?"

"I tell you not," replied Arthur, "but I do now. Miss Humpage gave it."

"Hah!" said Mr. Armour. "Yes? Good night, air. . . . Meant *you* to be him, did she then, my pretty?" soliloquised the officer, with an odd confusion of persons. "Now who'd have thought it? Deep, deep!"

Arthur found a lodging in the little village inn; but to sleep was out of the question, and he passed the greater part of the cheerless night sitting with his head buried in his hands, a prey to that complete despondency which, in such natures, succeeds, on a sudden check, to the lughest hope. His guiding star had fallen, and left him in darkness. Polly was lost to him. His own brother was probably her father's assassin. He himself might be called upon to take some share in the convicting testimony, and this officer would claim the rich reward.

Mr. Armour and Lord Lob rode together in the chaise, two of the former's satellites, well armed, seated on the box, and four others trotting merrily alongside. There was no apprehension of any attempt at rescue, and the worthy officer, who felt the continued silence act painfully upon his own exhilaration of spirit, did his utmost to cheer and lead his companion into discourse. The illustrious prisoner remained inscrutable. He replied, courteously indeed, but curtly, and neither smile nor retort rewarded Mr. Armour's exertions. The white fine face gazed millions of miles away, and the officer felt, with disgust, that he was no better company for his captive than an indifferently-trained baboon might have been for Socrates.

Moreover, as they drew near London in the early dawn, an expression passed at intervals over the robber's face, which went near to appal even Armour. Such a look it was that, in the case of a wretched woman condemned some years since to die for many murders, all but scared the watchers from her cell. Frightful throes of the awakened spirit, in its last despairing effort to pierce upward through the load of suffocating crime!

Sufficiently cognisant of the workings of the guilty mind to form some idea of what was passing in Lord Lob's, Armour resolved to make an attempt to turn it to account, and, accordingly, began in an easy tone:

"That was a nice May-game you played me, my lord, now wasn't it? But, bless my body, of all the queer matters you've put a hand to, that what d'ye call it—yonder—Jernyn-street way—was about the queerest! Whatever your folks wanted with that old chap, bothers me; and I don't mind telling you, in confidence, it did bother me. We gave it up. Soon as we knew for certain 'twas a plant of yours, up we gave it! 'It's just one of his games,' says the governor, 'p'raps for fun.' But there's people that don't like mystery, and, I tell you what—no, I won't, for you seem out o' sorts, and I, ah, ah——" concluded Mr. Armour, with a yawn, and sinking back into his corner.

The prisoner turned, and looked at him with something of his old humorous expression.

"Out with it, Henry," he said.

"Come, that's better, my lord. *That's* what I like to see!" rejoined the officer. "You and me have joggled on together a good many years, comfortable, on different sides of the way to be sure. Now you win, now I. Lots of doubles you've run upon us, but we've got three-fifths of them originals you set up with, and now we've got *you*, so that's even."

"Not quite," said the prisoner.

"Now what's the use of your contesting that?" asked the officer, as if rather injured. "You might do a deal better than *that*. Ah, here we are in London. We shall soon shake hands, my lord——"

"Shall we? Then push on, Henry, my boy, with what you are dying to say."

"Well, here it is, my lord. You ain't a common cracksman," said the officer, deferentially; "I wouldn't be so rude as to say you was. Naturally, folks like to know something of your ways and workmes, and what a man like you meant by such and such things, that seemed no particular good to anybody. There's nothing the public pays for more sweetly than curiosity. Bless you, they don't care *what* they pay to know why's why! Now you're booked, you'll have letters every day, perhaps bookys and billy-does, but all wanting to know about this, that, and t'other. You'll want a secretary, my lord!"

"Accept the post, my Henry," said Lord Lob, leaning back wearily.

"I can't, my lord, you've no confidence in me even now, when it don't signify this pinch of snuff," said the officer, drawing out the mysterious box, as if abstractedly. "Now, for example, this reminds me. Here's a business, which don't matter, for you're not going to be bothered about *that*. Yet the old man's daughter would give—I declare I don't know what that girl wouldn't give—to know what went of her father! But it's no manner of use your telling. A thousand pound, nor ten, would be no good to you."

"What *does* she offer?"

"As if you didn't know, my lord!" said the other, with affected disbelief.

"Suppose me ignorant, Henry. What does the young lady propose?"

"To marry the man who finds out who spirited away her father, alive or dead. And her fortune, which is her own, isn't less than one hundred thousand pounds," said Mr. Armour, almost solemnly. "Now, *there's* a chance in a poor fellow's way!"

There was a minute's profound silence. Then their eyes met. The prisoner made a slight movement that might be interrogative, with his head. Armour shook his.

"Can't do that, noways, my lord; but I'll tell you what, if there's anything or anybody you want looked to after the——you know, I'll give you my bond for five thousand."

"I'll think of it," was the reply. After which

not another word was exchanged till the gloomy walls of Newgate received the illustrious prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.

ARTHUR returned to London within a few hours of his brother, but feeling utterly unable, under the changed circumstances, to face his former home, engaged a small lodging in Skinner-street, Snow-hill, and then (in accordance with directions he had received from the police) walked down to the prison, to communicate his address. Requested to walk into the governor's room, that functionary accosted him in a very civil tone.

"You are claimed, I understand, sir," he remarked, "by our latest arrival—a personage but too well known—as his near relation, though for many years a stranger. Is it so? Are you his brother?"

Arthur replied that he had, at present, no other testimony than the assertion of the person in question; but that he was well aware that his mother had had a son older than himself, of whose death she had never received assurance.

"Nature, at all events, throws in *her* evidence," said the governor, looking steadily at him. "I have seldom seen a more extraordinary resemblance."

Then adding that the prisoner had requested that his brother, and he only, might be admitted to his cell, he committed Arthur to the charge of a turnkey, and in another minute, in the strongest room in the prison, the two brothers stood, once more, face to face.

"Sit down, Arthur Haggerdorn, and make yourself comfortable," said Lord Lob, "and don't interrupt me, so long as you understand, for you speak an odd sort of lingo for a Briton. We are quite alone (no, that fellow's a dummy—stone-deaf)," glancing at a warder who sat in a corner of the cell. "So you needn't sing out if I own that I am the greatest miscreant that ever scourged mankind. If I could only tell how, when, and why, I embraced scoundrelism as a profession, it might be useful; but I can't. I was flung into the world, a little lump of iniquity, and my soul was never scraped from its beginning. There's a crack in the crust, now, or *you* wouldn't be here to peep into it, take your oath of that! Our father, Lord Hawkweed, was a scoundrel (I beg the peerage's pardon), a scoundrel, I remark, a poltroon, and, I hope, for his own sake, a madman too. He gave me bread, that's true—not much, even of that—he cheated my mother—*our* mother, with a mock-marriage (you've no chance of the coronet, my boy!)—deserted her; very likely broke her heart. How the devil, with such a fellow's blood in your veins, *you* ever *esc*—I forgot our mother, child," added the robber, almost apologetically, as he half-extended his hand, then instantly withdrew it. "But time presses; this is not what I want to say. You're in love, boy. That's enough. Don't answer. In love with Miss Jermyn-street—what's her name?"—

Miss Humpage, who ~~considers~~ me the murderer of her substantial sire, and has commissioned you to track me out, as the price of her hand. She gave you that snuff-box as a talisman, thinking, I suppose, that it would leap from your pocket at the owner's approach! How did she know that box belonged to my mother?"

"She did not know that, nor even *I* that," said Arthur. "My mother must have concealed *ze* box, of purpose. Armour, *ze* officer, said it had been yours."

"Not *mine*. My father's," said the robber. "However, boy, it seems you've caught me. And *now*?"

Arthur gazed wistfully at his brother, but made no reply.

"Tell her," resumed the latter, speaking slowly, "tell her—I am sorry to disappoint you—sorry, too, for my own reputation, for, by the blood of all the Hawkweeds that ever poisoned air, it was as clever a thing as I can remember; but, Arthur, boy, your own hand is not clearer of that old man's blood than mine."

"God be praised!" said Arthur, fervently.

"That's kind, at least, since it may cost you your bride!" remarked Lord Lob. "I owe you something in return, my boy. Stay a moment; let me think." (He paused for a minute.) "If this Jermyn-street affair were the work of any London hand, I *must* have known who was in it. No; 'tis impossible. Now, there's a tidy knot of Halifax boys—'tis much their style of work—pluck, and finish. But, then, Caunter would have been down on his old pals: *that* won't do. Jilling George, of Liverpool? Just the cull. Exactly the kind of fancy-business he takes to. It's some foreign game, Arthur, rely upon it. Now, my friend, Jilling George jabbars Dutch and French like a magpie; there must have been much to arrange; they could have gone to nobody but him. 'Twas Jilling George, or nobody. . . . Be off now, boy, and come to me to-morrow, at noon."

He made so imperative a gesture, that Arthur was fain to obey without a word; and returned, sadly enough, to his humble lodging.

News at that period was neither swift nor sure. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of twenty-seven, Jermyn-street, were still at breakfast, when a rumour, dating from the delivery of the milk, began to circulate in the house that the past night had been signalled by an important capture—no less than the redoubted chieftain of the Black-Thumbs—while the apparition of Mistress Ascroft at her window, making wild and agitated but unintelligible signs, gave a sort of colour to the further report that the Harwich road had been the scene of, and the extra post-coach a sharer in, the adventure.

Presently arrived Mr. Hartshorne, in high excitement. Yes. It was true. The coach had been stopped and plundered, the guard having been first disarmed. Nothing could exceed the cowardice of the passengers, male and female, who, at sight of the black thumb, permitted

themselves to be stripped like lambs, until one of the party (a very young man, who had hitherto been unable to disengage his arms from his roquelaure) leaped from the carriage, flung himself upon the assailant, and, though dragged through a hedge and several fields, succeeded at length in mastering his antagonist, and delivering him up to a mounted patrol, who most opportunely made his appearance.

Great as was the difficulty of identifying this intrepid champion with the slight and delicate young artist, love might have overcome the obstacle, had not the arrival of more authentic tidings saved him the trouble. A note from Sir James Polhill, without especially mentioning Armour, announced the capture of the noted robber by a party of police, detached with that express design.

Then passed a long and anxious morning, unrelieved by further news, Polly wandering about, utterly unable to devote her thoughts to any of her usual occupations. What was to be the result? Was Lord Lob in reality the guilty person? Hopeless as was the unfortunate man's situation, would he not surely confess? The conviction of the authorities that the outrage was of this man's contriving was strong as ever, and Polly herself had learned to regard it as a fact. The vengeance she had invoked was about to descend. Her father's death would be expiated. And, then—the reward? . . .

Later that day, the prisoner requested an interview with his captor.

Mr. Armour, who had taken care to be within easy call, hastened to the prisoner.

"Henry, you're an ass," was Lord Lob's greeting. "It won't do. Stick, my boy, to the shop. You understand me perfectly, and you'll take my advice, Henry, because you can't help it. I entertain for you (it grieves me to think you won't believe it) a sincere professional regard. Had partial fortune placed you in my gang, you would shortly have been a man, sir, equal to myself—nobility excepted—in every quality that commands the respect and obedience of energetic practitioners in the higher walks of that art which gives you and your fellows bread. You might have boqueathed a reputation. But why dwell upon lost opportunities? As I was saying, I like you, and I don't mind putting a tolerable thing in your way, though not precisely what my worthy Henry—misled by a low but pardonable ambition—proposed to himself. Hear, then, my friend. We Black-Thumbs knew nothing of the Humpage plant. It was a foreign seed, sown, impudently enough, in my parterre. You wronged us, Henry—but the injury is lost in the compliment—for, by my coronet, 'twas a masterly thing! Now, sir, I can put this black thumb upon the man who did it, and I will."

Armour's eyes glistened, and he had some difficulty in concealing his satisfaction; but, aware that Lord Lob, when in a talking mood, especially disliked interruption, discreetly held his peace.

"*This, Henry,*" resumed his lordship, "is the business. I will point out the individual I speak of, to—the Honourable Arthur Haggerdorn, second son of the Earl of Hawkweed, brother, that is, to your humble servant. The young dog, forgetful of his noble blood, has fallen in love with the plebeian heiress of this Humpage. He must marry her, good Henry, not *you*, do you see? The hopes of Hawkweed centre in him, and they are of greater import than the promotion of a jolly redbreast like thee. Besides, Henry, you know too much of rascal ways. Once admitted among the swells, not a man of them would be safe. But, mark me, on the day the Honourable Arthur Haggerdorn marries Miss What-you-may-call-it Humpage, Henricus Armori-us pockets five thousand pounds. Is it a bargain? If so, thy fist, Henry! If not, go thy ways, and say—say truly—that thou hast heard the last accents from the lip of Lob."

Henry knew well enough that, spite of the affected bombast, the robber was in earnest. The fist was given.

"Imprimis (that is, Henry, in the first place), a pass for Bob Caunter. Let him be with me this evening," resumed the prisoner.

"Why, you know it's impossible, my lord," cried Armour, really surprised. "He's wanted over, and over, and over again, is Bob."

"Let the want stand 'over.' I want him, and must have him. Get the pass."

"Supposing I did, he wouldn't come," replied the officer, reluctantly.

"Try him," said Lord Lob.

And the interview concluded.

The prisoner was right. Sir James Polhill, on learning the substance of this conversation (bar that portion relating to finance), readily conceded the pass. Mr. Caunter, communicated with through a friendly channel, was speedily unearthed, disguised, and admitted within those walls it had been the business of his life (after crime) to avoid. It was curious to see this miscreant, "clothed on" with his one virtue, fidelity, entering the tomb-like prison with the step of a prince, and standing before his doomed captain without a shade of emotion, save that which had its source in the latter's "misfortune."

The conversation, conducted in the thieves' tongue, was brief and pithy, and may be concisely rendered somewhat as follows:

"Blubbering, old boy?" said my lord.

"(Do a variety of things to) my eyes if I know what's come to 'em!" replied Mr. Caunter, affecting a delicate surprise. "But this ain't a good thing to see."

"My love to the lads. Bid them take warning. Cut the road. It's low and bad. I always said so, and what on earth prompted me to that high toby touch, last night, top me if I can say! I could almost feel a hand on my prad's bridle, dragging him on. No matter. Jilking George of Liverpool."

"What of he?"

"Wanted."

"Is he to go?"
 "Yes, he is. Had a good spell."
 "That's true, but—"
 "But what?"
 "'Tis the first time—ever—you—we—"
 "Split. I know it," said his leader, fiercely.
 "Bob, he did me an ill turn once. Besides, I'm insulted. That fellow did the neatest thing of the day, here, under our very noses, and without a 'by your leave, my lord.' It has been the business of my life to unite the recognised courtesies of refined society with the sterner exigencies of our profession. You don't understand, my Bob. To put it simply: should we have cracked a Liverpool crib without a word to Jilling George? Bob, he goes. Tip the office."
 "Very good," said Mr. Caunter, perfectly resigned to his comrade's fate. "What was it you said he's wanted about?"

"Thing in Jernyn-street, Humpage. Go you to my brother, here's the address. Put him on the trail. If he finds the man, he marries the heiress. He'll reward."

"Hallo, stop. He'd no hand in it."

"Who?" demanded Lord Lob.

"Jilling George."

"Psha, 'tis no one else."

"Just what I was going to say."

"What?"

"Tisn't nobody else."

"Neither George, nor nobody else? You don't mean, that—"

"Yes, I do."

The two robbers looked at each other for a moment, then burst into a fit of laughter that almost infected the deaf "dubsman."

"Since when have you known this, Bob?" asked Lord Lob.

"Week past."

"Can you put your hand upon him?"

"Know the doss-ken" (lodging).

"All right. Go to my brother, tell him everything, as you would to me, and say I bade you trust him for reward—and—and good-by, Bob, my boy."

"O captain, here's a—" began Bob, relapsing into tenderness.

"Vamoos, boy," said Lord Lob, hastily. "The dubsman's scrau's coming. Remember, your captain was neither buzz-gloak, chaunter-cull, nor sneaksman, never foxed, nor mooched, fit coccum, nor faked a tadger, nor will he be at last lagged for a ramp! The worst the patterer round the government sign-post can say, will be that Lord Lob was a leary gloak, and even that his noble blood demanded. Wherefore, Robert, stow whids, tip the jigger-dubber a tusheroon, clinch daddles, and bing awast, my ben cull."

Translated from what may be called (at that period) the language of Tyburnia into modern Belgravian, the chieftain's farewell might be rendered thus:

"You may retire, my friend. The turnkey's evening meal is about to arrive. Recollect that your leader was neither an appropriator of loose

cash; a writer of libellous and immoral songs, nor a petty, cowardly shoplifter. He never swindled, nor sponged upon his neighbours, fought backwardly, nor fished a farthing. The worst those street biographers, who throng about the gallows, can say, will be, that Lord Lob was a remarkably well-dressed individual, a circumstance perfectly consonant with his high birth. Wherefore, Robert, talk no more, hand the turnkey a crown, shake hands, and begone, my good fellow."

POPULAR NAMES OF BRITISH PLANTS.

"A NAME," according to Mr. John Stuart Mill, "is a word (or set of words) serving the double purpose of a mark to recall to ourselves the likeness of a former thought, and a sign to make it known to others." When the student of words arrives at the origin and meaning of a word, he finds a picture presented to his mind. This picture is the likeness of the thought or thing recalled or made known. Linnæus summed up the universe into three kinds of names of things—minerals, plants, and animals—and as these last have the quality of life in common, everything may be included under the words Stars and Lives; and the languages or words of mankind are marks and signs of their growing knowledge of the universe. Knowing and naming have gone on together from the origin of mankind to the present time—from the first man who spoke of the sun to the first man who made a sun picture. Names, then, are images of the thoughts, fossils of the theories, and medals of the history of mankind. In names are to be found traces of beliefs, feelings, suggestions, associations, occurrences, whims, faucies, jokes—of every sort of thing of which the mind is conscious in itself, and all it perceives beyond it. Man, the animal who has language, leaves in words the rich legacy of all his acquisitions of knowledge. The most ingenious researches have failed in ascertaining anything reliable respecting the antiquity of man, and the study of the relics of ancient life has not yet discovered any milestones measuring distance along the eternal road of time, but the study of language is revealing to men of the latter half of the nineteenth century many things respecting the men of primeval times whose bones became gases thousands of years ago. The study of the names of plants, for instance, tells us what men knew and thought of them; where they saw them, or whence they obtained them. When studying the popular names of British plants, the darkness of the past is not cleared up, the shades of our forefathers are not made vivid as living forms; but trees and shrubs, flowers and fruits, become luminous, emitting glimmering lights, affording traces of the wanderings and glimpses into the minds of our forefathers, from recent back to the most ancient times, or from the Victorian era to the departure from the Asian Eden.

Dr. Prior, by his new, valuable, and learned work on the Popular Names of British Plants, has made this study comparatively easy. Several plants are named from the earth itself—earth-balls, earth-gall, earth-moss, and earth-smoke. The word earth, from a verb signifying to sow or till, designates the soil which was penetrated, ploughed, or laboured, and can be traced in the languages of the most ancient nations. Ar is the root of words signifying labour in the Greek, Latin, German, and Anglo-Saxon languages. Long before the Germanic separated from the other races of men, the roots of whose words are to be found in the Indian Vedas, the soil bore a name implying the labours of tillage of agriculture. Earth-balls is the English name of tuber cibarium, called by the French truffes, and by the Italians tuffola, from the Latin terra tuber, the name which Pliny gives it. The instinct by which the pigs discover these tubers, even when deep in the ground, is one of the most marvellous of animal instincts. Certain plants of the gentian tribe are called earth-galls, from their bitterness, gal or galle, whence the participle galling, being Frisian and Anglo-Saxon for disagreeable or nauseous. Earth-smoke is a translation of the Latin fumus terræ, a name which has been vulgarised into fumitory. This plant was long believed by the ancient botanists to be produced by spontaneous generation without seed, and from vapours rising out of the earth. The "Grete Herball" says, "It is called fume or smoke of the earth, because it is engendered of coarse fumositie rising from the earth, and because it cometh out of the earth in great quantitie lyke smoke, thys grosse or coarse fumositie of the earth wyndeth and wryeth out, and by working of the ayre and sunne tourneth in too this herbe." The theory, or rather the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, has still advocates among learned men, and under the name of Heterogenia is said to be the mode of reproduction of certain microscopical plants and animals, whose seeds or eggs are not yet known.

Mother of time (*Thymus scryllum*), motherwort (*Leonurus cardiaca*), are names derived from the Anglo-Saxon term *moder*, which is one of a group of words indicating the family relations clearly traceable to the primeval stock of the human species. Bopp considers it to be equivalent to the German *messen*, measure; and Schweitzer regards it as the root of the Sanscrit *matr*, creator. The plants were deemed useful to mothers. The names of the plants prescribed to maidens throw an interesting light upon the ancient treatment of the diseases of women, *Maithes* or *maghet* (*Pyrethrum parthenium*), red maydo-weed (*Adonis autumnalis*), maudlin-wort or moon-daisy (*Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*), mather (*Anthemis cotula*). In Essex and Norfolk a grown girl is still called a "mautlier." Hence the old saying,

A sling for a mather, a bow for a boy.

The moon-daisy is a flower like a large daisy,

and resembling the pictures of the full moon. The periods of the moon were the first measures of time. The Persian "*mah*," the Latin *mensis*, and the English month, with similar words in many other languages, are all traceable to a root "*ma*," signifying a measure; and hence the dedication of the maudlin-wort or moon-daisy to Diana, the patroness of young women.

When the word "*lady*" occurs in plant names it sometimes alludes to the Virgin Mary, and in Puritan times it was changed into *Venus*; for example: Our Lady's comb became *Venus's comb* *Galium verum*, or *G. mollugo*, is called Our Lady's bed-staw, from its soft, pluffy, flocculent stems and golden flowers. The name may allude more particularly to the Virgin Mary having given birth to her son in a stable, with nothing but wild flowers for her bedding. *Clematis vitalba*, commonly called traveller's joy, from the shade and shelter it affords to weary wayfarers, is also called Lady's bower, from "its aptness in making arbours, bowers, and shady covertures in gardens." *Statice armeria*, the clustered pink, which is called thrift, from the past participle of the verb *thrive* or *thrive*, is, on account of its close cushion-like growth, called Lady's cushion. *Scandix pecten Veneris* is called Lady's comb, the beaks of the seed vessels resembling the teeth of a comb; *Alchemilla vulgaris* is named Lady's mantle, from the shape and vandyked edge of the leaf; and *Campanula hybrida*, from the resemblance of its expanded flower set on its elongated ovary to an ancient metallic mirror on its straight handle, is the Lady's looking-glass. Two plants with soft inflated calyces (*Anthyllis vulneraria* and *Digitalis purpurea*) are Lady's fingers, and *Neottia spiralis*, with its flower spikes rising above each other like braided hair, is Lady's tresses. Dodder (*cuscuta*), from its string-like stems, is called Lady's laces; and *Digraphis arundinacea*, from the ribbon-like striped leaves, Lady's garters. In Wiltshire, *Convolvulus sepium* is called Lady's nightcap. *Cypripedium calceolus*, from the shape of its flower, is called Lady's slipper; and *Cardamine pratensis*, from the shape of its flowers, like little smocks hung out to dry, is the Lady's smock all silver white of Shakespeare. Lady's thimble is a name of the blue or hare bell (*Campanula rotundifolia*), and witch's thimble is common to this blue flower and the white *Silene maritima*, or sea campion. *Carduus marianus* is the Lady's thistle, the blessed milk thistle, whose green leaves have been spotted white ever since the milk of the Virgin fell upon it when she was nursing Jesus, and endowed it with miraculous virtues.

Of an exactly opposite character is Devil's milk, a name given by our forefathers to the *Euphorbia*, from its white acid poisonous milk. While the beaks of the seed vessels of *Scandix pecten* cause it to be called *Venus's comb*, the long awns are called Devil's darning-needles. *Nigella corniculata* has horned capsules peer-

ing from a bush of finely divided involucre, and has therefore been called Devil in the bush. *Scabiosa succisa* is Devil's bit; *Morus diabolus*, so called, says the *Ortus Sanitatis*, on the authority of Oribasiua, "because with this root the devil practised such power that the mother of God, out of compassion, took from the devil the means to do so with it any more; and in the great vexation that he had that the power was gone from him, he bit it off, so that it grows no more to this day." Later authors explain it as though the root would cure all diseases, and that the devil, out of his inveterate malice, grudges mankind such a valuable medicine, and bites it off.

Not merely have the Devil, Venus, and the Virgin supplied names to plants, but angels and saints have connected themselves with botanical pursuits. Archangel is a name given to one umbelliferous and three labiate plants. An angel is said to have revealed the virtues of the plants in a dream. The umbelliferous plant, it has been supposed, has been named Angelica Archangelica, from its being in blossom on the 8th of May, old style, the Archangel St. Michael's day. Flowering on the fête day of such a powerful angel, the plant was supposed to be particularly useful as a preservative of men and women from evil spirits and witches, and of cattle from elfshot.

Three plants are called Herb Bennett, *Herba benedicta*, Blessed herb, avens, hemlock, and valerian. Valerian is a preservative against all poisons. Serpents fly from the leaves of hemlock, because they chill to death. Avens (*Geum urbanum*) is a plant so blessed that if a man carries the root about him no venomous beast can harm him; indeed, when it is growing in a garden no venomous beast will approach within scent of it; and, according to the author of the *Ortus*, "where the root is in a house, the devil can do nothing, and flies from it, wherefore it is blessed above all other herbs." *Viola tricolor*, having three colours on one flower, is called Herb Trinity. The Daisy, as Herb Margaret, is dedicated to "Margaret that was so meek and mild;" probably from its blossoming about her day, the twenty-second of February. The cowslip is dedicated to St. Peter, as Herb Peter of the old herbals, from some resemblance which it has to his emblem—a bunch of keys. *Nigella damascena*, whose persistent styles spread out like the spokes of a wheel, is named Katharine's flower, after St. Katharine, who suffered martyrdom on a wheel. *Ranunculus flexuosus* is St. Anthony's nut—a pig-nut—because he is the patron of pigs; and *Senecio Jacobina* is St. James's wort, the saint of horses and colts, being used in veterinary practice. Most of these saintly names were, however, given to the plants because their day of flowering is connected with the feast day of the saint. Hence *Hypericum quadrangulare* is the St. Peter's wort of the modern florists, from its flowering on the twenty-ninth of June; *Hypericum perforatum* is St.

John's wort, being gathered to scare away demons on St. John's eve; *Barbarea vulgaris*, growing in the winter, is St. Barbara's cress, her day being the fourth of December, old style; and *Centaurea solstitialis* derives its specific Latin, and its popular name, St. Barnaby's thistle, from its flourishing on the longest day; the eleventh of June, old style, which is now the twenty-second. As Anthony was the patron of pigs, and James of horses, St. Peter was the patron of fishermen, and hence *Crithmum maritimum*, which grows on sea-cliffs, was dedicated to this saint, and called, in Italian San Pietro; in French Saint Pierre; and in English Samphire.

The common snowdrops are called Fair maids of February. This name also, like the Saints' names, arises from an ecclesiastical coincidence. Their white flowers blossom about the second of February, when maidens, dressed in white, walked in procession at the Feast of the Purification. The name snowdrop, means a snowy drop, and not a drop of snow. There is a plant which has been recently called the snow-flake (*Leucojum aestivum*), to distinguish it from the snow-drop (*Galanthus nivalis*). Mrs. Barbauld describes the snowy drop by saying,

As if Flora's breath by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower.

The term drop does not, however, refer to icicles, but to the pendants or drops worn by ladies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in their earings and brooches, and often painted in Dutch and Italian portraits.

Tragopogon pratensis is called Go-to-bed-at-noon, because it closes early, and Joseph's flower, in allusion to his history. The legends differing respecting the tree on which Judas hanged himself, *Cercis* is called Judas-tree, and yet a fungus resembling a human ear is called Jew's ear, because it grows on the elder, the other tree mentioned in the legends. *Coix lacryma* was formerly called Juno's tears, but it is now called Job's tears; and the vervain (*Verbena officinalis*) is named Juno's tears, although it has nothing about it resembling a tear; vervain is also called Mercury's moist blood. Houseleek (*Sempervivum tectorum*) is named Jupiter's beard, in French Joubarb, and in Latin Jovis barba, from its resemblance to the sculptured beard of Jupiter. *Campanula trachelium* is called Mercury's violet. A poisonous weed is called Mercury (*M. perennis*), either because it operates quickly, or from its having been discovered by the god. By some blunder an insignificant weed, *Circea lutetiana*, is indicated as enchanter's nightshade, instead of *Atropa mandragora*, or mandrake. The mandrake was called nightshade from being classed with the solana and enchanter's, after the enchantress Circe, who bewitched the companions of Ulysses with it. The only modern personage whose name occurs along with the names of gods and saints in botanical nomenclature, is Charle-

magne. "A horrible pestilence," says Tarnæmontanus, "broke out in his army, and carried off many thousand men, which greatly troubled the pious emperor. Wherefore he prayed earnestly to God, and in his sleep there appeared unto him an angel, who shot an arrow from a cross-bow, telling him to mark the plant upon which it fell, for that with that plant he might cure the army of the pestilence. And so it really happened." The plant upon which the angelic arrow fell was the Carline thistle—*Carlina vulgaris*.

The anemone grew from the tears of Venus, and the rose from the blood of Adonis.

But oh the Cytherean! slain and dead,
The fair Adonis slain!
Her tears are plenteous as the blood he shed,
She pours amain;
And flowers are born from every drop that flows,
From tears the Anemone, from blood the Rose.

The name Rose comes from a Sanscrit word, signifying red. The anemone or wind flower is described as a very fugacious flower. Does the myth whisper that the tears of Venus are soon blown away?

Animals share the names of plants with emperors, saints, and gods. Adder's-tongue (*Ophioglossum vulgatum*) and adderwort (*Polygonum bistorta*) derive these names from some resemblance between the spike of capsules of the one, and the writhed roots of the other to the tongue and form of the adder, that is, eddree, burner, or poisoner. From the shape of its leaf, *Tussilago farfara* is called ass's, bull's, or colt's-foot. Bear-berry (*Arbutus uva ursi*) is a favourite food of bears; bear's-ears (*Primula auricula*) has a leaf like the ear of the animal; of bear's-foot (*Helleborus viridis*) the resemblance is also to the leaf; whilst bears' garlic (*Allium ursinum*) is so called because the bears delight in it. Bees are supposed to be fond of the flowers of the plant with nettle-like leaves called bee-nettle (*Galeopsis tetrahit*); the flower of bee orchis (*Ophrys apifera*), resembles a flower-bee; and bee's nest (*Daucus carota*) is so named from its compact inflorescence. *Sedum acre*, blossoming when the young birds are hatching, is called birds' bread; from the shape of its leaf, *Polygonum aviculare* is named bird's-tongue; *Ornithopus perpusillus*, having claw-like legumes, is bird's-foot; and *Veronica chamaedrys*, from its bright blue flowers, is called bird's-eyes. *Plantago coronopus* is called buck's-horn, on account of its forked leaves. *Anchusa officinalis*, having leaves like the tongue of an ox, is called bugloss. The seed vessel of snapdragon (*Antirrhinum majus*), bearing an extraordinary likeness to a calf's skull, is called calf's-snout. The pith of *Juncus acutus* being used to make rushlights, it is called candlerush. *Phleum pratense*, from its cylindrical panicle, and *Typha latifolia*, from its long furry catkins, are both called cat's-tail; and its juice causes *Euphorbia helioscopia* to be named cat's-milk; while *Nepeta hatteria* is called

cat-mint, because the old herbalists said cats were very much delighted with the smell, touch, and taste of it. Three different plants are called cock's-comb. Cow-cress and cow-wheat are coarse cress and wheat. The ancient word cow refers to the use of the animal as a beast of draught or burden, and in none of the Indo-European languages does the name point to an animal yielding milk. The very ancient and universal word daughter means a milker, but the animal milked was most probably the goat. *Cicuta virosa* is called cowbane, from its supposed effect on cows. Crowflower and crowfoot are names given to several species of *Ranunculaceæ*, from the likeness of the leaf to the foot of a crow, and a blackberry (*Empetrum nigrum*) is called crowberry. Cuckoo bread, cuckoo gilliflower, and cuckoo grass (*Oxalis acetosella*, *Lychnis flos cuculi*, and *Luzula campestris*), blossom at the time of the cuckoo's song. A plant with slender stems like coarse hair (*Scirpus cespitosus*) is called deer's-hair; deer being a word which originally meant any wild beast, even mice. Dog, applied to a plant as to a man, implies contempt. *Geranium columbinum* has a leaf described by its popular name, dove's-foot. The fly Orchis has a flower like a fly; and goose and goslings, *Orchis morio* (or *bifolia*) has flowers shaped like little goslings. *Sonchus oleraceus* is called hare's lettuce and hare's palace, because it was believed that the hare derives shelter from it, and "yf a hare eate of his herb," said Anthony Askham, "in somer, when he is mad, he shal be hole." *Hieracium* is named hawkweed, from an ancient notion that hawks cleared their eyes with it. Like dog, the word horse means coarse in the composition of plant names. The projecting nectary of *Delphinium* causes it to be called larkspur. Mouse-ear and mouse-tail are terms applied to several plants on account of resemblances to their leaves or seed spikes. The great daisy is called ox-eye, and other plants ox-heel, ox-lip, and ox-tongue.

Unwholesome fungi are called toadstools or paddock stools. In Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* the following couplet occurs:

The grisly todestool grown there mought I see,
And loathed paddocks lording on the same.

Quaad-pogge is the Frisian name of the toad; and the word toad it has been supposed was derived from quaad, by changing the initial qu into t, the process by which quinnen became twinkle, and quirl twirl. Quaad means spiteful. Paddock is the diminutive of pad, padde, pogge, puck, an evil spirit, Satan having taken the form of a toad. Puck is the king of the fairies. Puck fists (*Lycopodium*) and pixie stools (*Agaricus chaxterellus*) are said to be the work of elves,

whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms.

The notion of a toad being a spiteful sprite, making and sitting upon stools, did not prevent

the decrepit-looking animal from being made fun of, as in the nursery rhyme—"A puddy would a wooing go."

In the names of plants, the name of an animal joined to the word foot, snout, tongue, bill, eye, or tail, generally points to a real or supposed resemblance; and the term bane means a bad, while the term wort implies a good, quality. But the bad and good qualities, like the likenesses, have often only an imaginary existence; for flea-bane does not destroy fleas, and swallow-wort cannot restore the sight of swallows. Svale is the Danish word for caves, the penthouse, or lean-to, surrounding farm-houses; the swallow is, therefore, the eavesbird, from svale and wi, the Sanscrit root of the Latin avis, a bird. Many plants have been called swallow-worts from their blossoming about the time of the arrival of the swallows, but the swallow-wort proper is *Cheledonium majus*, with which, according to Aristotle and Dioscorides, the swallows can restore the eyes of their young ones, even after they have been put out!

Superstitions, resemblances, qualities, and coincidences having their share in the names of plants, of course the passions must mingle in the work, and especially the greatest of them all, Love. Artemis, one of the names of Diana, gives its classical name to *Artemisia abrotanum*, a plant which is called southernwood, because it comes from the south; Old man, from its hoary appearance and tonic qualities; and Boy or lad's love, from its being worn in posies by young men, and perhaps because its leaves wither rapidly. *Viola tricolor* rivals the ground-ivy in the number of its quaint names and curious sobriquets. In French it is called *pensées*, *ménués pensées*, whence the English names pansy or paunce, idle thoughts. Combining three colours in one flower, it is called Herb Trinity, and "Three faces under one hood." Hanging its head and half hiding its face coquettishly, and from some resemblances in the corolla, it has been supposed to say, "Jump up and kiss me;" "Kiss me at the garden-gate;" "Cuddle me to you." It has, besides, other amatory names, such as "Love in idleness;" "Tittle my fancy;" "Pink of my John." *Viola tricolor* is also called heart's-ease, from being confounded with plants yielding seeds of cardiac qualities. Much confusion has arisen from the vague and fluctuating use of the French names *Giroflée*, *Oeillet*, and *Violette*. They were once all three applied to flowers of the pink tribe, but now *Giroflée* has passed over to the Crucifers and become gilliflower (*Dianthus caryophyllus*); *Oeillet* has been restricted to the Sweet William; and *Violette* has been appropriated to the genus to which the pansy belongs. English young ladies sometimes send pansies in their letters to their lovers, when suffering from absence, or parental rebuffs. I have known botanists learned in structural and systematic plant-lore, who did not understand the amorous challenge conveyed to them by post in the mo-

dest form of a few pansies enclosed in an envelope.

Sedum telephium is called Livelong or Liplong, and Midsummer men, in reference to a use made of it on Midsummer's-eve. A young girl will set up two plants of it upon a plate or trencher, one for herself, and another for her lover. If the botanical representative of her lover lives and turns to her, she concludes that her lover will be faithful and constant, and the contrary if it withers or turns from her plant—a mode of divining the future which is founded on ignorance of the fact that the growth of plants is towards the light.

The forget-me-not is a name which has, like the pansy, been applied to a variety of plants. For more than two hundred years it was given in England, France, and the Netherlands, to the ground pine, *Ajuga reptans*. From the middle of the fifteenth century until 1821, this plant was in all the botanical books called forget-me-not, on account of the nauseous taste which it leaves in the mouth. Some of the old German botanists gave the name *Vergiss mein nicht* to the *Chamaedrys vera femina*, or *Teucrium botrys*. *Forglenn mig ick*, the corresponding Danish name, was given to the *Veronica chamaedrys*. This plant was in English called the "speedwell," from its blossoms falling off and flying away, and "speedwell" being an old form of leave-taking, equivalent to "farewell" or "good-by." The ancient English name of the *Myosotis palustris* was mouse-ear-scorpion-grass; the phrase mouse-ear describing the small oval leaves, and the epithet scorpion the curve of the one-sided raceme, like the scorpion's tail. In the days of chivalry, a plant which has not been ascertained, was called "*Souveigne vous de moy*," and woven into collars. In 1465 one of these collars was the prize of a famous joust, fought between a French and an English knight. Certain German botanists, as far back as the sixteenth century, seem, however, to have given the name forget-me-not to the *Myosotis palustris*; and borne on the wings of the poetic legend of a lover losing his life while gathering a pretty river-side flower for his sweetheart, and throwing it to her, crying, "Forget me not!" with his last drowning breath, this name is now inseparably connected with the flower; and certainly, the lovers are more pleasantly associated with it than the mouse's ear and the scorpion's tail.

Galium aparine is called Loveman because it catches hold of people. It is perhaps of *Climatis vitalba* that Parkinson says, "the gentlemen call it Love, from its habit of embracing." *Nigella damascena*, or fennel flower, whose flower is enveloped in a dense entanglement of finely divided bracts, is called "Love in a Mist," or Love in a Puzzle. This flower might be used as an emblem of a different phase of the course of true love from those indicated by the pansy and the forget-me-not. Love lies bleeding (*Anaranthus caudatus*) has a flower spike resembling a stream of blood, but the name has outlived its legend.

Trulove (*Paris quadrifolia*) has its four leaves set together in the form of a trulove or engaged lovers' knot. These knots are seen on quarterings of the wife's with the husband's arms.

PINCHER ASTRAY.

He was not handsome: at least in the common acceptation of the term. He had a speckly muzzle and a hanging jaw, and rather watery eyes, and short crop ears. His legs were horribly bowed, and his tail curled over his back, like the end of a figure of nine. He was a morose beast, and of most uncertain temper. He would rush out to a stranger at the gate with every demonstration of welcome, would leap up and bark round him, and then would run behind and bite him in the calves. He was the terror of the tradespeople: he loathed the butcher; he had a deadly hatred for the fishmonger's boy; and, when I complained to the post-office of the non-receipt in due course of a letter from my aunt's legal adviser advising me to repair at once to the old lady's death-bed (owing to which non-receipt I was cut out of my aunt's will), I was answered that "the savage character of my dog—a circumstance with which the department could not interfere—prevented the letter-carrier from the due performance of his functions after night-fall." Still I loved Pincher—still I love him! What though my trousers-ends were frayed into hanging strips by his teeth; what though my slippers are a mass of chewed pulp; what though he has towed all the corners of the manuscript of my work on Logarithms—shall I reproach him now that he is lost to me? Never!

I saw him last, three mornings ago, leisurely straying round the garden with the strap of the baby's shoe hanging out of his mouth, and with a knowing wag of his tail, as much as to show me how he was enjoying himself. I remonstrated with him on the shoe question, and he seemed somewhat touched for a moment; but suddenly catching sight of a predatory cat on the wall, he galloped off without further parley. I watched the cat scuttle up a tree; I heard Pincher growling angrily at its base; the noise of the milkman's boots scrunching the gravel attracted his attention. He darted off, and was lost to me for ever. There was a fiendish grin on the housemaid's face when she announced to me that Pincher wasn't nowhere to be found. Visions of henceforth unworried stocking-heels, unsnapped-at ankles, rose before that damsel's mind as she broke the news; and she smiled as she said they'd looked everywhere they had, and nothin' wasn't to be seen. I was not crushed by the intelligence. I knew my dog's extensive visiting-list, and thought that finding he had overstayed his time, he had probably accepted the friendly hospitality of half a kennel, and was then engaged in baying the moon, and conducting to the sleeplessness of a neighbourhood unaccustomed to his vocal powers. But, as I lay in bed in the morning, I missed the various little dramas—the principal characters played

by Pincher and the tradespeople—of which I had long been the silent audience. The butcher's boy—a fierce and beefy youth, who openly defied the dog, and waved him off with hurlings of his basket and threatenings of his feet, accompanied by growls of "Git out, yer beast!"—now entered silently; the baker's apprentice, a mild and farinaceous lad—who proffered to Pincher the raspings of black loaves, and usually endeavoured to propitiate his enemy by addressing him as "Poor fellow!"—now entered silently; the fishmonger—who generally made one wild scuttle from the garden-gate to the kitchen-entrance, and upon whose track Pincher usually hung as the wolves hung upon Mazeppa's—now walked slowly up the path, and whistled. Then I knew that Pincher was gone indeed!

I engaged the services of an unintelligible crier, and had a description of my dog belowered round the neighbourhood. I brought the printing art into play, to portray Pincher's various attributes, and all the palings and posts within the circle of two miles burst out with an eruption of placards, of which the words "Lost" and "Dog" were, without the aid of a powerful microscope, the only legible portion. I concocted an advertisement for the Times newspaper. I patiently waited the result of these various schemes. They had results, I allow. I received at least twenty letters from sympathising persons, who stated that in the event of not recovering my lost favourite, they were in a position to provide another in his place. I suppose that on the evening of the day on which the Times issued the advertisement, at least five-and-twenty pairs of boots had printed themselves off on my dining-room drugget, which, being red in colour and fluffy in texture, is singularly capable of retaining a clear impression. The boots, in every instance, belonged to short-haired stably gentlemen in large white overcoats, from the inner pockets of which they produced specimens of dogs—ugly and morose indeed, but none of them my Pincher.

I need not say that my intimate friends came out nobly under these circumstances. Jephson, who wore check trousers of a vivid pattern which had always aroused Pincher's ire, thanked fortune that "the infernal beast was got rid of somehow." Pooley, who, labouring under a belief that all dogs were intended for swimmers, had once tried to throw Pincher into the Hampstead ponds, and had had his hand bitten to the bone for his pains, hoped that "the brute had been made into sausages." Blinkhorn, who was of a facetious turn, was sure that Pincher had been sewn up in the skin of some deceased dog of fabulous beauty, and sold by a man in Regent-street to some old dowager. Hallmarke was the only one who gave me the least consolation. "Perhaps he's been picked up by some benevolent person," he said, "and sent to the Home. Go to the Home and see." "The Home? what Home?" I asked. "For lost dogs, at Holloway. Go and see if he's there."

On further sifting this somewhat vague information, I found that there was a place where

lost and starving dogs found in the street, were temporarily received and cared for; and that this place was open to the visits of the public. I determined to repair thither at once. It is a good thing for the dogs that they are sent to the Home, for assuredly they would never find their own intricate way there. On being landed from the Favourite omnibus, I made several inquiries, and at last found myself in Hollingsworth-street: a pleasant locality, which would have been pleasanter had there been less mud and more pavement.

I looked around, but saw no sign of dogginess. At last I succeeded in fixing a red-faced matron who was cuffing her offspring, and of her I inquired, as civilly as might be, if she knew where the Dog's Home was situated? Following this lady's directions, I crossed the road, and soon found myself at the gates, when a sharp little lad, so soon as he heard my business, ushered me into the Home.

A big yard, at the opposite end of which I see a block of kennels with a wirework fenced show-place outside, very like that appropriated to the monkeys at the Zoological Gardens. In this, a crowd of dogs, who no sooner see the boy accompanying me than they set up a tremendous howling. Not a painful yelping, nothing suggestive of hunger or physical suffering; but simply that under-toned howl which means, "Take me out and give me a run." Dogs of all common kinds here, but nothing very valuable. "Mongrel, puppy, and whelp, and curs of low degree." Big dogs, half-mastiff, half-sheepdog, bastard Scotch and English terriers, in all instances with a cross of wrong blood in them; one or two that ought to have been beagles, but seemed to have gone to the bad; several lurchers looking as if they ought to have had a poacher's heels to follow, and a grand gathering of the genuine English cur: that cheery, dissipated, dishonest scoundrel, who betrays his villany in the shiftiness of his eye, and the limpness of his tail: who is so often lame, and so perpetually taking furtive snatches of sleep in doorways: a citizen of the world, and yet a single-hearted brute, who will follow any one for miles on the strength of a kind word, and who, when kicked off, turns round philosophically and awaits some better fortune.

Comfortably housed are all these dogs, with plenty to eat and drink, and a large open space where they are periodically turned out for exercise. I asked whether the neighbours did not raise strong objections to the proximity of the Home? I was told that at first all kinds of legal persecutions were threatened, but that, as time passed, the ill feeling died away, and now no complaints were made. The dogs, who are invariably rescued from starvation, are so worn out on first reaching their new abode, that they invariably sleep for many hours as soon as they have taken food, and, on recovering, seem already accustomed to their quarters, and consequently indisposed to whine. All the dogs of any standing look plump and well fed; but there are two or three new comers with lacklustre eyes and

very painful anatomical developments. I carefully scrutinised them all. There were about eighty. Alas, Pincher was not among them. He might come in, the boy said; there was many placemen bringin' in what they'd found in the night; my dog might come in yet; hadn't I better see the lady and talk to her? I found "the lady" was the originator of the Home, living closely adjacent; and from her I obtained all the particulars of her amiable hobby.

The Home for lost and starving dogs has now been in existence more than three years. The establishment was started by the present honorary secretary: a lady who had for some time been in the habit of collecting such starving animals as she found in her own neighbourhood, and paying a person a weekly sum for their keep. After explaining her plan in the columns of one of the daily newspapers, she received warm assistance, and the co-operation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals having been obtained, the Home entered upon its present extended sphere of usefulness, and boasts a large number of annual subscribers. Its object will be gathered from the following

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. Any dog found and brought to the Home, if applied for by the owner, will be given up to its master upon payment of the expenses of its keep.
2. Any dogs lost by Subscribers and brought to the Home will be given up free of all expense.
3. Any dog brought to the Home, not identified and claimed within fourteen days from the time of its admission, will, by order of the Committee, be sold to pay expenses, or be otherwise disposed of.
4. To prevent dog-stealing, no reward will be given to persons bringing dogs to the Home. The Committee would hope that, to persons of ordinary humanity, the consciousness of having performed a merciful action would be sufficient recompense.
5. Accommodation is now made for the reception of dogs belonging to Ladies or Gentlemen who may wish to have care taken of them during their absence from home.

Ladies and Gentlemen finding lost or starving dogs in the street, at a distance from their own residences, are recommended to arrange with some poor person, for a specified remuneration, to convey them either to the "Home" itself, or to a receiving house. The money should on no account be given to the bearer of the dog beforehand, or only on production of a certificate in this form:

Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs.

The Bearer has brought _____ dog to the Home.
 _____, Keeper.

Date _____

It is scarcely necessary to say that when the scheme was first mooted it shared the fate of many other good schemes, and received violent opposition. People who would have left the wounded traveller and passed by on the other side, declaimed loudly against showing humanity to dogs, while human creatures were starving; and some humorists pleasantly asked whether there was to be a home for lost and starving

elephants. The Home has survived even these sarcasms, and unpretendingly does good; it is not very important in its benevolence, but as no sparrow falls to the ground without an all-wise supervision, it may be granted that the charity which provides food and shelter for a starving dog is worthy of approbation. The place does good in its sphere. To do some good in any sphere, is much better than to do none.

Pincher returned: not from the Home for Lost Dogs, he knew better than so far to jeopardise his social standing. He returned with a ruffled coat, a torn ear, a fierceness of eye which bespoke recent trouble. I afterwards learned that he had been a principal in a combat held in the adjoining parish, where he acquitted himself with a certain amount of honour, and was pinning his adversary, when a rustic person from a farm broke in upon the ring and kicked both the combatants out of it. This ignominy was more than Pincher could bear; he flung himself upon the rustic's leg, and brought him to the ground: then fled and remained hidden in a wood until hunger compelled him to come home. We have interchanged no communication since, but regard each other with sulky dignity. I perceive that he intends to remain obdurate until I make the first advances.

THE STORY OF THE LIGHTNING.

'Tis summer eve beneath the shivering lindens,
The soft warm air
Sways the green branches to and fro, as gently
As childhood's prayer.

The sheeted lightning in the heavens blazing,
Cleaves clouds in twain;
Flash following flash, till darkness
Seems almost vain.

Fire leaps from cloud to cloud, and the horizon
Is all alight,
As if the skies had opened, that the angels
Might beat back night.

And as they part, quicker than thought can travel,
It seems almost
That living lightning leaped from the artillery
Of a mysterious host.

And that beyond the iron frontier
Of all that's real,
Light chased darkness through the shadowy cloud-
land
Of the ideal.

There is a cloud-land also in reality,
Where night and day
Ever encounter in mysterious armour
For sovereign away.

When good and evil meet, and clash within us
In heart and brain,
When sorrow seems to gather ever o'er us,
And hope is vain.

When the will that would work is stricken powerless,
And friendship's smile
Is like the mockery of a crimson sunset
On snow awhile.

'Tis bright but warm's not; and the deep'ning
shadows

Of gathering night
Drop down, and leave the wanderer cold and frozen
On fields of white.

There's many a battle in our shadowy cloud-land
Of heart and brain,

When Might makes Right, and Right sits, worn and
listless,
Moaning with pain.

There's many a battle in the shadowy cloud-land
When tiny feet
Tramp for the first time, houseless and forlorn,
Adown the street.

When little blue eyes, wondering at the stars
That shine o'erhead,
Ask sobbing from a weary half-starved father
A piece of bread.

And many a one is fought around the dying
For thirst of gold,
In hearts that grasp at purses or possessions
Ere the clay's cold.

When solemn death-beds seem at best but gullies,
Where miners' hands
May jostle with each other in the plunder
Of golden sands.

And there are many battles that do almost
Nature convulse,
Fought between good and evil, with the weapons
Of wild impulse.

When reckless heedless passion's dread rebellion
Breaks reason's sway,
And tender ties are severed in a moment,
Or flung away.

But in our cloud-land, if there's sometimes darkness,
There's also light,
Legions of angels minister to those who
Strive to do right.

If we but lift our arms, and not sit idly
Nursing Despair,
But work with hands and brain until its phantoms
Vanish in air.

So underneath the shivering German lindens
I close my eyes,
To dream again this story of the lightning
Up in the skies.

COURT-MARTIAL HISTORY.

A MILITARY court anciently existed in England known as the Court of Chivalry. A statute of Richard the Second declared that it had cognisance of all deeds of arms and of war out of the realm, and of things which touch war within the realm, that could not be determined by the common law. The president of that court was the lord high constable, the leader of the king's armies, a magnate of the highest dignity; but the last possessor, Edward Stafford Duke of Buckingham, having been attainted of treason in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the office became forfeited to the crown, and was never revived. In the course of time this tribunal, over which the earl marshal afterwards presided,

was confined to redressing injuries of honour, and punishing encroachments and usurpations on armorial bearings, and other matters of heraldry.

The modern court-martial is also a court of honour as well as of criminal authority, and is the creature of the annual Mutiny Act. The first Mutiny Act (1 William and Mary) was one of the earliest parliamentary measures after the revolution of 1688, and originated in a mutiny of the Royal Scots, or First Regiment of Foot, then known after their colonel by the name of the Regiment of Dumbarton, a corps which has since acquired a world-wide renown. This episode is graphically described by Macaulay. On a pressing message from the crown to parliament, the first Mutiny Act was immediately passed at an eventful period to meet an impending danger; but as it was intended to be merely temporary, its operation was limited to six months. The Mutiny Act has since, with the interruption of about three years, from April, 1698, to February, 1701, a period of profound peace, been annually renewed with some modifications, and by it the crown is empowered to frame and sanction articles of war, and to convene courts-martial. Having originated in the untoward event from which it derived its name, the modern measure is designed, in its annual legislative revivals, to be the safeguard of public liberty as well against the aggressions of military misrule as of royal prerogative, and it has tended to reconcile the English people to a standing army, hateful to our ancestors. The discipline of the other branch of the service is also in modern legislation regulated by an annual measure—"an act for the government of the navy," a term which would be far more appropriate than the Mutiny Act for those intended for the regulation of our military and marine forces.

The time is fast approaching when two centuries will have passed since its inception. It redounds highly to the honour of our national character, that although within that period numerous courts-martial have been assembled, their sentences visited with capital punishment only three British officers, two of them—Benbow's cowardly captains—on charges involving the want of personal courage. According to the traditions of the navy, John Benbow, a name which still ranks amongst our distinguished admirals, although by birth of gentle blood, first served as a seaman before the mast. An anecdote of his early life is to this day preserved amongst the characteristic stories of the sea. While working his gun in a severe naval action, a cannon-shot struck a messmate, who cried out, "It has carried off my leg, take me to the surgeon!" The bleeding stump having been rudely stanchoned, Benbow had the wounded man placed immediately upon his back, and, as he descended the ladder with his burthen, another cannon-shot carried off the head of his comrade while it was still above the level of the deck. Unconscious of the occurrence, Benbow, on reaching the cockpit, and

laying down his load, observed, "Surgeon! I have brought you a patient for amputation." "What!" replied the operator. "Bring me a man who has lost his head!" Gazing with astonishment, Benbow answered, "Lost his head! The rascal told me 'twas his leg!" When Benbow, whose character was that of a rough, and honest sailor, had attained the rank of admiral, he hoisted his flag in command of a fleet destined to fight the French in the West Indies. Having fallen in with the enemy, he was basely deserted by the captains of other ships, when the Breda, which he commanded, being furiously assailed, a chain shot shattered his right leg, but he insisted upon being laid upon the deck. A lieutenant having expressed to the admiral concern for the loss, the gallant Benbow replied, "I am sorry for it too, but I would rather have lost them both than have witnessed such dishonour. Do you hear? If another shot takes me off, behave like brave men and fight it out." Broken-hearted at the desertion and misconduct of his officers, Benbow gave up the pursuit, and the French admiral, a brave man, feeling for his foe as he would under similar circumstances have felt for himself, addressed to the British commander the following letter, which is said to be still extant:

Carthage, August 22nd, 1702.

Sir,—I had little hopes on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin, but it pleased God to order it otherwise—I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up, for by G—— they deserve it.

Yours,

Du CASSE.

On his arrival at Port Royal, Benbow acted on the articles of war, and assembled a court-martial in his flag-ship for their trial, at which, although desperately wounded, he appeared as a witness. Two of them, Kirkby and Wade, were sentenced to be shot for cowardice, and, being sent to England, suffered on board H.M.S. Bristol, at Plymouth. Benbow did not survive; he died of fever, resulting from his wound and his disappointment, before their execution. Such was the just fate of the first victims of the Mutiny Act, the only two British officers ever attainted as cowards who expiated their disgrace by death.

Our historic annals record two courts-martial, causes célèbres, in which dishonour was imputed to commanders-in-chief, both of noble blood, one of which terminated in the death, the other in the degradation, of the accused. Little more than half a century after the condemnation of Benbow's captains, the failure of a British fleet to achieve a victory over the French in the Mediterranean, and the loss of the Island of Minorca, which that fleet had been destined to relieve, were the signals for an unprecedented outbreak of popular indignation in England. Admiral John Byng, who had commanded that fleet, was the son of a distinguished father, who had been ennobled for his naval services; but the son was cold and haughty in his manners, and enslaved by a passion for routine and rigid

discipline. The national disgrace was attributed to him, and, on his arrival at Portsmouth where he was immediately placed under close arrest, the mob were with difficulty restrained from tearing him to pieces. His younger brother, Colonel the Honourable Edward Byng, hastened to meet him, and such was the shock his proud and sensitive temperament sustained at the interview, that he died the following day in convulsions. Lady Torrington, his sister-in-law, in a letter written at the time, thus alluded to this tragic episode: "What a cruel star presides over this family at present. It must have been a shocking incident to have his brother come to him on Wednesday and die on Thursday morning." The same popular rage awaited him everywhere; a captain's guard of sixty dragoons was required to save him from summary execution on the road to London. Indignity was heaped upon indignity. Greenwich Hospital having been assigned as the place of his confinement, the brutal Governor Townsend caused him to be imprisoned in a garret, unfurnished, save with a deal table and a chair, the window barred with iron, and an iron bar across the chimney to prevent his escape. Addresses from several counties and large towns to George the Second, demanded inquiry and vengeance on the guilty; but the most dictatorial was that from the capital, to which, according to Horace Walpole, "the trembling ministers persuaded the king to pledge his royal word that he would save no delinquent from justice; a most inhuman pledge, and too rigidly kept." A court-martial was ordered to assemble on board H.M.S. Saint George, at Portsmouth, and the prisoner returned to that port, under a similar military escort. The court was composed of thirteen members, four of whom were admirals, all officers junior to the accused; the remaining nine were of inferior rank, being only post-captains. They continued their sittings during a whole month.

Some of the disclosures displayed the ministerial corruption of the period. It was asserted that the letters and reports of the prisoner had been garbled and perverted before they were permitted to appear in the Gazette, so as to give some colour to the charge of cowardice, and that other flagitious arts had been employed to blacken his reputation. The sentence was comprised in thirty-seven resolutions. While it acquitted him of "misconduct from cowardice or disaffection," the final one declared that "he did not do his utmost," and, in obedience to the twelfth article of war, then recently rendered more Draconic, adjudged the prisoner to be shot. While acquitting him of being "wanting in personal courage," the court unanimously thought it "their duty to recommend him as a proper object of mercy." The administration, "whose terrors," according to Walpole, "were as great as the clamours of the people," in order to screen themselves, submitted a question to the twelve judges of England, whether the sentence was legal; but according to the dangerous and uncon-

stitutional practice which then prevailed, it was considered in secret, and was not argued before the judges by counsel; it was answered in the affirmative. Nowhere did the ill-fated object find more strenuous intercessors than amongst his own immediate judges; Captain Augustus Keppel, afterwards the popular admiral, being in parliament, demanded as well on his own behalf as at the instance of four other members of the court, a bill to absolve them from their oath of secrecy, in order that they might reveal matters of weight in relation to their sentence. The bill passed the House of Commons tumultuously, by one hundred and fifty-three to twenty-three, notwithstanding which majority, the tide of popular feeling abroad ran decidedly against the victim, and Pitt, the great commoner, deeming justice to be at stake, deliberately confronted the torrent. Having detailed to his majesty, in private, the relenting indications which were apparent in debate, he declared that the House wished to see the admiral pardoned; on which the king replied, "Sir, you have taught me to look for the sense of my subjects in another place than in the House of Commons." The answer was intended as a rebuke, but it was a high compliment to the policy of a minister who placed his reliance on public opinion. In the Upper House the chief legal authorities, Lords Hardwicke and Mansfield, the Chancellor and Chief Justice, treated the subject with judicial strictness; they separately examined at the bar and on oath every member of the court, and required answers: First, whether they knew anything which passed previous to that sentence which showed it to be unjust? Secondly, whether any matter passed previous to it, which showed it to have been given through any undue motive? To the general surprise, every member, even Keppel himself, answered both questions in the negative; the bill was accordingly rejected by the Lords, but not without some insulting comments on the haste and heedlessness of the Lower House of Parliament.

While his friends were incessant in their applications for mercy, Byng rejected its acceptance with disdain. "What satisfaction," said he, "can I receive from the liberty to crawl a few years longer on the earth, with the infamous load of a pardon at my back? I despise life upon such terms, and would rather have them take it!" It is one among the many remarkable circumstances of this melancholy, and we believe unprecedented case, that a complete change of ministry took place between the accusation and the sentence, so that one political party arranged the trial and another directed the execution. The king entertained an opinion which, in this instance, was in common with the populace, that some rigorous example was required; an opinion which gave rise to the sneer of Voltaire, when Candide, on his visit to England, declares, "Dans ce pays-ci, il est bon de tuer de temps en temps, un amiral pour encourager les autres." All hopes of his friends

expired with the rejection of the bill. Byng met his fate with undaunted intrepidity; his heroism resembled and equalled that of Marshal Ney, known in the armies of Imperial France as "the bravest of the brave," in similar trying moments. When the result of the resolutions was being broken to him by degrees, he started: "What! They have not put a slur upon me, have they?" But, on being assured that they had not imputed cowardice, his countenance at once resumed its serenity, and he heard his doom with calmness and composure. His subsequent fate is thus described by the contemporary authority of Horace Walpole, in a letter of the 17th of March, 1757, to Sir Horace Mann: "Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villany, murder, and a hero. His sufferings, persecutions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him said, 'Which of us is tallest?' He replied, 'Why this ceremony? I know what it means. Let the man come and measure me for my coffin!' He said that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are; came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners?" One of the Lords of the Admiralty—Admiral Forbes—had refused to sign the warrant for the execution, which took place on board H.M.S. Monarque, a prize taken from the French, at Portsmouth. The spectators of the tragic scene, in admiration of his fortitude, could not refrain from tears. One rough seaman, as he gazed with his arms folded on the blood-stained deck, with visible emotion exclaimed, "There lies the bravest and best officer in the navy!" His remains repose in the family vault at South Hill, in Bedfordshire, where a monumental tablet presents to the visitor the following memorable inscription, attributed to the pen of Samuel Johnson:

To the perpetual disgrace
Of public justice,
The Honourable John Byng,
Admiral of the Blue,
Fell a martyr to political
Persecution,
March 14, in the year 1757,
When bravery and loyalty
Were insufficient securities
For the life and honour
Of a Naval Officer.

In less than three years after the execution of Byng, a memorable court-martial met at Whitehall, for the trial of a British military commander-in-chief. Lord George Sackville, a younger son of the first, and father of the last Duke of Dorset, like the most illustrious warrior of our times, commenced his political career as Chief Secretary for Ireland, when his father was for the second time Viceroy, and afterwards attained high military rank. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, nephew of Frederick the Great, was commander-in-chief of the allied army on the Continent, destined for the protection of Hanover; but the British troops of which it was partly composed were under the command of the high English aristocrat. Being unwilling to sacrifice our insular interests to German connexions, dissensions soon arose between him and the foreign prince, who was his superior officer; in the words of Walpole, "both liked to govern, neither liked to be governed." At the battle of Minden, on the 1st of August, 1759, when the French infantry reeled before the British battalions, Sackville was at the head of the Blues: a regiment to which the couplet of Dryden may be applied:

Unchanged by fortune, to their sovereign true.
For which their manly forms are decked with blue.

At the critical moment of confusion in the enemies' ranks, he received orders to advance with the English and Hanoverian cavalry, which were separated from the infantry by a wood. These orders he undoubtedly disobeyed. His personal courage having been previously suspected, he had preserved, and was proud of exhibiting, the uniform he had worn at Fontenoy, pierced by a musket-ball, which on that fatal day wounded him in the breast. His disobedience at Minden was attributed by his friends to the orders being ambiguous and even contradictory, while his enemies traced it to the effect of panic, or to the impulse of unwarrantable pique and wounded pride. He appeared after the battle, at dinner in the tent of his victorious commander, who remarked to the other officers present, "Look at that man! As much at his ease as if he had done wonders." The general order of the prince contained a direct imputation; it declared that if Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Granby had had the good fortune to have been at the head of the cavalry, his presence would have greatly contributed to make the decision of the day more complete and more brilliant. Stung to the quick by this public rebuke, feeling that the indignation which pervaded the camp had spread through the court and the country, he wrote for liberty to resign his command, and returned to England to brave a storm of obloquy which, after the recent fate of Byng, was far more terrible to a soldier than the worst perils of the battlefield.

On his arrival, he found himself summarily dismissed from the colonelcy of his regiment,

and struck—by the hand of George the Second, who was deeply incensed, and resolved to make his degradation most galling—from the list of generals. Having demanded a court-martial, a question arose whether a man who had ceased to be in the army was still subject to military law, but the court assembled on the 29th of February, 1760, and was composed of sixteen members, all general officers. The accusations were three in number. First, for refusing to advance with the cavalry and sustain the infantry when engaged; second, after the cavalry were in motion, in needlessly halting them; third, that he moved so slowly as not to reach the action in time to join in the pursuit. Assuming a dictatorial tone to the court, he complained that he had been punished before trial; and, while he relied on the ambiguity of the orders, it was but too evident that they did not direct him to stand still. Forgetting that the moment of the enemies' signal discomfiture was his opportunity, he attempted in his defence to justify his inactivity on the ground that the movement of the cavalry was unnecessary. "The glory of that day," said he, "was reserved for the six brave (English) regiments, who, it will scarcely be credited in future ages, by a single attack put forty battalions and sixty squadrons to flight." The allusion would seem to have been peculiarly inopportune, for while those six infantry regiments suffered a loss of one thousand three hundred and seventy-nine men and officers, the Gazette does not record a single casualty amongst the British cavalry. According to Walpole, "Whatever were his deficiencies in the day of battle, he has at least shown no want of spirit either in pushing on his trial, or during it. He had a formal message that he must abide the event, whatever it should be; he accepted that issue, and during the course of the examination attacked judges, prosecutor, and evidence. Indeed, a man cannot be said to want spirit who could show so much in his circumstances. I think, without much heroism, I would sooner have led the cavalry up to the charge than have gone to Whitehall to be worried as he was. One hour of such resolution at Minden would have established his character for ever." Gray, the poet, wrote at the time, "The old Rundles who sat on Lordly Sackville, have at last hammered out their message. He is declared disobedient and unfit for all military command. The unembarrassed countenance, the looks of revenge, contempt, and superiority that he bestowed on his accusers, were the admiration of all. You may think, perhaps, he intends to go abroad and hide his head—an contraire, all the world visits him on his condemnation." The court discharged their duty with firmness, neither misled by his persuasive powers, nor irritated by his overbearing pride; and it was said that seven of the members were in favour of capital punishment. The promulgation of the sentence, was followed by his name being struck off the list of privy councillors; and the announce-

ment of its confirmation declared it to be his majesty's pleasure "that the sentence be given out in public orders, that officers may be convinced that neither high birth nor great employments shall shelter offences of such a nature."

If disaster had attended our arms at Minden, Sackville would inevitably have shared the fate of Byng; but the splendid successes of Wolfe in the conquest of Canada, following fast after that victory, had tranquillised popular feeling, and, strange to say, on the accession of the new sovereign, he found favour with George the Third, by whom he was named for office in 1763, but the other members of the new ministry refused to act with a man who had been so publicly disgraced. Having, in 1770, acquired property under the will of Lady Elizabeth German, who had been a favourite correspondent of Swift, on condition that he should thenceforth bear her name, we may well believe that he eagerly seized on any occasion that afforded even a hope of retrieving his sullied reputation. It was a period "when corruption did, indeed, glitter in the van and maintain a standing army of mercenaries," and Lord George, aspiring to be a patriot, having expressed himself in parliament warmly on some popular question, Governor Johnson replied that "he wondered the noble lord should interest himself so deeply in the honour of the country, when he had hitherto been so regardless of his own." On a refusal to retract an insult so publicly given, Lord George demanded an immediate meeting, and named the ring in Hyde Park; but as the challenged was then, as a member, attending a committee of the House of Commons, he hoped that a meeting within an hour would be satisfactory. The subsequent incidents are characteristic of the taste for duelling then in fashion. The combatants would seem to have arranged all the preliminaries between themselves; the governor suggested that one second, the bearer of the message, Mr. Thomas Townsend, afterwards Lord Sydney, would answer for them both; and as he had an open wound in his arm, and his legs were very much swelled, he expressed a wish to use pistols—a request to which his opponent politely acceded. In hurrying to the appointed spot, the governor met Sir James Lowther in Piccadilly, who accompanied him as his friend, and, when on the ground, Lord George, accosting his adversary, desired him to take whatever distance he pleased. Being placed at twenty short paces apart, Lord George called on the governor to fire, which the other refused, declaring that, as his lordship had brought him there, he must fire first. Neither of the shots took effect, but his opponent's second ball broke Lord George's pistol, and one of the splinters grazed his hand. The seconds then interfered, and the governor afterwards avowed that he had never met a man who behaved, with more coolness or courage.

* Some remarkable coincidences gave credence

for a time to a surmise, now considered palpably erroneous, that Lord George Germain was the author of Junius. The hostility of that celebrated assailant of character to the Marquis of Granby was accounted for, by this theory, and his detestation of the Scotch was traced to the fact that ten of the members of the court-martial had been natives of Scotland. "Time works wonders." The object of much and merited obloquy in 1775 was selected in the administration of Lord North for the high office of Secretary of State for the Colonies. His policy as a minister was destined to be as disastrous as his military career had been disgraceful; he was, in office, the determined foe of American independence, and he directed those measures which severed our transatlantic provinces from Great Britain. Benjamin Franklin, in an early letter to Priestly, thus predicted the consequences: "When Lord Germain is at the head of affairs, it cannot be expected that anything like reason or moderation could be attended to. Everything breathes rancour and desperation, and nothing but absolute impotence will stop their proceedings. We, therefore, look on final separation from you as a certain and speedy event!"

On his resigning the seals in 1782, he was raised by royal favour to the peerage, by the title of Viscount Sackville: an elevation which revived all the bitter recollections of days gone by, and was thus denounced in a spirited satirical production of the period.

The Robe Patrician now shall cover all!
Disgrace no more degrade, or fear appal;
The guilt is lost, that once the conscious plain
Of Minden blushing saw through all her slain.
Such is the magic of this crim'on vest,
When clasped with royal hands across the breast;
It mounts the coward to the hero's place,
Wipes from the recreant brow each foul disgrace;
Confounds, perverts all honours and degree,
And makes a hero, e'en Germain of thee!
Know, haughty peer, the western world disdains
Such tools of office, and such feeble chains,
As hands like thine, or stronger hand of George,
Or heads or hands more wise and strong can forge.

The newly created peer on his introduction into the House of Lords was destined to endure perhaps the most galling of his many humiliations; he heard his ignominious sentence and its confirmation read aloud, and himself denounced as "the greatest criminal this country ever knew." He was accused not only of misconduct in the field, but of being the author of all the calamities of the recent war. It was moved that the admission of a man whose disgrace had been entered on the orderly book of every regiment, would be derogatory to the dignity of that assembly, and the House was earnestly invoked not to suffer him to enter it and contaminate the peerage. The obnoxious viscount defended himself with courage and calmness; the prerogative of the crown was recognised; but a protest recorded the sentiments

of nine peers, and the object thus arraigned did not long survive the accumulated indignities to which he had been forced to submit.

THE AGGER FIORD.

"Soho, mare! gently, Lapwing, gently, you Holstein-bred, hammer-headed brute! Quiet, I say!"

And the postilion, turning in his saddle, confronted us as we sat in the open caleche, though so deep was the darkness of the night that it was only when a flash of lightning came that we could distinguish his pale face, dripping flaxen hair, and the faded scarlet of his gay jacket, now stained by drenching rain into a dusky maroon colour. An awful night it was.

I have been thirty years in Denmark, and have seen storms enough since then, but none fiercer than that which now raged around us as we plodded our way, sore buffeted by wet and wind, over a desolate heath in North Jutland. The thunder rolled almost unceasingly; between the peals we could hear the hoarse roar of the distant sea; and the gale was so strong that we feared carriage and horses would be fairly blown over by the succession of angry gusts. To add to the agreeable features of the scene, the poor brutes that drew us, alarmed by the lightning, were plunging and swerving violently at intervals, and the driver could hardly control them.

"English masters," said the postilion, very ruefully, "I have lost the way! It's not my fault, for it would need a Troll's eyes, which can pierce the earth, they say, to see clear on such a night as this. I must have missed the turning by the gibbet, and got among the lanes to the left, or we should have reached the kro—be quiet, horses!—the kro where your worships meant to rest for the night; but now I see neither kro nor village."

"Then where are we?" asked Williams, rather peevishly; and no wonder, for our light summer suits—admirable wear, as we had considered, for a fair weather excursion through Jutland in the fair season—were thoroughly soaked through; we were miserably off for wrappers of any sort, and wore as chilled and hungry as ever belated travellers were.

"Where are we?"

"The blessed Olaf of Norway and Niels of Denmark alone can tell," replied the young Dane, who, for all his Lutheranism, had a profound reverence for saints of the pure Scandinavian stock; and then began again to soothe and struggle with his horses, which wore all but unmanageable.

This was not very pleasant, and Williams—less used to rough weather and wet clothes than I was, for an artist's profession takes him into the open air less frequently, rain or shine, than an engineer's—grew testy and out of humour. He was a worthy fellow, and a good companion, and it was a genuine love of his art that had brought him to Denmark; a country then, as now, very little visited by English tourists. But

his temper, amiable in prosperous circumstances, was by no means improved by exposure to the elements, and he was unsparing in his denunciations of everything and everybody connected with Jutland, from the time of King Gorm downwards. I could not help laughing at the excess of his wrath; though I, too, felt that we were in a scrape which might prove serious. The horses could with difficulty be kept in the narrow road; and, should they bolt across the heath, our choice would probably be between jumping out at some personal risk, or being smothered in one of the numerous bogs, deep and dangerous, with which the country abounds. Suddenly a flash of lightning, more than commonly broad and brilliant, lighted up the whole horizon, showing with startling distinctness the black and purple surface of the wild moor, strewn with stones, speckled with yellow flowers, and dotted with round blue tarns and patches of intensely green verdure, beneath which lay soft mire that would bear no heavier foot than that of the plover. But there was also visible a moss-grown stone cross, broken and weather-worn, but conspicuously planted on a knoll of rising ground, whereon grew several fir-trees, bent and warped into fantastic crookedness by the might of the north-west gales. This was evidently a landmark well known to the country people, and the postilion gave a shout of joy as he pointed it out with his whip.

"I know where we are now, English knights! That's the cross of old Abbot Tholl, he that was tied up in a sack, and drowned in the Elster fiord by the peasants of Vetter, one fifth of whose corn he wanted to take away as Church dues. We are far from home, and far from the right road, though, and this rain will have swelled the Skjern so much that we could not get back, not if we risked our lives in fording it. The best thing I can do, gentlemen, is to take you on to Rothsgaard."

"What does the fellow say?" asked Williams. He had been but a short time in Denmark, and had not learned as much of the language, so similar, and yet so provokingly unlike, our native English, as I, who had been in constant contact with native labourers, sailors, and professional men.

"What is this Rothsgaard you speak of? Is there a kro there, or some farm-house where strangers are received?" I asked.

But the place was not one fitted for a protracted colloquy, and I suppose the lad was weary of doing battle with his rampant steeds, which he had hitherto managed with much address and courage. At any rate, he shouted something quite unintelligible, cracked his whip, loosened his reins, and went off at a slapping pace through the tempest and the darkness. Half an hour afterwards he pulled up his horses in front of a long and lofty wall, which evidently enclosed a large court-yard, gardens, and inner buildings, and which was, as I could see by a flash of the now distant lightning, of a dull red colour, instead of the usual white. The postilion sprang to the

ground, rang a loud clanging bell, and thumped lustily on the oaken gate with his whip-handle.

"Any haven in a storm!" said the driver, "but this haven is of the best! I'll warrant we find supper not over, and as for corn and hay for the nags, where should they be to be had, if not in the stables of the noble Baron Dyring?" At this instant the gates were opened by an old serving-man with a lantern, and, after a very brief explanation, we were civilly invited to enter.

Much as I had heard of the primitive hospitality still existing in out-of-the-way nooks of the ancient kingdom of Denmark, I was rather startled at the notion of intruding on the domestic privacy of a country gentleman, such as I could not doubt this Baron Dyring, whose name I now heard for the first time, to be. The name of the place—Rothsgaard—had not prepared me for an invasion on our part of a genuine château. The word "gaard," meaning hold or place of defence, is loosely used in Denmark, applying equally to a village, a farmhouse, and a feudal castle. And, as far as I could make out in the dim light, Rothsgaard, though surrounded by barns, stabling, and farm buildings of very great extent, was rather an imposing edifice: a strong stone mansion in the castellated style, moated and turreted, and large, though low. Williams, too, drew back somewhat as soon as he discovered where we were. He, like myself, had expected to be received with the rough and kindly welcome which well-to-do Jutland farmers generally bestow on the foreign traveller, and that we should have been, on the morrow, rather permitted than required to pay for our accommodation. This, however, was quite a different affair, and we were only reconciled to our apparent intrusion when the baron himself, hearing of our arrival, came to the door to meet us with extended hand, and gave us a hearty welcome in tolerable English.

In a quarter of an hour we had been provided with rooms, in which the stoves were hastily lighted, warm as the weather was, in consideration of our drenched condition; we had been accommodated with dry garments from our host's wardrobe, since our scanty baggage did not contain much beyond linen and dressing gear; and we were sitting in the quaintly furnished finely proportioned drawing-room, conversing with our entertainer, and his family, as if we were all old friends: so utterly was our British reserve thawed, before the simple cordiality of a Scandinavian welcome. And a fine family they were; every one of them, except perhaps Kalf Dyring, the second son, being well looking.

Baron Dyring, who was then about forty-five years of age, was a tall man, with a dark complexion, and a handsome thoughtful face. There was something dreamy and unpractical about his large grey eyes and delicately cut lips, but his forehead was broad and ample, and his whole face had a pleasant expression. Eskil, the eldest son, was like his father, but shorter and slighter; and Madame Dyring, who must have

been a beautiful woman in her youth, still retained the dazzling complexion and golden hair that make up the chief peculiarities of Danish loveliness. Kalf Dyring, the second son, was much more what I suppose the real old Norsemen to have been in their day, than either father or brother: a laughing, flaxen-haired young giant, with a broad face and ruddy cheeks: not very clever, but no fool: a boisterous good-hearted fellow when well used, but terrible when in a passion, and able to get into a passion on light provocation. As for Christina, the only daughter, I need only say at present that she was an extremely pretty girl of nineteen.

The Dyrings seemed to treat our invasion of their hearth and home as a matter of course, or rather as a piece of good fortune which had befallen them. At the same time, they admitted that the affair might have had a tragic ending, since it is not every belated traveller who, being lost on a stormy night on a wild heath in Jutland, can count upon so safe a bourn at the end of his wanderings. The kind Daues mentioned many melancholy accidents that had taken place—in winter for the most part—between Lonnc and Rothsgaard, or between the castle and the town of Ringkjøbing. Now, they told of a pedlar who had been missing for years, and on whose account the gipsies had been suspected, since all deemed that the chapman had been made away with for the sake of his pack, until, in a dry summer, pack and pedlar were found in a swamp. Now, they told of a number of wedding guests, somewhat the worse for brandy and Rostock beer, who had perished in the snow on the Kobolds' Moor. There were many such accidents on record.

By supper-time, I think we were all, more or less, pleased with one another. Our only introduction at the gate had been the simple announcement that we were wayfarers and Englishmen, and no question had been asked as to our worldly position. We were left, therefore, to mention our own names. Williams told his patronymic and profession, and spoke, casually, of some Danish gentlemen in Copenhagen to whom he had brought letters: among them, a chamberlain of the king, a nobleman with whom the baron had been at school, but of whom he had long lost sight.

"You do not go to Copenhagen, then, for the winter season?" said my companion.

"We never go," said the baron, a little dryly; and then, as if ashamed of anything that might savour of churlishness, he rejoined, "Gay cities like our capital—though I dare say you smile in your sleeves, young gentlemen, at my calling our poor little Copenhagen gay—are not the places for a needy Jutland gentleman. Ah! You look incredulous, but if you will do me the favour to stay a few days with us, you will learn all about our ways. We have plenty of wheat and barley, plenty of cows and oxen and swine, plenty of all things except dollars, and nothing else will pay one's way in city

life. No, no, we must stop and keep a master's eye over the land and its produce. Of courts and towns I saw something as a boy, in my grandfather's time, but I am a plain man, and my children after me will be plain Jutland squires too. Try this Marcebrunner, Mr. Williams; pity that Denmark ripens no grape!" We must trust to the land of our German enemies for the very wine that warms our hearts."

I was rather puzzled by the baron's good-humoured confession of poverty, and was inclined to take it as a jest. Certainly of what we in England call poverty, there were no signs. Most of the furniture was old, no doubt; old enough to have been made in the reign of Christian the Seventh; but it was well preserved, and suited the old oak panels and carved cornices better than modern finery would have done. The supper was excellent—almost over-plentiful—the wine was good, and there was plenty of old silver and old china. To say that the whole mansion was exquisitely clean, neat, and in perfect repair, is superfluous; for in Denmark there is a more than Dutch passion for cleanliness and order, and every rustic inn where we had slept in our tour had been perfection in this respect. The servants were cheerful, well clad in grey cloth coats or trim gowns of some bright colour, and conveyed an impression of anything rather than narrow circumstances on the part of their master.

"Well," said I to myself, as I looked at the snow-white sheets redolent of lavender, the scarlet silk quilt, and the tapestried curtains, of my bed, and then at the curious looking-glass in its ebony frame, with dragon's claws on each side of the mirror to hold a tall wax-light, while on the walls hung several pictures of worthy persons in periwigs and plate armour, matched by ladies whose hair had been tortured by the barber's art into towers of frizzled curls; "I know many a more pretentious personage in England and Ireland who would gladly change places with my host. Poor, forsooth!"

I was still more puzzled on the following morning, when the sun rose brilliantly in a sky of unclouded blue, and sounds of lowing, barking and singing, with the tramp of horses and the voices of men and women, called me to my window. The baron's milch cows were being driven out in long file, from the yard to the meadows, and when they had passed, numerous cattle of various sizes and ages, but all glossy and well cared for, followed on their way to the pasture. I was amazed at the signs of agricultural wealth all around, the number of sleek cart-horses, the army of poultry, the herds of swine. The very pigeons, a cloud of which light-winged birds hovered over the stone tower that served them for a dovecot, or perched on roof and post, were surprising in their numbers. And the many farm-labourers, the sturdy-limbed "swains" in bluish-grey horn-buttoned coats, felt hats, and heavy greased boots; the active rosy dairymaids, trimly picturesque in black bodice, snooded hair, and

kirtle of Danish red; helped to convey the idea of comfort and prosperous circumstances.

Baron Dyring would not hear of our leaving him that morning, as we self-invited guests that we were, had naturally meant to do. No, no, that must never be; strangers from England were rare birds of passage in that nook of the kingdom; and we must not quit the house of a Jutland gentleman without giving ourselves time to learn something of Jutland ways. The Dyring family pledged themselves to amuse us; and, to begin with, an otter hunt had already been fixed for that very morning. Our host was famous for his otter hounds. And two old otters, with some three or four cubs nearly full grown, had of late been extremely destructive to the sea-trout in the fiord, and the brook-trout in the streams. Also, Herr Williams, as an artist, would perhaps be good enough to look over Mademoiselle Christina's portfolio of water-colour and chalk sketches, and the baron was anxious to ask me some questions about British farming, and so forth. In fact, they would not let us go. The postillon and his horses were dismissed, and we were understood to be fixtures for at least a week under the roof of Rothsgaard.

It fell out, however, that my own sojourn at Rothsgaard bade fair to exceed the limits of the week's stay to which we tacitly held to be bound. This was due to an accident that occurred in the course of the day's sport. Following up the shaggy otter hounds, then in full and fierce cry at the heels of one of the biggest and most active of their amphibious foes, I was unbolted to take rather a rash leap across a brook with high banks and a rocky bed. The jump was no trifling one; but I had been thought a good leaper in my school-days, and I was piqued by seeing Kalf Dyring, whose strength and activity were remarkable, clear the stream with a bound, and then turn round and laugh heartily at Williams, who stood baffled on the brink. The baron and his eldest son, with the huntsmen and the other men, declined the dangerous leap, and pushed on towards a plank bridge a quarter of a mile off; I, with an Englishman's dislike to being beaten, resolved to face the brook. I had better have imitated the prudence of the rest, for though I got across, my feet only touched the opposite bank, which crumbled and broke under my weight, and down I went, spraining my ankle, bruising my right arm, and plunging into a deep pool, too much hurt to swim.

Kalf Dyring—he had received his queer name in honour of some renowned ancestor of Pagan days—dragged me out of the water, and with some little trouble lifted me on to the bank. At first, I was too dizzy and sick to speak or stir, and I believe the honest young fellow thought I was killed outright, and through a prank of his own; for, as I afterwards heard, the place where the otter had crossed was called by the baron's tenants "Childe Kalf's Spring," as no one in the parish but himself dared attempt it. But I soon came to myself, and sat up, while the hunters, whom a twist in the chase had

brought back, gathered round me in some alarm. When I tried to rise, with Kalf's help, down I sank again with a groan.

They carried me home, these honest Danes, blaming themselves, most unnecessarily as I thought, for their want of forethought in leading a stranger into such perils. Indeed, I fancy that the general impression among them was that foreigners were delicate creatures, unfit for rough Jutland sports and hardships, and that they had behaved very inhospitably in not taking sufficient care of their English guests. We were soon back at the château, and I doubt if any sufferer ever had more tender nursing than I. Were it possible, according to the old saw, to be killed with kindness, that would have been my fate surely. However, the hurt I had received was no joke as far as pain and inflammation went, and I fainted as they were carrying me up the oaken stairs, from sheer force of torture. The doctor, who was brought from five leagues off, gave it as his decided opinion that I would not be able to walk for a month at least.

This little incident, along with a great deal of pain to myself and trouble to others, brought with it consequences which in the long run were important. My convalescence, when once I could hobble about, propped on a crutch-headed cane, was agreeable enough. It was the pleasant summer-time. The birch, beech, and evergreen oak, were in full leaf and shade; the sweet old-fashioned flowers in the sunny garden bloomed gloriously; and the hum of the countless bees, that alternated between the rose-trees and the moorland heather, was peaceful and soothing to the nerves of an invalid. Williams had long since returned to Copenhagen. With the Dyrings I was on the footing of old friendship. I had gone, on the back of a quiet pony, warranted not to indulge in gambols that might embarrass a rider who dared not as yet put his left foot into a hard steel stirrup, with the baron round his farms, and had held many a long conversation with him on matters of agriculture and politics. Madame, the "Hausfräule," as the domestics called her, had given me a number of Danish recipes, and I am afraid to say how many balsams, essences, and pots of preserve, to be sent to my married sisters in England. I had helped Eskil with his mathematics, and Kalf with his English grammar, and Christina had read to me, and with me, and had taught me dominoes, and had learned chess from me, and had been my most thoughtful and kind nurse in those weary hours when pain was racking me. She was too fair, and good, and charming, that golden-haired Danish maiden, not to win an unoccupied heart like mine; but I did not as yet own to myself that I loved her. Her society was very dear to me, and I shut my eyes to the future, and the parting that must come with it.

And now a word as to Baron Dyring, whom I understood better than on the first evening of our acquaintance. First, as to his position. This was one that I cannot easily describe. If I called him a gentleman farmer, a phrase to

which he would himself have had no objection, I should convey a wrong impression, and yet, in spite of his ancient lineage and the length of time for which his estate had belonged to the Dyrings, he was by no means what a grand seigneur is popularly supposed to be. A man more simple, more free from any haughtiness or pretension, I never saw; and yet he *was* proud, in a quiet way quite his own. With a fair estate—the gift, as tradition and some very crabbled old charters, in Norse and dog Latin, averred, of King Harald Blue Tooth—the baron was yet obliged to pay close attention to every detail of his property, to keep clear of debt; and, though a good farmer, and rich in stock and farm produce, he had been quite correct when he described himself as poor in money.

The general thrift, plenty, and industry, which reigned in Denmark, seemed to make it difficult for wealth to be amassed by agriculture. There was the soil, and there were the hands to till it, but markets were few, and prices were low. To get a living out of the land was easy. To make money, in a country where beef ranged from twopence a pound, and where fine two-year-old colts, like those that galloped merrily about the pastures of Rothsgaard, could be bought for less than five pounds, was the reverse of easy. Exportation was difficult, and full of risks and expenses. The corn laws and the lack of steam-ships all but closed the English market against Danish grain and Danish bullocks. Sweden took a little Danish wheat, and North Germany and Holland purchased to some extent in the marts of Denmark; but the trade was in the hands of middlemen, who kept the profits to themselves. And here was the key to what had puzzled me in Baron Dyring's character. He was proud, if not of being a noble, at least of being a Danish, freeman of the old race, and of a family often mentioned in Danish annals, and never but with honour. His forefathers had been personages of much greater relative importance in the realm than he. The Dyrings had been the counsellors and companions of kings, and had filled high posts in their country's service. And it vexed the baron that he and his two boys should be compelled by narrow circumstances to remain at home, keeping close watch over barn and hayfield, while a new aristocracy, of German blood for the most part, absorbed the patronage of the kingdom.

It was when my long visit at the castle drew, perforce, to a close, my sprain being cured, and my leave of absence from the engineering works expired, that a singular incident occurred, trivial in itself, but which led to important results. Against the wall of my room, over the mantel-piece, there stood a large picture, the portrait of a defunct Dyring in trunk hose and cuirass: a poor daub, and so dingy and smoked as to be hardly distinguishable. For this work of art I cared little, but above it were fixed a noble pair of antlers—of the elk, long extinct in Denmark—and I one day endeavoured, with the aid of a chair, to reach down these huge horns for

closer inspection. In doing this, I happened to give a smart jerk to the corner of the picture; the rotten wood and rusty nails parted company; and down tumbled the portrait in the midst of a cloud of dust and lime powder, leaving visible a small recess in the wall, in which lay a little cylinder of lead, whose dull glimmer caught my eye.

Curiosity to know what this might import caused me to unroll the thin folds of the pliant metal, and to draw forth a slip of neatly folded parchment or vellum. This was about twelve inches by six, was emblazoned with the Dyring arms beautifully executed in vermillion, the deer's heads looking as fresh as if it were but yesterday that the brush had touched them, and beneath the arms was written, in a crabbled but very distinct hand, a distich in Danish, which I translate thus:

When a Dyring shall drain the Agger fiord's lands,
Red gold shall not lack in a Dyring's hands.

This was sad doggerel, and unintelligible to me, though I knew the Agger fiord, that singular arm of the sea which divided the Dyring property into two unequal portions, perfectly well. It was one of those creeks, or salt lakes, common on the coasts of Denmark, and its only remarkable feature was the peculiar narrowness of the channel by which it communicated with the North Sea. I was unprepared, however, for the agitation which the baron evinced when I put the parchment into his hands, and told him where and how I had found it.

"Yes," he cried, "that couplet must have been written by my forefather, Admiral Hans Dyring, son of the lay Prior of Vokenstrue, whose portrait, most uneccelesiastical in costume, hangs in your chamber. It was in *his* time that the Agger fiord was formed, by the irruption of the sea through a neglected dyke which some say was pierced, out of spite, by a malicious boor who had been scourged for theft. At any rate, the man was hanged. But the change was a sad one for us Dyrings; we lost a fair manor-house, nine farms, and a village. They say you can still see the church tower, on a still day in summer, and we have been a decayed family ever since. There was talk of a lost treasure in money, too—idle talk, perhaps—"

And here the baron broke off, and became moody and silent. Very soon after this, I went back to Copenhagen.

It was autumn; the moors were brown, the fields swept bare of corn, and the gales beginning, as I sat in my lonely room at the Hôtel de l'Europe, trying hard to fix my attention on a column of figures in my account-book. Do what I would, my thoughts wandered off to Rothsgaard and Christina Dyring. Now that I was absent from Christina, I knew for the first time how dearly I loved her. And that she did not dislike me, was certain enough. I remembered what a sad sad look I had noticed in her dear blue eyes when I announced one morning after post time, that my employers were impatient for my return to duty. I remembered,

too, how cold and trembling the little hand had been as it lay in mine when the time came to say farewell and to leave Rothsgaard.

But what could I do? Continental etiquette is very rigid in matters matrimonial, and Baron Dyring and his kind wife would have had a right to be angry with me had I profited by their hospitality to steal the affections of their daughter. They had made a friend of me, the solitary young Englishman, had cherished me in sickness, and had never by word or deed betrayed the slightest feeling of any social inequality between us. And yet such inequality existed. The Dyrings, impoverished as they were, were of a proud old race, and it was hardly probable that an English engineer, bred in a quiet Essex parsonage, and without wealth or connexion to recommend him, would be thought a fitting suitor for the long-descended Christina Dyring.

I had got so far in my meditations when there was a tap at the door, and the baron himself came in. He was in Copenhagen for a day or so, and had come, he said, to have a peep at me before leaving. That I was glad to see him, and to hear the latest news from Rothsgaard, I need not say. All well? Certainly, certainly! Christina a little pale and subdued in manner, her father thought, but madame attributed that to the unhealthy season, the fall of the leaf. I could not but think that the baron himself was looking ill. He was haggard, as if with want of sleep, and his strong right hand was hot and feverish. But he protested that he was quite well, quite well. He had been restless of late, he said, flitting from town to town, ransacking libraries and archives for information relative to the drainage of meres and marshes. He said, with a forced laugh, that I should think him very foolish, but that that distich, that doggerel prophecy I had discovered, and which tallied with half-forgotten legends, haunted him. He had heard, when a child, much of the treasure lost in the old inundation.

But what was my amazement when, after much beating about the bush, the baron came out with a serious proposal to drain the Agger fiord, and produced a quantity of rough calculations bearing on the subject! He was to borrow money on mortgage, since he had no pecuniary capital; the fiord was to be drained on the "polder" principle, so successful in Holland, and in the management of which I had, as he was aware, some experience; to cap all, I was to be head engineer, and reside at Rothsgaard during the operations, with one-fourth of the recovered treasure for my meed.

It was a great temptation, very great. To go back to the castle, back to Christina! But I drove the fiend, dishonesty, from me, though it cost me a pang before I could say, "My dear good friend, don't think me a churl for saying no. As I'm an honest man, I must say it for two reasons. In the first place, those old treasures turn out myths, nine times in ten, while the expenses would be awful, and the probable result, ruin. I know

what you would say; I have just reclaimed sixteen hundred acres from the sea. Yes, but it was done by a wealthy company of British capitalists, and, though we have beaten Neptune for once, the costs will swallow up all profit for ten years or more. And next, forgive my bluntness, I love Mademoiselle Dyring, and I should be base were I to try to win her love in return, without your permission; yet—"

And here I broke down. The baron got very red; walked to the window, and looked out into the busy street, beating with his fingers on the glass of the window-pane. After a good while he turned round, and said, kindly, that I had behaved most honourably, and that he liked me better than ever. He went on to add that Christina was but a child (girls are always children in a parent's eyes), and that there was plenty of time before her, ere she troubled her little head about love and marriage. As to me, I should myself be married long before that day. And he gave my hand a squeeze that I felt for an hour afterwards, and took leave of me.

Long months afterwards, in the pleasant spring weather, I got a letter from Madame Dyring, ostensibly to beg that I would execute certain commissions for her in the Friedrichs-street. However, the good mistress of Rothsgaard was a poor diplomatist, and she soon revealed her real purpose. I had not, it seemed, been successful in dissuading the baron from his rash project. His mind was so bent on draining off the waters of the Agger fiord, and regaining the treasure whose recovery would restore the fallen fortunes of the family, that he was on the high road to ruin. He had for months, even through the inclement season, been carrying on extensive and costly operations, under the guidance of a very clever American, a military man, a certain Colonel Popplewell, of the United States service. This gentleman, whom the baron had met at Kiel, was a man of science, and a skilled engineer, and he was superintendent of the works, and a guest at the castle. The baron thought highly of him, and followed his advice implicitly, but the rest of the household had not taken any peculiar fancy to him. Evidently the baroness was alarmed as to the consequences of the lavish expenditure going on, and she begged, as a favour, that I would come down for a week or two and give my opinion of the state of affairs. "We shall all be glad to see our English friend again!" said the postscript.

I could not get leave of absence at once, but in about three weeks after the receipt of madame's letter, I crossed the threshold of Rothsgaard. The baron, looking ten years older than he used to look, but still frank and hearty, came into the hall to greet me. The family, he said, would be glad to have me back among them, and he was sure that I, on my part, would be charmed with Colonel Popplewell. He, the baron, had not mentioned my name or profession, or even my nationality, to the colonel; but

he was sure that we should take to each other at once, as kindred spirits. In a minute more, I was in the drawing-room. In the midst of the Dyring family stood a tall bony man, shrewdly dressed, and with a profusion of coarse black hair falling over his sallow cheeks, and high though narrow forehead.

"Colonel Popplewell—Mr. King!" said the baron, gaily, imitating as nearly as he could the traditional English method of introduction. "You will be good friends, my dear sirs, I venture to predict. But, ah, himmel! what is the matter?"

For the distinguished Colonel Popplewell, who had given a very visible start at the sight of me, and another at the mention of my name, had reddened, dropped his eyes, lifted them again, finally turned away, and shuffled out of the room with all despatch. The baron called to him, but in vain, and in a minute more we heard the hall door violently slammed. The American was gone, and it was plain that I was the cause of his abrupt exit.

"My word upon it," said Madame Dyring, "our good Mr. King has met the colonel before."

I owned that the conjecture was correct, but, respecting the baron's evident excitement and agitation, deferred telling all I knew until positively pressed with questions. At last I spoke as follows: "I do know this precious Colonel Popplewell, and, I am sorry to say, I know no good of him. He was chain-bearer to a surveying party in Canada, of which I was second surveyor, and was accounted a clever fellow, but was discharged for embezzlement. He has been, to my knowledge, a tavern waiter, steward of an Ohio steamer, billiard marker, and itinerant preacher; and no rogue in the United States is more notorious. I saw him tried for forgery at Philadelphia, and afterwards he was in the penitentiary at Sing Sing. His name, when I first met him, was, not Popplewell, but Caleb Flish, and——" But at this point Baron Dyring, whose bronzed face had grown ghastly pale, gave a groan, dropped into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed. His grief was terrible, for he now bitterly reproached himself with having encumbered his estate, and ruined his family, in following the advice of a specious adventurer. And certainly it turned out that Flish, or Popplewell—who never appeared again at Rothergaard, knowing too well that the game was up—had led the baron into disastrous follies.

I found that the Agger fiord had been in a

great measure drained: so far as to leave many patches of bare mud, and the ruins of a hamlet, visible. But great expenses had been incurred in plant and labour; costly engines had been erected; and the wily adventurer had left his accounts in hopeless confusion, and very little cash remained of the sums raised on mortgage. I need hardly say that no treasure had been discovered.

Baron Dyring was for giving up the enterprise, selling half his property to clear off debts, and cutting down his expenditure to the lowest pitch. However, I was able, fortunately, to point out another course. If the Rothergaard estate were swamped with mortgages, the Agger fiord was half drained, and it would have been a thousand pities to allow the sea to resume possession. By putting matters in a right and economical train, I managed to drain off as much water as added a dozen fat meadows to the property, with little extra cost. The dams were repaired, the pumping engines were used more sparingly, and the work was slowly but cheaply done. At the baron's request, I gave up my situation at Copenhagen, and went to reside at Rothergaard.

In ten years, at little expense compared with the lavishness of the first outlay, we reclaimed the whole bed of the Agger fiord from the sea, turning the salt lagoon into marsh, and the marsh into good pasture and arable. In fifteen years, thanks to the increase of national and local prosperity, we were able to clear the Rothergaard estates of mortgages. But before three years, I had become the husband of Christina Dyring, with the full consent of her family. Our house is on the Rothergaard estate, and I farm a large amount of the rescued acres, under Christina's brother, Baron Eskil, as I did formerly in the lifetime of my old friend and father-in-law, who lived long enough to see the happy change, and to own that though the traditional treasure was still un-found, the recovered lands of the Agger fiord had been a treasure in themselves. This, I suspect, is what the rhyming author of the distich meant, after all.

NEW WORK BY MR. DICKENS,
In Monthly Parts, uniform with the Original Editions of
"Pickwick," "Copperfield," &c.

In MAY will be published, PART I., price 1s. 6d.

A NEW WORK BY CHARLES DICKENS

IN TWENTY MONTHLY PARTS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

Volume XI. will begin on the 1st of February, 1864, with a New Serial Story, entitled

QUITE ALONE,

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 250.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

[PRICE 2d.

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XII.

AN hour later, Arthur Haggerdorn sat alone in his little room, trying hard to restore some order among his scattered thoughts, when he was startled by a heavy step without, followed by a tap at the door. It was a frank, hearty knock, and worthy of the individual who had delivered it, a jolly grazier-like personage, with a broad hat, heavy riding-boots, and whip, who entered, strode straight up to Arthur, and, taking his hand, wrung it cordially.

"I've come to ask you to eat a beefsteak with me, Master Haggerdorn," said the visitor, in a provincial accent of considerable breadth.

Arthur replied that he was much obliged, the more so as he was in total ignorance even of the name of his proposed entertainer, and was not in the least disposed for dinner.

"As for names, mine's Bill Brightsom," was the rejoinder. "As for hunger, the very friz of the steaks at Katy Dowe's coffee-house would put an appetite into a milestone; so come along. Your brother bade me ask you."

"My brother!"

"There's his token" (giving Arthur a long twisted lock), "one of his kiss-curls, belle-catchers, as we call 'em in—hem—in Lincolnshire. He said he shouldn't want it no more. Bless you, I know all about it! And as my time's precious, and there's gentlemen a wanting me in several directions, why, there's no time to waste in getting peckish. *Are you coming, or an't you coming?*" asked the visitor, his patience on the wane.

He evidently listened eagerly to every sound, and Arthur had noticed, more than once, that, at any sudden movement in the house, the country gentleman's hand made a curious quick motion in the direction of his breast-pocket. "I've only three quarters of an hour to spare. *You want a cull?*"

"Cull!" said Arthur. "Zis is my desire—to find ze cruel, crafty murderer of Hampage father."

"Would the crafty *murdered* do as well, now?" asked Mr. Brightsom, with a curious flicker in his eye.

"Ze murdered!"

"You come along, and eat a beefsteak," was the oracular reply.

And Arthur, yielding to one of those sudden convictions common to impressible minds, caught up his hat, and followed the worthy grazier with all the alacrity the latter could possibly desire.

Mr. Brightsom, whose rustic shyness perhaps led him insensibly to prefer the less frequented thoroughfares, conducted Arthur through a somewhat intricate labyrinth of back slums, to what seemed one of the very dirtiest little taverns that ever welcomed the hungry City wayfarer to steak and pot of ale. A low hiss, closely followed and interpreted by a burst of savoury steam, met the visitor on the threshold, and though it might not absolutely inspire a milestone, certainly suggested ideas not appeasable by barren argument.

Mr. Brightsom pioneered his young companion through the inner darkness, which was so profound, that Arthur was fairly seated in a box, opposite his guide, before his eye could clearly distinguish surrounding objects.

There was but little talking; there was a low continuous rattle of knives and forks, not to mention the ceaseless friz, indicating that people came thither exclusively to feed. It was too dark to read or write, and a man might easily have helped himself from the same saltcellar with his own brother without recognising him. The attendance was performed by two gnomes, or other sable beings, who flitted gloomily about the room, and being invoked as "AFce," and "Rokey," had probably been ascertained by some visitor whose sight was stronger than common, to be male and female of the species.

Mr. Brightsom apologised for not offering his guest a choice of viands, such being the celebrity of this house—the "Artichoke"—in the matter of rumpsteaks, that to have ordered anything else might have endangered the instant expulsion of the audacious visitor, as having offered a wanton and unmanly insult to the feelings of the gnome-queen at work below. Rumpsteaks and ale appeared (or likewise indicated their presence) on the table, as suddenly as if they had only awaited the arrival of Mr. Brightsom and friend. There followed, of necessity, a minute's silence, after which the grazier wiped his mouth on his ample sleeve, and spake:

"S'pose you don't much frequent this ken—that is, coffee-house—my kid—that is, my boy?"

Arthur replied that he was not in the habit of selecting Mrs. Dowe's as his favourite resort.

"It's a very 'spectable place," said the grazier, "but it's so dark, that folks sometimes comes here that don't want to be twigg'd. You're going fur to hear something."

Arthur naturally inquired what it was he was going to hear?

"What'll turn your love-locks into green phizmyjigs," was the mysterious reply, the speaker's eyes peering earnestly into the dark recesses of the room. "Al'ce! Hot flannel!"

Arthur almost started at the strange and sudden order, but had hardly time to ask its meaning, when Al'ce placed the answer on the table, in the form of a pewter jug filled with a mixture of gin and beer, further complicated with sugar, nutmeg, and a crab-apple.

"You're sure you can bear it?" said the grazier, with the manner of a man who spins out time, or postpones a painful revelation. "Take a toothful of this stuff. You'll want it."

Following the turn of his companion's head rather than the direction of his eyes, Arthur noticed that a dark object had glided in, and had taken post, silent as a shadow, at the end of their own table. It was a low stooping figure.

"Just as I expected," said Mr. Brightsom, leaning across the table, and addressing Arthur in a low, distinct tone. "That disappearance job has done its work. A pity, that it is! 'Twas as sweet a little creeter as ever I see—just like my Matty, which is still in pantaloons—but solider. I see her twice, when I was on familiar visitings terms with Snells, silversmiths, in Jermyn-street—they as was robbed, you know." (He paused an instant, then continued.) "Now I tell you what, my boy, your crib was right opposite number twenty-seven, and you must have known her! Well! She's dead! Dead, sir!" repeated Mr. Brightsom, in a loud, clear voice.

But louder and clearer was the heartbroken cry that burst from the dark figure at the end of the table, as, rising from its cowering attitude, it flung its arms aloft, and fell forward across the board. All present started up, and crowded to the spot.

Brightsom caught Arthur by the arm.

"That's your man," he said hurriedly in his ear.

"See to him—I'm off. Nervous in a crowd. If you want Bill Brightsom, advertise in Flying Post—pointment here."

"And Miss—Miss—" gasped Arthur.

"She's all right. Trap for a bolted governor. Here's your bolted governor, headforemost on the table here. Get him home!"

So saying, the timid grazier wound himself into the crowd, and vanished.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE excellent Armour, though secretly inclining to Lord Lob's opinion that five thousand

pounds, paid down, might be better adapted to his ideas and habits than an uncongenial wife with an income of that amount, could not at once resign his brilliant dream, and ended, after much cogitation, by resolving, as he mentally expressed it, to at least "try it on." He understood from what had passed between himself and the prisoner, that Bob Caunter, the lieutenant, and (next to his great leader) the most accomplished of the Black-Thumbs, would be put upon the track of the discourteous practitioner of Liverpool, and he doubted not that the latter's haunt would be reported to him before many hours were over. That was as good as settled. Whatever "jilling" might signify in the thieves' vernacular, George—in just requital of his rudeness and selfishness, in cracking a crib entirely out of his legitimate beat—would henceforth jill no more. He, Armour, master of George and of the situation, was surely bound to make the very best of his opportunity.

Thus it came to pass that Polly-my-Lamb's next visitor of note was Henry, of Bow-street, who, presenting himself about the setting of the sun, with his air of quiet authority, requested an audience, and was instantly admitted.

Polly was seated in her favourite large chair, white as marble, and almost as motionless: her only gesture being a slight inclination of the head, accompanied by a look of inquiry.

Mr. Armour was conscious of a trifling amount of embarrassment, but, recovering himself, pounced at once upon the subject, as he would have collared a thief.

"You are aware, madam," he said, "that we have effected the capture of the notorious offender, Lord Lob, and that he is safely lodged in Newgate?"

Polly was aware of it.

"And that Sir James Polhill has always attributed to this miscreant the singular outrage we have all been so deeply interested in punishing?"

Again Polly was aware of it.

"With all deference to Sir James's acuteness and great experience, I have presumed to form a contrary opinion" (Polly looked up with some surprise), "and the result has justified that hardihood," continued the modest Henry. "The man is totally innocent of any complicity with that crime. Nay, he seems indignant—though, it may be, not from the most exalted motives—at its commission."

"Indeed, sir!" said Polly, with a curious feeling, in which she would have been puzzled to say whether relief or disappointment had the larger share. "I—excuse me—you had something to add."

"Merely that, although Lord Lob had himself no hand in the business, he can help us to the real criminal, and has given me the preference."

"Do I understand you to mean, sir, that you possess some clue which the chief magistrate does not?"

"That is my meaning, young lady; and, further, that within twelve hours I will have in my personal custody the murderer of your father!"

There was something in the man's assured, significant manner that made Polly colour to the very roots of her hair. She made an effort to speak.

"Is—is Sir James aware of your present visit, sir?"

"He is not. He has, however, made me fully acquainted with your noble and dutiful intentions."

"Leave me, for the present, I beg, sir," said Polly, turning whiter and whiter.

Conscious that his blow must be struck now or never, Henry, instead of retiring, calmly stood his ground, and put his point with his usual unperturbed and business-like manner. He made one step forward.

"Am I to understand, madam, that you depart altogether from the principles of the arrangement you announced to Sir James Polhill? Or was it intended, may I ask, for the exclusive advantage of the young foreign gentleman to whom you gave the snu—"

"Ze young foreign gentleman is here to answer for himself," said a stern voice, almost at Henry's ear. "Leave ze room, fellow!"

"I think you had better do so, Mr. Armour," said a somewhat milder voice: that of Sir James Polhill, who had followed Arthur into the room. "You're a first-rate fellow in your line, Henry"—apart to the officer—"but this is a little beyond it. Leave the case to me."

Henry withdrew without a word.

Polly-my-Lamb was in the arms of Aunt Serocold, and for some minutes tears and sad volatile had it all their own way. Meanwhile, the apartment was silently filling. Mr. Hartsorne had appeared, but stood apart, sympathetic, yet inactive, as if he knew that his closer attentions would not be required. Mrs. Goodall, Stephen, and Kezia were present, and even a faint vision of Mrs. Ascroft hovered near the door.

"Better, darling?" were the first accents that broke the silence of the room.

"Much, dear," said Polly, raising her head from its lavender pillow, and smiling through her tears. "What is the matter? O tell me what has happened!"

"Tell me first, my dear," said Sir James; "can you bear good tidings bravely?"

"Try me, Sir James."

"I think I may. I think I will. You know, my dear, that I have always entertained an idea, amounting to conviction, that your father's life was not taken."

Polly knew nothing of the sort, but she welcomed the idea with all the warmth due to an old acquaintance.

"My dear, there is hope of his safety."

"There is *certainly*!" cried Polly, with hands uplifted, and eyes glittering through tears. "I read it in your kind faces. Where is he?"

The group opened, and Arthur Haggerdorn came forward, tenderly supporting an aged withered broken form, with stooping head and snow-white hair. Was this, indeed, all that was left of the bluff, healthy, jovial merchant, Basil Humpage? Polly thought so, for she fell upon his neck without delay or question, gave him one kiss, and, her excitement having reached its crisis, fainted. Nevertheless, the old man would not suffer her to be removed. He was placed in the great chair from which Polly had risen, and the care of those around quickly restored the happy child to the consciousness of her newly-recovered treasure.

In the explanations that succeeded, Arthur was, of necessity, chief orator. As agitation proved detrimental to his English, we interpret for him as follows:

When the old gentleman fainted in the coffee-house, Arthur, in accordance with the suggestion of his friend the grazier, took him under his peculiar care; and, on his recovering sufficiently to mention an address in Westminster, and his desire to be transported home, bore him thither in a coach with every care and solicitude. But it was some time after his arrival, and the application of powerful restoratives, that the poor old man regained the complete use of his faculties.

His sole personal attendant appeared to be an honest-featured old matron, who wept genuine tears at the condition in which he was brought back; but who, notwithstanding, bestirred herself vigorously in doing all that was required for his relief.

"Of course I knew his name warn't Higgle-dum," said the old lady, softly, to Arthur, as the two sat in the adjoining room, but with the door open, so as to command a full view of the patient's bed. "Nobody's name ever yet was Higgle-dum, or Piggledum either. But he's the best of masters, and of men; and, now you tell me you know his right name, why it's no use me making a mystery about it. He ought to have his friends about him."

"And he shall," said Arthur.

"I knew well enough he was a-hidin'," continued the old dame, apparently so delighted to get the secret off her soul, that she could not check her revelations. "Bless you, he was up to all sorts of tricks, 'specially to make me think his name was Higgle-dum. Scores of letters he must have written to himself, 'Humphrey Higgle-dum, Esquire;' but he forgot, now and again, to destroy them, and so I see, as they lays on his bureau, there was nothing in 'em. But I fancy they was tiresome to answer, so he soon gave that up. He used to dine at some out-o'-the-way place, and read his paper at another out-o'-the-way place. I don't think he spent forty pound a year. I knew he was a-hidin', but I'd take my Bible oath he never hurt any mortal, nor I don't think any mortal would hurt him. And," concluded the honest lady, wiping her eyes, "of course I don't believe in that 'Reward.'"

"Reward?"

"Would you like to see it?" asked the old lady. "Wait a bit."

She stole on tiptoe into the bedroom, took the old man's keys which lay on his dressing-table, and, returning, softly opened a bureau, and signed to Arthur to approach it. He did so, with like caution, and saw pasted on the interior of the lid, a paper notice, or placard, written with a pen and ink, but in large carefully-drawn capitals, announcing that a "Reward of Ten Thousand Dutch Guilders would be paid, on the production, Dead or Alive, of the Body of Basil Humpage, late Merchant and Banker of the City of London, an Absconded Felon."

"In Heaven's name!" exclaimed Arthur, "who prepared this? It is as false as——"

"Hush!" said the old lady, with a glance toward the patient. "I think he's a moving. False! I know it is. Hark, young gentleman. *He done it himself!*"

"Himself!"

"I see him a finishing and touching of it up. He hadn't no copy. It all come out of his own head, and that head's——"

The matron made a dubious sort of gesture, but Arthur caught her meaning, and the mystery flashed upon him. He was aware of the rumours which had arisen, but which had been utterly dissipated on investigation, respecting the business connexion between Humpage and the fraudulent bankrupt house of Dietrich Brothers. The former had, indeed, as may be remembered, while ignorant of the doings of this unhappy firm, assisted them with certain advances. This circumstance it was that, preying on the old merchant's mind, had induced the monomania from which such strange results had come.

In effect, this *was* the solution. Pursued by the belief that an attempt would be made to apprehend him, but successfully disguising his fear, Humpage had only watched his opportunity to escape, when, on the morning of the twelfth of March, his purpose was precipitated by an accidental movement in the house, which reached his ear while dressing. The repeated summons at his door alarming him more and more, he, with scarcely a moment's consideration, effected his desperate exit from the window. Failing in a first attempt to scramble down by the water-pipe, and cutting his hand severely in regaining the room, he secured a piece of rope used for cording luggage, and, arranging the coil so that he might draw it after him, this time effected a safe, and, strange to say, unperceived, descent.

Singular it is, but no less true, that his first refuge was opposite to his own mansion, in the house of Mrs. Ascroft! Confused as his judgment was, the father's fond heart could not part so quickly with its darling. Where he completed his disguise was never clearly known, but at dusk, on the thirteenth of March, there appeared, as Mrs. Ascroft had truly deposed, a stout gentleman, of civil demeanour, with light bushy

hair, and profuse beard, who engaged her second-floor rooms, front and back, and quickly finding fault, as she further stated, with the stable disturbances at the back, caused his bed to be removed to the front room, from whence he could watch his own house, and the proceedings of its inmates, at pleasure.

Here he enjoyed a peace, to which (as he afterwards stated) he had been for many months a stranger. Though still a slave to the fixed idea that he had been somehow associated with the Dietrichs in their guilt, he was aware that his own affairs were prosperous, and in perfect order. Those he loved best in the world were in affluence, and, save for his loss, in happiness. He might still watch over them unseen, and there was, in this, a mysterious cunning pleasure, not remotely akin to the disturbance of his brain, that determined him to preserve his present incognito as long as possible—at all events, until his honest name should be cleared.

It was with great regret that, under the influence of some new alarm, he gave up his lodgings at Mrs. Ascroft's, and retired into a small back street in Westminster, laying aside his disguise, and simply assuming a false name.

Scarcely established in the Westminster lodging, his health, hitherto remarkably strong, began to decline, and so great a change did a few months make in the appearance of the once hale and portly merchant, that it was not surprising if, in the obscurity of the City coffee-houses to which he resorted, he ran little risk of recognition. How Bill Brightson, otherwise Bob Caunter, discovered his real name and history, is a point that gentleman thought proper to conceal, the only satisfaction he would vouchsafe (when, at a subsequent period, he received a handsome reward from Arthur) being couched in the single expression:

"Bless yer, we knows a deal!"

Arthur had found the task of reassuring the old man as to his daughter neither hard nor critical; indeed, the greatest difficulty he had encountered in his treatment of him, was to dissuade him from an attempt to hasten home while he had scarcely strength to stir. For strange as it may seem, either the shock he had just received, or the rapid decay of his bodily powers, or both, had freed his mind from its tyrannous delusion under which he had done this extraordinary and well-known act of effecting his disappearance and keeping himself concealed, for the bare act itself has been on record, long before now.

However, that very same evening Arthur Haggerdorn had the happiness of restoring Basil Humpage, a sane and reasonable man, to his long-deserted home and loving daughter.

What more remains to tell? It is mortifying to reflect with how little ceremony important characters can be swept from the scene, how heroes may be extinguished in a sentence, how coquettes may be reformed with a word.

Place for the nobility! A notice to the following effect was sent for insertion to the St. James's High-Flyer, the court and fashionable organ of that period.

"DEATH.

"On the sixteenth instant, near Tyburn, aged twenty-five, in consequence of a sudden fall, to the great grief of a large circle of friends, the Lord Viscount Lob, son of the Right Honourable the Earl of Hawkweed, K.G.T., &c."

It is true that the fashionable organ declined to publish the above (though drawn up by no less an authority than the deceased himself, on the day preceding his anticipated demise), and it is well it did so, as on that very night his lordship, who had been some time ailing, fortunately broke a blood-vessel, whereby his decease was, by medical authority, adjourned for three weeks. During that interval, a copy of the above announcement was submitted to the Earl of Hawkweed himself, and acted so strongly upon the well-known sensibility of that excellent nobleman, that his influence was exerted in the sick man's favour, and obtained permission for him to visit the plantations of America. Mercy so unexpected, and, let us add, so unmerited, wrought for this unhappy man what the fear of death could not. He survived, indeed, but for a few months, but these were months of penitence, and that true sorrow "not to be repented of."

Considering that old Mr. Humpage positively refused to part with his friend Arthur, and that, though interfering little in domestic affairs, he was regarded, more than ever, as absolute master, Polly-my-Lamb had to put up, as best she might, with the society of the young artist. In order, however, to relieve her as much as possible, kind Aunt Serocold contrived an attractive little studio in a remote corner of the mansion, to which it was confidently hoped Arthur would often retire. And so he did, and also painted six more portraits; but as these proved to be all studies of the same young person, in different attitudes, and as no strange model visited the house, it is to be presumed that Miss Serocold's principal object failed.

One evening, as the party (little Mr. Hartshorne happened to be present) were sitting together after tea, papa, who seldom spoke, suddenly raised his white head, and taking a hand of each of his two nearest neighbours, put them softly together. "My children, my good children, make me happy."

There was again a day of excitement in Jermyn-street. All Saint James's appeared to be out on that pleasant morning in May that witnessed the nuptials of the charming and wealthy heiress of Basil Humpage, Esquire, and Arthur Haggerdon, of Stumpfelferbölzgrad, Western Transylvania. The St. James's High-Flyer devoted a special paragraph to a description of the ceremony, in which the Very Reverend Doctor Coccy, Dean of St. James's, without the slightest assistance (as in these degenerate days), first united the above parties, and subsequently, like

a pleasant postscript to an interesting letter, married Miss Mabel Serocold to Mr. John Hartshorne. Among the blushing maids attendant on the younger bride, the High-Flyer distinguished the Señora Torre-Diaz, whose devoted interest in her lovely friend, no less than her own incomparable beauty, attracted deserved attention. The bride's magnificent necklace of pearls and emeralds was a present from Sir James Polhill, the eminent magistrate. The police arrangements, rendered necessary by the immense assemblage, were under the immediate direction of Mr. Henry Armour, chief officer.

PLANT SIGNATURES.

"THOUGH Sin and Sathan have plunged mankind into an Ocean of Infirmities, yet the mercy of God, which is over all his works, maketh Grasse to grow upon the Mountains, and Herbes for the use of men, and have not only stamped upon them a distinct forme, but also given them particular Signatures, whereby a man may read, even in legible characters, the use of them." Such is the ancient doctrine of Plant Signatures, as stated by William Coles in the twenty-seventh chapter of his Art of Simpling. Many plants still bear the names given to them in accordance with this doctrine. Not merely the superstitions and passions, but the pious delusions and migrations, of our forefathers are to be found recorded in the popular names of plants. An illustration of the doctrine of Signatures occurs in the following passage, which has been translated from P. Lauremberg's Apparatus Plantarum: "The seed of garlic is black; it obscures the eyes with blackness and darkness. This is to be understood of healthy eyes. But those which are dull through vicious humidity, from these garlic drives this viciousness away. The tunic of garlic is ruddy; it expels blood. It has a hollow stalk, and it helps affections of the wind-pipe."

The shape of the corolla has, according to the doctrine of Signatures, given to Aristolochia clematitis the name of birthwort. Tormentilla officinalis is called bloodroot, the red colour of its root having suggested its styptic character. Pimpinella saxifraga, Alchemilla arvensis, and the genus saxifraga, plants which split rocks by growing in their cracks, have been named break-stones, and as lithontriptic plants administered in cases of calculus. Brunella, now spelt Prunella vulgaris, is called brownwort, having brownish leaves and purple-blue flowers, and being therefore supposed to cure a kind of quinsy, called in German die braune, and hookheal, having a corolla somewhat like a bill, and being applied to bill, or hook wounds. Verbascum thapsus, having a leaf resembling a dowlap, was used to cure the pneumonia of bullocks, under the appellation of bullock's lungwort. Burstwort (Herniaria glabra) was supposed to be efficacious in ruptures. Clary (Salvia sclarea) has been

transformed into clear-eye, Godes-eie, seebright, Oculus Christi, and eye-salves made of it. The heavenly blue of the flower of the Germander speedwell has won for it the Welsh appellation of the Eye of Christ. *Scrophularia* and *Ranunculus ficaria* are both called figwort, having been used to cure a disease called ficus. Gar'c, from the Anglo-Saxon words gar a spear, and laec a plant, is, from its acute tapering leaves, marked out as the war plant of the warriors and poets of the north. *Campyranula latifolia* has an open throat-like appearance, on account of which it was believed to cure diseases of the throat, and called haskwort, being good for hask, huskiness, "harrishness, or roughness of the throat." Honewort (*Trinia glaberrima*) was said to cure the hone, a hard swelling in the cheek. Houndstongue (*Cynoglossum officinale*), named from the shape and softness of its leaf, "will," saith William Coles, "tye the tongues of hounds, so that they shall not bark at you, if it be laid under the bottom of your feet, as Miraldus writeth." The leaf of kidneywort (*Umbilicus pendulinus*) is somewhat like a kidney: and the thallus of *Marchandina polymorpha* resembling a liver, the plant is named liverwort. *Pulmonaria officinalis* is lungwort, its spotted leaves pointing it out as a remedy for diseased lungs. Vitruvius saith that "if the Assc be oppressed with melancholy he eats of this Herbe, Asplonium, or miltwaste, and eases himself of the swelling of the spleen." The leaf of the Ceterach, a species of *Asplenium*, has a lobular leaf like a milt. *Comarum palustre*, having purple flowers, is purple-wort. Tutsan (*Hypericum androsaemum*) was used to stop bleeding, because the juice of its ripe capsule is of a claret colour, and most probably comes from the French tout sang, or toute saigner. Prunella has a corolla, the profile of which is like a bill-hook, and therefore it was called carpenter's-herb, and supposed to cure the wounds of edge-tools.

The student of the popular names of plants can scarcely fail to remark how few of them are descriptive, while he is charmed by the vividly descriptive character of some of them. Abelc, a name of the poplar, signifies the whitish tree. The word star is applied to some plants on account of the forms of their leaves, spines, flowers, or fruits. The word star, from *stâris*, stars in Sanscrit, whence the English verb to steer, is, as Dr. Prior remarks, "an interesting proof that our ancestors, when they settled in this country, brought with them the art of guiding themselves by means of the heavenly bodies, as they had probably done on the great steppes of Asia. They would otherwise have adopted a Latin name for it." The star hyacinth (*Scilla bifolia*), and starwort (*Aster tripodium*), and star of Bethlehem (*Ornithogalum*), have stellate flowers; and starfruit (*Actinocarpus damasocnium*) has star-like seed pods. Starthistle (*Centaurea solstitialis*) has star-like spines, and the leaves of the star of the earth (*Plantago*

coronopus) spread on the ground star fashion. The guelder rose (*Viburnum opulus*) is, from its round balls of white flowers, called the snow-ball tree. Velvet leaf (*Lavatera arborea*) and velvet dock (*Verbascum thapsus*) have soft leaves; and velvet flower (*Amaranthus caudatus*) has crimson velvety tassels. *Ranunculus*, or little frog, is the name given to the plant vulgarly called buttercup, because some of the species of it grow in marshes where frogs abound; it is called crowfoot, because the leaf resembles the foot of a crow: and buttercup Dr. Prior deems a popular corruption of the name gold cop, or bouton d'or. Hence the name king cup, cob or knob, from the resemblance of the unexpanded flower-bud, and of its double variety, to a stud of gold such as kings wore.

The most successful of Dr. Prior's elucidations of the names of British plants is, perhaps, his explanation of the term henbane. The learned name is *Hyoscyamus niger*, or black hog's bean. This plant is, in old vocabularies, called *Symphonica*, as having a symphonia, or ring of bells. In mediæval pictures of King David, the symphonia may be seen represented, consisting of a number of bells hung upon a curved staff above each other, and to be struck by a hammer. These bells were called yevering bells, or in Scotch yethering or beating bells. The Anglo-Saxon translation of *Symphonica* is *hengebelle*, hanging bell. Henbell of course became henbane when the original meaning of this very descriptive name was forgotten, and the importance of naming the poisonous qualities of the plant was strongly felt. The name *hengebelle* is very characteristic of the plant. The popular name, the moon daisy, is far superior to the learned name, the white gold flower (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*). *Iris pseudacorus*, having a sword-shaped leaf and a banner-like flower, is well called sword-flag. *Polygonum hydropiper*, having red angular joints, is called red knees; and *P. Bistorta* is, from its red stalks, named red legs. Tremella nostoc, the green gelatinous slime often found among grass in summer, is called witch's butter and fallen stars, on account of its mysterious and sudden appearance, as the growth of a night on grass-plats and gravel-walks.

The symphonia is not the only ancient instrument recalled to notice by the popular names of plants. *Centaurea nigra* is, on account of its knobbed involucre, called ironhead and loggerhead. Most folks have heard talk of "coming to loggerheads," but few persons know that a loggerhead was a weapon with an iron head fastened to a stick or long handle, the ancestor of the life-preserver, with which our forefathers settled their quarrels, and which we have deemed it safer to use metaphorically than practically. *Typha latifolia* is called reed-mace, being the reed-like plant seen in the hand of Jesus, as a mace or sceptre, in the familiar statues and *Ecce Homo* pictures. The ark of the testimony is called a wych; or, as by Sir John Mandeville, a

whutch. These hutches were made of elm or hazel-wood, and hence the names wych elm, or wych hazel (*Ulmus montana*). The use of these wyches appears in some lines in an old manuscript:

- His hall rofe was full of bacon flytches,
- The chambre charged was with wyches
- Full of eggs, butter, and chese.

Coffins, even, were called wyches. *Capsella bursa pastoris* has several names, such as pickpurse, clappedepouch, and poor man's parmacetty. It is called pickpurse because its capsules are like little purses, and for the same peculiarity it got the strange name of clappedepouch. In the middle ages lepers were allowed to stand begging at the wayside with a bell and a clapper, or rattle-pouch. Fallersleben, as quoted by Dr. Prior, says of them, "Separated from all the world, without house or home, the lepers were obliged to dwell in a solitary wretched hut by the roadside; their clothing so scanty that they often had nothing to wear but a hat and a cloak and a begging wallet. They would call the attention of the passers-by with a bell, or a clapper, and receive their alms in a cup or a basin at the end of a long pole. The bell was usually of brass. The clapper is described as an instrument made of two or three boards, by rattling which they excited people to relieve them." As the plant hangs out pouches by the roadside, it came to be called rattlepouch, or clappedepouch. There is still broader humour in the name poor man's parmacetty. Whale's sperm, *sperma ceti*, is a celebrated remedy for bruises, but the sovereignest remedy for the bruises of a poor man is a little purse, the parmacetty of a liberal donation.

A considerable number of English popular names of plants are mere translations and corruptions of Greek and Latin names. Aron becomes, by this process, arum, or Aaron; akakia, acacia; akoniton (without a struggle), aconite; asphodelos, affadyl or daffodil; agremoné, agremony; alba spina, albespyn, or white thorn; and alyssum, Alison. Some of these corruptions or translations are absurdly curious. From some blunder or other the name of a plant called by Dioscorides holosteon, wholebone, has been applied to a very tender plant; *Bot-theriacque* (*Sedum acre*) has become Buttery Jack; *Per vinella*, bound about, done into English, is periwinkle (*Viola major* and *minor*); *Bipinnella* is pimpinell; *Asparagus* is sparrow grass; *Flos stæchados* is stickadove; Cinquefoil is snikfield; *Soncio* is Simson; *Myrtillus* is whortleberry; and *Bismalva* is wymote.

The periodical phenomena of plants have suggested the popular names of some of them. Thus *Tragopogon pratensis* is called sleep at noon, and go to bed at noon; and *Anagallis arvensis* is poor man's weather glass, from its closing its flowers before rain. The sudden growth in the night of *Tremella noctea* has caused it to be named not only fallen stars and witch's butter, but will-o'-the-wisp. *Cardamine pratensis*, besides being called

lady's smock, from resemblance, is called spinks or bog-spinks, because it blossoms at Pinkster or Pentecost. *Anthoxanthum odoratum* is called vernal or spring grass, because it flowers at the germinating, springing, or sprouting time. Sun spurge (*Euphorbia helioscopia*) turns its flowers to the sun, which the sunflower does not. Sun dew (*Drosera*) probably means "ever-dewy." *Gentiana pucmonanthe*, from the shape of its flowers and their season of opening, is called autumn bells. A plant does not distinguish itself by flowering at midsummer; but the plants which grow, flower, or fruit, in mid-winter, are sure of notice, hence winter green (*Pyrola*), winter weed (*Veronica hederifolia*), winter aconite (*Eranthis hyemalis*), winter cress (*Barbarea præcox*), and winter cherry (*Physalis alkekengi*). *Sedum tectorum* is ayegeen; *Helleborus niger*, having a rose-like flower, and blossoming in winter, is called the Christmas rose.

Many plants have been named after their uses. *Balsamitis vulgaris* being much used in flavouring ale with an aromatic bitter taste, is called costmary and alecost; costos being the Greek name of an unknown aromatic plant. *Glechoma hederacea* is called alehoof and gill, gill creep-by-the-ground, the ground ivy. Hefe is the Dutch and German word for yeast, and this plant was much used in fermenting beer. Certain plants, on account of their esculent and medicinal qualities, were called all-good. The ambrose of the older botanists seems to have been, according to Dr. Prior, *Chenopodium botrys*. The Sanscrit *amrita*, the Greek *ambrosia*, and the Hebrew *chayim*, or tree of life, all have reference to the idea of an immortalising fruit, the wine from the juice of which the Assyrian kings are represented quaffing by their sculptors. Apple means the juice, or water fruit. The ash is supposed to have derived its name from the word axe, this wood having been preferred for spear and axe-handles. In Anglo-Saxon, bere stands both for barleycorn and the liquor made of it. Barren wort was supposed to be possessed of sterilising powers. *Calamintha Acinos*, having a smell fit for a king's house, was called basil thyme. Bearberry and beargarlic, are favourite food for bears. Beech is the wood upon which the Sanscrit *bôkô* or *bôkôs*, letters, writings, or books, were carved or engraved. *Belladonna* was used by the Italian ladies as a beautifier. Birch, or birk, is the tree of rind or bark of which boats, barques, or barges were built, as they still are in the present day in the far north. Box is the wood of which turners made boxes or pyxes. The daisy being supposed to be good for bruises, is called bruisewort. Burdock is the leaf into which butter, in French *beurre*, was wrapped. Burnet-bloodwort has a power of staunching blood. Butchers' broom was made into the besoms with which they swept their blocks, according to some authorities; but Dr. Prior says because it was used as prickmouse, Italian *pungitopo*, to keep mice and bats from meat. Skewers being made of *Rhamnus frangula*, if

was called butchers' prickwood. *Myrica* gale, yielding from its fruits a wax of which candles are made, is called candleberry. *Juncus acutus*, the pith of which is used for rushlights, is named candlerush. Chidding owdweed and chidding pink, are parturient plants. Clown's all-heal (*Stachys palustris*) cures wounds; and clown's lungwort (*Lathraea squamaria*) is used in pulmonary diseases. Knit-back (*Symphytum officinale*), from the Latin *confirma* comfrey, is supposed to be strengthening. Of cord-grass (*Spartina stricta*) ropes are made. Corn-hone-wort cures the hone, or boil in the cheek. *Tussilago farfara* is called coughwort. *Salicornia herbacea* is called crabgrass, because it is said the crabs eat it. Cress (*Lepidium*) is a word which Mr. Wedgewood derives from the French, *crusser*, to grind the teeth, the name coming from the crunching sound in eating them. *Triticum caninum* is called dog-grass, being the grass eaten by dogs. Duckweed (*Lemna minor*) is eaten by ducks. *Atropa belladonna*, being administered as a sleeping draught, is called trance, or dwale berry. *Genista tinctoria* is called dyer's green, being the herb which tinges green, the celebrated Lincoln green of the Robin Hood ballads. *Reseda luteola*, used to dye woollen stuffs yellow, was called dyers' rocket. Earthnut (*Bunium flexuosum*) is an esculent tuber. Elder means kindler, being used to blow up a fire. Eringo was said by the herbalists to be a specific against eryngion, or hickup. The bitter sweet being used in curing whitlows, or felons, is called felonwort. Feverfew is supposed to be a febrifuge. Fir, the most inflammable of woods, is the fire-tree. *Saponaria officinalis*, taking the stains out of cloth, is called fullers' herb. *Lycopus Europæus* is called gipsy-wort, "because," says Lyte, "the rogues and runagates which call themselves Egyptians do colour themselves black with this herbe." Grass, from the Sanscrit *gras*, to devour, means the herb which yields the grain, and which is eaten. *Veronica officinale*, having the repute of curing a king of grind or leprosy, is called groundheale. *Carex paniculata*, a large sedge, having been used in matting footstools, the plant has been called hassocks. The hazel staff was the symbol of the authority of the master who "holds in hand a hazel staff," and the hazel rod of the diviner's mystery; hæe being Anglo-Saxon for a behest, and the verb *hælsian*, signifying to foretel. As the word fir with fire, beath seems to be related to heat. Every Highlander knows the warmth of the heather. Honeysuckle is a name now given in books to the *Lonicera*, but Culpeper, Parkinson, and other herbalists, the inhabitants of the western counties of England, and Scottish children, apply it to the meadow clover, from the flowers of which children suck sweetness like honey. However dissimilar the trees may be, Dr. Prior is of opinion that ivy and yew were, in reality, originally one word. *Fucus nodosus*, or knobtang, is called kelpware, from its supplying kelp. Lavender (*Lavandula*

spica) is a name derived from lavare, to wash, the plant being used to scent newly-washed linen. The lime, linden, or lime-tree, derives its name from the inner bark, or bast, being used for cordage; lyne is the name used in the Robin Hood ballads, where it rhymes with thine:

Now tell me thy name, good fellow, said hé,
Under the leaves of lyne.

Ling comes from the Anglo-Saxon *lig*, fire or fuel. *Viburnum lantana*, whose branches tie bundles, is called lithytrees. Madder, a red dye plant (*Rubra tinctorum*), is a word of a singular derivation. Mad is the old word for a worm. The red dye formerly called vermilion was obtained from an insect said to be a worm, or in French, a ver, hence as a red dye was called vermilion in English, a plant yielding a red dye was called after the old word for a worm, madder. The maple is called the maser-tree, from masers or bowls being made of it. Meadow sweet (*Spiraea ulmaria*) ought to be called meadowort, or meadflower, the flowers mixed with the wine of honey giving it the flavour of the Greek wines. Milk vetch (*Astragalus*), it was believed, increased the milk of the cows which fed on it. *Thalassia arvensis* was called Mithradate mustard, this plant having been an ingredient in the theriaca, or treacle, invented by Mithradates, King of Pontus, as an antidote to all poisons. Vipers, and venomous reptiles, forming part of the seventy-two ingredients composing it, tales were popular in the middle ages of sorcerers eating poisons. More is an old name for an eatable root such as a parsnip, carrot, or skirret. Mushroom (*Agaricus*), in French *moucheron*, or mousseron, means fly poison, *Agaricus muscarius* having been used to destroy flies. By one of those changes not uncommon in the history of words, the name of a poisonous species has come to mean all this group of plants, and the whole some kinds exclusively. Mustard comes from the Spanish *mastuerzo*, a nose-twister, from the sneezing and wry faces it causes. Whitlow grass being supposed to cure agnail, was called nailgrass. Nettle and needle are the same word, the plant supplying the thread, and one of the products being a net. Down to the seventeenth century, nettle thread was used in Scotland, and still later in Frisland, until it was superseded by flax and hemp. Nightshade, from the Anglo-Saxon *nihtscada*, means a soother or anodyne. Oak egg, aye and eye, are one word, fundamentally. The acorn is the egg of the oak, there is a resemblance between an eye and an egg; an eyeland stands in the sea like an eye, and an egg, having neither beginning nor ending, is the symbol of aye. Oat is the grain eaten. Osier grows where water oozes. Setterwort, or oxheel (*Helleborus foetidus*), is used by farmers in making setons in the dewlap of cattle. Pea or pease is the thing brayed in a mortar, in Greek, pison. Peach or posh is the Persian apple. *Tussilago petasitis*, "a sovereign medicine against the plague and pestilent fever," is called pestilence

weed. The pine-tree is the fat or resinous tree from the Sanscrit word *pina*, fat. Syringo is called the pipe-tree, its stalks being used as pipe-sticks. *Lolium perenne* being supposed to be intoxicating, is called ray grass, from the French *ivraie*, drunken. *Gryphora*, an eatable lichen, on which Sir John Franklin and his companions subsisted in Arctic America, is called rocktripe. Rowan or roan-tree, means the charmed tree of which the Scotch couplet says, "Roan-tree and red thread Haud the witches a' in dread." Sainfoin is wholesome hay. Saucealone is saucergarlic. Service tree yielded a fruit of which *cervisia*, a kind of beer, was made. *Equisetum hyemale* was called pewterwort, from its being used to clean pewter; and shavegrass, because the fletchers and combmakers polished their work with it. *Verbascum thapsus* is called big taper and torch, because the stalks were dipped in suet to burn at funerals. Wheat is white-eating or grain. *Carpinus betulus*, hornbeam, is called the yoke elm, yokes being made of it. The word "yoke," says Dr. Prior, to whom the reader is indebted for everything valuable or interesting which I have submitted to him on the popular names of British plants, "has been brought hither by our ancestors in their migrations from Central Asia, where it has always borne the same name, meaning, connexion, or coupling. . . . Other nations of common descent with us have a similar name for this useful implement, derived from the Sanscrit *jug*, bind, and showing the spread of civilisation from the same centre, and the early and continued possession of the animal that, next to the dog, has been the most constant companion of civilised man in all his migrations, the ox and the use of it in pairs or couples."

MONSIEUR CASSECRUCHE'S INSPIRATION.

MONSIEUR *ÆNEAS EGLANTINE CASSECRUCHE*, Au-quatrième, No. 23 Bolshoi Moskoi, St. Petersburg, was at the end of his Latin—or, to use a thoroughly English idiom, he had not a penny to bless himself with.

The gentleman in question was the solitary member left, of a company of French actors that had come to Russia in 1840. The rest had returned to France, leaving their gay companion like a piece of light drift that has washed up beyond reach of the return tide; like a butterfly that has ventured out too late in the autumn, and got nipped with the frost.

M. Cassecrucche had tried to draw teeth, but had failed to earn enough to keep his own grinders going. He had tried to teach drawing, but his advertisements had drawn no one; he had ventured at scene-painting, and the manager had kicked him out of the theatre. He had speculated on the turf, but betting with no capital leads to inadequate results. He had taught Italian, but as he knew no Russian, and could not pronounce Italian, his pupils made scarcely sufficient

progress. He went on the Moscow stage, and the theatre instantly closed, as if in sheer spite. He had thought the Russians rich fools, and easily cheated, but he had found them sharp rogues, neglectful of all true talent. So, now, in his vexation he wished to go back to France, as his creditors grew daily more pressing, and the horrible Russian winter was rapidly setting in.

It was the thirtieth day of October, and the city of St. Peter was entirely intent on check-mating the coming winter. Here were men everywhere putting up double window-sashes, filling up the intermediate spaces with salt or sand, and pasting paper over every chink. Doors were being hammered into place; the great white porcelain stoves, reaching from ceiling to floor, were being scraped out and overhauled, and their flues and pipes calked and soldered for the winter campaign. It was quite alarming to a needy thin-clad stranger, to see the mountains of white-barked birch-logs being piled up in the court-yards, or being tossed out of the enormous wood barges on the Neva. In the suburbs, the servants were drawing out the sledges, examining their steel runners, and gossiping about the fun of the snow time. The great iron fireplaces for the coachmen outside the Winter Palace and the Opera House now assumed a look of terrible significance. People were talking of the bridges being soon removed. All the tailors in St. Petersburg were busily preparing and altering fur coats for officers and civilians. There was a hard time coming, and M. Cassecrucche knew it.

But how to get away from thirty-two hungry creditors, and a suspicious government watching him, and only three sous in his pocket, was the difficulty. Thirteen Napoleons to Paris, through Poland and Prussia. Half as much by Yorkshire steamer to perfidious Albion. "Hein!"

One miserable October day M. Cassecrucche sat in his dreary apartment and pondered over his difficulties. It was a doleful wet day. A wind from Siberia had blown over the marshes, and given an acidity to the rain that drenched the streets, and frothed down from every spout. M. Cassecrucche sat at his table, drew on the back of a letter countless ballet-dancers, and finished off with a gigantic head of the Emperor Nicholas. M. Cassecrucche arose and lighted a cigarette; the smoke curled up in sharp cut blue circles; it was incense offered to his Good Genius.

"Ha! ma belle France, how I grieve for thee; how I regard thee, a poor exile from thy paradise!" exclaimed M. Cassecrucche, rhapsodising aloud. "Ma foi, how I am hungry. Pon! pon! there goes a champagne cork at the execrable next door. Ha! now I smell the stew. Gracious Heavens! what torment to smell a stew which is not by oneself to be eaten. O, what veritable agony for the poor exile from beautiful France! But stop. Raise my gun. I fire. I bring down an idea—a magnificent majestic idea. My goodgenius has returned to me—to me, rising from the vapour of a stew. M. Cassecrucche, I congratulate you. Courage,

courage my friend. You shall still return to la belle France. There is but one step, from misery to hope. Good angel of Hope, permit me now to take that step!"

A change had come over M. Cassecruche. He sang, he danced, finally he washed his face in a tumbler, adjusted his hair in the glass of his snuff-box, brushed his coat, blackened his too obvious toes with ink so that they might look like part of his boots, lighted another cigarette, drew a sketch of a ballet-dancer, and then proceeded down stairs to the shop of M. Briseno, military tailor, and his landlord, on the first floor.

Humming an air from the last opera, M. Cassecruche knocked boldly at the door.

The door opened, and M. Louis Briseno presented himself without his coat or waistcoat, in slippers, and with banks of red thread strung round his neck. In one hand he held a heavy pressing-iron, in the other a pair of scarlet trousers. M. Cassecruche, in spite of severely burning himself with the flat-iron, shook his landlord by both hands.

"Congratulate me, congratulate me, my friend," he said; "fortune smiles upon me. I am appointed Professor of French at the University of Klarkoff; hundreds of roubles a year."

"Glad of it," said Briseno, "for I was just coming up to ask for my three months' rent."

"Three months! Six months' rent would not be sufficient to repay you for your unwearied kindness, and the confidence you have ever placed in me. Come, my dear friend, at once, and dine with me at the great restaurant in the Nevsky."

"But your clothes?" suggested Briseno.

"True," sighed Cassecruche, looking down at his coat; "and the rest of my wardrobe is—"

"No better. Well, we are all pinched one way or the other. I can lend you a suit of clothes for one night. Do you prefer evening dress, or military?"

"I could not wear anything but evening dress," replied M. Cassecruche, with injured dignity. "Remember, I am a professor now, and a government servant."

"True. Eh, bien! We shall have a pleasant evening. What do you say to the opera afterwards?"

"By all means. I adore the opera," replied the tailor's agreeable friend.

M. Cassecruche, arrayed in brand new close-fitting black, with white neckcloth and a cloak with a sable collar two feet deep, looked a veritable Amphitryon as he stepped forth with M. Briseno from a drosky at the door of the great restaurant in the Nevsky Prospekt, with the grand air of a general about to commence a campaign.

M. Cassecruche, in his plated spectacles, was not merely grand; he was tremendous; he took off his hat and hung it on a peg with the air of a prince. With the dignified endurance of a monarch he resigned himself to the bowing waiters, who ran to remove his heavy furred

cloak. M. Briseno was a mere bourgeois shadow beside this great type of officer.

The groups of officers round the various tables looked up for a moment with a certain knowing look, as much as to say, "Here comes a celebrated foreign professor, who is going to dine with M. Briseno, the fashionable military tailor of the Bolshoi Moskoï."

M. Cassecruche called for the carte. He ran it down with a haughty and supercilious air—an air half epicurean, half contemptuous. He seemed to imply, "Gracious Heaven, here is another day's dinner, and so horribly like the last! Half my annual salary to any one who will discover me a new dish. I am weary of the luxuries of the Emperor Alexander's time."

"What shall we begin with?" said the generous host, tossing the carte almost contemptuously to M. Briseno.

"Oh, shtshee" (cabbage soup), "they make it well here," replied the guest timidly, for he was dazzled by the magnificence of his tenant's new manner.

(Now, a true Russian cannot dine without cabbage soup; there is indeed a proverb that the three delicacies of Russia are "Tshin, Tshai, and Shtshee"—official rank, tea, and cabbage soup.)

"It is poor stuff," said the professor, "but I suppose we must begin with it."

There is but one way of beginning a Russian dinner: You begin by eating a small section of pickled fish, and drinking a gilt egg-cup full of raw spirits.

M. Cassecruche ate a whole sardine, but with strong protest—the waiter watched him with awe and respect because he grumbled, made faces, and complained. But when it came to the spirits, he drew back like a pointer when it comes upon a covey of partridges. He sipped, he sniffed to show his hatred, contempt, and disgust.

"Is this what you call Maraschino?"

"Yes, sir."

"The Maraschino of Zara?"

"Of Sarah?"

"Of Zara, blockhead."

"No, sir, it is not."

"Not of Zara! How dare you then bring a French gentleman any Maraschino, ass, fool, but that of Zara? Take the trash away."

M. Cassecruche uttered these complaints in a loud and angry voice. The major looked round, the two colonels smiled, the ensigns applauded audibly.

"This is some great inostrane" (foreigner), thought the waiter. "He is not accustomed to our rough Russian ways. They do things differently on the other side."

The soup came—cabbages, barley-meal, beans, butter, salt, mutton, and cream, constitute what is called by the Russians shtshee.

M. Cassecruche dipped in his spoon, and lifted out a great yellow heap of macerated cabbages. There was a fatal streak of green on the outside leaf. He splashed it down with abhorrence.

"Away with it! Away with it, ape, fool. Keep such stuff for your poor merchants. Order

some botvinya instead; and do you hear, fool? Quick."

M. Brisenoj was impressed, but he was also sorry; for he was hungry, and the steam of the cabbage soup made his mouth water.

"Bring a bottle of the best Cliquot," cried M. Cassecrucche the inexorable, "to pass the time till your detestable cook prepares the botvinya."

"Isn't it rather late in the year for botvinya?" suggested M. Brisenoj, timidly.

"It is late; but what can we do in this infamous hole?"

Infamous hole! The first restaurant in the first city of the Russian empire; the restaurant where all the officers of the Imperial Body Guard dined. Could M. Brisenoj believe his own ears? Could this be *Æneas Cassecrucche*, his once humble—abjectly humble and impecunious lodger?

The botvinya came. Such a mess! Beer, raw herbs, red berries, chopped cucumbers, square lumps of salmon, slices of lemon, toasted black bread cut small, and jostling lumps of ice.

Horrible *mélange*! Chaos of indigestion! Yet custom has made this dish palatable to forty millions of Russians.

To the botvinya succeeded cutlets à la Marengo, and other savoury morceaux. M. Cassecrucche grew complacent and more satisfied. Then followed *reptschiks*, the delicious tree-partridge, and quails, each little quail recumbent on a little cushion of bacon.

The champagne corks exploded around the heads of the two friends. The wine of *Veuve Cliquot* rose, beading up with tipsy haste in the tall tapering glasses. M. Cassecrucche grew extravagantly merry, his eyes sparkled, he talked louder and faster. He proposed toasts, he hummed tunes of the most heterodox character.

The pastry coming in stopped his vivacious mouth. Jellies, golden and transparent, melted before him; strange sweetmeats and iced fruits thawed and vanished at his approach. Then came little glasses of *Dantzig* golden water, the volatile sparks of gold-leaf floating in luscious and spirituous oil.

The tables were cleared, the coffee was brought in thick white porcelain cups. M. Cassecrucche called for cognac, put some in his saucer, set fire to it, and then lighted his cigarette at the blue flame with consummate nonchalance. The two friends were enraptured with one another. They clinked their glasses together, and swore eternal friendship: an interesting ceremony, but perhaps injudicious when done loudly and noisily in a public room, and among oeremonious and choleric strangers.

More silver-topped bottles came at M. Cassecrucche's call—out flew their bulgy corks, released from the slavery of the wire—the transparent golden wine bubbled in a perpetual fountain of joy and mirth. The white cream froth, fragrant and exhilarating, might have created the very nectar of the gods, or Homer's care-dispelling *nepenthe*. Jokes and droll sayings flew from M. Cassecrucche's mouth like detonations from a cracker, or fire from

a squib. He grew so loud, that M. Brisenoj, in a humble deprecating voice glared at the two captains and the scowling major, and suggested moderation.

M. Cassecrucche tossed off two more glasses of wine in angry succession, and then exploded like a powder magazine in a series of fierce vituperations, uttered at the pitch of his voice.

"Moderation? Voice? *Mon Dieu*! no talk! Ten million thousand curses on the land of the knout and the serf—the land where liberty freezes in prison, and tyranny rejoices in splendour! Down with the timid bourgeois who would crouch to such gilded infamy—no, let Russia manacle the Pole, and squeeze out the heart's blood of her slaves, but let her not set one finger—"

Here an irrepressible colonel laid his hand on the imprudent orator's collar. M. Brisenoj already saw himself hobnobbing with a bear in a Siberian log-hut. But M. Cassecrucche was desperate. He wrenched himself from the grasp of the irrepressible colonel, and, snatching up an empty champagne-bottle, deliberately ran to the bust of the Emperor Nicholas, and beat off its august nose with a shout of demoniacal and republican laughter. Everybody started on his legs, and M. Brisenoj fainted.

"Kill the Republican conspirator!" cried the ensigns.

"Send for a guard to arrest him!" shouted the irrepressible colonel.

"Beat him!" cried every one. But this the colonel would not allow.

M. Cassecrucche, struggling like a frog in a stork's claws, kept shouting "*Vive la République*!" and making frantic faces at the noseless and disconsolate marble emperor.

The guard arrived with fixed bayonets, a crowd of chattering and indignant officers and waiters and cooks and scullions, stood around M. Cassecrucche. All at once a man pushed through the crowd, waving a yard of white paper covered with memoranda and figures.

"Search the wretch's pockets," he cried;—it was the proprietor of the restaurant. "He owes me thirty roubles for his dinner and champagne—he must have plenty of money. All these conspirators have."

Six waiters leaped simultaneously like hungry wolves on M. Cassecrucche, and searched his pockets. They contained a stump of a cigar, a dirty ace of spades, and three sous.

The six waiters were furious; they would have torn his very hair off, in search for concealed money, but the colonel beat them away with the flat of his sword.

"Dogs," he said, "begone! This is an important political offender. Whether he has paid for his dinner or not, is of no possible consequence. Soldiers, remove your prisoner. Follow me! M. the Captain, adieu; friends must separate when duty calls. We'll play out our billiard match to-morrow."

"There is the man who must pay," said the proprietor to the band of excited waiters, and he pointed to the half paralysed M. Brisenoj.

They leaped upon him, and squeezed from him many curses, some tears, hundreds of groans, and thirty roubles.

Next day, M. Eneas Eglantine Cassecruche, sober but not penitent, was comfortably sitting in a warm first-class railway carriage, on his way to the Prussian frontier, banished for ever from Russia as a dangerous alien, an outrageous republican, a subversive democratic emperor's nose-breaking socialist, not to be discharged until safely carted out and turned loose in the wilds of Paris. So M. Cassecruche journeyed rejoicing at his ruse de guerre and his timely escape from herds of enraged and hungry creditors; rejoicing at his gratuitous dinner, at his vexatious landlord's discomfiture, at his cheap and luxurious journey from St. Petersburg to Paris.

LET IT PASS!

"Let former grudges pass."

SHAKESPEARE.

Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass!

Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!

* Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!

As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!

Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.

Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Eche not an angry word;
Let it pass!

Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!

Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let them pass!
Let them pass!

If for good you've taken ill;
Let it pass!

Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!

Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great:
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass!
Lay these fiery words to heart,
"Let it pass!"

Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

INDIAN RAILWAYS.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

WHEN one happens to prove a true prophet, it is as well to mention the fact. Writing in 1856 upon "The Road in India,"* I said that for traffic purposes it would soon become a thing of the past. The rail having at that time made but small progress, and most of the projects which have since become practicabilities having then no existence, the assertion was not founded upon formal data. But the success of the first experiment was such as to justify the anticipation that the system would be generally adopted. For though in its infancy, the rail was evidently vigorous and flourishing. It was a Herculean infancy, in fact, against which the serpents of prejudice and timidity had no chance. Directly it was strong enough to strangle them out of the way, it began to develop in a marvellous manner; and behold, at the beginning of 1864, my prophecy well-nigh accomplished.

Twenty or thirty years ago, we might have made railways all over India as easily as now. But only reformers ventured to propose such things in those days; and reformers in India—as elsewhere, indeed, for that matter—were considered firebrands, and were sometimes made martyrs of. It was not every man who was prepared for the exciting career thus offered; so the majority of our compatriots in India preferred to go quietly with the stream, and forbore to disturb waters which, the quieter they were kept, yielded the larger fish.

The official "Map of India, showing the Lines of Railway in the year 1863," displays at a glance the thorough nature of the new system now in progress. From every great port in the empire there is a line of railway in actual operation, and rapidly effecting a communication with every important point inland. But, before tracing the course of the several lines now in operation, or in process of construction, the reader, who does not happen to be a man about Asia, may possibly desire to know what an Indian railway is like.

It is of no use disguising the fact. An Indian railway is not exactly the sort of thing you would expect, after working up your imagination from much reading of the Arabian Nights. Indeed, anything that the Stephensons could do in the way of locomotion would be tame after Prince Hussein's carpet; and being necessarily confined to terra firma, a steam-engine even in India could not be expected to do anything in the style of the Enchanted Horse. Still it is surrounded by many peculiarities worth noting,

* See Household Words, vol. xii., page 517.

and more, perhaps, than its habitual patrons among our compatriots are generally aware. For familiarity certainly breeds carelessness, if not contempt. From force of habit men get wretchedly localised in strange lands, and look upon novelty as a thing of routine, and beauty as a matter of course. Still, it must be confessed that the great object in making an Indian railway seems to be to make it as much like an English one as possible. The stations, to be sure, exhibit more architectural variety than those at home. Sometimes you see a pure Indian bungalow, thatch and all; at others, you light upon a refreshing imitation of a Swiss cottage, with palm and plantain trees in pleasing incongruity. Now and then an Elizabethan erection meets the eye, and the British barn is not without its representatives. But this, like the native bungalow, is generally a temporary arrangement; the majority of the stations being of the Swiss cottage description, at least on those lines which have come under my observation. I refer more particularly to the East Indian Railway, which commences in Calcutta, and of this, a very short trip upon paper will give a general idea.

You cannot start from Calcutta direct, that is to say, by the railway. The Hooghley has never yet found an engineer bold enough to bridge it, or perhaps I should say, clever enough to persuade those who would have to pay for it, that he can perform the work. For the stream is not only very broad at Calcutta, but strong, and what is worse, uncertain. So there is nothing for it but to cross by the ferry-boat, which in justice it must be said, is as much like a bridge as a ferry-boat can ever hope to be, as regards length, and is, moreover, propelled by steam. On the other side, you find the railway terminus—a building of some architectural pretensions—close at hand, as if it had been waiting for you, and close to that the railway hotel, which I am told is now very large and very good—it was very small and very bad when I knew it.

Railways will be like one another wherever they are laid down. There is no helping it. So will locomotives. The names of the latter in the vicinity of the platform—one of them waiting for the train which is to take us up, and others steaming away in the approved manner, as if to get rid of their superfluous energies—suggest the East only in their names. One is probably called "Punjab," a second "Ganges," a third, perhaps, "Dalhousie." The carriages are much the same in outward appearance to those seen any day at Euston-square or Paddington; but when inside you cannot fail to notice that there is a great deal of open-work near the roofs, intended for ventilation, and by no means too much to answer the purpose. They are divided into first, second, and third class, as in England, and lately I believe a fourth class has been added, to suit the "lower still" of the lowest depths of native society. For, contrary to general expectation and particular prophecy, the natives

are the great patrons of the rail. They would never use the railway, said some old Indians. It would destroy their caste to mix, and caste-ification would be of course impossible. The event proved what most residents in India have found from experience, that convenience and economy are more powerful than caste in the long run. Certain it is that the railway is found curiously consonant with both the habits and the exchequer of the Hindoos, and that caste takes its chance. The native is proverbially patient, or it may be merely disinclined to exertion; and he hates paying a pice more than he is obliged to pay. The railway to him affords a maximum of comfort, and a minimum of cheapness—he is its devoted patron. With his bundle, his brass drinking-vessel, and, maybe, his *laatee*, or wooden staff, he will go all over the world—that is to say *his* world—and the only anxiety that seems to attend him in his new mode of travel is to be in time. Accordingly he always arrives at the station long before the period for starting, and—I here allude to him in his collective capacity—forms an immense crowd waiting to be let in. The doors opened, the rush is tremendous, and has to be repressed by main force, at the hands of the European police and officials. An amount of punching and driving which in England would lead to scores of actions for assault and battery, and legions of letters to the Times, is absolutely necessary before the dense mass can be brought up to the pay place. Here they all howl at once, holding their proffered pice above their heads while they push for precedence. Those nearest to the money-taker evince a disposition to bargain in reference to the fare, for no Hindoo seems to understand that a price may be fixed, and admit of no abatement. A little more official action here becomes necessary; and, one by one, the members of the mob are made to deposit their mites and receive their tickets, after which they are pushed, punched, or propelled, towards the train. Then comes another rush for places. The third and fourth class carriages are soon filled, in the European sense of the term, but the occupation of the vehicles has only just begun. Nobody knows what a portmanteau will hold until its capacity is tested; and the carriages appear to have a similarly expansive gift. Batch after batch crowd in, until the passengers are as closely packed as sardines, or negroes in the hold of a slaver making the Middle Passage. It can scarcely be considered the fault of the authorities that public inconvenience is thus provided for. The public will be incommoded; they will not be comfortable; and if they like the sardine arrangement, why should the railway company object? They shake down somehow, when the train is in motion, and form as agreeable a company as a crowd of human beings, half undressed, with brown or black skins, in a high state of perspiration, and copiously oiled, can well be with the thermometer at a hundred and twenty degrees.

The second class, not largely represented in the train, is patronised principally by the "upper crust" of natives, half-castes, or Europeans in humble life who do not pretend to be anything better—an exception, by the way, in a country where, for so many years, a white skin has been considered a sign of aristocracy. Native gentlemen used, on the first opening of the railway, to travel first class; but they made themselves such a nuisance to the lady-passengers by chewing pān, smoking hookahs, and divesting themselves of their clothing above their waists, that European gentlemen were obliged to quarrel with their proceedings. So there is now a tacit understanding that they shall confine themselves to the second class; which they do, unless a very great gentleman indeed thinks his dignity demands that he should take an entire compartment for himself.

In the first class, the upper ranks of our countrymen get exclusive carriages whenever they can, and in the case of a small party this is generally managed. Indeed, their baggage is of such a large and miscellaneous description, as to demand accommodation beyond that afforded by the van. Anglo-Indians have not become so habituated to railways as to forget their old dāking habits, when a man's vehicle was his castle, in which he found himself so much at home as to have his bed made up, and commit himself to the sheets with no more clothing than he would wear in his own dormitory. His tendency before starting is, therefore, to undress rather than dress for the journey. At the terminus where I am waiting, sahibs drive up clad in the lightest possible style, especially if the time be night and the journey a long one. The baggage arrangements are of rather an irregular character. No sooner are your trunks and miscellaneous appurtenances unpacked from the carriage, than they are seized upon by a horde of coolies who have been lying in wait, each of whom appropriates an article to himself and bolts with it in a different direction. Your sensations are embarrassing at first, but you soon find that it is better to make your bearer responsible for bringing your property together, which he does after a great deal of routine, bawling, and abuse, and matter-of-course breaches of the peace. A hideous clatter is then kept up by your porters for the next quarter of an hour on the subject of remuneration, which your servant distributes with due impartiality. Of course they are all dissatisfied; but, as they have never expected to be otherwise, they are not surprised; so, after a parting howl in chorus, they disperse to dispute a little among themselves, and then make a similar set at another passenger.

It is wonderful what a number of miscellaneous articles a sahīb will generally carry with him, in addition to his recognised baggage, which admits of being ticketed and stowed away. A counterpane padded with wool, and of about the bulk of a feather-bed, is almost inevitable. A pillow or two may be safely anticipated. Several loose pair of boots, for contingencies, and a loose coat or two, also for contingencies, may be generally relied on. A

case containing a revolver is a certain companion, and a little battery of rifles are common accompaniments, besides a bundle of hunting and other riding whips, walking-sticks, and perchance a pet billiard queue, with the point carefully covered up. In the case of a lady-passenger, the number of unconsidered trifles—which she will insist upon considering—is perfectly bewildering, and beyond the ken of man. At one time there seemed to be a hope that our compatriots—owing to the publicity of the new mode of conveyance—were emancipating themselves from this slavery to impedimenta. But the accommodation afforded by first-class carriages has been so extended of late, that the chances are that our compatriots will become more luxurious than ever. Among the latest improvements are saloon carriages on the American plan—for ladies, I believe, more especially—which are fitted up with real beds and every toilet convenience.

You will not find that railway travelling in India is quite so swift as in England; but the rate is very respectable, and there is little to complain of on the score of unpunctuality. Twenty to twenty-five miles an hour—stoppages included—is a moderate speed, and the traffic is managed with regularity. The engineers and guards, as well as most of the station-masters, are Europeans; but the subordinate work is performed by natives, who may be depended upon with as much certainty as the same class of employes in England. It was feared that the accuracy and precision required for many of the minor departments would not suit the insouciance of the native character, but the reverse is found to be the fact, which I attribute to the large amount of waiting included in so many of the duties. Waiting, you may be sure, is synonymous with smoking, and both are descriptions of work which Orientals perform remarkably well—especially when paid for by time.

The English engineers, guards, &c., are generally men of good character, and command high pay, which is no more than their due, considering the life of exposure which they lead in a country where exposure is simply risk of life. They are subject to one temptation, however, against the effects of which it is necessary to keep constant guard. On this head I will say no more than this: that a driver who does not get drunk is a treasure to the company he serves, and may in a few years drive himself into a modest competency.

The mention of stations reminds me of a very important arrangement in reference to those in the North-West. All those of recent construction are now built with a double object. They are not only resting-places for travellers by the train, but they are refuges for all comers in case of emergency—an insurrection, in fact, the possibility of which at any period has been a standing idea in the Anglo-Indian mind ever since the terrible lesson of 1857. If troublous times should come again, there will be no need that our compatriots should betake themselves to chance shelter—to defenceless tenements un-

provided with water, as they were so frequently driven to do in the great year of disaster. The railway stations are now adapted, by a wise foresight, for holding out for a considerable length of time, and every one is built over a well—so that the great necessity of all will never be wanting. When General Wheeler held out at Cawnpore—before the massacre—the great want was water, and the only censure cast upon the general for his share in the struggle which cost him his life, was that he neglected this important consideration in selecting the spot. Many were the gallant and good men who were sacrificed in providing for the wants of the garrison; for water could not be dispensed with, and the well could be reached only under fire of the enemy. The consequence was that every bucketful procured, required a forlorn hope to fetch it; and the supply of this very simple article was attended with heroism sufficient to have deserved a dozen Victoria Crosses.

Such has been the progress of the railway since the breaking up of the old, and the inauguration of the new system in India, that at the present time there is a line of railway from every principal port in the peninsula, and other lines are in operation or progress, securing connexion between every important place inland. As most of the works are proceeding without intermission, and every week brings us nearer to their completion, the latest information tells us a little less than the truth; but it is sufficient for the present purpose to note the state of things as they were a few months ago.

The East Indian Railway, which starts, as I have said, from Calcutta, was to be opened as far as Delhi, a distance of more than eleven hundred miles (including branches), by the end of 1863, with the exception of the bridge across the Jumna, and before these lines see the light, it is more than likely that we may hear of the accomplished fact. The late Lord Elgin was one of the earliest passengers through to Benares, when he proceeded up country in December, 1862. He has left behind him an official minute of his impressions of the undertaking, in which he says:

“The distance from Calcutta by rail to Benares is 541 miles. Work was begun in 1851. The line to Burdwan was opened in February, 1855; to the Adjai in October, 1855; to Rajmahal in October, 1859; to Bhalgupore in 1861; to Moughyr in February, 1862; and to Benares in December, 1863. In ten years, therefore, have been opened (including branches) a continuous length of 601 miles, being at the rate of sixty miles a year. This is exclusive of the portion of the line already finished between Allahabad and Agra, in the North-West Provinces, and of the section from Agra to Allyghur, which it is expected will be ready in a few weeks. Including this length, the progress of the last Indian railway has not been short of ninety miles a year; a rate which, if it has not come up to the expectations first entertained, is, under all the circumstances of the case, satisfactory as

regards the past, and encouraging as to the future.” The minute, from which the above is an extract, is dated 7th of February, 1863.

The most important work on this line is the Saone bridge, immediately below Benares. The Saone is a large river during the rains, but in the dry season little more than a huge tract of sand several miles in breadth, the water being very irregularly distributed. It has been always the great difficulty, if not the great danger, of dak travellers; for the sand is occasionally shifting, and has been known to engulf men, horses, and carriages, never to be heard of more. In travelling, however, oxen instead of horses were generally employed. On arriving at the Saone the traveller was stopped, and a rather large fee demanded by the presiding authority, in return for which his carriage, his luggage, and himself were lifted upon a native cart. To this were yoked six or eight oxen; and even these were insufficient to do more than just crawl with their burden, the wheels being imbedded about half a foot in the sand, and the animals' feet something like the same distance. The sand was just sufficiently impressed to mark the track, but there was no approach to a hard surface, and the progression was slow and wearisome in the extreme. I doubt whether more than three miles an hour was ever accomplished, and the favourite rate, I fancy, must have been two. In the middle of the day, when I have sometimes performed the journey when pressed for time, the fatigue may be imagined. The heat is intense, as may be supposed from the fact that upon one occasion a bottle of beer which one of my fellow-travellers took from a hamper on the roof of the carriage, intending to refresh his parched throat, broke upon very slight provocation, and what liquid remained was found to be nearly boiling. Drinking it was, of course, out of the question. I would as soon take hot brown brandy-and-water at eleven o'clock on a July morning in England, a proceeding, I believe, peculiar to “travellers' rooms” in commercial inns.

Well, the iron horse now courses merrily over the sand and water of the Saone. The bridge is a magnificent work. Almost twice the length of the railway bridge over the Thames at Charing-cross, it consists of twenty-seven iron girders of one hundred and fifty feet each, supported on brick foundations. And every bit of the iron, be it remembered, was sent out from England, and conveyed up country by the bullock train! The most important branch on the line—now in course of construction—is that to Jubbulpore, which is about the centre of India; and here, the East Indian line will meet the Great Indian Peninsular, and so establish the through communication with Bombay. The East Indian line, however, by no means stops at Delhi, which is a little out of the direct road. A little below that city it divides, one branch going to Delhi and the other to Meerut, and joining again a little above. Here the United line joins the one from Lahore, which is already open as far towards Delhi as Umritzur. Up to Lahore, the

general direction has been north-westerly from Calcutta; but at this point the line bends downwards, and is now in course of construction as far as Mooltan. Here a steam flotilla already connects Mooltan with Hyderabad in Scinde, and from Hyderabad there is a line, open and in operation, south-eastwards, to Kurrachee—a rising port, which opens the most direct communication with the Punjab.

The traveller landing at Bombay, on the western coast—where the majority of travellers will eventually land, as involving the shortest sea voyage, and effecting the greatest saving of time as soon as the railway system shall be complete even in reaching Calcutta—may proceed inland in two different directions by lines in actual operation. If he be bound for the Central Provinces, or the North-West Provinces (which latter, by the way, are the north-east, from a Bombay point of view, and are not nearly so north or so west as the Punjab, and other possessions added to the empire since the North-West Provinces proper were named), he will proceed by the Great Indian Peninsular line, which will take him about half way towards Jubbulpore—where the junction is to be effected with the East Indian—a formerly obscure, but now wonderfully improving place.

BRANCHER.

WHAT pleasure a City man feels when he turns his back on the Stock Exchange, on the street of the Lombards, or on the street of the Threaded Needle, and sets his face towards the country and home. What still greater pleasure he feels when the bus drops him at his cottage, and, as he clicks the garden-gate behind him, he hears his children come tearing along the hall to meet him when he opens the door. It was that pleasure which made my heart beat faster, one June evening, ten years ago, when I alighted from the bus at the corner of our lane at By-bridge (where I had taken a country-house for the summer), and pushed on eagerly for my own place.

The great dark elms seemed all in a flutter of pleasure at my arrival. The garden flowers bent their heads gravely towards me. I loved the very gravel that crisped under my feet. How velvety the turf looked, and it was all mine for two months longer!

The moment I touched the knocker, out poured Lucy and the children. Willy, Ned, and Charley, took me by storm.

"He is come," they all cried in one breath.

"He? who is he? The earthquake?"

"Why, don't you know, papa? The gentleman next door," said Willy.

"Why, my dear, our next door neighbour, at Willow Cottage," said my wife, with grave reproof. "His furniture arrived this morning. He and his wife, and the children, came in grand style. He seems a most respectable man."

"You mean a most rich man, Lucy."

"Now, don't be naughty and sarcastic."

I ceased to be naughty and sarcastic.

"And such a dear little Shetland pony," said Willy. "We're going to have a ride on it to-morrow."

How rapidly children make acquaintance!

Next morning I had resolved to have a holiday, a day of gardening, fishing, and fun with the children. The children were in raptures; Lucy was quietly pleased after her own dear style.

The lawn of our cottage sloped down to the Thames, while at the back of the house our long strip of garden was separated by a paling and a laurel shrubbery from the garden of our newly-arrived neighbour. Willy had had his ride on the pony, and came racing back delighted, and laden with red and white sugar-plums. Mr. Brancher had been so kind. Charley and Ned grew envious of the march Willy had stolen over our neighbour's affections. My wife, like all mothers, was won by an attention paid to her child; it was an attention paid to herself.

"I am sure," she said, "he's a dear kind creature." And I began to think we were very lucky in getting such a neighbour.

After breakfast I was busy at work in the garden, nailing up a rather wayward vine, and singing over my occupation the serenade song from Don Juan, when I heard a rustling in the laurels, and a florid good-natured face thrust itself between the shining green leaves.

"I trust, sir, that your little boy enjoyed his ride?"

"Extremely," I said, stepping up to the palings in my best manner, "and I have to thank you for your kindness in giving him that pleasure."

"Don't mention it, my dear sir," said Mr. Brancher. "I love children. I am a father myself. I only thought it right to come and apologise to you for offering your brave little fellow a ride without your permission, before we were indeed even introduced to each other."

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance," I said. "Allow me to shake hands with you."

"I see you are, like myself, fond of gardening," said the worthy man. "Hah! what those poor people in towns lose!"

At that moment a pleasant female voice called "Henry! Henry!"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Brancher, "for there's my wife calling me to set the children their lessons. Au revoir. I trust we shall often meet."

I expressed the same wish, and he disappeared.

An hour or two afterwards, a burst of laughter in the next garden disturbed me as I sat reading at my study window. Now, my study was a first-floor room, commanding both my own garden and my neighbour's. I rose and looked out. Charming picture of rural domestic pleasure!

There was Brancher, drawing a huge wooden horse, spotted black and red, and flowing as to the tail. On it was seated a fine chubby boy, while two little girls, and another boy bearing bulrushes, attended the procession with laughing

dignity. Mrs. Brancher, a stout blonde lady, knitting under a beech-tree, regarded the ceremony with matronly delight.

I opened my casement, looked out, and nodded.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," shouted Mr. Brancher, his portly face radiant with content as he dismounted his child from his swift but inanimate steed, and tossed him into the air.

"We are going out after dinner for an evening's fishing," said I, "children and all. We've got a punt moored ready under the osier bank; will you and your wife join us, and bring the children?"

"With the sincerest pleasure," said Mr. Brancher.

"Half-past three is the time," I shouted again; "it is no use fishing while the sun's hot."

My wife and the children were delighted at the anticipated fishing-party.

"It is so important, my dear, to have nice neighbours," remarked Lucy, "and you're so much away, you know, Arthur."

We had hired a second punt, and put chairs in it for the ladies. The children we divided. Punctually at the prescribed time, the two boats, with their laughing crews, pushed off past the lock at Bybridge, for the osier clump where we were to moor.

There could not be a more agreeable man than Mr. Brancher, we all thought. He was so amiable, so unselfish, so chatty, so determined to please and be pleased, so well-bred, so anecdotic. He was evidently a travelled man, for he spoke of Calcutta and Lima; his acquaintances were of a high class, for he talked of "my old college friend, Mountcashel."

He was not, thank Heaven, what is called "a lady's man"—that detestable mixture of obtrusive self-conceit, fribbledom, and small-talk—but, still chivalrous in his manner, and betraying a good heart in every action. He baited the hooks for the ladies, told fairy stories to the children, related feats in angling for mud-fish in the Baboon river in South Africa. To crown his popularity, he had brought some champagne, and the merry pop of the silvered corks started the swallows round the osier island.

We all enjoyed the evening; it was delightful to see the children when a large prickly-backed perch, his broad side striped like a zebra, his transparent fins a golden orange, came struggling up to the daylight. Our neighbour was indefatigable in baiting hooks, plumb-ing deeps, extracting hooks from fishes' gullets, adjusting reels, and teaching my boys how to strike from the elbow.

As the evening advanced, and the white moth came on the water, Mr. Brancher grew audacious in his triumphs. He drew out the fish with the rapidity of a juggler, he caught perch with the eyes of their fellow-creatures, he even caught them with the bare hook.

As we pushed home, the conversation, somehow or other, fell on the audacious hotel rob-

beries that had lately taken place throughout England, but chiefly in the midland and southern counties—a daring series of robberies, evidently planned and carried out by a well-organised and dangerous gang of high-class thieves. I spoke of the aide modern rogues derived from railways and the telegraph.

Mr. Brancher took a very high tone on the subject, and was vehement in his denunciation of the rogues. He advocated the severest punishments.

"By Jove, madam," he said, addressing my wife as he paced up and down the punt, "I would root out such scoundrels, at any cost. I would transport the whole lot. I would have photographs of the villains hung up in the coffee-room of every hotel in England."

I suggested the difficulty of obtaining photographs of thieves before their capture.

It was delightful to see Mr. Brancher laugh. His fine white teeth glistened—all his face seemed to laugh. "Ha! ha! ha!" he said, "what a fool I am—you have me there, indeed. Of course not. Still I do think the police very grievously to blame, for not breaking up such a detestable conspiracy against honesty. You will pardon me, Mrs. Gregson, I have been a judge in the Madras Presidency, and I am a disciplinarian in such matters—not cruel, I trust—but still a disciplinarian."

My wife was eloquent that night in her praises of Mr. Brancher.

"But his servants tell our servants, dear," she said to me, "that he has one fault; he is too fond of rambling; he is perpetually leaving his wife to travel."

"On business."

"No, on pleasure; he has no business, he has a pension. He is off again, they tell me, to-morrow, early. I wonder, Arthur, he never mentioned it to us."

A fortnight later, Mr. Brancher and his wife dined with us; he was very agreeable. In the course of the evening, the conversation fell on the abolition of the punishment of death. The ex-judge was strong against such abolition.

"No, ladies," he said, "I am a man of the world, and I know that the rascals who infest the world need to be terrified. The gibbet is a scarecrow for them."

I differed from him, but could get no partisans; every one, even my wife, was with the ex-judge. "An excellent fellow," thought I to myself, "but of too severe a cast of thought on these matters."

The week after, I and Lucy went and dined at Brancher's. There was to be a little dancing in the evening. It was then, over our wine, that I first discovered Brancher to be a brother mason. This was an additional tie to bind together our growing friendship. The dinner had passed off pleasantly; everything was choice without being vulgarly profuse; the meat was done to a turn; the wine was excellent. There was certainly a little too much of a tall bony gardener, in exuberant white gloves, who cannoned against the other servants, whispered a good

deal over the dishes, laughed at our jokes, and stumbled over piles of plates in the hall. The dance went off pleasantly—some nice girls from Bybridge floated about in white muslin—Brancher was tremendous in the quadrilles: being a portly conspicuous sort of whiskery man, he always danced with the smallest and youngest lady, and flirted unconsciously, to his own and everybody's delight. I was the last to leave; Lucy and the children had gone early. Brancher and I lingered over the end of a bottle of specially good dry sherry.

"By-the-by, Gregson," said he, as I took up my Gibus to go, "you have never seen my library yet; it is a small collection, and on a special subject, but it is curious and valuable."

I followed him into a little room leading out of the library. He opened two cases. To my surprise, the books were legal books. Thieves' Tricks, Old Bailey Trials, and Newgate Calendars.

"Not my style," I said.

"Ha! but you know I am an old judge, and have devoted much thought to these matters."

"By-the-by," said I, "before I go, let us arrange a croquet match for the children tomorrow—it is a public holiday."

"Most unfortunate," he replied, "but I start tomorrow to spend three days at Derby."

The next time I met Brancher, was on the top of a Balham-hill omnibus. He was both surprised and pleased to meet me. He grew very chatty about the tricks of thieves in the olden times. He explained to me "ring-dropping," "chop-chain," "card-sharping," and other mysteries.

"Did you ever devote much time, sir, to cipher?" asked somebody on the roof.

"I know thirty-two kinds," said Brancher, laughing; "and I flatter myself that there is no advertisement in the second column of the Times for a whole year which I couldn't decipher in forty minutes."

"Why, Brancher," said I, "what a detective you would make!"

"I think I should," he said, with a smile, "but here's my corner—good-by. Shall see you again on Friday. Kind regards to Mrs. Gregson. Love at home. By, by!"

That was Monday. On Tuesday I received a telegraph from Doncaster to say that my brother was dangerously ill of pleurisy. His life was on the balance—would I come.

He was a sporting man was my brother George. He had been taken ill during the race-week. He was lying at the chief hotel. I made up my mind in a moment, packed up a small valise, and drove straight to Euston-square.

When I reached Doncaster, late in the evening, I found that my brother was better, and had started for Scarborough. I resolved not to follow him, but to spend the night at Doncaster, go the next day to the races, as I was on the spot, and return on the Thursday. Rather tired of the noisy betting-men who filled the hotel, I supped and went to bed early.

It was just at daybreak that I awoke. The

blinds were down, and the dim grey light just sufficed to make the blinds semi-transparent, and show me where the windows were. There was the looking-glass rising dark against the window to the left, the window farthest from my bed. There were my clothes lying on a chair, looking like a rough sketch of myself. I tried to get to sleep again, but could not. There was no one stirring in the house (a distant door opening was nothing), but my mind was anxious, and I could not decoy myself back again to sleep.

A slight "fistling" noise at the door roused me still more completely. It was evidently some one trying the lock. I lay still, thinking it was the Boots come to fetch my clothes to brush. Next moment the door gently opened, and a man entered on tiptoe. He was bare-foot, as I could see with one eye over the bed-clothes, and was too well dressed to be the Boots. He must be a thief, I thought, and I watched.

The man advanced, with a velvet tread like the tread of a cat, to the chair where my clothes were, and taking up first my coat and then my trousers, felt the pockets; luckily, I had my purse under my pillow. He then stepped to the dressing-table, and quietly slipped my watch into his pocket. I could not see the fellow's face, for he wore a flat fur travelling cap with loose pendent ear-flaps that hid his features.

I could not summon up philosophy enough to bear the abduction of my gold repeater in silence, so I turned in my bed, coughed loudly, and groaned and yawned as if I had just awoke.

The man started, dropped my watch, and stammering out something about "Come for your boots, sir!" with a drunken gait evidently affected, made for the door.

I don't know what impulse it was that made me run to the window and not to the door. I didn't seize the rogue, but I ran to the window, and pulled up the blind so as to let in a stream of cold light upon the man's face.

Could I believe my eyes? The thief was Brancher. We both fell back like two duellists who had exchanged mortal shots.

"Brancher!"

"Gregson!" He gave me a ghastly look, and fled, slamming the door behind him swiftly, but with practised dexterity, for it shut without a sound.

I returned to London next day, pondering over the strange event. I could find no clue to Brancher's fall. He could not be a practised thief; yet, it was impossible that he could at once have plunged into crime. I thought of his wife and children, and of his pleasant home.

A few hours brought me to Bybridge. Lucy received me with rather a sad face.

"O Arthur," she said, "dear Mrs. Brancher is in such trouble! Her husband has written to her from somewhere in the North, to sell everything directly, let the house, and join him at Liverpool. Do go in and comfort her."

I went into Willow Cottage, and found Mrs.

Brancher in great distress. She either would not, or could not, tell me anything about her husband's reason for removing. I went the next day and arranged the sale for her. The sale took place. She came to wish us good-by, and left.

We heard no more of the Branchers for two months. One day, when I came from the City, Lucy ran to meet me, with a large letter in her hand. It was closed with a great black seal bearing a coat of arms, of which a palm-tree was the most conspicuous feature.

"O, do see what it is, Arthur!" cried Lucy; "I'm sure it is poor Mr. Brancher's writing."

I had never told Lucy the story of what had happened to me at the Doncaster Hotel.

I stood leaning on my garden-gate, as I opened the letter, and read it alone. It ran thus:

LANCASTER CASTLE, NOV. 13, 1853.

My dear Gregson,—I dare say you little expected ever to see my handwriting again after our unpleasant rencontre at Doncaster. I write to you, because I know you to be a good, kind-hearted fellow, who once had a regard for me. Fortune has been hard upon me, though not perhaps harder than I have deserved, for to tell you the plain truth, old boy, I am, and always was, a consummate scoundrel; but even scoundrels are, I suppose, sometimes to be pitied, and then, my poor wife and children! I cannot tell you more now, but I beg you to come and see me before I leave England (this is a delicate way of telling you that I am safe to be transported for life). I do not ask you for my own sake, but for the sake of poor Lizzy and the children, to whom you may be of use in a way you are not aware of. Kindest remembrance to Mrs. Gregson.

Believe me to be, yours most truly,

HENRY FITZOSMOND BRANCHER.

Lucy was paralysed with astonishment at this strange letter, at once so reckless and so regretful. Her curiosity was especially excited by those words of the letter so mysterious to her—"unpleasant rencontre."

"What does he mean, Arthur?" she asked, with that cross-examining air not, perhaps, quite unknown to my married readers. But for once I was inflexible. I positively refused to tell her until I should return from Lancaster.

Next day, at five o'clock, I stepped out of a railway carriage on the platform of the Lancaster station. Driving first to the hotel to deposit my carpet-bag (for I meant to sleep in Lancaster), I got into the fly again, and told the driver to set me down at the prison gate.

As I stood waiting at the door until an under turnkey had run to take in my card to the governor, a lady dressed in black, and followed by two children, with faces hidden and bitterly sobbing, drove from the door. I was sure it was Mrs. Brancher and her children.

When the turnkey, in his cold imperturbable manner, unlocked the third door down the second corridor, and hung it wide open in a careless

mechanical way, I found Brancher sitting on his pallet, humming "I remember, I remember," with much nonchalance. He was as florid in manner as ever. He wore a short tail coat of prison grey, and trousers, one leg pepper and salt, and the other canary colour.

"No style about the clothes," he said to me ruefully, stretching out his yellow leg. "How do you do, Gregson? Glad to see you, old fellow; sorry I cannot offer you better hospitality; will for the deed."

The turnkey left us, and I sat down on the bed near Brancher, who assumed an autobiographical manner, and waved a black-edged envelope in his hand as he spoke.

"My dear boy," said he, "when I told you I was once a judge in India, I reserved the important fact that I was driven from my judgment-seat on an absurd charge of corruption. The man who drove me from it, however, I should not forget to say, was a greater thief than myself, and only hated me because I was his rival. I returned to England almost penniless, and declared war against the richer part of mankind, especially hotel-keepers. I determined to live on rich fools, and never to starve while they had a crust. I had first tried to be honest, tried lecturer, wine merchant, coal merchant, auctioneer, house agent, but failed in all. Tempted in the hour of need, I joined a gang of swindlers, and soon became comparatively rich. We worked grand combinations of fraud, and divided the spoil."

As he made this unblushing confession, Brancher kept rolling a small pill, about the colour and size of the seed of a sweet-pea, between his finger and thumb.

"Holloway?" said I, glancing at the pill inquisitively.

"No," said he, smiling. "O no; not Holloway. A far better pill. It cures everything—stitches, ague, gout, cramp, brain, stomach, everything. But, as I was saying, our gang prospered. At last we got too daring, and I was caught. But there was one disagreeable condition entailed on all those who entered our confederacy, and who should fall into the hands of the Philistines. That condition I have been unpleasantly reminded of this morning by the letter I now hold in my hand."

"And this condition?" said I.

"I cannot tell you. Take this letter, I have resealed, open it to-morrow when you get up, you will then see, and can act accordingly. But enough of that. Why I asked you to come was thus. I shall soon have to start for a distant country;—transported, in fact. I do not want to leave poor Lizzy and the children beggars. I have some money which I wish you to take care of and manage for them."

"Money!" I said, incredulous. "A prisoner with money?"

"Yes," said he; "a prisoner with money. Do you think an old thief has not two tricks for every one that the thief-taker has? *Look."

He stooped down, and taking off his heavy soled shoe, picked out one of the sparrowbill

nails in the heel, and then slid back a sort of lid, which covered a box-shaped hollow, constructed in the thickness of the heel. He drew out a small square wad of bank-notes—they were notes to a large amount.

"There," said he; "that's for Lizzy. It was honestly got, and is not part of my spoil, so you need not fear taking it."

I did not put out my hand.

"Gregson," said he, "if you do not pity me, you should pity Lizzy. I swear to you on this Bible, she did not know how I lived. I spared you too when I could have stripped you of every penny of your savings."

I started.

"Do you not remember how, one night when you had a whist party, I came in and got you into a discussion about monograms, how we all began to try our signatures, and I eventually went off with the paper that contained them? I could have forged your name to any amount, but I spared you because we had been good friends."

I took the money, and listened to his directions as to how it was to be invested.

"Be kind," he said, "to Lizzy and the children—they will not be ungrateful. The boys will grow up good men. Give them and Polly my love."

"But you do not go yet?"

"No, not yet," he replied, slowly; "but I cannot bear to see them again." And as he said this, in a rather low voice, he playfully fillicked the little brown pill at the wall and caught it again in his hand.

"If it were not somewhat pharisaical and cruel to preach to you at this moment, Brancher," said I, "I should urge you to lament your lost opportunities, your injured wife, your degraded children. It is hard in these selfish days to struggle upward; it is doubly cruel, then, to take one's children and hurl them down into an abyss of hopeless poverty. You had talents, you had all that men require to fight their way to the sunshine."

"And do you think I never lament those lost opportunities?" said Brancher, turning away his head; "it was my mode of revenging myself on an unjust world."

"But a pitiful way; the world is an abstraction—you cannot revenge yourself on it except by injuring the innocent, and hardening and debasing yourself."

"Our points of view differ," said Brancher, rising, as the turnkey came back for me. "Good-by. God bless you for the kind things

you mean, I feel sure, to do. Forget the rogue but think of poor Lizzy and her children!"

(Brancher's face looked paler, as the door closed upon him.)

I locked my bedroom door that night.

It was late next morning when I awoke: so late that I had but just time to hurry on my clothes, and run down and snatch a hasty breakfast. I was so hurried that I forgot Brancher's letter, and did not think of it until I got to the station and had taken my ticket. Then I remembered it, took it out of my pocket, and opened the envelope. The letter contained only three words, written in red ink, in a bold commercial hand.

† "DEATH" OR DEATH †

At that moment a newsboy came running past me with the morning local paper. It was Saturday.

"Sudden death of a prisoner in the Castle," he cried. "Death of Davison, alias Brancher!" I bought a paper, paid for it with a trembling hand, and read as follows:

"Last night, at about ten o'clock, the turnkey in the Castle, making his rounds to turn out the lights, and hearing a low groan from cell thirty-two, unlocked the door, and going in discovered a prisoner named Davison, alias Brancher, lying in the agonies of death at the foot of his pallet bed. Assistance was immediately procured, and the governor and doctor summoned to the spot, but all in vain. The prisoner expired at fourteen minutes past ten. He had been in high spirits throughout the day, and was heard by the turnkey singing at half-past nine o'clock. It is supposed that serous apoplexy was the cause of death. The man has left a widow and several children. He was a person of good education; but, lamentable to relate, the chief, as it is supposed, of a gang of swindlers whose machinations extended over all Europe. An inquest is to be held to-morrow on the body."

NEW WORK BY MR. DICKENS,

In Monthly Parts, uniform with the Original Editions of "Pickwick," "Copperfield," &c.

In MAY will be published, PART I., price 1s., of

A NEW WORK BY CHARLES DICKENS

IN TWENTY MONTHLY PARTS.

London: CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

On the 16th of February, will be published, bound in cloth, price 6s. 6d.,

THE TENTH VOLUME.

THE END OF THE TENTH VOLUME.

Next week will be commenced a New Serial Story, entitled

QUITE ALONE,

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

MRS LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS.

THE EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF **ALL THE YEAR ROUND.**

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CONTAINING THE AMOUNT OF TWO ORDINARY NUMBERS.

CHRISTMAS, 1863.

Price
4d.

INDEX.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|------|---|------|
| I. How Mrs. Lirriper carried on the Business | 1 | IV. How the Second Floor kept a Dog | 31 |
| II. How the First Floor went to Crowley Castle | 12 | V. How the Third Floor knew the Potteries | 35 |
| III. How the Side-Room was attended by a Doctor | 25 | VI. How the Best Attic was under a Cloud | 40 |
| | | VII. How the Parlours added a few words | 46 |

I.

HOW MRS. LIRRIPER CARRIED ON THE BUSINESS.

WHOEVER would begin to be worried with letting Lodgings that wasn't a lone woman with a living to get is a thing inconceivable to me my dear, excuse the familiarity but it comes natural to me in my own little room when wishing to open my mind to those that I can trust and I should be truly thankful if they were all mankind but such is not so, for have but a Furnished bill in the window and your watch on the mantelpiece and farewell to it if you turn your back for but a second however gentlemanly the manners, nor is being of your own sex any safeguard as I have reason in the form of sugar-tongs to know, for that lady (and a fine woman she was) got me to run for a glass of water on the plea of going to be confined, which certainly turned out true but it was in the Station-House.

Number Eighty-one Norfolk Street Strand—situated midway between the City and St. James's and within five minutes' walk of the principal places of public amusement—is my address. I have rented this house many years as the parish rate-books will testify and I could wish my landlord was as alive to the fact as I am myself, but no bless you not a half a pound of paint to save his life nor so much my dear as a tile upon the roof though on your bended knees.

My dear you never have found Number Eighty-one Norfolk Street Strand advertised in Bradshaw's Railway Guide and with the blessing of Heaven you never will or shall so find it. Some there are who do not think it lowering themselves to make their names that cheap and even going the lengths of a portrait of the house not like it with a blot in every window and a coach and four at the door, but what will suit Wozenham's lower down on the other side of the way will not suit me, Miss Wozenham having her opinions and me having mine, though when it comes to systematic underbidding capable of being proved on oath in a court of justice and taking the form of "If Mrs. Lirriper names

eighteen shillings a week, I name fifteen and six" it then comes to a settlement between yourself and your conscience supposing for the sake of argument your name to be Wozenham which I am well aware it is not or my opinion of you would be greatly lowered, and as to airy bedrooms and a night-porter in constant attendance the less said the better, the bedrooms being stuffy and the porter stuff.

It is forty years ago since me and my poor Lirriper got married at St. Clement's Danes where I now have a sitting in a very pleasant pew with genteel company and my own hassock and being partial to evening service not too crowded. My poor Lirriper was a handsome figure of a man with a beaming eye and a voice as mellow as a musical instrument made of honey and steel, but he had ever been a freeliver being in the commercial travelling line and travelling what he called a limekiln road—"a dry road, Emma my dear," my poor Lirriper says to me "where I have to lay the dust with one drink or another all day long and half the night, and it wears me Emma"—and this led to his running through a good deal and might have run through the turnpike too when that dreadful horse that never would stand still for a single instant set off, but for its being night and the gate shut and consequently took his wheel my poor Lirriper and the gig smashed to atoms and never spoke afterwards. He was a handsome figure of a man and a man with a jovial heart and a sweet temper, but if they had come up then they never could have given you the mellowness of his voice, and indeed I consider photographs wanting in mellowness as a general rule and making you look like a new-ploughed field.

My poor Lirriper being behindhand with the world and being burned at Hatfield church in Hertfordshire, not that it was his native place but that he had a liking for the Salisbury Arms where we went upon our wedding-day and passed as happy a fortnight as ever happy was, I went round to the creditors and I says "Gentlemen I am acquainted with the fact that I am not answerable for my late husband's debts but I wish to pay them for I am his lawful wife and

his good name is dear to me. I am going into the Lodgings gentlemen as a business and if I prosper every farthing that my late husband owed shall be paid for the sake of the love I bore him, by this right hand." It took a long time to do but it was done, and the silver cream-jug which is between ourselves and the bed and the mattress in my room up-stairs (or it would have found legs so sure as ever the Furnished bill was up) being presented by the gentlemen engraved "To Mrs. Lirriper a mark of grateful respect for her honourable conduct" gave me a turn which was too much for my feelings, till Mr. Betley which at that time had the parlours and loved his joke says "Cheer up Mrs. Lirriper, you should feel as if it was only your christening and they were your godfathers and godmothers which did promise for you." And it brought me round, and I don't mind confessing to you my dear that I then put a sandwich and a drop of cherry in a little basket and went down to Hatfield churchyard outside the coach and kissed my hand and laid it with a kind of a proud and swelling love on my husband's grave, though bless you it had taken me so long to clear his name that my wedding ring was worn quite fine and smooth when I laid it on the green green waving grass.

I am an old woman now and my good looks are gone but that's me my dear over the plate-warmer and considered like in the times when you used to pay two guineas on ivory and took your chance pretty much how you came out, which made you very careful how you left it about afterwards because people were turned so red and uncomfortable by mostly guessing it was somebody else quite different, and there was once a certain person that had put his money in a hop business that came in one morning to pay his rent and his respects being the second floor that would have taken it down from its hook and put it in his breast pocket—you understand my dear—for the L, he says, of the original—only there was no mellowness in his voice and I wouldn't let him, but his opinion of it you may gather from his saying to it "Speak to me Emma!" which was far from a rational observation no doubt but still a tribute to its being a likeness, and I think myself it was like me when I was young and wore that sort of stays.

But it was about the Lodgings that I was intending to hold forth and certainly I ought to know something of the business having been in it so long, for it was early in the second year of my married life that I lost my poor Lirriper and I set up at Islington directly afterwards and afterwards came here, being two houses and eight and thirty years and some losses and a deal of experience.

Girls are your first trial after fixtures and they try you even worse than what I call the Wandering Christians, though why they should roam the earth looking for bills and then coming in and viewing the apartments and sticking about terms and never at all wanting them or dreaming of taking them being already provided, is a mystery I should be thankful to have ex-

plained if by any miracle it could be. It's wonderful they live so long and thrive so on it but I suppose the exercise makes it healthy, knocking so much and going from house to house and up and down stairs all day, and then their pretending to be so particular and punctual is a most astonishing thing, looking at their watches and saying "Could you give me the refusal of the rooms till twenty minutes past eleven the day after to-morrow in the forenoon, and supposing it to be considered essential by my friend from the country could there be a small iron bedstead put in the little room upon the stairs?" Why when I was new to it my dear I used to consider before I promised and to make my mind anxious with calculations and to get quite wearied out with disappointments, but now I says "Certainly by all means" well knowing it's a Wandering Christian and I shall hear no more about it, indeed by this time I know most of the Wandering Christians by sight as well as they know me, it being the habit of each individual revolving round London in that capacity to come back about twice a year, and it's very remarkable that it runs in families and the children grow up to it, but even were it otherwise I should no sooner hear of the friend from the country which is a certain sign than I should nod and say to myself You're a Wandering Christian, though whether they are (as I have heard) persons of small property with a taste for regular employment and frequent change of scene I cannot undertake to tell you.

Girls as I was beginning to remark are one of your first and your lasting troubles, being like your teeth which begin with convulsions and never cease tormenting you from the time you cut them till they cut you, and then you don't want to part with them which seems hard but we must all succumb or buy artificial, and even where you get a will nine times out of ten you'll get a dirty face with it and naturally lodgers do not like good society to be shown in with a smear of black across the nose or a smudgy eyebrow. Where they pick the black up is a mystery I cannot solve, as in the case of the willingest girl that ever came into a house half starved poor thing, a girl so willing that I called her Willing Sophy down upon her knees scrubbing early and late and ever cheerful but always smiling with a black face. And I says to Sophy "Now Sophy my good girl have a regular day for your stoves and keep the width of the Airy between yourself and the blacking and do not brush your hair with the bottoms of the saucepans and do not meddle with the snuffs of the candles and it stands to reason that it can no longer be" yet there it was and always on her nose, which turning up and being broad at the end seemed to boast of it and caused warning from a steady gentleman and excellent lodger with breakfast by the week but a little irritable and use of a sitting-room when required, his words being "Mrs. Lirriper I have arrived at the point of admitting that the Black is a man and a brother, but only in a natural form and when it can't be got off." Well com-

sequently I put poor Sophy on to other work and forbid her answering the door or answering a bell on any account but she was so unfortunately willing that nothing would stop her flying up the kitchen stairs whenever a bell was heard to tingle. I put it to her "Oh Sophy Sophy for goodness goodness sake where does it come from?" To which that poor unlucky willing mortal bursting out crying to see me so vexed replied "I took a deal of black into me ma'am when I was a small child being much neglected and I think it must be, that it works out," so it continuing to work out of that poor thing and not having another fault to find with her I says Sophy "what do you seriously think of my helping you away to New South Wales where it might not be noticed?" Nor did I ever repent the money which was well spent, for she married the ship's cook on the voyage (himself a Mulotter) and did well and lived happy, and so far as ever I heard it was *not* noticed in a new state of society to her dying day.

In what way Miss Wozenham lower down on the other side of the way reconciled it to her feelings as a lady (which she is not) to entice Mary Anne Perkinsop from my service is best known to herself, I do not know and I do not wish to know how opinions are formed at Wozenham's on any point. But Mary Anne Perkinsop although I behaved handsomely to her and she behaved unhandsonely to me was worth her weight in gold as overawing lodgers without driving them away, for lodgers would be far more sparing of their bells with Mary Anne than I ever knew them be with Maid or Mistress, which is a great triumph especially when accompanied with a cast in the eye and a bag of bones, but it was the steadiness of her way with them through her father's having failed in Pork. It was Mary Anne's looking so respectable in her person and being so strict in her spirits that conquered the tea-and-sugarest gentleman (for he weighed them both in a pair of scales every morning) that I have ever had to deal with and no lamb grew meeker, still it afterwards came round to me that Miss Wozenham happening to pass and seeing Mary Anne take in the milk of a milkman that made free in a rosy-faced way (I think no worse of him) with every girl in the street but was quite frozen up like the statue at Charing Cross by her, saw Mary Anne's value in the lodging business and went as high as one pound per quarter more, consequently Mary Anne with not a word betwixt us says "If you will provide yourself Mrs. Lirriper in a month from this day I have already done the same," which hurt me and I said so, and she then hurt me more by insinuating that her father having failed in Pork had laid her open to it.

My dear I do assure you it's a harassing thing to know what kind of girls to give the preference to, for if they are lively they get bell'd off their legs and if they are sluggish you suffer from it yourself in complaints and if they are sparkling-eyed they get made love to and if they are smart in their persons they try on your Lodger's bonnets and if they are musical I defy

you to keep them away from hands and organs, and allowing for any difference you like in their heads their heads will be always out of window just the same. And then what the gentlemen like in girls the ladies don't, which is fruitful hot water for all parties, and then there's temper though such a temper as Caroline Maxey's I hope not often. A good-looking black-eyed girl was Caroline and a comely-made girl to your cost when she did break out and laid about her, as took place first and last through a new-married couple come to see London in the first floor and the lady very high and it *was* supposed not liking the good looks of Caroline having none of her own to spare, but anyhow she did try Caroline though that was no excuse. So one afternoon Caroline comes down into the kitchen flushed and flashing, and she says to me "Mrs. Lirriper that woman in the first has aggravated me past bearing," I says "Caroline keep your temper," Caroline says with a curdling laugh "Keep my temper? You're right Mrs. Lirriper, so I will. Capital D her!" bursts out Caroline (you might have struck me into the centre of the earth with a feather when she said it) "I'll give her a touch of the temper that I keep!" Caroline downs with her hair my dear, screeches and rushes upstairs, I following as fast as my trembling legs could bear me, but before I got into the room the dinner cloth and pink and white service all dragged off upon the floor with a crash and the new married couple on their backs in the fire-grate, him with the shovel and tongs and a dish of cucumber across him and a merey it was summer-time. "Caroline" I says "be calm," but she catches off my cap and tears it in her teeth as she passes me, then pounces on the new married lady makes her a bundle of ribbons takes her by the two ears and knocks the back of her head upon the carpet Murder screaming all the time Policemen running down the street and Wozenham's windows (judge of my feelings when I came to know it) thrown up and Miss Wozenham calling out from the balcony with crocodile's tears "It's Mrs. Lirriper been overcharging somebody to madness—she'll be murdered—I always thought so—Pleeseman save her!" My dear four of them and Caroline behind the chiffonere attacking with the poker and when disarmed prize fighting with her double fists, and down and up and up and down and dreadful! But I couldn't bear to see the poor young creature roughly handled and her hair torn when they got the better of her, and I says "Gentlemen Policemen pray remember that her sex is the sex of your mothers and sisters and your sweethearts, and God bless them and you!" And there she was sitting down on the ground handcuffed, taking breath against the skirting-board and them ood with their coats in strips, and all she says was "Mrs. Lirriper I am sorry as ever I touched you, for you're a kind motherly old thing," and it made me think that I had often wished I had been a mother indeed and how would my heart have felt if I had been the mother of that girl? Well you know it turned out at the Police-office that she had done

it before, and she had her clothes away and was sent to prison, and when she was to come out I trotted off to the gate in the evening with just a morsel of jelly in that little basket of mine to give her a mite of strength to face the world again, and there I met with a very decent mother waiting for her son through bad company and a stubborn one he was with his half boots not laced. So out came Caroline and I says "Caroline come along with me and sit down under the wall where it's retired and eat a little trifle that I have brought with me to do you good" and she throws her arms round my neck and says sobbing "O why were you never a mother when there are such mothers as there are!" she says, and in half a minute more she begins to laugh and says "Did I really tear your cap to shreds?" and when I told her "You certainly did so Caroline" she laughed again and said while she patted my face "Then why do you wear such queer old caps you dear old thing? If you hadn't worn such queer old caps I don't think I should have done it even then." Fancy the girl! Nothing could get out of her what she was going to do except O she would do well enough, and we parted she being very thankful and kissing my hands, and I never more saw or heard of that girl, except that I shall always believe that a very genteel cap which was brought anonymous to me one Saturday night in an oilskin basket by a most impertinent young sparrow of a monkey whistling with dirty shoes on the clean steps and playing the harp on the airy railings with a hoop-stick came from Caroline.

What you lay yourself open to my dear in the way of being the object of uncharitable suspicions when you go into the Lodging business I have not the words to tell you, but never was I so dishonourable as to have two keys nor would I willingly think it even of Miss Wozenham lower down on the other side of the way sincerely hoping that it may not be, though doubtless at the same time money cannot come from nowhere and it is not reason to suppose that Bradshaws put it in for love be it blotty as it may. It is a hardship hurting to the feelings that Lodgers open their minds so wide to the idea that you are trying to get the better of them and shut their minds so close to the idea that they are trying to get the better of you, but as Major Jackman says to me "I know the ways of this circular world Mrs. Lirriper, and that's one of 'em all round it" and many is the little ruffle in my mind that the Major has smoothed, for he is a clever man who has seen much. Dear dear, thirteen years have passed though it seems but yesterday since I was sitting with my glasses on at the open front parlour window one evening in August (the parlours being then vacant) reading yesterday's paper my eyes for print being poor though still I am thankful to say a long sight at a distance, when I hear a gentleman come posting across the road and up the street in a dreadful rage talking to himself in a fury and a'ing and o'ing somebody. "By George!" says he out loud and clutcheing his walking-stick, "I'll go to Mrs. Lirriper's.

Which is Mrs. Lirriper's?" Then looking round and seeing me he flourishes his hat right off his head as if I had been the queen and he says "Excuse the intrusion Madam, but pray Madam can you tell me at what number in this street there resides a well-known and much-respected lady by the name of Lirriper?" A little flustered though I must say gratified I took off my glasses and curtsied and said "Sir, Mrs. Lirriper is your humble servant." "As-tonishing!" says he. "A million pardons! Madam, may I ask you to have the kindness to direct one of your domestics to open the door to a gentleman in search of apartments, by the name of Jackman?" I had never heard the name but a politer gentleman I never hope to see, for says he "Madam I am shocked at your opening the door yourself to no worthier a fellow than Jimmy Jackman. After you Madam. I never precede a lady." Then he comes into the parlours and he sniffs and he says "Hah! These are parlours! Not musty cupboard?" he says "but parlours, and no smell of coal-sacks." Now my dear it having been remarked by some inimical to the whole neighbourhood that it always smells of coal-sacks which might prove a drawback to Lodgers if encouraged, I says to the Major gently though firmly that I think he is referring to Arundel or Surrey or Howard but not Norfolk. "Madam" says he "I refer to Wozenham's lower down over the way—Madam you can form no notion what Wozenham's is—Madam it is a vast coal-sack, and Miss Wozenham has the principles and manners of a female heaver—Madam from the manner in which I have heard her mention you I know she has no appreciation of a lady, and from the manner in which she has conducted herself towards me I know she has no appreciation of a gentleman—Madam my name is Jackman—should you require any other reference than what I have already said, I name the Bank of England—perhaps you know it!" Such was the beginning of the Major's occupying the parlours and from that hour to this the same and a most obliging Lodger and punctual in all respects except one irregular which I need not particularly specify, but made up for by his being a protection and at all times ready to fill in the papers of the Assessed Taxes and Juries and that, and once collared a young man with the drawing-room clock under his cloak, and once on the parapets with his own hands and blankets put out the kitchen chimney and afterwards attending the summons made a most eloquent speech against the Parish before the magistrates and saved the engine, and ever quite the gentleman though passionate. And certainly Miss Wozenham's detaining the trunks and umbrella was not in a liberal spirit though it may have been according to her rights in law or an act I would myself have stooped to, the Major being so much the gentleman that though he is far from tall he seems almost so when he has his shirt frill out and his frock-coat on and his hat with the curly brims, and in what service he was I cannot truly tell you my dear whether Militia or Foreign, for

I never heard him even name himself as Major but always simple "Jemmy Jackman" and once soon after he came when I felt it my duty to let him know that Miss Wozenham had put it about that he was no Major and I took the liberty of adding "which you are sir" his words were "Madam at any rate I am not a Minor, and sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" which cannot be denied to be the sacred truth, nor yet his military ways of having his boots with only the dirt brushed off taken to him in the front parlour every morning on a clean plate and varnishing them himself with a little sponge and a saucer and a whistle in a whisper so sure as ever his breakfast is ended, and so neat his ways that it never soils his linen which is scrupulous though more in quality than quantity, neither that nor his moustachios which to the best of my belief are done at the same time and which are as black and shining as his boots, his head of hair being a lovely white.

It was the third year nearly up of the Major's being in the parlours that early one morning in the month of February when Parliament was coming on and you may therefore suppose a number of impostors were about ready to take hold of anything they could get, a gentleman and lady from the country came in to view the Second, and I well remember that I had been looking out of window and had watched them and the heavy sleet driving down the street together looking for bills. I did not quite take to the face of the gentleman though he was good-looking too but the lady was a very pretty young thing and delicate, and it seemed too rough for her to be out at all though she had only come from the Adelphi Hotel which would not have been much above a quarter of a mile if the weather had been less severe. Now it did so happen my dear that I had been forced to put five shillings weekly additional on the second in consequence of a loss from running away full-dressed as if going out to a dinner-party, which was very artful and had made me rather suspicious taking it along with Parliament, so when the gentleman proposed three months certain and the money in advance and leave then reserved to renew on the same terms for six months more, I says I was not quite certain but that I might have engaged myself to another party but would step down stairs and look into it if they would take a seat. They took a seat and I went down to the handle of the Major's door that I had already begun to consult finding it a great blessing, and I knew by his whistling in a whisper that he was varnishing his boots which was generally considered private, however he kindly calls out "If it's you, Madam, come in," and I went in and told him.

"Well, Madam," says the Major rubbing his nose—as I did fear at the moment with the black sponge but it was only his knuckle, he being always neat and dexterous with his fingers—"well, Madam, I suppose you would be glad of the money?"

I was delicate of saying "Yes" too out, for a

little extra colour rose into the Major's cheeks and there was irregularity which I will not particularly specify in a quarter which I will not name.

"I am of opinion, Madam," says the Major "that when money is ready for you—when it is ready for you Mrs. Lirriper—you ought to take it. What is there against it, Madam, in this case up-stairs?"

"I really cannot say there is anything against it sir, still I thought I would consult you."

"You said a newly-married couple, I think, Madam?" says the Major.

I says "Ye-es. Evidently. And indeed the young lady mentioned to me in a casual way that she had not been married many months."

The Major rubbed his nose again and stirred the varnish round and round in its little saucer with his piece of sponge and took to his whistling in a whisper for a few moments. Then he says "You would call it a Good Let, Madam?"

"Oh certainly a Good Let sir."

"Say they renew for the additional six months. Would it put you about very much Madam if—if the worst was to come to the worst?" said the Major.

"Well I hardly know," I says to the Major. "It depends upon circumstances. Would you object Sir for instance?"

"I?" says the Major. "Object? Jemmy Jackman? Mrs. Lirriper close with the proposal."

So I went up-stairs and accepted, and they came in next day which was Saturday and the Major was so good as to draw up a Memorandum of an agreement in a beautiful round hand and expressions that sounded to me equally legal and military, and Mr. Edson signed it on the Monday morning and the Major called upon Mr. Edson on the Tuesday and Mr. Edson called upon the Major on the Wednesday and the Second and the parlours were as friendly as could be wished.

The three months paid for had run out and we had got without any fresh overtures as to payment into May my dear, when there came an obligation upon Mr. Edson to go a business expedition right across the Isle of Man, which fell quite unexpected on that pretty little thing and is not a place that according to my views is particularly in the way to anywhere at any time but that may be a matter of opinion. So short a notice was it that he was to go next day, and dreadfully she cried poor pretty and I am sure I cried too when I saw her on the cold pavement in the sharp east wind—it being a very backward spring that year—taking a last leave of him with her pretty bright hair blowing this way and that and her arms clinging round his neck and him saying "There there! Now let me go Peggy." And by that time it was plain that what the Major had been so accommodating as to say he would not object to happening in the house, would happen in it, and I told her as much when he was gone while I comforted her with my arm up the staircase, for I says "You will soon have others

"I'll sleep up for my pretty and you must think of that."

His letter never came when it ought to have come and what she went through morning after morning when the postman brought none for her the very postman himself commiserated when she ran down to the door, and yet, we cannot wonder at its being calculated to blunt the feelings to have all the trouble of other people's letters and none of the pleasure and doing it offener in the mud and mizzle than not and at a rate of wages more resembling Little Britain than Great Britain. But at last one morning when she was too poorly to come running down stairs he says to me with a pleased look in his face that made me next to love the man in his uniform coat though he was dripping wet "I have taken you first in the street this morning Mrs. Larriper, for here's the one for Mrs. Edson." I went up to her bedroom with it as fast as ever I could go, and she sat up in bed when she saw it and kissed it and tore it open and then a blank stare came upon her "It's very short!" she says lifting her large eyes to my face "O Mrs. Larriper it's very short!" I says "My dear Mrs. Edson no doubt that's because you has had hadn't time to write more just at that time" "No doubt, no doubt," says she, and puts her two hands on her face and turns round in her bed.

I shut her softly in and I crept down stairs and I tapped at the Major's door, and when the Major having his thin slices of bacon in his own Dutch oven saw me he came out of his chair and put me down on the sofa "Hush!" says he, "I see something's the matter! Don't speak—take time" I says "O Major I am afraid there's cruel work up stairs" "Yes yes" says he "I had begun to be afraid of it—take time" And then in opposition to his own words he rages out figh-fully, and says "I shall never forgive myself Madam, that I, Jemmy Jackman, didn't see it all that morning—didn't go straight up stairs when my boot sponge was in my hand—didn't force it down his throat—and choke him dead with it on the spot!"

The Major and me agreed when we came to ourselves that just at present we could do no more than take on to suspect nothing and use our best endeavours to keep that poor young creature quiet, and what I ever should have done without the Major when it got about among the organ-men that quiet was our object is unknown, for he made lion and tiger was upon them to that degree that without seeing it I could not have believed it was in any gentleman to have such a power of bursting out with fire irons walking-sticks water-jugs coals potatoes off his table the very hat off his head, and at the same time so furious in foreign languages that they would stand with their handkerchiefs half turned fixed like the Sleeping Ugly—for I can not say Beauty.

Ever to see the postman come near the house now gave me such a fear that it was a reprieve when he went by, but in about another ten days

on a fortnight he says again "Here's one for Mrs. Edson—is she pretty well?" "She is pretty well postman, but not well enough to rise so early as she used" which was so far gospel-truth.

I carried the letter in to the Major at his breakfast and I says uttering "Major I have not the courage to take it up to her."

"It's an ill-looking villain of a letter," says the Major

"I have not the courage Major" I says again in a tremble "to take it up to her"

After seeming lost in consideration for some moments the Major says, raising his head as if something new and useful had occurred to his mind "Mrs. Larriper, I shall never forgive myself that I, Jemmy Jackman, didn't go straight up stairs that morning when my boot-sponge was in my hand—and force it down his throat—and choke him dead with it."

"Major" I says a little hasty "you didn't do it which is a blessing, for it would have done no good and I think your sponge was better employed on your own honourable boots"

So we got to be rational, and planned that I should tap at her bedroom door and lay the letter on the mat outside and wait on the upper landing for what might happen, and never was gunpowder cannon-balls or shells or rockets more dreaded than that dreadful letter was by me as I took it to the second floor

A terrible loud scream sounded through the house the minute after she had opened it, and I found her on the floor lying as if her life was gone. My dear I never looked at the face of the letter which was lying open by her, for there was no occasion

Everything I needed to bring her round the Major brought up with his own hands, besides running out to the chemist's for what was not in the house and likewise having the fiercest of all his many skirmishes with a musical instrument representing a ball room I do not know in what particular country and company waiting in and out at folding-doors with rolling eyes. When after a long time I saw her coming to, I slipped on the landing till I heard her cry, and then I went in and says cheerily "Mrs. Edson you're not well my dear and it's not to be wondered at," as if I had not been in before. Whether she believed or disbelieved I cannot say and it would signify nothing if I could, but I stayed by her for hours and then she God ever blesses me and says she will try to rest for her head is bad

"Major," I whispers, looking in at the parlours, "I beg and pray of you don't go out"

The Major whispers "Madam, trust me I will do no such a thing. How is she?"

I says "Major the good Lord above us only knows what burns and rages in her poor mind I left her sitting at her window. I am going to sit at mine"

It came on afternoon and it came on evening Norfolk is a delightful street to lodge in—provided you don't go lower down—but at a summer evening when the dust and waste paper he

in it and stray children play in it and a kind of a gritty calm and baste settles on it and a peal of church-bells in practising in the neighbourhood it is a tragic dull, and never have I seen it since at such a time and never shall I see it evermore at such a time without seeing the dull June evening when that forlorn young creature sat at her open corner window on the second and me at my open corner window (the other corner) on the third. Something merciful, something wiser and better far than my own self, had moved me while it was yet light to sit in my bonnet and shawl, and as the shadows fell and the tide rose I could sometimes—when I put out my head and looked at her window below—see that she leaned out a little looking down the street. It was just settling dark when I saw her in the street.

So fearful of losing sight of her that it almost stops my breath while I tell it, I went down stairs faster than I ever moved in all my life and only tapped with my hand at the Major's door in passing it and slipping out. She was gone already. I made the same speed down the street and when I came to the corner of Howard street I saw that she had turned it and was there plain before me going towards the west. O with what a thankful heart I saw her going along!

She was quite unacquainted with London and had very seldom been out for more than an airing in our own street where she knew two or three little children belonging to neighbours and had sometimes stood among them at the end of the street looking at the water. She must be going at hazard I knew, still she kept the by streets quite correctly as long as they would serve her, and then turned up into the Strand. But at every corner I could see her head turned one way, and that way was always the river way.

It may have been only the darkness and quiet of the Adelphi that caused her to strike into it but she struck into it much as readily as if she had set out to go there, which perhaps was the case. She went straight down to the Terrace and along it and looked over the iron rail, and I often woke afterwards in my own bed with the horror of seeing her doing it. The desertion of the wharf below and the flowing of the high water there seemed to settle her purpose. She looked about as if to make out the way down, and she struck out the right way or the wrong way—I don't know which, for I don't know the place before or since—and I followed her the way she went.

It was noticeable that all this time she never once looked back. But there was now a great change in the manner of her going, and instead of going at a steady quick walk with her arms folded before her, among the dark dismal arches she went in a wild way with her arms opened wide, as if they were wings and she was flying to her death.

We were on the wharf and she stopped. I

stopped. I saw her hands at her waist, strange, and I rushed between her and the water, and took her round the waist with both my arms. She might have drowned me, I felt then, but she could never have got quit of me.

Down so that moment my mind had been all in a maze and not half an idea had I had in it what I should say to her, but the instant I touched her it came to me like magic and I had my natural voice and my senses and even almost my breath.

"Mrs Edson!" I says "My dear! Take care. How ever did you lose your way and stumble on a dangerous place like this? Why you must have come here by the most perplexing streets in all London. No wonder you are lost, I am sure. And this place too! Why I thought nobody ever got here, except me to order my coals and the Major in the parlours to smoke his cigar"—for I saw that blessed man close by, pretending to it.

"Hah—Hah—Hum!" coughs the Major.

"And good gracious me!" I says, "why here he is!"

"Halloa! who goes there!" says the Major in a military manner.

"Well!" I says, "if this don't beat every thing! Don't you know us Major Jack man?"

"Halloa!" says the Major. "Who calls on Jemmy Jackman?" (and more out of breath he was, and did it less like life, than I should have expected.)

"Why here's Mrs. Edson Major!" I says, "strolling out to cool her poor head which has been very bad, has missed her way and got lost, and Goodness knows where she might have got to but for me coming here to drop an order into my coal merchant's letter-box and you coming here to smoke your cigar!—And you really are not well enough my dear!" I says to her "to be half so far from home without me—And your aim will be very acceptable I am sure Major!" I says to him "and I know she may lean upon it as heavy as she likes." And now we had both got her—thanks be Above!—one on each side.

She was all in a cold shiver and she so continued till I laid her on her own bed, and up to the early morning she held me by the hand and moaned and moaned "O wicked, wicked, wicked!" But when at last I made believe to droop my head and be overpowered with a dead sleep, I heard that poor young creature give such touching and such humble thanks for being preserved from taking her own life in her madness that I thought I should have cried my eyes out on the counterpane and I knew she was safe.

Being well enough to do and able to afford it, me and the Major laid our little plans next day while she was asleep worn out, and so I says to her as soon as I could do it nicely.

"Mrs. Edson my dear, when Mr. Edson paid me the rent for these father six months—"

She gave a start and I felt her large eyes look

at me, but I went on with it and with my needle-work

"—I can't say that I am quite sure I dated the receipt right. Could you let me look at it?"

She laid her frozen cold hand upon mine and she looked through me when I was forced to look up from my needlework, but I had taken the precaution of having on my spectacles

"I have no receipt" says she

"Ah! Then he has got it" I says in a careless way. "It's of no great consequence. A receipt's a receipt."

From that time she always had hold of my hand when I could spare it which was generally only when I read to her, for of course she and me had our bits of needlework to plod at and neither of us was very handy at those little things, though I am still rather proud of my share in them too considering. And though she took to all I read to her, I used to fancy that next to what was taught upon the Mount she took most of all to His gentle compassion for us poor women and to His young life and to how His mother was proud of him and treasured His sayings in her heart. She had a grateful look in her eyes that never never never will be out of mine until they are closed in my last sleep and when I chanced to look at her without thinking of it I would always meet that look, and she would often offer me her trembling lip to kiss, much more like a little affectionate half broken hearted child than ever I can imagine any grown person

One time the trembling of this poor lip was so strong and her tears ran down so fast that I thought she was going to tell me all her woes, so I takes her two hands in mine and I says

"No my dear not now, you had best not try to do it now. Wait for better times when you have got over this and are strong, and then you shall tell me whatever you will. Shall it be agreed?"

With our hands still joined she nodded her head many times, and she lifted my hands and put them to her lips and to her bosom

"Only one word now my dear" I says "Is there any one?"

She looked inquiringly "Any one?"

"That I can go to."

She shook her head

"No one that I can bring?"

She shook her head

"No one wanted by me my dear. Now that may be considered past and gone."

Not much more than a week afterwards—for this was far on in the time of our being so together—I was bending over at her bedside with my ear down to her lips, by turns listening for her breath and looking for a sign of life in her face. At last it came in a solemn way—not in a flash but like a kind of pale faint light brought very slow to the face

She said something to me that had no sound in it, but I saw she asked me:

"Is this death?"

And I says "Poor dear poor dear, I think it is."

Knowing somehow that she wanted me to move her weak right hand, I took it and laid it on her breast and then folded her other hand upon it, and she prayed a good good prayer and I joined in it poor me though there were no words spoke. Then I brought the baby in its wrappers from where it lay, and I says

"My dear this is sent to a childless old woman. This is for me to take care of."

The trembling lip was put up towards my face for the last time, and I dearly kissed it.

"Yes my dear" I says "Please God! Me and the Mayor."

I don't know how to tell it right, but I saw her soul brighten and leap up, and get free and fly away, in the grateful look

* * * * *

So this is the why and wherefore of its coming to pass my dear that we called him Jennie being after the Mayor his own godfather with Lirriper for a surname being after myself, and never was a dear child such a brightening thing in a Lodgings or such a playmate to his grand mother as Jennie to this house and me, and always good and minding what he was told (upon the whole) and soothing for the temper and making everything pleasant except when he grew old enough to drop his cap down Wozzenham's Airy and they wouldn't hand it up to him, and being worked into a state I put on my best bonnet and gloves and parasol with the child in my hand and I says "Miss Wozzenham I little thought ever to have entered your house but unless my grandson's cap is instantly restored, the laws of this country regulating the property of the Subject shall at length decide between twist yourself and me, cost what it may." With a smelt upon her face which did strike me I next say as being expressive of two keys but it may have been a mistake and if there is any doubt let Miss Wozzenham have the full benefit of it as is but right, she rang the bell and she says "Jane, is there a strict-child's old cap down our Airy?" I says "Miss Wozzenham before your housemaid answers that question you must allow me to inform you to your face that my grandson is not a strict child and is not in the habit of wearing old cap. In fact" I says "Miss Wozzenham I am far from sure that my grandson's cap may not be newer than your own" which was perfectly savage in me, her face being the commonest machine make washed and torn besides, but I had been put into a state to begin with fomented by impertinence. Miss Wozzenham says red in the face "Jane you heard my question, is there any child's cap down our Airy?" "Yes Ma'am" says Jane "I think I did see some such rubbish a lying there." "Then" says Miss Wozzenham "let these visitors out, and then throw up that worthless article out of my premises." But here the child who had been staring at Miss Wozzenham with

all his eyes and more, frowns down his little eyebrows purses up his little mouth puts his chubby legs far apart turns his little dimpled fists round and round slowly over one another like a little coffee-mill, and says to her "Oo impudent to mi Gran, me tut oor hi!" "Oh!" says Miss Wozenham looking down scornfully at the Mite "this is not a street-child is it not! Really!" I bursts out laughing and I says "Miss Wozenham if this an't a pretty sight to you I don't envy your feelings and I wish you good day. Jemmy come along with Gran." And I was still in the best of humours though his cap came flying up into the street as if it had been just turned on out of the water-plug, and I went home laughing all the way, all owing to that dear boy.

The miles and miles that me and the Major have travelled with Jemmy in the dusk between the lights are not to be calculated, Jemmy driving on the coach-box which is the Major's brass-bound writing-desk on the table, me inside in the easy-chair and the Major Guard up behind with a brown-paper horn doing it really wonderful. I do assure you my dear that sometimes when I have taken a few winks in my place inside the coach and have come half awake by the flashing light of the fire and have heard that precious pet driving and the Major blowing up behind to have the change of horses ready when we got to the Inn, I have half believed we were on the old North Road that my poor Lirriper knew so well. Then to see that child and the Major both wrapped up getting down to warm their feet and going stamping about and having glasses of ale out of the paper match-boxes on the chimney-piece is to see the Major enjoying it fully as much as the child I am very sure, and it's equal to any play when Coachee opens the coach-door to look in at me inside and say "Very 'past that 'tage.—'Prightened old lady?"

But what my inexpressible feelings were when I lost that child can only be compared to the Major's which were not a shade better, through his straying out at five year old and eleven o'clock in the forenoon and never heard of by word or sign or deed till half-past nine at night, when the Major had gone to the Editor of the Times newspaper to put in an advertisement, which came out next day four and twenty hours after he was found, and which I mean always carefully to keep in my lavender drawer as the first printed account of him. The more the day got on, the more I got distracted and the Major too and both of us made worse by the composed ways of the police though very civil and obliging and what I must call their obstinacy in not entertaining the idea that he was stolen. "We mostly find Mum" says the sergeant who came round to comfort me, which he didn't at all and he had been one of the private constables in Caroline's time to which he referred in his opening words when he said "Don't give way to uneasiness in your mind Mum, it'll all come as right as my nose did when I got the same barked by that young woman in your second

floor"—says this sergeant "we mostly find Mum as people ain't over anxious to have what I may call second-hand children. *You'll* get him back Mum." "O but my dear good sir" I says clapping my hands and wringing them and clasping them again "he is such an uncommon child!" "Yes Mum" says the sergeant, "we mostly find that too Mum. The question is what his clothes were worth." "His clothes" I says "were not worth much sir for he had only got his playing-dress on, but the dear child!—" "All right Mum" says the sergeant. "*You'll* get him back, Mum. And even if he'd had his best clothes on, it wouldn't come to worse than his being found wrapped up in a cabbage-leaf, a shivering in a lane." His words pierced my heart like daggers and jagers, and me and the Major ran in and out like wild things all day long till the Major returning from his interview with the Editor of the Times at night rushes into my little room hysterical and squeezes my hand and wipes his eyes and says "Joy joy—officer in plain clothes came up on the steps as I was letting myself in—compose your feelings—Jemmy's found." Consequently I fainted away and when I came to, embraced the legs of the officer in plain clothes who seemed to be taking a kind of a quiet inventory in his mind of the property in my little room with brown whiskers, and I says "Blessings on you sir where is the Darling?" and he says "In Kennington Station House." I was dropping at his feet Stone at the image of that Innocence in cells with murderers when he adds "He followed the Monkey." I says deeming it slang language "Oh sir explain for a loving grandmother what Monkey?" He says "him in the spangled cap with the strap under the chin, as won't keep on—him as sweeps the crossings on a round table and don't want to draw his sabre more than he can help." Then I understood it all and most thankfully thanked him, and me and the Major and him drove over to Kennington and there we found our boy lying quite comfortable before a blazing fire having sweetly played himself to sleep upon a small accordion nothing like so big as a flat iron which they had been so kind as to lend him for the purpose and which it appeared had been stopped upon a very young person.

My dear the system upon which the Major commenced and as I may say perfected Jemmy's learning when he was so small that if the dear was on the other side of the table you had to look under it instead of over it to see him with his mother's own bright hair in beautiful curls, is a thing that ought to be known to the Throne and Lords and Commons and then might obtain some promotion for the Major which he well deserves and would be none the worse for (speaking between friends) L. S. D. ically. When the Major first undertook his learning he says to me:

"I'm going Madam," he says "to make our child a Calculating Boy."

"Major" I says, "you terrify me and may do

the pet a permanent injury you would never forgive yourself."

"Madam," says the Major, "next to my regret that when I had my back-sponge in my hand, I didn't choke that scoundrel with it—the spot—"

"There! For Gracious sake," I interrupt, "let his conscience find him without sponges."

"—I say next to that regret, Madam," says the Major "would be the regret with which my breast," which he tapped, "would be surcharged if this fine mind was not early cultivated. But mark me Madam," says the Major holding up his forefinger "cultivated on a principle that will make it a delight."

"Major," I says "I will be candid with you and tell you openly that if ever I find the dear child fall off in his appetite I shall know it is his calculations and shall put a stop to them at two minutes' notice. Or if I find them mounting to his head" I says, "or striking any ways cold to his stomach or leading to anything approaching flabbiness in his legs, the result will be the same, but Major you are a clever man and have seen much and you love the child and are his own godfather, and if you feel a confidence in trying try."

"Spoken Madam," says the Major "like Emma Lirriper. All I have to ask Madam, is, that you will leave my godson and myself to make a week or two's preparations for surprising you, and that you will give me leave to have up and down any small articles not actually in use that I may require from the kitchen."

"From the kitchen Major?" I says half feeling as if he had a mind to cook the child.

"From the kitchen" says the Major, and smiles and swells, and at the same time looks taller.

So I passed my word and the Major and the dear boy were shut up together for half an hour at a time through a certain while, and never could I hear anything going on betwixt them but talking and laughing and Jemmy clapping his hands and screaming out numbers, so I says to myself "it has not harmed him yet" nor could I on examining the dear find any signs of it anywhere about him which was likewise a great relief. At last one day Jemmy brings me a card in joke in the Major's neat writing "The Messrs. Jemmy Jackman" for we had given him the Major's other name too "request the honour of Mrs. Lirriper's company at the Jackman Institution in the front parlour this evening at five, military time, to witness a few slight feats of elementary arithmetic." And if you'll believe me there in the front parlour at five punctual to the moment was the Major behind the Pembroke table with both leaves up and a lot of things from the kitchen tidily set out on old newspapers spread atop of it, and there was the Mite stood up on a chair with his rosy cheeks flushing and his eyes sparkling clusters of diamonds.

"Now Gran" says he, "oo tit down and don't oo touch ler people"—for he saw with every

one of those diamonds of his that I was going to give him a squeeze.

"Very well sir" I says "I am obedient in this good company I am sure." And I sits down in the easy chair that was put for me, shaking my sides.

But picture my admiration when the Major going on almost as quick as if he was conjuring sets out all the articles he names, and says, "Three saucepans, an Italian iron, a hand-bell, a boasting-fork, a nutmeg-grater, four pot-lids, a spice-box, two egg-cups, and a chopping-board—how many?" and when that Mite instantly cries "Fifteen, tut down tive and carry ler 'toppin-board'" and then claps his hands draws up his legs and dances on his chair!

My dear with the same astonishing ease and correctness him and the Major added up the tables chairs and sofa, the pictures fender and fire-irons their own selves me and the cat and the eyes in Miss Wozenham's head, and whenever the sum was done Young Roses and Diamonds claps his hands and draws up his legs and dances on his chair.

The pride of the Major! ("Here's a mind Ma'am!" he says to me behind his hand.)

Then he says aloud, "We now come to the next elementary rule: which is called—"

"Umtraction!" cries Jemmy.

"Right" says the Major. "We have here a toasting-fork, a potato in its natural state, two pot-lids, one egg-cup, a wooden spoon, and two skewers, from which it is necessary for commercial purposes to subtract a sprat-gridiron, a small pickle-jar, two lemons, one pepper-castor, a blackbeetle-trap, and a knob of the dresser-drawer—what remains?"

"Toatin-fork!" cries Jemmy.

"In numbers how many?" says the Major.

"One!" cries Jemmy.

("Here's a boy, Ma'am!" says the Major to me, behind his hand.)

Then the Major goes on:

"We now approach the next elementary rule: which is entitled—"

"Tickleication" cries Jemmy.

"Correct" says the Major.

But my dear to relate to you in detail the way in which they multiplied fourteen sticks of firewood by two bits of ginger and a larding-needle, or divided pretty well everything else there was on the table by the heater of the Italian iron and a chamber candlestick, and got a lemon over, would make my head spin round and round and round as it did at the time. So I says "if you'll excuse my addressing the chair Professor Jackman I think the period of the lecture has now arrived when it becomes necessary that I should take a good hug of this young scholar." Upon which Jemmy calls out from his station on the chair "Gran oo open oor arms and me'll make a 'pring into 'em." So I opened my arms to him as I had opened my sorrowful heart when his poor young mother lay a dying, and he had his jump and we had a good long hug together and the Major prouder than any peacock says to me behind his hand, "You need not let him

knew it Madam" (which I certainly need not for the Major was quite audible) "but he is a boy!"

In this way Jemmy grew and grew and went to day-school and continued under the Major too, and in summer we were as happy as the days were long and in winter we were as happy as the days were short and there seemed to rest a Blessing on the Lodgings for they as good as let themselves and would have done it if there had been twice the accommodation, when sore and hard against my will I one day says to the Major

"Major you know what I am going to break to you. Our boy must go to boarding-school."

It was a sad sight to see the Major's countenance drop, and I pitied the good soul with all my heart.

"Yes Major" I says "though he is as popular with the Lodgers as you are yourself and though he is to you and me what only you and me know, still it is in the course of things and Life is made of partings and we must part with our Pet."

Bold as I spoke, I saw two Majors and half a dozen fireplaces, and when the poor Major put one of his neat bright-varnished boots upon the fender and his elbow on his knee and his head upon his hand and rocked himself a little to and fro, I was dreadfully cut up.

"But" says I clearing my throat "you have so well prepared him Major—he has had such a Tutor in you—that he will have none of the first drudgery to go through. And he is so clever besides that he'll soon make his way to the front rank."

"He is a boy" says the Major—having sniffed—"that has not his like on the face of the earth."

"True as you say Major, and it is not for us merely for our own sakes to do anything to keep him back from being a credit and an ornament wherever he goes and perhaps even rising to be a great man, is it Major? He will have all my little savings when my work is done (being all the world to me) and we must try to make him a wise man and a good man, mustn't we Major?"

"Madam" says the Major rising "Jemmy Jackman is becoming an older file than I was aware of, and you put him to shame. You are thoroughly right Madam. You are simply and undeniably right.—And if you'll excuse me, I'll take a walk."

So the Major being gone out and Jemmy being at home, I got the child into my little room here and I stood him by my chair and I took his mother's own curls in my hand and I spoke to him loving and serious. And when I had reminded the darling how that he was now in his tenth year and when I had said to him about his getting on in life pretty much what I had said to the Major I broke to him how that we must have this same parting, and there I was forced to stop for there I saw of a sudden the well remembered lip with its tremble, and it so brought back that time! But with the spirit

that was in him he controlled it soon and he says gravely nodding through his tears, "I understand Gran—I know it must be, Gran—go on Gran, don't be afraid of me." And when I had said all that ever I could think of, he turned his bright steady face to mine and he says just a little broken here and there "You shall see Gran that I can be a man and that I can do anything that is grateful and loving to you—and if I don't grow up to be what you would like to have me—I hope it will be—because I shall die." And with that he set down by me and I went on to tell him of the school of which I had excellent recommendations and where it was and how many scholars and what games they played as I had heard and what length of holidays, to all of which he listened bright and clear. And so it came that at last he says "And now dear Gran let me kneel down here where I have been used to say my prayers and let me fold my face for just a minute in your gown and let me cry, for you have been more than father—more than mother—more than brothers sisters friends—to me!" And so he did cry and I too and we were both much the better for it.

From that time forth he was true to his word and ever blithe and ready, and even when me and the Major took him down into Lincolnshire he was far the gayest of the party though for a while and certain he might easily have been that, but he really was and put life into us only when it came to the last Good-by, he says with a wistful look "You wouldn't have me not really sorry would you Gran?" and when I says "No dear, Lord forbid!" he says "I am glad of that!" and ran in out of sight.

But now that the child was gone out of the Lodgings the Major fell into a regularly moping state. It was taken notice of by all the Lodgers that the Major moped. He hadn't even the same air of being rather tall that he used to have, and if he varnished his boots with a single gleam of interest it was as much as he did.

One evening the Major came into my little room to take a cup of tea and a morsel of buttered toast and to read Jemmy's newest letter which had arrived that afternoon (by the very same postman more than middle-aged upon the Beat now), and the letter raising him up a little I says to the Major:

"Major you mustn't get into a moping way."

The Major shook his head. "Jemmy Jackman Madam," he says with a deep sigh, "is an older file than I thought him."

"Moping is not the way to grow younger Major."

"My dear Madam," says the Major, "is there any way of growing younger?"

Feeling that the Major was getting rather the best of that point I made a diversion to another.

"Thirteen years! Thirteen years! Many Lodgers have come and gone, in the thirteen years that you have lived in the parlours Major."

"Hah!" says the Major warming. "Many Madam, many."

"And I should say you have been familiar with them all?"

"As a rule (with its exceptions like all rules) my dear Madam" says the Major, "they have honoured me with their acquaintance, and not unfrequently with their confidence."

Watching the Major as he drooped his white head and stroked his black moustachios and moped again, a thought which I think must have been going about looking for an owner somewhere dropped into my old noddle if you will excuse the expression.

"The walls of my Lodgings" I says in a casual way—for my dear it is of no use going straight at a man who mopes—"might have something to tell, if they could tell it."

The Major neither moved nor said anything but I saw he was attending with his shoulders my dear—attending with his shoulders to what I said. In fact I saw that his shoulders were struck by it.

"The dear boy was always fond of story-books" I went on, like as if I was talking to myself. "I am sure this house—his own home—might write a story or two for his reading one day or another."

The Major's shoulders gave a dip and a curve and his head came up in his shirt-collar. The Major's head came up in his shirt-collar as I hadn't seen it come up since Jemmy went to school.

"It is unquestionable that in intervals of cribbage and a friendly rubber, my dear Madam," says the Major, "and also over what used to be called in my young times—in the salad days of Jemmy Jackman—the social glass, I have exchanged many a reminiscence with your Lodgers."

My remark was—I confess I made it with the deepest and artfullest of intentions—"I wish our dear boy had heard them!"

"Are you serious Madam?" asks the Major starting and turning full round.

"Why not Major?"

"Madam" says the Major, turning up one of his cuffs, "they shall be written for him."

"Ah! Now you speak" I says giving my hands a pleased clap. "Now you are in a way out of moping Major!"

"Between this and my holidays—I mean the dear boy's" says the Major turning up his other cuff, "a good deal may be done towards it."

"Major you are a clever man and you have seen much and not a doubt of it."

"I'll begin," says the Major looking as tall as ever he did, "to-morrow."

My dear the Major was another man in three days and he was himself again in a week and he wrote and wrote and wrote with his pen scratching like rats behind the wainscot, and whether he had many grounds to go upon or whether he did at all romance I cannot tell you, but what he has written is in the left-hand glass closet of the little bookcase close behind you, and if you'll put your hand in you'll find it come out

heavy in lumps sewn together and being beautifully plain and unknown Greek and Hebrew to myself and me quite wakeful, I shall take it as a favour if you'll read out loud and read on.

II.

HOW THE FIRST FLOOR WENT TO CROWLEY CASTLE.

I have come back to London, Major, possessed by a family-atory that I have picked up in the country. While I was out of town, I visited the ruins of the great old Norman castle of Sir Mark Crowley, the last baronet of his name, who has been dead nearly a hundred years. I stayed in the village near the castle, and thence I bring back some of the particulars of the tale I am going to tell you, derived from old inhabitants who heard them from their fathers;—no longer ago.

We drove from our little sea-bathing place, in Sussex, to see the massive ruins of Crowley Castle, which is the show-excursion of Merton. We had to alight at a field gate; the road further on being too bad for the slightly-built carriage, or the poor tired Merton horse: and we walked for about a quarter of a mile through uneven ground, which had once been an Italian garden; and then we came to a bridge over a dry moat, and went over the groove of a portcullis that had once closed the massive entrance, into an empty space surrounded by thick walls, draped with ivy, unroofed, and open to the sky. We could judge of the beautiful tracery that had been in the windows, by the remains of the stonework here and there; and an old man—"ever so old," he called himself when we inquired his exact age—who scrambled and stumbled out of some lair in the least devastated part of the ruins at our approach, and who established himself as our guide, showed us a scrap of glass yet lingering in what was the window of the great drawing-room not above seventy years ago. After he had done his duty, he hobbled with us to the neighbouring church, where the knightly Crowleys lie buried: some commemorated by ancient brasses, some by altartombs, some by fine Latin epitaphs, bestowing upon them every virtue under the sun. He had to take the church-key back to the adjoining parsonage at the entrance of the long straggling street which forms the village of Crowley. The castle and the church were on the summit of a hill, from which we could see the distant line of sea beyond the misty marshes. The village fell away from the church and parsonage, down the hill. The aspect of the place was little, if at all, changed, from its aspect in the year 1772.

But I must begin a little earlier. From one of the Latin epitaphs I learnt, that Amelia Lady Crowley died in 1756, deeply regretted by her loving husband, Sir Mark. He never married again, though his wife had left him no heir to his name or his estate—only a little tiny girl—Theresa-Crowley. This child would inherit her mother's fortune, and all that Sir Mark was free to leave; but this little was not much; the castle

and all the lands going to his sister's son, Mar-maduke, or as he was usually called Duke, Brownlow. Duke's parents were dead, and his uncle was his guardian, and his guardian's house was his home. The lad was some seven or eight years older than his cousin; and probably Sir Mark thought it not unlikely that his daughter and his heir might make a match. Theresa's mother had had some foreign blood in her, and had been brought up in France—not so far away but that its shores might be seen by any one who chose to take an easy day's ride from Crowley Castle for the purpose.

Lady Crowley had been a delicate elegant creature, but no great beauty, judging from all accounts; Sir Mark's family were famous for their good looks; Theresa, an unusually lucky child, inherited the outward graces of both her parents. A portrait which I saw of her, degraded to a station over the parlour chimney-piece in the village inn, showed me black hair, soft yet arch grey eyes with brows and lashes of the same tint as her hair, a full pretty pouting passionate mouth, and a round slender throat. She was a wilful little creature, and her father's indulgence made her more wayward. She had a nurse, too, a French *bonne*, whose mother had been about my lady from her youth, who had followed my lady to England, and who had died there. Victorine had been in attendance on the young Theresa from her earliest infancy, and almost took the place of a parent in power and affection—in power, as to ordering and arranging almost what she liked, concerning the child's management—in love, because they speak to this day of the black year when virulent small-pox was rife in Crowley, and when, Sir Mark being far away on some diplomatic mission—in Vienna, I fancy—Victorine shut herself up with Miss Theresa when the child was taken ill with the disease, and nursed her night and day. She only succumbed to the dreadful illness when all danger to the child was over. Theresa came out of it with unblemished beauty; Victorine barely escaped with life, and was disfigured for life.

This disfigurement put a stop to much unfounded scandal which had been afloat respecting the French servant's great influence over Sir Mark. He was, in fact, an easy and indolent man, rarely excited to any vehemence of emotion, and who felt it to be a point of honour to carry out his dead wife's wish that Victorine should never leave Theresa, and that the management of the child should be confided to her. Only once had there been a struggle for power between Sir Mark and the *bonne*, and then she had won the victory. And no wonder, if the old butler's account were true; for he had gone into the room unawares, and had found Sir Mark and Victorine at high words; and he said that Victorine was white with rage, that her eyes were blazing with passionate fire, that her voice was low, and her words were few, but that, although she spoke in French, and he the butler only knew his native English, he would rather have been *sporn* at by a drunken grenadier

with a sword in his hand, than have had those words of Victorine's addressed to him.

Even the choice of Theresa's masters was left to Victorine. A little reference was occasionally made to Madam Hawtrey, the parson's wife and a distant relation of Sir Mark's, but, seeing that, if Victorine chose so to order it, Madam Hawtrey's own little daughter Bessy would have been deprived of the advantages resulting from gratuitous companionship in all Theresa's lessons, she was careful how she opposed or made an enemy of Mademoiselle Victorine. Bessy was a gentle quiet child, and grew up to be a sensible sweet-tempered girl, with a very fair share of English beauty; fresh-complexion, brown-eyed round-faced, with a stiff though well-made figure, as different as possible from Theresa's slight lithe graceful form. Duke was a young man to these two maidens, while they to him were little more than children. Of course he admired his cousin Theresa the most—who would not?—but he was establishing his first principles of morality for himself, and her conduct towards Bessy sometimes jarred against his ideas of right. One day, after she had been tyrannising over the self-contained and patient Bessy so as to make the latter cry—and both the amount of the tyranny and the crying were unusual circumstances, for Theresa was of a generous nature when not put out of the way—Duke spoke to his cousin.

"Theresa! You had no right to blame Bessy as you did. It was as much your fault as hers. You were as much bound to remember Mr. Dawson's directions about the sums you were to do for him, as she was."

The girl opened her great grey eyes in surprise. She to blame!

"What does Bessy come to the castle for, I wonder? They pay nothing—we pay all. The least she can do, is to remember for me what we are told. I shan't trouble myself with attending to Mr. Dawson's directions; and if Bessy does not like to do so, she can stay away. She already knows enough to earn her bread as a maid: which I suppose is what she'll have to come to."

The moment Theresa had said this, she could have bitten her tongue out for the meanness and rancour of the speech. She saw pain and disappointment clearly expressed on Duke's face; and, in another moment, her impulses would have carried her to the opposite extreme, and she would have spoken out her self-reproach. But Duke thought it his duty to remonstrate with her, and to read her a homily, which, however true and just, weakened the effect of the look of distress on his face. Her wits were called into play to refute his arguments; her head rather than her heart took the prominent part in the controversy; and it ended unsatisfactorily to both; he, going away with dismal though unspoken prognostics touching what she would become as a woman if she were so supercilious and unfeeling as a girl; she, the moment his back was turned, throwing herself on the floor and sobbing as if her heart would break. Vic-

torine heard her darling's passionate sobs, and came in.

"What hast thou, my angel! Who has been vexing thee,—tell me, my cherished?"

She tried to raise the girl, but Theresa would not be raised; neither would she speak till she chose, in spite of Victorine's entreaties. When she chose, she lifted herself up, still sitting on the floor, and putting her tangled hair off her flushed tear-stained face, said:

"Never mind, it was only something Duke said; I don't care for it now." And refusing Victorine's aid, she got up, and stood thoughtfully looking out of window.

"That Duke!" exclaimed Victorine. "What business has that Mr. Duke to go vex my darling? He is not your husband yet, that he should scold you, or that you should mind what he says."

Theresa listened and gained a new idea; but she gave no outward sign of attention, or of her now hearing for the first time how that she was supposed to be intended for her cousin's wife. She made no reply to Victorine's caresses and speeches; one might almost say she shook her off. As soon as she was left to herself, she took her hat, and going out alone, as she was wont, in the pleasure-grounds, she went down the terrace steps, crossed the bowling-green, and opened a little wicket-gate which led into the garden of the parsonage. There, were Bessy and her mother, gathering fruit. It was Bessy whom Theresa sought; for there was something in Madam Hawtrey's silky manner that was always rather repugnant to her. However, she was not going to shrink from her resolution because Madam Hawtrey was there. So she went up to the startled Bessy, and said to her, as if she were reciting a prepared speech: "Bessy, I behaved very crossly to you; I had no business to have spoken to you as I did."—"Will you forgive me?" was the pre-determined end of this confession; but somehow, when it came to that, she could not say it with Madam Hawtrey standing by, ready to smile and to curtsy as soon as she could catch Theresa's eye. There was no need to ask forgiveness though; for Bessy had put down her half filled basket, and came softly up to Theresa, stealing her brown soil-stained little hand into the young lady's soft white one, and looking up at her with loving brown eyes.

"I am so sorry, but I think it was the suns on page 108. I have been looking and looking, and I am almost sure."

Her exculpatory tone caught her mother's ear, although her words did not.

"I am sure, Miss Theresa, Bessy is so grateful for the privileges of learning with you! It is such an advantage to her! I often tell her, 'Take pattern by Miss Theresa, and do as she does, and try and speak as she does, and there'll not be a parson's daughter in all Sussex to compare with you!' Don't I, Bessy?"

Theresa shrugged her shoulders—a trick she had caught from Victorine—and, turning to Bessy, asked her what she was going to do with

those gooseberries she was gathering? And as Theresa spoke, she lazily picked the ripest out of the basket, and ate them.

"They are for a pudding," said Bessy. "As soon as we have gathered enough, I am going in to make it."

"I'll come and help you," said Theresa, eagerly. "I should so like to make a pudding. Our Monsieur Antoine never makes gooseberry puddings."

Duke came past the parsonage an hour or so afterwards: and, looking in by chance through the open casement windows of the kitchen, saw Theresa pinned up in a bib and apron, her arms all over flour, flourishing a rolling-pin, and laughing and chattering with Bessy similarly attired. Duke had spent his morning ostensibly in fishing; but in reality in weighing in his own mind what he could do or say to soften the obdurate heart of his cousin. And here it was, all inexplicably right, as if by some enchanter's wand!

The only conclusion Duke could come to was the same that many a wise (and foolish) man had come to before his day:

"Well! Women are past my comprehension, that's all!"

When all this took place, Theresa was about fifteen; Bessy was perhaps six months older; Duke was just leaving Oxford. His uncle, Sir Mark, was excessively fond of him; yes! and proud, too, for he had distinguished himself at college, and every one spoke well of him. And he, for his part, loved Sir Mark, and, unspoiled by the fame and reputation he had gained at Christ Church, paid respectful deference to Sir Mark's opinions.

As Theresa grew older, her father supposed that he played his cards well in singing Duke's praises on every possible occasion. She tossed her head, and said nothing. Thanks to Victorine's revelations, she understood the tendency of her father's speeches. She intended to make her own choice of a husband when the time came; and it might be Duke, or it might be some one else. When Duke did not lecture or prose, but was sitting his horse so splendidly at the meet, before the huntsman gave the blast, "Found;" when Duke was holding his own in discourse with other men; when Duke gave her a short sharp word of command on any occasion; then she decided that she would marry him, and no one else. But when he found fault, or stumbled about awkwardly in a minuet, or talked moralities against duelling, then she was sure that Duke should never be her husband. She wondered if he knew about it; if any one had told him, as Victorine had told her; if her father had revealed his thoughts and wishes to his nephew, as plainly as he had done to his daughter? This last query made her cheeks burn; and, on days when the suspicion had been brought by any chance prominently before her mind, she was especially rude and disagreeable to Duke.

He was to go abroad on the grand tour of Europe, to which young men of fortune usually devoted three years. He was to have a tutor,

because all young men of his rank had tutors; else he was quite wise enough, and steady enough, to have done without one, and probably knew a good deal more about what was best to be observed in the countries they were going to visit, than Mr. Roberts, his appointed bear-leader. He was to come back full of historical and political knowledge, speaking French and Italian like a native, and having a smattering of barbarous German, and he was to enter the House as a county member, if possible—as a borough member at the worst; and was to make a great success; and then, as every one understood, he was to marry his cousin Theresa.

He spoke to her father about it, before starting on his travels. It was after dinner in Crowley Castle. Sir Mark and Duke sat alone, each pensive at the thought of the coming parting.

"Theresa is but young," said Duke, breaking into speech after a long silence, "but if you have no objection, uncle, I should like to speak to her before I leave England, about my—my hopes."

Sir Mark played with his glass, poured out some more wine, drank it off at a draught, and then replied:

"No, Duke, no. Leave her in peace with me. I have looked forward to having her for my companion through these three years; they'll soon pass away" (to age, but not to youth), "and I should like to have her undivided heart till you come back. No, Duke! Three years will soon pass away, and then we'll have a royal wedding."

Duke sighed, but said no more. The next day was the last. He wanted Theresa to go with him to take leave of the Hawtreys at the Parsonage, and of the villagers; but she was wilful, and would not. He remembered, years afterwards, how Bessy's gentle peaceful manner had struck him as contrasted with Theresa's, on that last day. Both girls regretted his departure. He had been so uniformly gentle and thoughtful in his behaviour to Bessy, that, without any idea of love, she felt him to be her pattern of noble chivalrous manhood; the only person, except her father, who was steadily kind to her. She admired his sentiments, she esteemed his principles, she considered his long evolution of his ideas as the truest eloquence. He had lent her books, he had directed her studies; all the advice and information which Theresa had rejected had fallen to Bessy's lot, and she had received it thankfully.

Theresa burst into a passion of tears as soon as Duke and his suite were out of sight. She had refused the farewell kiss her father had told her to give him, but had waved her white handkerchief out of the great drawing-room window (that very window in which the old guide showed me the small piece of glass still lingering). But Duke had ridden away with slack rein and downcast head, without looking back.

His absence was a great blank in Sir Mark's life. He had never sought London much as a place of residence; in former days he had been

suspected of favouring the Stuarts; but nothing could be proved against him, and he had subsided into a very tolerably faithful subject of King George the Third. Still, a cold shoulder having been turned to him by the court party at one time, he had become prepossessed against the English capital. On the contrary, his wife's predilections and his own tendencies had always made Paris a very agreeable place of residence to him. To Paris he at length resorted again, when the blank in his life oppressed him; and from Paris, about two years after Duke's departure, he returned after a short absence from home, and suddenly announced to his daughter and the household that he had taken an apartment in the Rue Louis le Grand for the coming winter, to which there was to be an immediate removal of his daughter, Victorine, and certain other personal attendants and servants.

Nothing could exceed Theresa's mad joy at this unexpected news. She sprang upon her father's neck, and kissed him till she was tired—whatever he was. She ran to Victorine, and told her to guess what "heavenly bliss" was going to befall them, dancing round the middle-aged woman until she, in her spoilt impatience, was becoming angry, when, kissing her, she told her, and ran off to the Parsonage, and thence to the church, bursting in upon morning prayers—for it was All Saints' Day, although she had forgotten it—and filiping a scrap of paper on which she had hastily written, "We are going to Paris for the winter—all of us," rolled into a ball, from the castle pew to that of the parson. She saw Bessy reddened as she caught it, put it into her pocket unread, and, after an apologetic glance at the curtained seat in which Theresa was, go on with her meek responses. Theresa went out by the private door in a momentary fit of passion. "Stupid cold-blooded creature!" she said to herself. But that afternoon Bessy came to the castle, so sorry—and so losing her own sorrow in sympathy with her friend's gladness, that Theresa took her into favour again. The girls parted with promises of correspondence, and with some regret: the greatest on Bessy's side. Some grand promises of Paris fashion, and presents of dress, Theresa made in her patronising way; but Bessy did not seem to care much for them—which was fortunate, for they were never fulfilled.

Sir Mark had an idea in his head of perfecting Theresa's accomplishments and manners by Parisian masters and Parisian society. English residents in Venice, Florence, Rome, wrote to their friends at home about Duke. They spoke of him as of what we should, at the present day, call a "rising young man." His praises ran so high, that Sir Mark began to fear lest his handsome nephew, flattered by princes, courted by ambassadors, made love to by lovely Italian ladies, might find Theresa too country-bred for his taste.

Thus had come about, the engaging of the splendid apartment in the Rue Louis le Grand. The street itself is narrow, and now-a-days we

are apt to think the situation close; but in those days it was the height of fashion; for, the great arbiter of fashion, the Duc de Richelieu, lived there, and, to inhabit an apartment in that street, was in itself a mark of *bon ton*. Victorine seemed almost crazy with delight when they took possession of their new abode. "This dear Paris! This lovely France! And now I see my young lady, my darling, my angel, in a room suited to her beauty and her rank: such as my lady her mother would have planned for her, if she had lived." Any allusion to her dead mother always touched Theresa to the quick. She was in her bed, under the blue silk curtains of an alcove, when Victorine said this,—being too much fatigued after her journey to respond to Victorine's rhapsodies; but now she put out her little hand and gave Victorine's a pressure of gratitude and pleasure. Next day she wandered about the rooms and admired their splendour almost to Victorine's content. Her father, Sir Mark, found a handsome carriage and horses for his darling's use; and also found that not less necessary article—a married lady of rank who would take his girl under her wing. When all these preliminary arrangements were made, who so wildly happy as Theresa! Her carriage was of the newest fashion, fit to vie with any on the Cours de la Reine, the then fashionable drive. The box at the Grand Opéra, and at the Français, which she shared with Madame la Duchesse de G., was the centre of observation; Victorine was in her best humour, Theresa's credit at her dressmaker's was unlimited, her indulgent father was charmed with all she did and said. She had masters, it is true; but, to a rich and beautiful young lady, masters were wonderfully complaisant, and with them as with all the world, she did what she pleased. Of Parisian society, she had enough and more than enough. The duchess went everywhere, and Theresa went too. So did a certain Count de la Grange: some relation or connexion of the duchess: handsome, with a south of France handsomeness: with delicate features, marred by an over-softness of expression, from which (so men said) the tiger was occasionally seen to peep forth. But, for elegance of dress and demeanour he had not his fellow in Paris—which of course meant, not in the world.

Sir Mark heard rumours of this man's conduct, which were not pleasing to him; but when he accompanied his daughter into society, the count was only as deferential as it became a gentleman to be to so much beauty and grace. When Theresa was taken out by the duchess to the opera, to balls, to petits soupers, without her father, then the count was more than deferential; he was adoring. It was a little intoxicating for a girl brought up in the solitude of an English village, to have so many worshippers at her feet all at once, in the great gay city; and the inbred coquetry of her nature came out, adding to her outward grace, if taking away from the purity and dignity of her character. It was Victorine's delight to send her darling out arrayed for conquest; her hair delicately

powdered, and scented with *maréchale*; her little "mouches" put on with skill; the tiny half-moon patch, to lengthen the already almond-shaped eye; the minute star to give the effect of a dimple at the corner of her scarlet lips; the silver gauze looped up over the petticoat of blue brocade, distended over a hoop, much as gowns are worn in our days; the coral ornaments of her silver dress, matching with the tint of the high heels to her shoes. And, at night, Victorine was never tired of listening and questioning; of triumphing in Theresa's triumphs; of invariably reminding her that she was bound to marry the absent cousin, and return to the half-feudal state of the old castle in Sussex.

Still, even now, if Duke had returned from Italy, all might have gone well; but when Sir Mark, alarmed by the various proposals he received for Theresa's hand from needy French noblemen, and by the admiration she was exciting everywhere, wrote to Duke, and urged him to join them in Paris on his return from his travels, Duke answered that three months were yet unexpired of the time allotted for the grand tour; and that he was anxious to avail himself of that interval to see something of Spain. Sir Mark read this letter aloud to Theresa, with many expressions of annoyance as he read. Theresa merely said, "Of course, Duke does what he likes," and turned away to see some new lace brought for her inspection. She heard her father sigh over a reperusal of Duke's letter, and she set her teeth in the anger she would not show in acts or words. That day the Count de Grange met with gentler treatment from her than he had done for many days—than he had done since her father's letter to Duke had been sent off to Genoa. As ill fortune would have it, Sir Mark had occasion to return to England at this time, and he, guileless himself, consigned Theresa and her maid Victorine, and her man Felix, to the care of the duchess for three weeks. They were to reside at the Hôtel de G. during this time. The duchess welcomed them in her most caressing manner, and showed Theresa the suite of rooms, with the little private staircase, appropriated to her use.

The Count de Grange was an habitual visitor at the house of his cousin the duchess, who was a gay Parisian, absorbed in her life of giddy dissipation. The count found means of influencing Victorine in his favour; not by money; so coarse a bribe would have had no power over her; but by many presents, accompanied with sentimental letters, breathing devotion to her charge, and extreme appreciation of the faithful friend whom Theresa looked upon as a mother, and whom for this reason he, the count, revered and loved. Intermixed, were wily allusions to his great possessions in Provence, and to his ancient lineage:—the one mortgaged, the other disgraced. Victorine, whose right hand had forgotten its cunning in the length of her dreary vegetation at Crowley Castle, was deceived, and became a vehement advocate of the dissolute Adonis of the Paris

saloons, in his suit to her darling. When Sir Mark came back, he was dismayed and shocked beyond measure by finding the count and Theresa at his feet, entreating him to forgive their stolen marriage—a marriage which, though incomplete as to its legal forms, was yet too complete to be otherwise than sanctioned by Theresa's nearest friends. The duchess accused her cousin of perfidy and treason. Sir Mark said nothing. But his health failed from that time, and he sank into an old querulous grey-haired man.

There was some ado, I know not what, between Sir Mark and the count regarding the control and disposition of the fortune which Theresa inherited from her mother. The count gained the victory, owing to the different nature of the French laws from the English; and this made Sir Mark abjure the country and the city he had loved so long. Henceforward, he swore, his foot should never touch French soil; if Theresa liked to come and see him at Crowley Castle, she should be as welcome as a daughter of the house ought to be, and ever should be; but her husband should never enter the gates of the house in Sir Mark's lifetime.

For some months he was out of humour with Duke, because of his tardy return from his tour and his delay in joining them in Paris: through which, so Sir Mark fancied, Theresa's marriage had been brought about. But—when Duke came home, depressed in spirits and submissive to his uncle, even under unjust blame—Sir Mark restored him to favour in the course of a summer's day, and henceforth added another injury to the debtor side of the count's reckoning.

Duke never told his uncle of the woful ill-report he had heard of the count in Paris, where he had found all the better part of the French nobility pitying the lovely English heiress who had been entrapped into a marriage with one of the most disreputable of their order, a gambler and a reprobate. He could not leave Paris without seeing Theresa, whom he believed to be as yet unacquainted with his arrival in the city, so he went to call upon her one evening. She was sitting alone, splendidly dressed, ravishingly beautiful; she made a step forward to meet him, hardly heeding the announcement of his name; for she had recognised a man's tread, and fancied it was her husband, coming to accompany her to some grand reception. Duke saw the quick change from hope to disappointment on her mobile face, and she spoke out at once her reason. "Adolphe promised to come and fetch me; the princess receives to-night. I hardly expected a visit from you, cousin Duke," recovering herself into a pretty proud reserve. "It is a fortnight, I think, since I heard you were in Paris. I had given up all expectation of the honour of a visit from you!"

Duke felt that, as she had heard of his being there, it would be awkward to make excuses which both she and he must know to be false, or explanations the very truth of which would be offensive to the loving, trusting, deceived wife. So, he turned the conversation to his travels, his heart aching for her all the time, as

he noticed her wading attention when she heard any passing sound. Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock; he would not leave her. He thought his presence was a comfort and a pleasure to her. But when one o'clock struck, she said some unexpected business must have detained her husband, and she was glad of it, as she had all along felt too much tired to go out: and besides, the happy consequence of her husband's detention had been that long talk with Duke.

He did not see her again after this polite dismissal, nor did he see her husband at all. Whether through ill chance, or carefully disguised purpose, it did so happen that he called several times, he wrote several notes requesting an appointment when he might come with the certainty of finding the count and countess at home, in order to wish them farewell before setting out for England. All in vain. But he said nothing to Sir Mark of all this. He only tried to fill up the blank in the old man's life. He went between Sir Mark and the tenants to whom he was unwilling to show himself unaccompanied by the beautiful daughter, who had so often been his companion in his walks and rides, before that ill-omened winter in Paris. He was thankful to have the power of returning the long kindness his uncle had shown him in childhood; thankful to be of use to him in his desertion; thankful to atone in some measure for his neglect of his uncle's wish that he should have made a hasty return to Paris.

But it was a little dull after the long excitement of travel, after associating with all that was most cultivated and seeing all that was most famous, in Europe, to be shut up in that vast magnificent dreary old castle, with Sir Mark for a perpetual companion—Sir Mark, and no other. The parsonage was near at hand, and occasionally Mr. Hawtrey came in to visit his parishioner in his trouble. But Sir Mark kept the clergyman at bay; he knew that his brother in age, his brother in circumstances (for had not Mr. Hawtrey an only child and she a daughter?), was sympathising with him in his sorrow, and he was too proud to bear it; indeed, sometimes he was so rude to his old neighbour, that Duke would go next morning to the Parsonage, to soothe the smart.

And so—and so—gradually, imperceptibly, at last his heart was drawn to Bessy. Her mother angled and angled skilfully; at first scarcely daring to hope; then remembering her own descent from the same stock as Duke, she drew herself up, and set to work with fresh skill and vigour. To be sure, it was a dangerous game for a mother to play; for her daughter's happiness was staked on her success. How could simple country-bred Bessy help being attracted to the courtly handsome man, travelled and accomplished, good and gentle, whom she saw every day, and who treated her with the kind familiarity of a brother; while he was not a brother, but in some measure a disappointed man, as everybody knew? Bessy was a daisy of an English maiden; pure good to the heart's core and most hidden thought; sensible in all

her accustomed daily ways, yet not so much without imagination as not to desire something beyond the narrow range of knowledge and experience in which her days had hitherto been passed. Add to this her pretty figure, a bright healthy complexion, lovely teeth, and quite enough of beauty in her other features to have rendered her the belle of a country town, if her lot had been cast in such a place; and it is not to be wondered at, that, after she had been secretly in love with Duke with all her heart for nearly a year, almost worshipping him, he should discover that, of all the women he had ever known—except perhaps the lost Theresa—Bessy Hawtreys had it in her power to make him the happiest of men.

Sir Mark grumbled a little; but now-a-days he grumbled at everything, poor disappointed, all but childless, old man! As to the vicar he stood astonished and almost dismayed. "Have you thought enough about it, Mr. Duke?" the parson asked. "Young men are apt to do things in a hurry, that they repent at leisure. Bessy is a good girl, a good girl, God bless her: but she has not been brought up as your wife should have been: at least as folks will say your wife should have been. Though I may say for her she has a very pretty sprinkling of mathematics. I taught her myself, Mr. Duke."

"May I go and ask her myself? I only want your permission," urged Duke.

"Ay, go! But perhaps you'd better ask Madam first. She will like to be told everything as soon as me."

But Duke did not care for Madam. He rushed through the open door of the Parsonage, into the homely sitting-rooms, and softly called for Bessy. When she came, he took her by the hand and led her forth into the field-path at the back of the orchard, and there he won his bride to the full content of both their hearts.

All this time the inhabitants of Crowley Castle and the quiet people of the neighbouring village of Crowley, heard but little of "The Countess," as it was their fashion to call her. Sir Mark had his letters from her, it is true, and he read them over and over again, and moaned over them, and sighed, and put them carefully away in a bundle. But they were like arrows of pain to him. None knew their contents; none, even knowing them, would have dreamed, any more than he did, for all his moans and sighs, of the utter wretchedness of the writer. Love had long since vanished from the habitation of that pair; a habitation, not a home, even in its brightest days. Love had gone out of the window, long before poverty had come in at the door: yet that grim visitant who never tarries in tracking a disreputable gambler, had now arrived. The count lost the last remnants of his character as a man who played honourably, and thenceforth—that being pretty nearly the only sin which banished men from good society in those days—he had to play where and how he could. Theresa's money went as her poor angry father had foretold. By-and-by, and without her consent, her jewel-box was rifled; the diamonds

round the locket holding her mother's picture were wrenched and picked out by no careful hand. Victorine found Theresa crying over the poor relics;—crying at last, without disguise, as if her heart would break.

"Oh, mamma! mamma! mamma!" she sobbed out, holding up the smashed and disfigured miniature as an explanation of her grief. She was sitting on the floor, on which she had thrown herself in the first discovery of the theft. Victorine sat down by her, taking her head upon her breast, and soothing her. She did not ask who had done it; she asked Theresa no question which the latter would have shrunk from answering; she knew all in that hour, without the count's name having passed the lips of either of them. And from that time she watched him as a tiger watches his prey.

When the letters came from England, the three letters from Sir Mark and the affianced bride and bridegroom, announcing the approaching marriage of Duke and Bessy, Theresa took them straight to Victorine. Theresa's lips were tightened, her pale cheeks were paler. She waited for Victorine to speak. Not a word did the Frenchwoman utter; but she smoothed the letters one over the other, and tore them in two, throwing the pieces on the ground, and stamping on them.

"Oh, Victorine!" cried Theresa, dismayed at passion that went so far beyond her own, "I never expected it—I never thought of it—but, perhaps, it was but natural."

"It was not natural; it was infamous! To have loved you once, and not to wait for chances, but to take up with that mean poor girl at the Parsonage. Pah! and her letter! Sir Mark is of my mind though, I can see. I am sorry I tore up his letter. He feels, he knows, that Mr. Duke Brownlow ought to have waited, waited, waited. Some one waited fourteen years, did he not? The count will not live for ever."

Theresa did not see the face of wicked meaning as those last words were spoken.

Another year rolled heavily on its course of wretchedness to Theresa. That same revolution of time brought increase of peace and joy to the English couple, striving humbly, striving well, to do their duty as children to the unhappy and deserted Sir Mark. They had their reward in the birth of a little girl. Yet, close on the heels of this birth, followed a great sorrow. The good parson died, after a short sudden illness. Then came the customary trouble after the death of a clergyman. The widow had to leave the Parsonage, the home of a lifetime, and seek a new resting-place for her declining years.

Fortunately for all parties, the new vicar was a bachelor; no other than the tutor who had accompanied Duke on his grand tour; and it was made a condition that he should allow the widow of his predecessor to remain at the Parsonage as his housekeeper. Bessy would fain have had her mother at the castle, and this course would have been infinitely preferred by Madam Hawtreys, who, indeed, suggested the wish to her daughter. But Sir Mark was ob-

stinately against it; nor did he spare his caustic remarks on Madam Hawtrey, even before her own daughter. He had never quite forgiven Duke's marriage, although he was personally exceedingly fond of Bessy. He referred this marriage, in some part, and perhaps to no greater extent than was true, to madam's good management in throwing the young people together; and he was explicit in the expression of his opinion.

Poor Theresa! Every day she more and more bitterly rued her ill-starred marriage. Often and often she cried to herself, when she was alone in the dead of the night, "I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it!" But again in the daylight her pride would help her to keep her woe to herself. She could not bear the gaze of pitying eyes; she could not bear even Victorine's fierce sympathy. She might have gone home like a poor prodigal to her father, if Duke and Bessy had not, as she imagined, reigned triumphant in her place, both in her father's heart and in her father's home. And all this while, that father almost hated the tender attentions which were rendered to him by those who were not his Theresa, his only child, for whose presence he yearned and longed in silent misery. Then again (to return to Theresa), her husband had his fits of kindness towards her. If he had been very fortunate in play, if he had heard other men admire her, he would come back for a few moments to his loyalty, and would lure back the poor tortured heart, only to crush it afresh. One day—after a short time of easy temper, caresses, and levity—she found out something, I know not what, in his life, which stung her to the quick. Her sharp wits and sharper tongue spoke out most cutting insults; at first he smiled, as if rather amused to see how she was ransacking her brain to find stinging speeches; but at length she touched some sore; he scarcely lost the mocking smile upon his face, but his eyes flashed hard fire, and his heavy closed hand fell on her white shoulder with a terrible blow!

She stood up, facing him, tearless, deadly white. "The poor old man at home!" was all she said, trembling, shivering all over, but with her eyes fixed on his coward face. He shrank from her look, laughed aloud to hide whatever feeling might be hidden in his bosom, and left the room. She only said again, "The poor old man—the poor old deserted, desolate man!" and felt about blindly for a chair.

She had not sat down a minute though, before she started up and rang her bell. It was Victorine's office to answer it; but Theresa looked almost surprised to see her. "You!—I wanted the others—I want them all! They shall all see how their master treats his wife! Look here!" she pushed the gauze neckerchief from her shoulder—the mark was there red and swollen. "Bid them all come here—Victorine, Amadée, Jean, Adèle, all—I will be justified by their testimony, whatever I do!" Then she fell to shaking and crying.

Victorine said nothing, but went to a certain cupboard where she kept medicines and drugs

of which she alone knew the properties, and there she mixed a draught, which she made her mistress take. Whatever its nature was, it was soothing. Theresa leaned back in her chair, still sobbing heavily from time to time, until at last she dropped into a kind of doze. Then Victorine softly lifted the neckerchief, which had fallen into its place, and looked at the mark. She did not speak; but her whole face was a fearful threat. After she had looked her fill, she smiled a deadly smile. And then she touched the soft bruised flesh with her lips, much as though Theresa were the child she had been twenty years ago. Soft as the touch was Theresa shivered, and started and half awoke. "Are they come?" she murmured; "Amadée, Jean, Adèle?" but without waiting for an answer she fell asleep again.

Victorine went quietly back to the cupboard where she kept her drugs, and stayed there, mixing something noiselessly. When she had done what she wanted, she returned to her mistress's bedroom, and looked at her, still sleeping. Then she began to arrange the room. No blue silk curtains and silver mirrors, now, as in the Rue Louis le Grand. A washed-out faded Indian chintz, and an old battered toilette service of Japan-ware; the disorderly signs of the count's late presence; an emptied flask of liqueur.

All the time Victorine arranged this room she kept saying to herself, "At last! At last!" Theresa slept through the daylight, slept late into the evening, leaning back where she had fallen in her chair. She was so motionless that Victorine appeared alarmed. Once or twice she felt her pulse, and gazed earnestly into the tear-stained face. Once, she very carefully lifted one of the eyelids, and holding a lighted taper near, peered into the eye. Apparently satisfied, she went out and ordered a basin of broth to be ready when she asked for it. Again she sat in deep silence; nothing stirred in the closed chamber; but in the street the carriages began to roll, and the footmen and torch-bearers to cry aloud their masters' names and titles, to show what carriage in that narrow street below, was entitled to precedence. A carriage stopped at the hotel of which they occupied the third floor. Then the bell of their apartment rang loudly—rang violently. Victorine went out to see what it was that might disturb her darling—as she called Theresa to herself—her sleeping lady as she spoke of her to her servants.

She met those servants bringing in their master, the count, dead. Dead with a sword-wound received in some infamous struggle. Victorine stood and looked at him. "Better so," she muttered. "Better so. But, monseigneur, you shall take this with you, whithersoever your wicked soul is fleeing." And she struck him a stroke on his shoulder, just where Theresa's bruise was. It was as light a stroke as well could be; but this irreverence to the dead called forth indignation even from the hardened bearers of the body. Little-recked Victorine. She turned her back on the corpse, went to her cupboard, took out the mixture she had made

with so much care, poured it out upon the bare wooden floor, and smeared it about with her foot.

A fortnight later, when no news had come from Theresa for many weeks, a poor chaise was seen from the castle windows lumbering slowly up the carriage road to the gate. No one thought much of it; perhaps it was some friend of the housekeeper's; perhaps it was some humble relation of Mrs. Duke's (for many such had found out their cousin since her marriage). No one noticed the shabby carriage much, until the hall-porter was startled by the sound of the great bell pealing, and, on opening wide the hall-doors, saw standing before him the Mademoiselle Victorine of old days—thinner, sallow, in mourning. In the carriage sat Theresa, in the deep widow's weeds of those days. She looked out of the carriage-window wistfully, in beyond Joseph, the hall-porter.

"My father!" she cried eagerly, before Victorine could speak. "Is Sir Mark—well?" ("alive" was her first thought, but she dared not give the word utterance.)

"Call Mr. Duke!" said Joseph, speaking to some one unseen. Then he came forward. "God bless you, Miss! God bless you! And this day of all days! Sir Mark is well—leastways he's sadly changed. Where's Mr. Duke? Call him! My young lady's fainting!"

And this was Theresa's return home. None ever knew how much she had suffered since she had left home. If any one had known, Victorine would never have stood there dressed in that mourning. She put it on, sorely against her will, for the purpose of upholding the lying fiction of Theresa's having been a happy prosperous marriage. She was always indignant if any of the old servants fell back into the once familiar appellation of Miss Theresa. "The countess," she would say, in lofty rebuke.

What passed between Theresa and her father at that first interview no one ever knew. Whether she told him anything of her married life, or whether she only soothed the tears he shed on seeing her again, by sweet repetition of tender words and caresses—such as are the sugared pabulum of age as well as of infancy—no one ever knew. Neither Duke nor his wife ever heard her allude to the time she had passed in Paris, except in the most cursory and superficial manner. Sir Mark was anxious to show her that all was forgiven, and would fain have displaced Bessy from her place as lady of the castle, and made Theresa take the headship of the house, and sit at table where the mistress ought to be. And Bessy would have given up her onerous dignities without a word; for Duke was always more jealous for his wife's position than she herself was, but Theresa declined to assume any such place in the household, saying, in the languid way which now seemed habitual to her, that English house-keeping, and all the domestic arrangements of an English country house were cumbrous and wearisome to her; that if Bessy would continue to act as she had done hitherto, and would so forestall what must be her natural duties at some future period, she, Theresa, should be infinitely obliged.

Bessy consented, and in everything tried to remember what Theresa liked, and how affairs were ordered in the old Theresa days. She wished the servants to feel that "the countess" had equal rights with herself in the management of the house. But she, to whom the housekeeper takes her accounts—she in whose hands the power of conferring favours and privileges remains *de facto*—will always be held by servants as the mistress; and Theresa's claims soon sank into the background. At first, she was too broken-spirited, too languid, to care for anything but quiet rest in her father's companionship. They sat sometimes for hours hand in hand; or they sauntered out on the terraces, hardly speaking, but happy; because they were once more together, and once more on loving terms. Theresa grew strong during this time of gentle brooding peace. The pinched pale face of anxiety lined with traces of suffering, relaxed into the soft oval; the light came into the eyes, the colour came into the cheeks.

But, in the autumn after Theresa's return, Sir Mark died; it had been a gradual decline of strength, and his last moments were passed in her arms. Her new misfortune threw her back into the wan worn creature she had been when she first came home, a widow, to Crowley Castle; she shut herself up in her rooms, and allowed no one to come near her but Victorine. Neither Duke nor Bessy was admitted into the darkened rooms, which she had hung with black cloth in solemn funeral state.

Victorine's life since her return to the castle had been anything but peaceable. New powers had arisen in the housekeeper's room. Madam Brownlow had her maid, far more exacting than Madam Brownlow herself; and a new housekeeper reigned in the place of her who was formerly but an echo of Victorine's opinions. Victorine's own temper, too, was not improved by her four years abroad, and there was a general disposition among the servants to resist all her assumption of authority. She felt her powerlessness after a struggle or two, but treasured up her vengeance. If she had lost power over the household, however, there was no diminution of her influence over her mistress. It was her device at last that lured the countess out of her gloomy seclusion.

Almost the only creature Victorine cared for, besides Theresa, was the little Mary Brownlow. What there was of softness in her woman's nature, seemed to come out towards children; though, if the child had been a boy instead of a girl, it is probable that Victorine might not have taken it into her good graces. As it was, the French nurse and the English child were capital friends; and when Victorine sent Mary into the countess's room, and bade her not be afraid, but ask the lady in her infantine babble to come out and see Mary's snow-man, she knew that the little one, for her sake, would put her small hand into Theresa's, and thus plead with more success, because with less purpose, than any one else had been able to plead. Out came Theresa, colourless and sad, holding Mary by the hand.

They went, unobserved as they thought, to the great gallery-window, and looked out into the court-yard; then Theresa returned to her rooms. But the ice was broken, and before the winter was over, Theresa fell into her old ways, and sometimes smiled, and sometimes even laughed, until chance visitors again spoke of her rare beauty and her courtly grace.

It was noticeable that Theresa revived first out of her lassitude to an interest in all Duke's pursuits. She grew weary of Bessy's small cares and domestic talk—now about the servants, now about her mother and the Parsonage, now about the parish. She questioned Duke about his travels, and could enter into his appreciation and judgment of foreign nations; she perceived the latent powers of his mind; she became impatient of their remaining dormant in country seclusion. She had spoken of leaving Crowley Castle, and of finding some other home, soon after her father's death; but both Duke and Bessy had urged her to stay with them, Bessy saying, in the pure innocence of her heart, how glad she was that, in the probably increasing cares of her nursery, Duke would have a companion so much to his mind.

About a year after Sir Mark's death, the member for Sussex died, and Theresa set herself to stir up Duke to assume his place. With some difficulty (for Bessy was passive; perhaps even opposed to the scheme in her quiet way), Theresa succeeded, and Duke was elected. She was vexed at Bessy's torpor, as she called it, in the whole affair; vexed as she now often was with Bessy's sluggish interest in all things beyond her immediate ken. Once, when Theresa tried to make Bessy perceive how Duke might shine and rise in his new sphere, Bessy burst into tears, and said, "You speak as if his presence here were nothing, and his fame in London everything. I cannot help fearing that he will leave off caring for all the quiet ways in which we have been so happy ever since we were married."

"But when he is here," replied Theresa, "and when he wants to talk to you of politics, of foreign news, of great public interests, you drag him down to your level of woman's cares."

"Do I?" said Bessy. "Do I drag him down? I wish I was cleverer; but you know, Theresa, I was never clever in anything but housewifery."

Theresa was touched for a moment by this humility.

"Yet, Bessy, you have a great deal of judgment, if you will but exercise it. Try and take an interest in all he cares for, as well as making him try and take an interest in home affairs."

But, somehow, this kind of conversation too often ended in dissatisfaction on both sides; and the servants gathered, from induction rather than from words, that the two ladies were not on the most cordial terms; however friendly they might wish to be, and might strive to appear. Madam Hawtrey, too, allowed her jealousy of Theresa to deepen into dislike. She was jealous because, in some unreasonable way, she had taken it into her head that Theresa's presence at the castle

was the reason why she was not urged to take up her abode there on Sir Mark's death: as if there were not rooms and suites of rooms enough to lodge a wilderness of dowagers in the building, if the owner so wished. But Duke had certain ideas pretty strongly fixed in his mind; and one was a repugnance to his mother-in-law's constant company. But he greatly increased her income as soon as he had it in his power, and left it entirely to herself how she should spend it.

Having now the means of travelling about, Madam Hawtrey betook herself pretty frequently to such watering-places as were in vogue at that day, or went to pay visits at the houses of those friends who occasionally came lumbering up in shabby vehicles to visit their cousin Bessy at the castle. Theresa cared little for Madam Hawtrey's coldness; perhaps, indeed, never perceived it. She gave up striving with Bessy, too; it was hopeless to try to make her an intellectual ambitious companion to her husband. He had spoken in the House; he had written a pamphlet that made much noise; the minister of the day had sought him out, and was trying to attach him to the government. Theresa, with her Parisian experience of the way in which women influenced politics, would have given anything for the Brownlows to have taken a house in London. She longed to see the great politicians, to find herself in the thick of the struggle for place and power, the brilliant centre of all that was worth hearing and seeing in the kingdom. There had been some talk of this same London house; but Bessy had pleaded against it earnestly while Theresa sat by in indignant silence, until she could bear the discussion no longer; going off to her own sitting-room, where Victorine was at work. Here her pent-up words found vent—not addressed to her servant, but not restrained before her:

"I cannot bear it—to see him cramped in by her narrow mind, to hear her weak selfish arguments, urged because she feels she would be out of place beside him. And Duke is hampered with this woman: he whose powers are unknown even to himself, or he would put her feeble nature on one side, and seek his higher atmosphere. How he would shine! How he does shine! Good Heaven! To think——"

And here she sank into silence, watched by Victorine's furtive eyes.

Duke had excelled all he had previously done by some great burst of eloquence, and the country rang with his words. He was to come down to Crowley Castle for a parliamentary recess, which occurred almost immediately after this. Theresa calculated the hours of each part of the complicated journey, and could have told to five minutes when he might be expected; but the baby was ill and absorbed all Bessy's attention. She was in the nursery by the cradle in which the child slept, when her husband came riding up to the castle gate. But Theresa was at the gate; her hair all out of powder, and blowing away into dishevelled curls, as the hood of her cloak fell back;

her lips parted with a breathless welcome; her eyes shining out love and pride. Duke was but mortal. All London chanted his rising fame; and here in his home Theresa seemed to be the only person who appreciated him.

The servants clustered in the great hall; for it was now some length of time since he had been at home. Victorine was there, with some head-gear for her lady; and when, in reply to his inquiry for his wife, the grave butler asserted that she was with young master, who was, they feared, very seriously ill, Victorine said, with the familiarity of an old servant, and as if to assuage Duke's anxiety: "Madam fancies the child is ill, because she can think of nothing but him, and perpetual watching has made her nervous." The child, however, was really ill; and after a brief greeting to her husband, Bessy returned to her nursery, leaving Theresa to question, to hear, to sympathise. That night she gave way to another burst of disparaging remarks on poor motherly homely Bessy, and that night Victorine thought she read a deeper secret in Theresa's heart.

The child was scarcely ever out of its mother's arms; but the illness became worse, and it was nigh unto death. Some cream had been set aside for the little wailing creature, and Victorine had unwittingly used it for the making of a cosmetic for her mistress. When the servant in charge of it reproved her, a quarrel began as to their respective mistress's right to give orders in the household. Before the dispute ended, pretty strong things had been said on both sides.

The child died. The heir was lifeless; the servants were in whispering dismay, and bustling discussion of their mourning; Duke felt the vanity of fame, as compared to a baby's life. Theresa was full of sympathy, but dared not express it to him; so tender was her heart becoming. Victorine regretted the death in her own way. Bessy lay speechless, and fearless; not caring for loving voices, nor for gentle touches; taking neither food nor drink; neither sleeping nor weeping. "Send for her mother," the doctor said; for Madam Hawtrey was away on her visits, and the letters telling her of her grandchild's illness had not reached her in the slow-delaying cross-country posts of those days. So she was sent for; by a man riding express, as a quicker and surer means than the post.

Meanwhile, the nurses, exhausted by their watching, found the care of little Mary by day, quite enough. Madam's maid sat up with Bessy for a night or two; Duke striding in from time to time through the dark hours to look at the white motionless face, which would have seemed like the face of one dead, but for the long-quivering sighs that came up from the overladen heart. The doctor tried his drugs, in vain, and then he tried again. This night, Victorine at her own earnest request, sat up instead of the maid. As usual, towards midnight, Duke came stealing in with shaded light. "Hush!" said Victorine, her finger on her lips. "She sleeps at last." Morning dawned faint and pale, and still she slept. The

doctor came, and stole in on tip-toe, rejoicing in the effect of his drugs. They all stood round the bed; Duke, Theresa, Victorine. Suddenly the doctor—a strange change upon him, a strange fear in his face—felt the patient's pulse, put his ear to her open lips, called for a glass—a feather. The mirror was not dimmed, the delicate fibres stirred not. Bessy was dead.

I pass rapidly over many months. Theresa was again overwhelmed with grief, or rather, I should say, remorse; for now that Bessy was gone, and buried out of sight, all her innocent virtues, all her feminine homeliness, came vividly into Theresa's mind—not as wearisome, but as admirable, qualities of which she had been too blind to perceive the value. Bessy had been her own old companion too, in the happy days of childhood, and of innocence. Theresa rather shunned than sought Duke's company now. She remained at the castle, it is true, and Madam Hawtrey, as Theresa's only condition of continuing where she was, came to live under the same roof. Duke felt his wife's death deeply, but reasonably, as became his character. He was perplexed by Theresa's bursts of grief, knowing, as he dimly did, that she and Bessy had not lived together in perfect harmony. But he was much in London now; a rising statesman; and when, in autumn, he spent some time at the castle, he was full of admiration for the strangely patient way in which Theresa behaved towards the old lady. It seemed to Duke that in his absence Madam Hawtrey had assumed absolute power in his household, and that the high-spirited Theresa submitted to her fantasies with even more docility than her own daughter would have done. Towards Mary, Theresa was always kind and indulgent.

Another autumn came; and before it went, old ties were renewed, and Theresa was pledged to become her cousin's wife.

There were two people strongly affected by this news when it was promulgated; one—and this was natural under the circumstances—was Madam Hawtrey; who chose to resent the marriage as a deep personal offence to herself as well as to her daughter's memory, and who sternly rejecting all Theresa's entreaties, and Duke's invitation to continue her residence at the castle, went off into lodgings in the village. The other person strongly affected by the news, was Victorine.

From being a dry active energetic middle-aged woman, she now, at the time of Theresa's engagement, sank into the passive languor of advanced life. It seemed as if she felt no more need of effort, or strain, or exertion. She sought solitude; liked nothing better than to sit in her room adjoining Theresa's dressing-room, sometimes sunk in a reverie, sometimes employed on an intricate piece of knitting with almost spasmodic activity. But wherever Theresa went, thither would Victorine go. Theresa had imagined that her old nurse would prefer being left at the castle, in the soothing tranquillity of the country, to accompanying her and her husband to the house in Grosvenor-square,

which they had taken for the parliamentary season. But the mere offer of a choice seemed to irritate Victorine inexpressibly. She looked upon the proposal as a sign that Theresa considered her as superannuated—that her nursing was weary of her, and wished to supplant her services by those of a younger maid. It seemed impossible to dislodge this idea when it had once entered into her head, and it led to frequent bursts of temper, in which she violently upbraided Theresa for her ingratitude towards so faithful a follower.

One day, Victorine went a little further in her expressions than usual, and Theresa, usually so forbearing towards her, turned at last. "Really, Victorine!" she said, "this is misery to both of us. You say you never feel so wicked as when I am near you; that my ingratitude is such as would be disowned by fiends; what can I, what must I do? You say you are never so unhappy as when you are near me; must we, then, part? Would that be for your happiness?"

"And is that what it has come to?" exclaimed Victorine. "In my country they reckon a building secure against wind and storm and all the ravages of time, if the first mortar used has been tempered with human blood. But not even our joint secret, though it was tempered well with blood, can hold our lives together! How much less all the care, all the love, that I lavished upon you in the days of my youth and strength!"

Theresa came close to the chair in which Victorine was seated. She took hold of her hand and held it fast in her own. "Speak, Victorine," said she, hoarsely, "and tell me what you mean. What is our joint secret? And what do you mean by its being a secret of blood? Speak out. I will know."

"As if you do not know!" replied Victorine, harshly. "You don't remember my visits to Bianconi, the Italian chemist in the Marais, long ago?" She looked into Theresa's face, to see if her words had suggested any deeper meaning than met the ear. No; Theresa's look was stern, but free and innocent.

"You told me you went there to learn the composition of certain unguents, and cosmetics, and domestic medicines."

"Ay, and paid high for my knowledge, too," said Victorine, with a low chuckle. "I learned more than you have mentioned, my lady countess. I learnt the secret nature of many drugs—to speak plainly, I learnt the art of poisoning. And," suddenly standing up, "it was for your sake I learnt it. For your service—you—who would fain cast me off in my old age. For you!"

Theresa blanched to a deadly white. But she tried to move neither feature nor limb, nor to avert her eyes for one moment from the eyes that defied her. "For my service, Victorine?"

"Yes! The quieting draught was all ready for your husband, when they brought him home dead."

"Thank God his death does not lie at your door!"

"Thank God?" mocked Victorine. "The wish for his death does lie at your door; and

the intent to rid you of him does lie at my door. And I am not ashamed of it. Not, I! It was not for myself I would have done it, but because you suffered so. He had struck you, whom I had nursed on my breast."

"Oh, Victorine!" said Theresa, with a shudder. "Those days are past. Do not let us recal them. I was so wicked because I was so miserable; and now I am so happy, so inexpressibly happy, that—do let me try to make you happy too!"

"You ought to try," said Victorine, not yet pacified; "can't you see how the incomplete action once stopped by Fate, was tried again, and with success; and how you are now reaping the benefit of my sin, if sin it was?"

"Victorine! I do not know what you mean!" But some terror must have come over her, she so trembled and so shivered.

"Do you not indeed? Madame Brownlow, the country girl from Crowley Parsonage, needed sleep, and would fain forget the little child's death that was pressing on her brain. I helped the doctor to his end. She sleeps now, and she has met her baby before this, if priests' tales are true. And you, my beauty, my queen, you reign in her stead! Don't treat the poor Victorine as if she were mad, and speaking in her madness. I have heard of tricks like that being played, when the crime was done, and the criminal of use no longer."

That evening, Duke was surprised by his wife's entrance, and petition that she might leave him, and return with Victorine and her other personal servants to the seclusion of Crowley Castle. She, the great London toast, the powerful enchantress of society, and most of all, the darling wife and true companion, with this sudden fancy for this complete retirement, and for leaving her husband when he was first fully entering into the comprehension of all that a wife might be! Was it ill health? Only last night she had been in dazzling beauty, in brilliant spirits; this morning only, she had been so merry and tender. But Theresa denied that she was in any way indisposed; and seemed suddenly so unwilling to speak of herself, and so much depressed, that Duke saw nothing for it but to grant her wish and let her go. He missed her terribly. No more pleasant tête-à-tête breakfasts, enlivened by her sense and wit, and cheered by her pretty caressing ways. No gentle secretary now, to sit by his side through long long hours, never weary. When he went into society, he no longer found his appearance watched and waited for by the loveliest woman there. When he came home from the House at night, there was no one to take an interest in his speeches, to be indignant at all that annoyed him, and charmed and proud of all the admiration he had won. He longed for the time to come when he would be able to go down for a day or two to see his wife; for her letters appeared to him dull and flat after her bright companionship. No wonder that her letters came out of a heavy heart, knowing what she knew.

She scarcely dared to go near Victorine,

whose moods were becoming as variable as though she were indeed the mad woman she had tauntingly defied Theresa to call her. At times she was miserable because Theresa looked so ill, and seemed so deeply unhappy. At other times she was jealous because she fancied Theresa shrank from her and avoided her. So, wearing her life out with passion, Victorine's health grew daily worse and worse during that summer.

Theresa's only comfort seemed to be little Mary's society. She seemed as though she could not lavish love enough upon the motherless child, who repaid Theresa's affection with all the pretty demonstrativeness of her age. She would carry the little three-year-old maiden in her arms when she went to see Victorine, or would have Mary playing about in her dressing-room, if the old French-woman, for some jealous freak, would come and arrange her lady's hair with her trembling hands. To avoid giving offence to Victorine, Theresa engaged no other maid; to shun over-much or over-frank conversation with Victorine, she always had little Mary with her when there was a chance of the French waiting-maid coming in. For, the presence of the child was a holy restraint even on Victorine's tongue; she would sometimes check her fierce temper, to caress the little creature playing at her knees; and would only dart a covert bitter sting at Theresa under the guise of a warning against ingratitude, to Mary.

Theresa drooped and drooped in this dreadful life. She sought out Madam Hawtreys, and prayed her to come on a long visit to the castle. She was lonely, she said, asking for madam's company as a favour to herself. Madam Hawtreys was difficult to persuade; but the more she resisted, the more Theresa entreated; and, when once madam was at the castle, her own daughter had never been so dutiful, so humble a slave to her slightest fancy as was the proud Theresa now.

Yet, for all this, the lady of the castle drooped and drooped, and when Duke came down to see his darling he was in utter dismay at her looks. Yet she said she was well enough, only tired. If she had anything more upon her mind, she refused him her confidence. He watched her narrowly, trying to forestal her smallest desires. He saw her tender affection for Mary, and thought he had never seen so lovely and tender a mother to another woman's child. He wondered at her patience with Madam Hawtreys, remembering how often his own stock had been exhausted by his mother-in-law, and how the brilliant Theresa had formerly scouted and flouted at the vicar's wife. With all this renewed sense of his darling's virtues and charms, the idea of losing her was too terrible to bear.

He would listen to no pleas, to no objections. Before he returned to town, where his presence was a political necessity, he sought the best medical advice that could be had in the neighbourhood. The doctors came; they could make but little out of Theresa, if her vehement as-

sertion were true that she had nothing on her mind. Nothing.

"Humour him at least, my dear lady!" said the doctor, who had known Theresa from her infancy, but who, living at the distant county town, was only called in on the Olympian occasions of great state illnesses. "Humour your husband, and perhaps do yourself some good too, by consenting to his desire that you should have change of air. Brightelmstone is a quiet village by the sea-side. Consent, like a gracious lady, to go there for a few weeks."

So, Theresa, worn out with opposition, consented, and Duke made all the arrangements for taking her, and little Mary, and the necessary suite of servants, to Brighton, as we call it now. He resolved in his own mind that Theresa's personal attendant should be some woman young enough to watch and wait upon her mistress, and not Victorine, to whom Theresa was in reality a servant. But of this plan, neither Theresa nor Victorine knew anything until the former was in the carriage with her husband some miles distant from the castle. Then he, a little exultant in the good management by which he supposed he had spared his wife the pain and trouble of decision, told her that Victorine was left behind, and that a new accomplished London maid would await her at her journey's end.

Theresa only exclaimed "O! What will Victorine say?" and covered her face, and sat shivering and speechless.

What Victorine did say, when she found out the trick, as she esteemed it, that had been played upon her, was too terrible to repeat. She lashed herself up into an ungoverned passion; and then became so really and seriously ill that the servants went to fetch Madam Hawtreys in terror and dismay. But when that lady came, Victorine shut her eyes, and refused to look at her. "She has got her daughter in her hand! I will not look!" Shaking all the time she uttered these awe-stricken words, as if she were in an ague-fit. "Bring the countess back to me. Let her face the dead woman standing there, I will not do it. They wanted her to sleep—and so did the countess, that she might step into her lawful place. Theresa, Theresa, where are you? You tempted me. What I did, I did in your service. And you have gone away, and left me alone with the dead woman! It was the same drug as the doctor gave, after all—only he gave little, and I gave much. My lady the countess spent her money well, when she sent me to the old Italian to learn his trade. Lotions for the complexion, and a discriminating use of poisonous drugs. I discriminated, and Theresa profited; and now she is his wife, and has left me here alone with the dead woman. Theresa, Theresa, come back and save me from the dead woman!"

Madam Hawtreys stood by, horror-stricken. "Fetch the vicar," said she, under her breath, to a servant.

"The village doctor is coming," said some one near. "How she raves! Is it delirium?"

"It is no delirium," said Bessy's mother. "Would to Heaven it were!"

Theresa had a happy day with her husband at Brighthelmston before he set off on his return to London. She watched him riding away, his servant following with his portmanteau. Often and often did Duke look back at the figure of his wife, waving her handkerchief, till a turn of the road hid her from his sight. He had to pass through a little village not ten miles from his home, and there a servant, with his letters and further luggage, was to await him. There he found a mysterious, imperative note, requiring his immediate presence at Crowley Castle. Something in the awe-stricken face of the servant from the castle, led Duke to question him. But all he could say was, that Victorine lay dying, and that Madam Hawtreys had said that after that letter the master was sure to return, and so would need no luggage. Something lurked behind, evidently. Duke rode home at speed. The vicar was looking out for him. "My dear boy," said he, relapsing into the old relations of tutor and pupil, "prepare yourself."

"What for?" said Duke, abruptly; for the being told to prepare himself, without being told for what, irritated him in his present mood. "Victorine is dead!"

"No! She says she will not die until she has seen you, and got you to forgive her, if Madam Hawtreys will not. But first read this: it is a terrible confession, made by her before me, a magistrate, believing herself to be on the point of death!"

Duke read the paper—containing little more in point of detail than I have already given—the horrible words taken down in the short-hand in which the vicar used to write his mild prosy sermons: his pupil knew the character of old Duke read it twice. Then he said: "She is raving, poor creature!" But for all that, his heart's blood ran cold, and he would fain not have faced the woman, but would rather have remained in doubt to his dying day.

He went up the stairs three steps at a time, and then turned and faced the vicar, with a look like the stern calmness of death. "I wish to see her alone." He turned out all the watching women, and then he went to the bedside where Victorine sat, half propped up with pillows, watching all his doings and his looks, with her hollow awful eyes. "Now, Victorine, I will read this paper aloud to you. Perhaps your mind has been wandering; but you understand me now?" A feeble murmur of assent met his listening ear. "If any statement in this paper be not true, make me a sign. Hold up your hand—for God's sake hold up your hand. And if you can do it with truth in this, your hour of dying, Lord have mercy upon you; but if you cannot hold up your hand, then Lord have mercy upon me!"

He read the paper slowly; clause by clause he read the paper. No sign; no uplifted hand. At the end she spoke, and he bent his head to listen. "The Countess—Theresa you know—she who has left me to die alone—she"—then mortal strength failed, and Duke was left alone in the chamber of death.

He stayed in the chamber many minutes, quite still. Then he left the room, and said to the first domestic he could find, "The woman is dead. See that she is attended to." But he went to the vicar, and had a long long talk with him. He sent a confidential servant for little Mary—on some pretext, hardly careful, or plausible enough; but his mood was desperate, and he seemed to forget almost everything but Bessy, his first wife, his innocent girlish bride.

Theresa could ill spare her little darling, and was perplexed by the summons; but an explanation of it was to come in a day or two. It came.

"Victorine is dead; I need say no more. She could not carry her awful secret into the next world, but told all. I can think of nothing but my poor Bessy, delivered over to the cruelty of such a woman. And you, Theresa, I leave you to your conscience, for you have slept in my bosom. Henceforward I am a stranger to you. By the time you receive this, I, and my child, and that poor murdered girl's mother, will have left England. What will be our next step I know not. My agent will do for you what you need."

Theresa sprang up and rang her bell with mad haste. "Get me a horse!" she cried, "and bid William be ready to ride with me for his life—for my life—along the coast, to Dover!"

They rode and they galloped through the night, scarcely staying to bat their horses. But when they came to Dover, they looked out to sea upon the white sails that bore Duke and his child away. Theresa was too late, and it broke her heart. She lies buried in Dover churchyard. After long years Duke returned to England; but his place in parliament knew him no more, and his daughter's husband sold Crowley Castle to a stranger.

III.

HOW THE SIDE-ROOM WAS ATTENDED BY A DOCTOR.

How the Doctor found his way into our society, none of us can tell. It did not occur to us to inquire into the matter at the time, and now the point is lost in the dim obscurity of the past. We only know that he appeared suddenly and mysteriously. It was shortly after we had formed our Mutual Admiration Society, in this very room in Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings. We were discussing things in general in our usual amiable way, admiring poets, worshipping heroes, and taking all men and all things for what they seemed. We were young and ingenuous, pleased with our own ideas, and with each other's; full of belief and trust in all things good and noble, and with no hatred, save for what was false, and base, and mean. In this spirit we were commenting with indignation upon a new heresy with regard to the age of the world, when a strange voice broke in upon our conversation.

"I beg your pardon; you are wrong. The age of the world is exactly three millions eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand four hundred and twenty-five years, eight months, four-

teen days, nine hours, thirty-five minutes, and seventeen seconds."

At the first sound of this mysterious voice we all looked up, and perceived standing on the hearth-rug before the fire by which you sit, Major, a little closely-knit, middle-aged man, dressed in black. He had a hooked nose, piercing black eyes, and a grizzled beard, and his head was covered with a shock of crisp dark hair. Our first impulse was to resent the stranger's interference as an impertinence, and to demand what business he had in that room in Mrs. Lirriper's house, sacred to the social meetings of the Mutual Admiration Society? But we no sooner set eyes upon him than the impulse was checked, and we remained for a minute or so gazing upon the stranger in silence. We saw at a glance that he was no mere meddling fool. He was considerably older than any of us there present, his face beamed with intelligence, his eyes sparkled with humour, and his whole expression was that of a man confident of mental strength and superiority. The look on his face seemed to imply that he had reckoned us all up in an instant. So much were we impressed by the stranger's appearance, that we quite forgot the queries which had naturally occurred to us when he interrupted our conversation: Who are you? Where do you belong to? How did you come here? It was allowable for a member of the society to introduce a friend; but none of us had introduced him, and we were the only members in the room. None of us had seen him enter, nor had we been conscious of his presence until we heard his voice. On comparing notes afterwards, it was found that the same thought had flitted across all our minds. Had he come down the chimney? Or up through the floor? But at the time, as we saw no smoke and smelt no brimstone, we dismissed the suspicion for the more natural explanation that some member had introduced him, and had gone away, leaving him there. I was mentally framing a civil question with the view of elucidating this point, when the stranger, who spoke with a foreign accent, again addressed us.

"I trust," he said, "I am not intruding upon your society; but the subject of your discussion is one that I have studied deeply, and I was betrayed into a remark by—by my enthusiasm: I beg you will pardon me."

He said this so affably, and with so much dignified politeness of an elderly kind, that we were all disarmed, and protested, in a body, that there was no occasion for any apology. And it followed upon this, in some sort of insensible way, that the stranger came and took a seat among us, and spent the evening with us, proving a match for us in the airy gaiety of our discussions, and more than a match for us in all kinds of knowledge. We were all charmed with the stranger, and he appeared to be highly pleased with us. When he went away he shook hands with us with marked cordiality and warmth, and left us his card. It bore this inscription:

DOCTOR GOLIATH, PH.D.

After this, the doctor regularly frequented our society, and we took his coming as a matter of course; being quite content to accept his great learning and numerous accomplishments as a certificate of his eligibility for membership in our fraternity. It was no wonder that we came to look upon the doctor as a great personage. His fund of knowledge was inexhaustible. He seemed to know everything—not generally and in a superficial manner—but particularly and minutely. It was not, however, by making a parade of his knowledge that he gave us this impression. He let it out incidentally, as occasion required. If language were the topic, the doctor, by a few off-hand remarks, made it plain to us that he was acquainted with almost every language under the sun. He spoke English with an accent which partook of the character of almost every modern tongue. If law came up, he could discourse of codes and judgments with the utmost familiarity, citing act, chapter, and section, as if the whole study of his life had been law. So with politics, history, geology, chemistry, mechanics, and even medicine. Nothing came amiss to Doctor Goliath. He was an animated Cyclopaedia of universal knowledge. But there was nothing of the pedant about him. He treated his learning as bagatelle; he threw off his knowledge as other people throw off jokes; he was only serious when he mixed a salad, brewed a bowl of punch, or played a game of piquet. He was not at all proud of being able to translate the Ratcatcher's Daughter into six languages, including Greek and Arabic; but he believed he was the only man on the face of the earth who knew the exact proportions of oil and vinegar requisite for the proper mixture of a potato-salad. It was impossible to resist the spell of Doctor Goliath's wonderful character. He was learned in the highest degree; yet he had all the reckless jollity of a schoolboy, and could talk nonsense and make sport of wisdom and philosophy better than any of us. He took our society by storm; he became an oracle; we quoted him as an authority, and spoke of him as *the doctor*, as if there were no other doctor on the face of the earth.

Shortly before the doctor's appearance among us, we, the members of the Mutual Admiration Society, had sworn eternal friendship. We had vowed ever to love each other, ever to believe in each other, ever to be true and just and kindly towards each other, and never to be estranged one from another either by prosperity or adversity. As a sign and symbol of our brotherhood, we had agreed to call each other by familiar and affectionate abbreviations of our christian names; and, in pursuance of this amiable scheme, we had arranged to present each other with loving cups. As we were a society of little wealth, except in the matter of loving kindness and mutual admiration, it was resolved that the cups should be fashioned of pewter, of the measure of one quart, and each with two handles. The order was given, the loving-cups were made, and each bore an inscription in this wise: "To Tom from Sam,

Jack, Will, Ned, Charley, and Harry, a token of Friendship;" this inscription being only varied as regarded the relative positions of donors and recipient. The cups were all ready, and nothing remained to be done but to pay the money and bring them away from the shop of our Benvenuto Cellini, which was situated in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. A delay, however, occurred, owing to circumstances which I need not particularise further than to say, that they were circumstances over which we had no control.

This delay, owing to the obduracy of these uncontrollable circumstances, continued for some weeks, when, one evening, Tom came in with a large brown paper parcel under his arm. It was a parcel of strange and unwonted aspect.

"Ha! ha!" cried the doctor, "what have we here? Say, my Tom, is it something to eat, something to drink, something perchance to smoke? For in such things only doth my soul delight."

"I don't believe you when you say that, doctor," said Tom, quite seriously; for Tom had fallen more prostrate than any of us before the doctor's great character.

"Not believe me?" cried the doctor. "I mean it. Man, sir, is an animal whose only misfortune is, that he is endowed with the accursed power of thinking. If I were not possessed by this evil spirit of Thought, do you know what I would do?"

Tom could form no idea what he would do.

"Well, then," said the doctor, "I would lie all day in the sun, and eat potato-salad out of a trough!"

"What! like a pig?" Tom exclaimed.

"Yes, like a pig," said the doctor. "I never see a pig lying on clean straw, with his snout poked into a delightful mess of barley-meal and cabbage-leaves, but I become frightfully envious!"

"Oh, doctor!" we all exclaimed in chorus.

"Fact. I say to myself, How much better off, how much happier, is this pig than I! To obtain my potato-salad, without which life would be a blank, I have to do a deed my soul abhors. I have to work. The pig has no work to do for that troughful of barley-meal and cabbage-leaves. Because I am an animal endowed with the power of thought and reason, I was sent to school and taught to read! See what misfortune, what misery, that has brought upon me! You laugh, but am I not driven to read books, and parliamentary debates, and leading articles? I was induced the other day to attend a social congress. If I had been a pig, I should not have had to endure that."

"Ah, but, doctor," said Tom, "the pig has no better part."

The doctor burst into a yell of exultation.

"What! The pig no better part? Ha! ha! Sir, the better part of pig is pork. The butcher comes to me, and to the pig alike; but what remains of me when he has done his fell work? You put me in a box and screw me down, and stow me away out of sight; and you

pretend to grieve for me. But the pig—you eat him, and rejoice in earnest! And that reminds me that I shall have a pork-chop for supper. By the way, is it a lettuce you have in that paper parcel, Tom?"

"It is not a lettuce, doctor."

"Not a lettuce! Ha! I see something glitter—precious metal—gold? no, silver! to obtain which, in a commensurate quantity, I would commit crimes—murder!"

"Oh, doctor," said Tom, "you are giving yourself a character which you don't deserve."

"Am I?" said the doctor. "You don't know me. And after all, what is murder? Nothing. You kill two or three of your fellow-creatures—a dozen for that matter; what then? There are plenty more. Do you know what is the population of the earth? I will tell you. Exactly one thousand three hundred millions eight hundred and ninety-nine thousand six hundred and twenty souls. How many murders are committed in the course of a year do you imagine? You think only those you read of in the newspapers. Bah! An intimate knowledge of the subject enables me to inform you that the number of murders committed in Great Britain and Ireland, and the Channel Islands, annually, amounts to fifteen thousand seven hundred and forty-five. It is one of the laws of nature for keeping down the population. Every man who commits a murder, obeys this law."

Tom's hair was beginning to stand on end, for the doctor said all this with a terrible fierceness of manner. His strange philosophy was not without its effect upon the rest of us. We had been accustomed to a good deal of freedom in our discussions, but we had never ventured upon anything so audacious as this.

"Come, Tom," said the doctor, "unveil your treasure, and let me see if it be worth my while lying in wait for you in the dark lanes as you go home to-night."

"Well, no, it isn't, doctor," said Tom, "for the article is only of pewter." And Tom uncovered his loving-cup. Circumstances had relented in Tom's case, and he had gone and paid for his own loving-cup.

"Pewter!" said the doctor. "Bah! it is not worth my while; but if it had been silver, now, why then I might—." And the doctor put on a diabolical expression, that seemed to signify highway robbery accompanied with violence, and murder followed by immediate dissection. Presently the doctor noticed the inscription. "Ha! ha!" he said, "what is this? An inscription! 'To Tom, from Sam, Jack, Will, Ned, Charley, and Harry—a token of Friendship.' Friendship? Ha! ha! 'tis but a name, an empty name, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. I tell you there is no such thing in the world."

"Oh, don't say that, doctor!" cried Tom, looking quite hurt.

"Ah," returned the doctor, "you will find it out. I have always found it out; and since I formed my first friendship and was deceived—it is now—let me see how many years?—"

one thousand eight hundred and—but no matter.”

The doctor paused, as if oppressed with painful recollections.

“Ned,” said Sam, leaning across to me, “do you know what I think the doctor is?”

“No,” I said.

“Well,” he said, “hang’d if I don’t think he is the Wandering Jew. Look at his boots!”

I looked at his boots. They were not neat boots: that was all I perceived about them.

“Don’t you observe,” said Sam, “how flat and trodden down they are? The doctor has done a deal of walking in those boots. Mark their strange and ancient shape! Look at the dust upon them—it is the dust of centuries!”

The doctor was roaring with laughter at the idea of our mutual presentation scheme, and was calling us “innocents,” and Tom’s loving-cup a “mug.”

Tom was getting red in the face and looking ashamed. In fact, we were all looking rather sheepish; for it had never struck us until now, how silly and sentimental we all were. We said nothing to the doctor about the six other loving-cups that were waiting to be paid for and claimed; and when Tom, with a face as red as a coal, covered up his “mug” as the doctor called it and put it away, we were glad to change the subject, to escape from our embarrassment. We were so thoroughly ashamed of ourselves, that we endeavoured to redeem our characters in the eyes of the doctor, by plunging recklessly into any depth of cynical opinion that he chose to sound. And the doctor, in the course of time, led us to the very bottom of the pit of cynicism. As we listened to him, and held converse with him day after day, we began to see how very green and unsophisticated we had all been. We came to know that the poets and heroes whom we had worshipped were nothing but humbugs and pretenders; that the great statesmen whom we had believed in and admired, were blunderers or traitors; that the mighty potentates whose power and sagacity we had extolled, were tyrannical miscreants, or puppets in the hands of others; that the philanthropists whom all men praised, were conceited self-seeking hypocrites; that the patriots whose names we had revered in common with all the world, were scoundrels of the deepest dye. The doctor’s influence led us on insensibly, step by step. How could we resist it? It was a fascination. He knew everything, could prove everything, and had such a store of facts that we had never heard of in support of his conclusions, that it was impossible, with our limited knowledge, to withstand him. We were shocked at first; but, as the revolution proceeded, we got used to the sight of blood, and saw the heads of our heroes fall, with the utmost indifference. At length we came to revel in it, and sought for new victims, that we might demolish them and do our despatch upon them. The doctor led the way more boldly as we advanced. He hinted darkly

at crimes in which he had had a hand, and at crimes which he would yet commit when the opportunity arrived. Whenever a murder was committed, the doctor was the friend and advocate of the murderer, and vowed fierce vengeance against the judge and jury who condemned him to be hanged. When news of war and disaster came, he rubbed his hands and gloated over it with glee, because he had prophesied what would happen through the imbecility and treason of infamous scoundrels who called themselves statesmen and generals.

From a Mutual Admiration Society, we became a society of iconoclasts. Tom, and Jack, and Sam, and Harry, and the rest of us, who had begun by swearing eternal friendship, were now bitter disputants, despising each other’s mental qualities, calling each other duffers behind each other’s backs, and laughing all the old modest pretensions to scorn. The loving-cups had faded out of memory. I passed the shop of our Benvenuto Cellini, the pewterer, one day, and saw the whole six exposed in the window for sale. I called upon Tom, to show him an article demolishing a popular author whom we had once idolised, and I noticed his loving-cup stowed away under the table with a waste-paper-basket and a spittoon. It had grown dull and battered like a public-house pot, and was filled with short black pipes, and matches, and ends of cigars, and rubbish. I kicked it playfully with my foot, and laughed; and Tom blushed and put it away out of sight.

Our society, in its new form, prospered exceedingly. We became famous for the freedom of our speech and the audacity of our opinions. Our company was much sought after, and we were proud of our originality and independence. We spent all our leisure hours together, and our defiant discussions kept us in a constant state of mental intoxication. But a sober moment arrived.

Tom and I sat together, one gloomy day, alone. We were solemn and moody, and smoked in silence. At length Tom said:

“Ned, I passed the shop to-day, and saw those six loving-cups in the window.”

I replied, fretfully, “Bother the loving-cups!”

“No,” said Tom, “I have other thoughts at this present moment; I have had them often, but have smothered them—smothered them ruthlessly, Ned; but they have always come to life again. They are very lively to-night—owing, perhaps, to the fog, or the state of my liver, or the state of my conscience—and I can’t smother them.”

“What do you mean, Tom?”

“You remember when we ordered the cups?”

“Yes.”

“The doctor came among us shortly afterwards.”

“He did.”

“And we didn’t carry out our intention.”

“No. You paid for yours, Tom, and brought

it away, but the rest are still unredeemed pledges of affection."

"Exactly," said Tom; "and that was owing to the doctor. He laughed at us. He made us ashamed of ourselves. He made me ashamed of myself. But I had paid for my cup, and brought it away, and the thing was done. If I had not done it when I did, I should never have done it. What were we ashamed of?"

"Silliness," I said.

"No, kindness and good feeling, which we can't have too much of in this short journey."

I did not answer. Tom went on.

"This doctor has upset us all. He has changed our nature. He has turned the milk of human kindness that was in us, sour. He is a very fascinating person, I grant; but who is he? None of us know. He came among us mysteriously; we accepted him without question. Yet we don't know anything about him. We don't know what he is; what he does; where he lives; or even what country he belongs to."

"Well?"

"Well, I sometimes think he is the devil. He is very pleasant, but he is diabolical in all his views and opinions, nevertheless. If he is not the devil, he has, at any rate, played the devil with us. I feel it at quiet moments like these, when we are not excited and bandying flippant jokes and unbelieving sarcasms."

I smoked for a few moments in silence, and I then said:

"I feel it, too, exactly as you do, Tom. I have wished to say so often, only—I didn't like."

"Ned that is exactly what I have felt. Suppose we take courage now."

"Suppose we do," I said.

"Very well, then," said Tom. "Let us find out who this Doctor Goliath is, what he is, and all about him."

Tom had scarcely said the words when the doctor came in. He had a small bag in his hand, and a parcel under his arm.

"I am not going to stay this evening," he said. "I have work to do—work that the world will hear of. Ha?" And he contracted his brows darkly, and laid his finger on his nose in a portentous manner.

"Good night," he said; "if I survive, well and good; if not, remember me—but as to that, I don't imagine for a moment that you will do anything of the sort. You will say 'poor wretch,' and then go on with your jokes and your sport. 'Tis the way of this vile world, which has been a huge mistake from the beginning. Farewell."

"Ned," said Tom, "let us follow him."

We did so. We followed him into the Strand and on to the bridge, where he had an altercation with the toll-keeper. We could hear the words "swindle," "imposition," "highway robbery;" and we saw the doctor's face under the lamp glaring savagely at the man. At length he flung down his halfpenny, and walked hurriedly on, but stopped abruptly at

the first recess, turned into it, and looked over the parapet at the river. We had long seriously entertained the suspicion—among many others of a like kind—that the doctor knew something about the mysterious, and as yet undiscovered, murder, which is associated with that spot. He had hinted at it himself often.

"Look!" said Tom. "Fascination draws him to the scene of his crime.—I almost wish he would throw himself over."

But the doctor did no such thing. After looking down at the river for a few moments, he leaped off the stone ledge, and passed on. We followed at a safe distance, and kept him in sight through a great many narrow and gloomy streets, where our only guide was the dark figure moving like a shadow before us. At length the doctor turned up a narrow passage, and disappeared. We ran forward to the entrance, but the passage was completely dark, and we could see nothing. We hesitated for a moment, but immediately summoned up courage and followed, groping our way in the dark with the assistance of the wall. On coming out at the other end of this dark tunnel, we found ourselves in a triangular court lighted by a single gas-lamp placed at the apex of the triangle. There seemed to be no entrance to it save by the narrow passage through which we had passed. All these strange and mysterious characteristics of the place we were enabled to see at a glance, by the aid of the one gas-lamp that stood like a mark of admiration in the corner. And that glance took in the cloudy figure of the doctor standing at a door in the darkest nook of the court, knocking. He was admitted before we reached the spot, but we had marked the house. It was number thirteen.

"An ogglesome number," said Tom. And there was an ogglesome plaster head over the doorway—a head, with a leer upon its face, and a reckoning-up expression, just like the doctor's. It seemed to be laughing at the fool's errand we had come upon.

I said, "What are we to do now?"

"Well, really, I don't know," said Tom.

"Stop," I cried; "I see a bill in the window. What does it say?"

Tom suggested, "Mangling done," as being most appropriate to a house inhabited by Doctor Goliath.

But it was not mangling. It was "Lodgings to Let for a Single Gentleman."

"Let us knock," I said, "and inquire about the lodgings, and ascertain what sort of a place it is."

We saw a light pass into the first floor. That was evidently the doctor's room, and he had gone up-stairs. We waited a little, and then knocked. The door was opened by an elderly lady of exceedingly benignant aspect, who wore the remnants of a smile upon her face. The smile was evidently not intended for us, but we took it as if it were, and reciprocated with a smiling inquiry about the lodgings. Would we step in and look at them? They were two

rooms down stairs: a sitting-room and a bedroom. As the elderly lady, with a candle in her hand, was leading the way along the passage, the doctor called from above,

"Mrs. Mavor, I want you here directly."

"Excuse me a moment, gentlemen," said Mrs. Mavor; "the doctor, my first-floor lodger, has just come in, and wants his coffee. Pray take a seat in the parlour."

Mrs. Mavor left us, and went up-stairs, and the next moment we heard the doctor saying in loud and angry tones:

"Where is my spider? How dare you sweep away my spider with your murderous broom?"

"Oh, the nasty thing!" we heard Mrs. Mavor begin to say, but the doctor would not let her speak.

"Nasty thing! That's *your* opinion. What do you suppose that spider's opinion is of *you*, when you come and bring his house about his ears in the midst of his industry? How would you like it? Let me tell you that spider had as much right to live as you have; more—more! He was industrious, which you are not; he had a large family to support, which you have not; and if he did spread a net to catch the flies, don't you hang up 'Lodgings to Let,' and take in single young men, like myself, and do for them? You are a heartless, wicked woman, Mrs. Mavor."

Mrs. Mavor came down almost immediately, laughing.

"That's my first-floor lodger, Doctor Goliath," she said; "he has strange ways in some things, and pretends to get in an awful temper if any one touches his pets; but he is such a good kind soul!"

Tom and I began to stare.

"He has been with me now over seven years," Mrs. Mavor continued, "and he has behaved so well to me, and has been so kind to me when I have been ill, that nothing should induce me to take any person into the house that might disturb him or put him out of his ways. If the doctor were to leave Pavis-place, I am sure I don't know what all the neighbours and the poor people about here would do; for he doctors them when they are ill, and he advises them when they are well, and he writes letters for them, and gets up subscriptions for them when there's any misfortune; and the children—they're all wild after him! Very often you'll see him here in the place, when he has been the gentlest and best of friends to their fathers and mothers, playing games with them, and a score of romping boys and girls on the top of his back—but he don't mind; he's so good natured, and so fond of children!"

Tom and I were opening our eyes wider and wider. The doctor called again: "Mrs. Mavor, bring me a ball of worsted, and let it be nice and soft."

Mrs. Mavor went up-stairs with the worsted, and came back again smiling.

"He has got his dumb pets round him now," she said, "and one of them has had an accident,

and he can't bear to see the poor creature suffer. He is so tender-hearted!"

Tom and I were speechless. The doctor's pets, what could they be? Imps?

I said to Mrs. Mavor, that we had heard of Doctor Goliath, that he was a very learned and skilful man, and that we would like to have a peep at him, if she would permit us. Mrs. Mavor hesitated. He would be angry, she said, if he knew it. We put it upon our admiration for the man, and she consented; but we were only to peep through the door, and were not to make a noise.

We went up-stairs quietly to the doctor's landing. His door was ajar, and we could see nearly half the room through the crack, without being seen. If it had been possible to open our eyes any wider, we should have done it now.

For, the doctor was seated at a table on which his tea-things were laid. A canary-bird sat perched upon his head, a kitten was sporting at his feet, and he himself was occupied in binding up the leg of a guinea-pig.

"Poor little thing!" he was saying. "I am so sorry, so sorry; but never mind. There, there! I will bind up its poor little leg, and it will get well and run about as nicely as ever. Ah, little cat; now you know what I told you about that canary-bird. If you kill that canary-bird, I shall kill you. That is the law of Moses, little cat; it is a cruel law, I think, but I am afraid I should have to put it in force; for I love that little bird, and I love you, too, little cat, so you will not kill my pretty canary, will you? Sweet, sweet!" And the bird, perched upon the doctor's head, was answering "Sweet, sweet!"

Mrs. Mavor was behind us, calling to us in a loud whisper to come away. We astonished Mrs. Mavor and her lodger both. We walked right into the doctor's room.

He started at the sound of our footsteps; and when he saw us he turned pale with anger.

"What means this—this unwarrantable—this impertinent intrusion?"

He poured such a volley of angry words upon us that we were confused, and scarcely knew how to act. I saw that the only course was to take the bull by the horns.

"Doctor," I said, "you are an old humbug."

"What do you mean; what do you mean, sir? How dare you!" returned the doctor.

"And I say so too," struck in the mild Tom, who had never before been known to speak so bold; "doctor, you are an old humbug."

"Well, upon my word," said the doctor, "the audacity of this proceeding—"

"Who taught us to be audacious, doctor?" Tom asked, before he could finish the sentence.

The doctor gave way. He laughed, and he looked sheepish—as sheepish as we had looked when he discovered our loving-cup scheme. He scarcely knew what to say, and he put on a fierce look again, and called Mrs. Mavor.

"How dare you allow strangers to enter my room in this manner? Take that bird and that mischievous cat and that nasty guinea-pig, away, directly."

"It's of no use, doctor," said Tom; "we have found you out, and you can't deceive us any more. I have thought until now that you were an incarnate fiend, but I find you belong to the other side." Tom evidently meant that the doctor was a sort of angel, but he did not use the word; being probably struck with the incongruity of associating an angelic embodiment with a wide-awake hat and Blucher boots.

The doctor laughed: which encouraged Tom to address a moral lesson, on the doctor's conduct, to Mrs. Mavor.

"To all of us, Mrs. Mavor, he has made himself out a diabolical person: fierce, bloodthirsty, cruel. We had made a little Paradise among ourselves, and he entered it, like the beguiling serpent, and made us all wicked and unhappy. What did he do it for?"

Mrs. Mavor, seeing that the doctor was getting the worst of it, plucked up courage and spoke out. "He does it everywhere beyond the boundaries of Pavis-place, and I'll tell you what he does it for. *He is ashamed of being good, and kind, and tender-hearted!*"

"A pretty thing to be ashamed of," said Tom. "I've half a mind to punch his head!"

"No, don't," said the doctor, laughing. "Sit down and have a cup of coffee, and then Mrs. Mavor will come and join us in a game of whist, and we'll have a potato-salad for supper, and I'll brew such a bowl of punch as I flatter myself no man on the face of the earth besides myself——"

"Doctor," said Tom again, "you're a humbug."

We told all to the society, and the next time the doctor came among us at Mrs. Lirriper's here, he was received with shouts of derisive welcome.

The doctor gave a party in Pavis-place, and we were all invited. There was so much victuals, there were so many bottles of German wine, and there was so large a number of guests, that Mrs. Mavor's small tenement was in some danger of bursting. If I remember rightly, the provisions were on the scale of a ham and two fowls and a dozen of hocheimer, to each guest: to say nothing of the potato-salad, which was made in a bran new wash-hand basin, purchased for the occasion.

And after supper there was a presentation. The loving-cups had been redeemed; and one more was added to the number; and there they were, all bright and glittering—having been rubbed up expressly for the occasion—in a row upon the table. And the extra one was inscribed, "To the Doctor, from Tom, Ned, Sam, Will, Jack, Charley, and Harry, a Token of Friendship and Esteem."

Though our old heroes and idols are all set up on their pedestals long ago, Major, we are still given to cynical and audacious talk in our

society, which is, still held in my rooms here. But it deceives no one; and when the doctor tries to be fierce, he blushes at the feeble and foolish attempt he is making to conceal the tenderness of the kindest heart that ever beat.

IV.

HOW THE SECOND FLOOR KEPT A DOG.

Mrs. Lirriper rather objects to dogs, you say, Major? Very natural in a London house. Shall I tell you why I hope she will not object to my dog, major? Help yourself. So I will.

"Ah, but, to goodness, look you, will her bite?" exclaimed an old Welshwoman, as she pulled her big hat further on her head, and looked askance at the big black dog which the man sitting next her had just hauled on to the coach-roof.

"It isn't a her, and he won't bite," was the sententious reply of the dog's master.

Not a pleasant-looking man, this; tall and thin, whiskerless and sallow faced; his head looking more like a bladder of lard surmounted by a scratch-wig, than anything human: dressed all in black, with a stiff shiny hat, beaver gloves, and thick lustrous Wellington boots. He had enormous collars encircling his face and growing peakedly out of a huge black silk cravat; he had a black satin waistcoat and a silver watch-guard, and an umbrella in a shiny oilskin case, and a hard slippery cold black cowskin bag, with J. M. upon it in staring white letters; and he looked very much like what he was—Mr. John Mortiboy, junior partner in the house of Crump and Mortiboy, Manchester warehousemen, Friday-street, Cheapside, London.

What brought Mr. John Mortiboy into Wales to spend his holiday, or what induced such a pillar of British commerce to encumber himself with a dog, is no business of ours, Major. All I know, is, that he had been set down at the Barberth-road station, had dragged the black cowskin bag from under his seat, had released the dog from a square bare receptacle which the animal had filled with howls, and had mounted himself and his dog on to the top of the coach travelling toward the little watering-place of Pencthyly. The dog, a big black retriever, lay on the coach-roof with his fine head erect, now gazing round the landscape, now dropping his cold muzzle between his paws and taking snatches of sleep. His master sat on the extreme edge of the seat, with one Wellington boot very much displayed and dangling in the air, and he, the Wellington boot's owner, apparently deriving much enjoyment from the suction of his umbrella-handle. He cast his big eyes round him now and then at certain portions of the scenery pointed out by the coachman, and expressed his opinion that it was "handsome," but beyond that never vouchsafed a word until the coach, drew up at the Royal Inn at Pencthyly, when he went at once round to the stables and superintended the preparation of a meal for his dog, then ordered a

"point steak well beat, potatoes, and a pint of sherry," to be ready for him in an hour's time; inquired the way to Albion Villa; and set off for Albion Villa accompanied by his dog Beppo.

I don't think Mr. John Mortiboy was much wanted at Albion Villa, nor that he was exactly the kind of man who would have suited its inmates. They were little conscious of the approach of his hard creaking boots, striding over the ill-paved High-street of the little town, and were enjoying themselves after their own simple fashion. The blinds were down, the candles were lighted, and Mrs. Barford was pretending to be knitting, but really enjoying a placid sleep; Ellen, her eldest daughter, was reading a magazine; Kate, her youngest, was making some sketches under the observant tuition of a slim gentleman with a light beard, who apparently took the greatest interest in his pupil. Upon this little group the clang of the gate bell, the creaking of Mr. John Mortiboy's boots, and the strident tones of Mr. John Mortiboy's voice, fell uncomfortably. "Say Mr. John Mortiboy, of London," he exclaimed, while yet in the little passage outside. The startled Welsh servant having obeyed him, he followed close upon her heels into the room.

"Servant, ladies!" said he, with a short circular nod, "servant, Mrs. Barford! Best to explain matters wholesale. You wonder who I am. You're sister-in-law to my uncle, Jonas Crump. I'm my uncle's partner in Friday-street. Done too much; rather baked in the head—heavy consignments and sitting up late at night poring over figures. The doctor recommended change of air; uncle Crump recommended Penchly, and mentioned you. I came down here, and have taken the liberty of calling. Down, Beppo! Don't mind him, miss, he won't hurt you."

"Oh! I'm not afraid of the dog!" said Ellen, with a slight start at Mr. Mortiboy's general manner, and at his calling her "Miss." Kate looked on in wonder, and the slim gentleman with the light beard confided to the said beard, the word "Brute."

"We're—very—pleased to see you, Mr. Mortiboy," said Mrs. Barford, "and—and hope that you will soon recover your health in our quiet village. I'm sure anything that we can—can do—my daughters, Miss Ellen, Miss Kate Barford; a friend of ours, Mr. Sandham—we shall be most happy to—" As Mrs. Barford's voice died away in the contemplation of the happiness before her, the young ladies and Mr. Sandham bowed, and Mr. Mortiboy favoured them with a series of short nods. Then he said, abruptly turning to the slim gentleman, "In the army, sir?"

"No, sir, I am not!" retorted the slim gentleman, with great promptitude.

"Beg pardon, no offence! Volunteer, perhaps? Hair, you know, beard, et cetera, made me think you were in the military line. Many young gents now-a-days are volunteers!"

"Mr. Sandham is an artist," said Mrs. Bar-

ford, interposing in dread lest there should be an outbreak.

"Oh ah!" said Mr. Mortiboy. "Bad trade that—demand not equal to supply, is it? Too many hands employed; barely bread and cheese, I'm told, for any but the top-sawyers."

"Sir!" said Mr. Sandham, in a loud tone of voice, and fiercely.

"Edward!" said Miss Kate, beneath her breath, appealingly.

"Won't you take some refreshment, Mr. Mortiboy?" asked Mrs. Barford, warningly. "We're just going to supper."

"No, thank you, mam," said Mr. Mortiboy. "I've a steak and potatoes waiting for me at the Royal, after which I shall turn in at once, as I'm done up by my journey. Good night, ladies all! Good night to you, sir! I'll look you up to-morrow morning, and if any of you want to go for a turn, I shall be proud to bean you about. Good night!" And beckoning his dog, Mr. Mortiboy took his departure.

Scarcely had the door closed behind him, than the long-restrained comments began.

"A pleasant visitor uncle Crump has sent us, mamma!" said Kate.

"Uncle Crump, indeed! Who never sent us anything before, except a five-pound note when poor papa died!" exclaimed Ellen.

"But you won't, will you, mamma, you won't be put upon in this way? You won't have this horrid man running in and out at all times and seasons, and—"

"And *beau-ing* us about! the vulgar wretch!" interrupted Kate.

"My dears! my dears!" said Mrs. Barford, "it strikes me that some one has been teaching you very strong language."

"Not I, Mrs. Barford," said Mr. Sandham; "absolve me from that; though I must own that if ever I saw a man who wanted kicking—"

"Nonsense, Mr. Sandham. This gentleman is imbued with certain London peculiarities, no doubt; but I dare say there's good in him. There must be, or he would never be the partner of such an upright man as Jonas Crump."

"Upright man! Pooh!" said Kate; and then the supper came in, and the subject dropped.

At nine o'clock next morning, just as the breakfast-things had been cleared, and Mrs. Barford was going through her usual interview with the cook, Kate, who was sitting in the little bay-window, started and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! Here's this horrid man!"

Ellen peeped over her shoulder, and said, "I think he looks, if possible, more dreadful by daylight than by candlelight!"

Mr. John Mortiboy, utterly unconscious of the effect he was producing, unlatched the garden-gate, and then for the first time looking up, nodded shortly and familiarly at the sisters. "How do, young ladies?" he called from the garden. "Fine morning this; fresh and all that sort of thing! I feel better already. When a London man's a little overdone, nothing sets him up so soon, as a sniff of the briny."

And then he took a great gulp, as if to swallow as much fresh air as possible, and entered the house, followed by his dog.

"Did you hear him, Nelly?" asked Kate. "The wretch! I'm sure I won't be seen walking with him, in his nasty black clothes, like an undertaker!"

"He has a chimney-pot hat on, and has brought his umbrella! Fancy! At the sea!" said Ellen.

"Good morning, Mrs. Barford," said Mr. Mortiboy; "domestic arrangements, eh? I understand. If you've no objection, I'll do myself the pleasure of cutting my mutton with you to-day. And mutton it will be, I suppose! Can't get any beef here, I understand, except on Friday, which is killing-day for the barracks. Bad arrangement that; wants alteration."

"Haden't you better alter it then, Mr. Mortiboy," said Kate; "superintending the butcher will be a pleasant way of spending your holiday."

"Joking, miss, eh? Well, I don't mind. But ain't you coming out, young ladies, for a mouthful of air. I suppose the old lady don't move so early."

"If you refer to mamma," said Ellen, frigidly, "she never goes out until just before dinner."

"Ah, I thought not. Old folks must wait until the air is what they call warmed by the sun. But that won't hinder our taking a turn, I suppose. Where's Whiskerandos?"

"If, as I presume, you mean Mr. Sandham, the gentleman who was here last night, I cannot inform you, Mr. Mortiboy," said Kate, with a very flushed face, and a slightly trembling voice; "but I would advise you not to let him hear you joking about him, as he is rather quick-tempered."

"Oh, indeed?" exclaimed Mr. Mortiboy, "a fire-eater is he? Well, there's no duelling now, you know. Any nonsense of that sort,—give a man in charge of a policeman, or summons him before a magistrate, and get him bound over."

Just at this moment Mrs. Barford came in and told the girls to get their hats on, and show Mr. Mortiboy the prettiest spots in the village, the Castle Hill, the ruined Abbey, and the Smuggler's Leap. To these places they went, Mr. Mortiboy discoursing the whole way of the badness of the roads, and of what improvements might be made if they had a properly constituted local board of health at Penethly; declaring that the cries of "Milford oysters," and "fresh haddock," were entirely unconstitutional and illegal, as no one had a right to shout in the public streets; that there ought to be proper stands provided for the car-drivers; and that a regular police supervision was urgently demanded. He did not think much of the Abbey ruins, and he laughed in scorn at the story of the Smuggler's Leap. As they were on their homeward way, coming round the Castle-hill, they met Mr. Sandham, very ruddy and fresh, and shiny; and with a

couple of towels in his hand. He took off his wide-awake as he approached the ladies, and bowed slightly to Mr. Mortiboy.

"Ah, Mr. Sandham!" said Ellen, with an admonitory finger, "you have been bathing again by St. Catherine's Rock, after all the warning we gave you!"

"My dear Ellen," interposed Kate, with a petulant air, "how can you? If Mr. Sandham chooses to risk his life after what he has been told, it surely is nothing to us!"

"Now, Miss Kate, Miss Kate, that's not fair!" said Sandham; "you know," he added, dropping his voice, "that every word of yours would have weight with me, but the tide was slack this morning, and really there is no other place where a swimmer can really enjoy a bath. You are a swimmer, Mr. Mortiboy?"

"Yes, sir," replied that gentleman. "Yes, sir, I can manage it. I've had lessons at Peerless Pool and the Holborn Baths, and can keep up well enough. But I don't like it. I don't see much fun in what are absurdly called the 'manly exercises.' Twenty years ago, young men used to like driving coaches; now I can't conceive duller work than holding a bunch of thick leather reins in your hand, steering four tired horses, sitting on a hard seat, and listening to the conversation of an uneducated coachman. I never ride, because I hate bumping up and down on a hard saddle and rubbing the skin off my body; I never play cricket, because in the hot weather I like to keep quiet and cool, and not toil in the sun; and as to going out shooting and stumping over miles of stubble in September, lugging a big gun and tiring myself to death, I look upon that as the pursuit of a maniac! I am a practical man!"

"You are indeed!" said Kate, as she dropped gradually behind with Mr. Sandham, and left the practical man and her sister Ellen to lead the way to the house.

It is unnecessary to recount the sayings and doings of Mr. John Mortiboy during the next few days. It is enough that he spent the greater portion of them with the Barford family, and that he so elaborated his ideas of practicality, and so inveighed against everything that was not absolutely useful in a mercantile point of view—including, in a measure, art, poetry, music, and the domestic affections—that he incurred the unmitigated hatred of the young ladies, and even fell to zero in Mrs. Barford's estimation.

It was about the fifth morning after the intrusion of this utterly incongruous element into the society of Albion Villa, that Ellen and Kate strolled out immediately after breakfast with the view of escaping the expected visit of their persecutor, and made their way to the Castle Hill. The night had been tempestuous, and from their window they had noticed that a heavy sea was running; they consequently were not surprised to see a little group of people gathered on the heights looking towards St. Catherine's Rock: a huge mass of granite surmounted by an old ruin, round

which, when it was insulated at high water, the tide always swept with a peculiar and dangerous swirl. But when they joined the group, among which were several of their friends, they found that the concourse were regarding, with interest mingled with fright, the movements of a swimmer who had rounded the extremity of Catherine's, and was seen making for the shore.

"He'll never do it," said Captain Calthorp, an old half-pay dragoon, who had been tempted by the cheapness of Penethly to pitch his tent there; "he'll never do it, by Jove! Yes! Well struggled, sir; he made a point there—hold on, now, and he's in."

"Who is it?" asked the coast-guard lieutenant, who was standing by. "Any one we know?"

"I can't tell at this distance!" said Captain Calthorp, "though it looks like—stay! There's one of your look-out men on the height, with a glass; give him a hail!"

"Yoho! Morgan!" cried the lieutenant. "Ay, ay, sir!" was the man's ready response, though the glass was never moved. "Bring that glass down here!" "Ay, ay, sir;" and in two minutes the old coast-guard-man was by his officer's side. He saluted and handed the glass, but as he did so he said, in an under tone, "God help the gentleman, he's done! Ah, look you now, poor thing, nothing can save him."

"What!" cries the lieutenant, clapping the glass to his eye. "By Jove, you're right! he's in a bad way, and it—why it's the artist-chap, that friend of the Barfords!"

"Who?" screamed Kate, rushing up at the moment. "Who did you say, Mr. Lawford? Oh, for God's sake, save him! Save him, Mr. Lawford! Save him, Captain Calthorp!"

"My dear young lady," said the last-named gentleman, "I am sure Lawford didn't know you were here, or he wouldn't—"

"This is no time for ceremony, Captain Calthorp," said Ellen; "for Heaven's sake, let some effort be made to save my sister's—to save Mr. Sandham!"

"My dear Miss Barford," said Lawford, who had been whispering with Morgan, "I fear no mortal aid can avail the poor dear fellow now. Before we could descend the rock, and launch a boat, with the tide ebbing at the rate it now is—"

"Hur would have been swep' round Catherine's, and away out to sea!" said Morgan.

"Oh, help him!" screamed Kate. "Oh, how cruel! how cowardly! Oh, help him, Mr. Lawford!" She lifted up her hands piteously to the lieutenant. "Oh, Mr. Mortiboy," she exclaimed, as that gentleman came slowly sauntering up the hill with Beppo at his heels, "for God's sake, save Mr. Sandham!"

"Save—Mr. Sandham—my dear young lady; I don't exactly comprehend!" began Mr. Mortiboy, looking vaguely in the direction of her outstretched hand; then suddenly, "Good Lord! is that his head? There! Down there!"

"Yes!" whispered Ellen Barford; "yes! They say he will be whirled away before a boat could be launched—they say he is lost now!"

"Not at all! Not yet, at least!" replied Mortiboy, excited, but without much perceptible alteration of manner. "While there's life there's hope, you know, Miss B., and even yet we may—Here, Beppo! Hi, man! hi! Goot boy!" The dog came, leaping round his master. "Hi! ho! Not here! There! there! Look, boy!" catching him by the collar, and pointing down to where Sandham's head was a mere speck on the water. "Look, man! Look, old boy! He sees it, by Jove!" as the dog uttered a low growl, and became restive. "In, old man! In, fine fellow! In, Beppo! Look! Noble dog, in he goes!"

In he went, with one bound over the low stone wall, then quickly down the sloping slippery boulders, then with a plunge into the sea—lost sight of for a moment, rising to view again, paddling off straight for the drowning man. The swift current whirled him in eddies here and there, but still the brave dog persevered; the spectators held their breath, as they saw him bearing down upon the black speck, which was every second growing smaller and smaller, and receding further and further from the land. But the dog made grand progress, the strong sucking under-current helped him, and he arrived at Sandham's side just in time for the drowning man to fling his arm round the dog's neck, and to feel his shoulder seized by the dog's teeth. They saw this from the shore, and then Kate Barford fainted.

But the work was only half done: the dog turned round, and battled bravely for the shore, but he was encumbered by his burden, and now the current was against him. He strove and strove, but the way he made was small, and every foot was gained with intense struggling and exertion. "By Jove! He'll never do it," cried Lieutenant Lawford, with the glass at his eye; and, as he said the words, old Morgan, the preventive-man, added through his teeth, "Hur must be helped, at any cost," and sped away down the rock, shaping his course to where a small pleasure-boat lay high and dry on the sand. "I'm with you, governor," cried John Mortiboy; "I can't feather, but I pull a strongish oar," and he followed the old man as best he could. The boat was reached, and pushed by main force to the water's edge, where Mortiboy entered it, and old Morgan ran in, waist-deep, to give it the starting shove, and then leaped in to join his comrade. On they pulled, Morgan with a measured steady stroke, Mortiboy with fevered strong jerks that sent the boat's head now to the right, now to the left: when old Morgan, suddenly looking over his shoulder, called out, "Hur's done! Hur's sinking now, both on 'em!" Mortiboy looked round too; they were still some ten boats' length from the objects of their pursuit, and both dog and man were vanishing. "Not yet!" cried he; and in an instant he had torn off the black

coat and the Wellington boots, and had flung himself, as nobly as his own dog, into the sea.

A very few strokes brought him to Sandham; he seized him by the hair of his head, and battled bravely with the waves; the dog, recognising his master, seemed to take fresh courage, and the trio floated until old Morgan dragged them one by one into the boat. When they reached the shore, all Penethly was on the beach, cheering with all its might: they lifted out Mr. Sandham, insensible but likely to recover, and they administered a very stiff glass of grog to Mr. Mortiboy, who was shivering like an aspen-leaf, but who received even greater warmth from a warm pressure of Ellen Barford's hand, and a whispered "God bless you, Mr. Mortiboy!" than from the grog—though he took that, too, like a man whom it comforted. As for Beppo, I don't know what the fishing population would not have done for him, but that he positively refused to stir from Sandham's side. As they carried the artist up to his lodgings the dog buried his nose in the pendent hand, and did not leave until he had seen his charge safely placed in bed.

Mr. Sandham was, in his own words, "All right" next day, but Mr. Mortiboy, unaccustomed to exercise and damp, fell ill, and was confined to his bed for several weeks—would have never left it, I think, but for the care and attention of his three nurses from Albion Villa. Of these, Ellen was the most constant and the most regular, and the patient always seemed better under her care.

"He is making progress, Kate," she said one night to her sister. "He is a good patient. You know, as he would say himself, he is so practical."

"God bless his practicality, Nell," said Kate, with tears in her eyes. "Think what it did for us!"

Three years have passed since then, Major, and a family group is going to be gathered in a large square room built as a kind of exorcismence to a very pretty villa in Kensington. This is to be the studio of Mr. Sandham, A.R.A. But as the mortar and plaster are extraordinarily slow in drying (when were they not, Major?), Mr. Sandham, A.R.A., come up from Wales with the family group, to take possession, has established the group at the excellent Lodgings of the excellent Mrs. Lirriper, and he, the owner of said studio, is smoking a pipe with a worthy Major, and smoothing with his slippered foot the rough curly back of his dog Beppo, who is stretched in front of the fire. Mrs. Sandham, formerly Kate Barford, is working at a baby's frock, and asking now and then the advice of her sister, who is frilling a little cap. (There they are, Major. Don't tell them that I said so.)

"How late John is to-night, Ellen," says old Mrs. Barford, from her place in the chimney-corner. (You hear her, Major?)

"Always at Christmas-time, dear mother," says Ellen. (There she is, Major.) "Since

uncle Crump's death, you know, John's business is trebled, and it all hangs on him, dear old fellow!"

"He will be late for supper, Nelly," says Sandham. "(—Excuse me, Major.)"

"No he won't, Ned!" cries a cheery voice at the door as John Mortiboy appears; "no he won't. He's never late for anything good. Don't you know, he's a practical man?"

—Mr. Mortiboy, Major Jackman, Major, Mr. Mortiboy!

V.

HOW THE THIRD FLOOR KNEW THE POTTERIES.

I am a plain man, Major, and you may not dislike to hear a plain statement of facts from me. Some of those facts lie beyond my understanding. I do not pretend to explain them. I only know that they happened as I relate them, and that I pledge myself for the truth of every word of them.

I began life roughly enough, down among the Potteries. I was an orphan; and my earliest recollections are of a great porcelain manufactory in the country of the Potteries, where I helped about the yard, picked up what halfpence fell in my way, and slept in a harness-loft over the stable. Those were hard times; but things bettered themselves as I grew older and stronger, especially after George Barnard had come to be foreman of the yard.

George Barnard was a Wesleyan—we were mostly dissenters in the Potteries—sober, clear-headed, somewhat sulky and silent, but a good fellow every inch of him, and my best friend at the time when I most needed a good friend. He took me out of the yard, and set me to the furnace-work. He entered me on the books at a fixed rate of wages. He helped me to pay for a little cheap schooling four nights a week; and he led me to go with him on Sundays to the chapel down by the river-side, where I first saw Leah Paync. She was his sweetheart, and so pretty that I used to forget the preacher and everybody else, when I looked at her. When she joined in the singing, I heard no voice but hers. If she asked me for the hymn-book, I used to blush and tremble. I believe I worshipped her, in my stupid ignorant way; and I think I worshipped Barnard almost as blindly, though after a different fashion. I felt I owed him everything. I knew that he had saved me, body and mind; and I looked up to him as a savage might look up to a missionary.

Leah was the daughter of a plumber, who lived close by the chapel. She was twenty, and George about seven or eight-and-thirty. Some captious folks said there was too much difference in their ages; but she was so serious-minded, and they loved each other so earnestly and quietly, that, if nothing had come between them during their courtship, I don't believe the question of disparity would ever have troubled the happiness of their married lives. Something did come, however; and that something was a Frenchman, called Louis Laroche. He was a painter on porcelain, from the famous works at Sèvres;

and our master, it was said, had engaged him for three years certain, at such wages as none of our own people, however skillful, could hope to command. It was about the beginning or middle of September when he first came among us. He looked very young; was small, dark, and well made; had little white soft hands, and a silky moustache; and spoke English nearly as well as I do. None of us liked him; but that was only natural, seeing how he was put over the head of every Englishman in the place. Besides, though he was always smiling and civil, we couldn't help seeing that he thought himself ever so much better than the rest of us; and that was not pleasant. Neither was it pleasant to see him strolling about the town, dressed just like a gentleman, when working hours were over; smoking good cigars, when we were forced to be content with a pipe of common tobacco; hiring a horse on Sunday afternoons, when we were trudging a-foot; and taking his pleasure as if the world was made for him to enjoy, and us to work in.

"Ben, boy," said George, "there's something wrong about that Frenchman."

It was on a Saturday afternoon, and we were sitting on a pile of empty seggars against the door of my furnace-room, waiting till the men should all have cleared out of the yard. Seggars are deep earthen boxes in which the pottery is put, while being fired in the kiln.

I looked up, inquiringly.

"About the Count?" said I, for that was the nickname by which he went in the pottery.

George nodded, and paused for a moment with his chin resting on his palms.

"He has an evil eye," said he; "and a false smile. Something wrong about him."

"I drew nearer, and listened to George as if he had been an oracle.

"Besides," added he, in his slow quiet way, with his eyes fixed straight before him as if he was thinking aloud, "there's a young look about him that isn't natural. Take him just at sight, and you'd think he was almost a boy; but look close at him—see the little fine wrinkles under his eyes, and the hard lines about his mouth, and then tell me his age, if you can! Why, Ben boy, he's as old as I am, pretty near; ay, and as strong, too. You stare; but I tell you that, slight as he looks, he could fling you over his shoulder as if you were a feather. And as for his hands, little and white as they are, there are muscles of iron inside them, take my word for it."

"But, George, how can you know?"

"Because I have a warning against him," replied George, very gravely. "Because, whenever he is by, I feel as if my eyes saw clearer, and my ears heard keener, than at other times. Maybe it's presumption, but I sometimes feel as if I had a call to guard myself and others against him. Look at the children, Ben, how they shrink away from him; and see there, now! Ask Captain what he thinks of him! Ben, that dog likes him no better than I do."

I looked, and saw Captain crouching by his kennel with his ears laid back, growling audibly,

as the Frenchman came slowly down the steps leading from his own workshop at the upper end of the yard. On the last step he paused; lighted a cigar; glanced round, as if to see whether any one was by; and then walked straight over to within a couple of yards of the kennel. Captain gave a short angry snarl, and laid his muzzle close down upon his paws, ready for a spring. The Frenchman folded his arms deliberately, fixed his eyes on the dog, and stood calmly smoking. He knew exactly how far he dared go, and kept just that one foot out of harm's way. All at once he stooped, puffed a mouthful of smoke in the dog's eyes, burst into a mocking laugh, turned lightly on his heel, and walked away; leaving Captain straining at his chain, and barking after him like a mad creature.

Days went by, and I, at work in my own department, saw no more of the Count. Sunday came—the third, I think, after I had talked with George in the yard. Going with George to chapel, as usual, in the morning, I noticed that there was something strange and anxious in his face, and that he scarcely opened his lips to me on the way. Still I said nothing. It was not my place to question him; and I remember thinking to myself that the cloud would all clear off as soon as he found himself by Leah's side, holding the same book, and joining in the same hymn. It did not, however, for no Leah was there. I looked every moment to the door, expecting to see her sweet face coming in; but George never lifted his eyes from his book, or seemed to notice that her place was empty. Thus the whole service went by, and my thoughts wandered continually from the words of the preacher. As soon as the last blessing was spoken, and we were fairly across the threshold, I turned to George, and asked if Leah was ill?

"No," said he, gloomily. "She's not ill."

"Then why wasn't she—?"

"I'll tell you why," he interrupted, impatiently. "Because you've seen her here for the last time. She's never coming to chapel again."

"Never coming to the chapel again?" I faltered, laying my hand on his sleeve in the earnestness of my surprise. "Why, George, what is the matter?"

But he shook my hand off, and stamped with his iron heel till the pavement rang again.

"Don't ask me," said he, roughly. "Let me alone. You'll know soon enough."

And with this he turned off down a by-lane leading towards the hills, and left me without another word.

I had had plenty of hard treatment in my time; but never, until that moment, an angry look or syllable from George. I did not know how to bear it. That day my dinner seemed as if it would choke me; and in the afternoon I went out and wandered restlessly about the fields till the hour for evening prayers came round. I then returned to the chapel, and sat down on a tomb outside, waiting for George. I saw the congregation go in by twos and threes; I heard the first psalm-tune echo solemnly through the evening stillness; but no

George came. Then the service began, and I knew that, punctual as his habits were, it was of no use to expect him any longer. Where could he be? What could have happened? Why should Leah Payne never come to chapel again? Had she gone over to some other sect, and was that why George seemed so unhappy?

Sitting there in the little dreary churchyard with the darkness fast gathering around me, I asked myself these questions over and over again, till my brain ached; for I was not much used to thinking about anything in those times. At last, I could bear to sit quiet no longer. The sudden thought struck me that I would go to Leah, and learn what the matter was, from her own lips. I sprang to my feet, and set off at once towards her home.

It was quite dark, and a light rain was beginning to fall. I found the garden-gate open, and a quick hope flashed across me that George might be there. I drew back for a moment, hesitating whether to knock or ring, when a sound of voices in the passage, and the sudden gleaming of a bright line of light under the door, warned me that some one was coming out. Taken by surprise, and quite unprepared for the moment with anything to say, I shrank back behind the porch, and waited until those within should have passed out. The door opened, and the light streamed suddenly upon the roses and the wet gravel.

"It rains," said Leah, bending forward and shading the candle with her hand.

"And is as cold as Siberia," added another voice, which was not George's, and yet sounded strangely familiar. "Ugh! what a climate for such a flower as my darling to bloom in!"

"Is it so much finer in France?" asked Leah, softly.

"As much finer as blue skies and sunshine can make it. Why, my angel, even your bright eyes will be ten times brighter, and your rosy cheeks ten times rosier, when they are transplanted to Paris. Ah! I can give you no idea of the wonders of Paris—the broad streets planted with trees, the palaces, the shops, the gardens!—it is a city of enchantment."

"It must be, indeed!" said Leah. "And you will really take me to see all those beautiful shops?"

"Every Sunday, my darling—Bah! don't look so shocked. The shops in Paris are always open on Sunday, and everybody makes holiday. You will soon get over these prejudices."

"I fear it is very wrong to take so much pleasure in the things of this world," sighed Leah.

The Frenchman laughed, and answered her with a kiss.

"Good night, my sweet little saint!" and he ran lightly down the path, and disappeared in the darkness. Leah sighed again, lingered a moment, and then closed the door.

Stupified and bewildered, I stood for some seconds like a stone statue, unable to move; scarcely able to think. At length, I roused myself, as it were mechanically, and went towards

the gate. At that instant, a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a hoarse voice close beside my ear, said:

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

It was George. I knew him at once, in spite of the darkness, and stammered his name. He took his hand quickly from my shoulder.

"How long have you been here?" said he, fiercely. "What right have you to lurk about, like a spy in the dark? God help me, Ben—I'm half mad. I don't mean to be harsh to you."

"I'm sure you don't," I cried, earnestly.

"It's that cursed Frenchman," he went on, in a voice that sounded like the groan of one in pain. "He's a villain. I know he's a villain; and I've had a warning against him ever since the first moment he came among us. He'll make her miserable, and break her heart some day—my pretty Leah—and I loved her so! But I'll be revenged—as sure as there's a sun in heaven, I'll be revenged!"

His vehemence terrified me. I tried to persuade him to go home; but he would not listen to me.

"No, no," he said. "Go home yourself, boy, and let me be. My blood is on fire; this rain is good for me, and I am better alone."

"If I could only do something to help you—"

"You can't," interrupted he. "Nobody can help me. I'm a ruined man, and I don't care what becomes of me. The Lord forgive me! my heart is full of wickedness, and my thoughts are the promptings of Satan. There go—for Heaven's sake, go. I don't know what I say, or what I do!"

I went, for I did not dare refuse any longer; but I lingered awhile at the corner of the street, and watched him pacing to and fro, to and fro in the driving rain. At length I turned reluctantly away, and went home.

I lay awake that night for hours, thinking over the events of the day, and hating the Frenchman from my very soul. I could not hate Leah. I had worshipped her too long and too faithfully for that; but I looked upon her as a creature given over to destruction. I fell asleep towards morning, and woke again shortly after daybreak. When I reached the pottery, I found George there before me, looking very pale, but quite himself, and setting the men to their work the same as usual. I said nothing about what had happened the day before. Something in his face silenced me; but seeing him so steady and composed, I took heart, and began to hope he had fought through the worst of his trouble. By-and-by the Frenchman came through the yard, gay and off-hand, with his cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets. George turned sharply away into one of the workshops, and shut the door. I drew a deep breath of relief. My dread was to see them come to an open quarrel; and I felt that as long as they kept clear of that, all would be well.

Thus the Monday went by, and the Tuesday; and still George kept aloof from me. I had sense enough not to be hurt by this. I felt he

had a good right to be silent, if silence helped him to bear his trial better; and I made up my mind never to breathe another syllable on the subject, unless he began.

Wednesday came. I had overslept myself that morning, and came to work a quarter after the hour, expecting to be fined; for George was very strict as foreman of the yard, and treated friends and enemies just the same. Instead of blaming me, however, he called me up, and said:

"Ben, whose turn is it this week to sit up?"

"Mine, sir," I replied. (I always called him "Sir" in working hours.)

"Well, then, you may go home to-day, and the same on Thursday and Friday; for there's a large batch of work for the ovens to-night, and there'll be the same to-morrow night and the night after."

"All right, sir," said I. "Then I'll be here by seven this evening."

"No, half-past nine will be soon enough. I've some accounts to make up, and I shall be here myself till then. Mind you are true to time, though."

"I'll be as true as the clock, sir," I replied, and was turning away when he called me back again.

"You're a good lad, Ben," said he. "Shake hands."

I seized his hand, and pressed it warmly.

"If I'm good for anything, George," I answered with all my heart, "it's you who have made me so. God bless you for it!"

"Amen!" said he, in a troubled voice, putting his hand to his hat.

And so we parted.

In general, I went to bed by day when I was attending to the firing by night; but this morning I had already slept longer than usual, and wanted exercise more than rest. So I ran home; put a bit of bread and meat in my pocket; snatched up my big thorn stick; and started off for a long day in the country. When I came home, it was quite dark and beginning to rain, just as it had begun to rain at about the same time that wretched Sunday evening: so I changed my wet boots, had an early supper and a nap in the chimney-corner, and went down to the works at a few minutes before half-past nine. Arriving at the factory gate, I found it ajar, and so walked in and closed it after me. I remember thinking at the time that it was unlike George's usual caution to leave it so; but it passed from my mind next moment. Having slipped in the bolt, I then went straight over to George's little counting-house, where the gas was shining cheerfully in the window. Here also, somewhat to my surprise, I found the door open, and the room empty. I went in. The threshold and part of the floor was wetted by the driving rain. The wages-book was open on the desk, George's pen stood in the ink, and his hat hung on its usual peg in the corner. I concluded, of course, that he had gone round to the ovens; so, following him, I took down his hat and carried it with me, for it was now raining fast.

The baking-houses lay just opposite, on the other side of the yard. There were three of them, opening one out of the other; and in each, the great furnace filled all the middle of the room. These furnaces are, in fact, large kilns built of brick, with an oven closed in by an iron door in the centre of each, and a chimney going up through the roof. The pottery, enclosed in seggars, stands round inside on shelves, and has to be turned from time to time while the firing is going on. To turn these seggars, test the heat, and keep the fires up, was my work at the period of which I am now telling you, Major.

Well! I went through the baking-houses one after the other, and found all empty alike. Then a strange vague uneasy feeling came over me, and I began to wonder what could have become of George. It was possible that he might be in one of the workshops; so I ran over to the counting-house, lighted a lantern, and made a thorough survey of the yards. I tried the doors; they were all locked as usual. I peeped into the open sheds; they were all vacant. I called "George! George!" in every part of the outer premises; but the wind and rain drove back my voice, and no other voice replied to it. Forced at last to believe that he was really gone, I took his hat back to the counting-house, put away the wages-book, extinguished the gas, and prepared for my solitary watch.

The night was mild, and the heat in the baking-rooms intense. I knew, by experience, that the ovens had been overheated, and that none of the porcelain must go in at least for the next two hours; so I carried my stool to the door, settled myself in a sheltered corner where the air could reach me, but not the rain, and fell to wondering where George could have gone, and why he should not have waited till the time appointed. That he had left in haste was clear—not because his hat remained behind, for he might have had a cap with him—but because he had left the book open, and the gas lighted. Perhaps one of the workmen had met with some accident, and he had been summoned away so urgently that he had no time to think of anything; perhaps he would even now come back presently to see that all was right before he went home to his lodgings. Turning these things over in my mind, I grew drowsy, my thoughts wandered, and I fell asleep.

I cannot tell how long my nap lasted. I had walked a great distance that day, and I slept heavily; but I awoke all in a moment, with a sort of terror upon me, and, looking up, saw George Barnard sitting on a stool before the oven door, with the firelight full upon his face.

Ashamed to be found sleeping, I started to my feet. At the same instant, he rose, turned away without even looking towards me, and went out into the next room.

"Don't be angry, George!" I cried, following him. "None of the seggars are in. I know the fires were too strong, and—"

The words died on my lips. I had followed him from the first room to the second, from the second to the third, and in the third—I lost him!

I could not believe my eyes. I opened the end door leading into the yard, and looked out; but he was nowhere in sight. I went round to the back of the baking-houses, looked behind the furnaces, ran over to the counting-house, called him by his name over and over again; but all was dark, silent, lonely, as ever.

"Then I remembered how I had bolted the outer gate, and how impossible it was that he should have come in without ringing. Then, too, I began again to doubt the evidence of my own senses, and to think I must have been dreaming.

I went back to my old post by the door of the first baking-house, and sat down for a moment to collect my thoughts.

"In the first place," said I to myself, "there is but one outer gate. That outer gate I bolted on the inside, and it is bolted still. In the next place, I searched the premises, and found all the sleds empty, and the workshop-doors padlocked as usual on the outside. I proved that George was nowhere about, when I came, and I know he could not have come in since, without my knowledge. Therefore it is a dream. It is certainly a dream, and there's an end of it."

And with this I trimmed my lantern and proceeded to test the temperature of the furnaces. We used to do this, I should tell you, by the introduction of little roughly-moulded lumps of common fire-clay. If the heat is too great, they crack; if too little, they remain damp and moist; if just right, they become firm and smooth all over, and pass into the biscuit stage. Well! I took my three little lumps of clay, put one in each oven, waited while I counted five hundred, and then went round again to see the results. The two first were in capital condition, the third had flown into a dozen pieces. This proved that the seggars might at once go into ovens One and Two, but that number Three had been overheated, and must be allowed to go on cooling for an hour or two longer.

I therefore stocked One and Two with nine rows of seggars, three deep on each shelf; left the rest waiting till number Three was in a condition to be trusted; and, fearful of falling asleep again, now that the firing was in progress, walked up and down the rooms to keep myself awake. This was hot work; however, and I could not stand it very long; so I went back presently to my stool by the door, and fell to thinking about my dream. The more I thought of it, the more strangely real it seemed, and the more I felt convinced that I was actually on my feet, when I saw George get up and walk into the adjoining room. I was also certain that I had still continued to see him as he passed out of the second room into the third, and that at that time I was even following his very footsteps. Was it possible, I asked myself, that I could have been up and moving, and yet not quite awake? I had heard of people walking in their sleep. Could it be that I was walking in mine, and never waked till I reached the cool air of the yard? All this seemed likely enough, so I dismissed the matter from my mind,

and passed the rest of the night in attending to the seggars, adding fresh fuel from time to time to the furnaces of the first and second ovens, and now and then taking a turn through the yards. As for Number Three, it kept up its heat to such a degree that it was almost day before I dared trust the seggars to go in it.

Thus the hours went by; and at half-past seven on Thursday morning, the men came to their work. It was now my turn to go off duty, but I wanted to see George before I left, and so waited for him in the counting-house, while a lad named Steve Storr took my place at the ovens. But the clock went on from half-past seven to a quarter to eight; then to eight o'clock; then to a quarter-past eight—and still George never made his appearance. At length, when the hand got round to half-past eight, I grew weary of waiting, took up my hat, ran home, went to bed, and slept profoundly until past four in the afternoon.

That evening I went down to the factory quite early; for I had a restlessness upon me, and I wanted to see George before he left for the night. This time, I found the gate bolted, and I rang for admittance.

"How early you are, Ben!" said Steve Storr, as he let me in.

"Mr. Barnard's not gone?" I asked, quickly; for I saw at the first glance that the gas was out in the counting-house.

"He's not gone," said Steve, "because he's never been."

"Never been?"

"No: and what's stranger still, he's not been home either, since dinner yesterday."

"But he was here last night."

"Oh yes, he was here last night, making up the books. John Parker was with him till past six; and you found him here, didn't you, at half-past nine?"

I shook my head.

"Well, he's gone, anyhow. Good night!"

"Good night!"

I took the lantern from his hand, bolted him out mechanically, and made my way to the baking-houses like one in a stupor. George gone? Gone without a word of warning to his employer, or of farewell to his fellow-workmen? I could not understand it. I could not believe it. I sat down bewildered, incredulous, stunned. Then came hot tears, doubts, terrifying suspicions. I remembered the wild words he had spoken a few nights back; the strange calm by which they were followed; my dream of the evening before. I had heard of men who drowned themselves for love; and the turbid Severn ran close by—so close, that one might pitch a stone into it from some of the workshop-windows.

These thoughts were too horrible. I dared not dwell upon them. I turned to work, to free myself from them, if I could; and began by examining the ovens. The temperature of all was much higher than on the previous night, the heat having been gradually increased during the last twelve hours. It was now my business to keep the heat on the increase for twelve more;

after which it would be allowed, as gradually, to subside, until the pottery was cool enough for removal. To turn the seggars, and add fuel to the two first furnaces, was my first work. As before, I found number three in advance of the others, and so left it for half an hour, or an hour. I then went round the yard; tried the doors; let the dog loose; and brought him back with me to the baking-houses, for company. After that, I set my lantern on a shelf beside the door, took a book from my pocket, and began to read.

I remember the title of the book as well as possible. It was called *Bowlker's Art of Angling*, and contained little rude cuts of all kinds of artificial flies, hooks, and other tackle. But I could not keep my mind to it for two minutes together; and at last I gave it up in despair, covered my face with my hands, and fell into a long absorbing painful train of thought. A considerable time had gone by thus—maybe an hour—when I was roused by a low whimpering howl from Captain, who was lying at my feet. I looked up with a start, just as I had started from sleep the night before, and with the same vague terror; and saw, exactly in the same place and in the same attitude, with the fire-light full upon him—George Barnard!

At this sight, a fear heavier than the fear of death fell upon me, and my tongue seemed paralysed in my mouth. Then, just as last night, he rose, or seemed to rise, and went slowly out into the next room. A power stronger than myself appeared to compel me, reluctantly, to follow him. I saw him pass through the second room—cross the threshold of the third room—walk straight up to the oven—and there pause. He then turned, for the first time, with the glare of the red firelight pouring out upon him from the open door of the furnace, and looked at me, face to face. In the same instant, his whole frame and countenance seemed to glow and become transparent, as if the fire were all within him and around him—and in that glow he became, as it were, absorbed into the furnace, and disappeared!

I uttered a wild cry, tried to stagger from the room, and fell insensible before I reached the door.

When I next opened my eyes, the grey dawn was in the sky; the furnace doors were all closed as I had left them when I last went round; the dog was quietly sleeping not far from my side; and the men were ringing at the gate, to be let in.

I told my tale from beginning to end, and was laughed at, as a matter of course, by all who heard it. When it was found, however, that my statements never varied, and, above all, that George Barnard continued absent, some few began to talk it over seriously, and among those few, the master of the works. He forbade the furnace to be closed out, called in the aid of a celebrated naturalist, and had the ashes submitted to a minute examination. The result was a

The ashes were found to have been largely saturated with some kind of fatty animal matter. A considerable portion of those ashes consisted of charred bone. A semi-circular piece of iron, which evidently had once been the heel of a workman's heavy boot, was found, half fused, at one corner of the furnace. Near it, a tibia bone, which still retained sufficient of its original form and texture to render identification possible. This bone, however, was so much charred, that it fell into powder on being handled.

After this, not many doubted that George Barnard had been foully murdered, and that his body had been thrust into the furnace. Suspicion fell upon Louis Laroche. He was arrested, a coroner's inquest was held, and every circumstance connected with the night of the murder was as thoroughly sifted and investigated as possible. All the sifting in the world, however, failed either to clear or to condemn Louis Laroche. On the very night of his release, he left the place by the mail train, and was never seen or heard of there, again. As for Leah, I know not what became of her. I went away myself before many weeks were over, and never have set foot among the Potteries from that hour to this.

VI.

HOW THE BEST ATTIC WAS UNDER A CLOUD.

Major, you have assured me of your sympathy; you shall receive my confidence. I not only seem—as you have searchingly observed—"under a cloud," but I am. I entered (shall I say like a balloon?) into a dense stratum of cloud, obscuring the wretched earth from view, in the year eighteen hundred and dash, in the sweet summer season, when nature, as has been remarked by some distinguished poet, puts on her gayest garb, and when her countenance is adorned with the sunniest and loveliest of smiles. Ah! what are now those smiles to me? What care I for sunshine or for verdure? For me, summer is no more. For, I must ever remember that it was in the summer that the canker ate its way into my heart's core—that it was in the summer that I parted with my belief in mankind—that it was in summer that I knew for the first time that *WOMAN*—but this is premature. Pray be seated.

I have no doubt that my appearance and words convey to you, Major, and to all observant persons, that I have an elevated soul. In fact, were it otherwise, how could I be under a cloud? The sordid soul won't blight. To one possessing an elevated soul like myself, the task of keeping accounts at a furrier's (in a large way) could not be otherwise than repugnant. It *was* repugnant, and the rapture of getting a holiday, which was annually accorded me in June—not a busy month in the fur-trade—was something perfectly indescribable. Of course, whenever my vacation time came round, I invariably rushed off to the country; there to indulge my natural tastes and commune with our mother, Nature.

On the particular occasion of which I have now to speak, I had, however, other communings to look forward to, besides those in which nature takes her silent yet eloquent part. I loved—Aha!—Love—Woman—Vertigo—Despair—I beg your pardon—I will be calm. I loved Miss Nuttlebury. Miss Nuttlebury lived in the neighbourhood of Dartford (at a convenient distance from the Powder-Mills), so in the neighbourhood of Dartford (rather further from the Powder-Mills) I determined to spend my vacation. I made arrangements at a certain small roadside inn for my board and lodgings.

I was acquainted—nay, I was on friendly terms—with the Nuttleburys. Mr. Nuttlebury, a land surveyor in a rather small way, was an old friend of my father's; so I had access to the house. I had access also, as I thought, to the heart of Mary, which was Miss Nuttlebury's name. If I was mistaken—Aha!—but I am again premature. You are aware, or perhaps you are not aware, that my name is Oliver Cromwell Shrubsole—so called after the great Protector of British rights; the man who, or rather but for whom—but I am again premature, or rather, I should say, on the whole the reverse.

The first days of my residence near Fordleigh, the name of the village where the Nuttleburys dwelt, were happy in the extreme. I saw much of Mary. I walked with Mary, made hay with Mary, observed the moon in Mary's society, and in vain sought to interest Mary in those mysterious shadows which diversify the surface of that luminary. I subsequently endeavoured to interest the fair girl in other matters nearer home—in short, in myself: and I fondly imagined that I succeeded in doing so.

One day, when I had dropped in at the family dinner-hour—not from base motives, for I was boarded at my inn by contract—I found the family conversing on a subject which caused me considerable uneasiness. At the moment of my arrival, Mr. Nuttlebury was uttering these words:

"At what time will he be here, then?" (He?)

I listened breathless, after the first salutation had passed, for more; I was not long in ascertaining that "he" was a cousin of Mary's, who was coming down to spend some days at Fordleigh, and whose arrival was anticipated by the whole family with expressions of delight. The younger boy and girl Nuttleburys seemed to be especially rapturous at the prospect of the Beast's arrival, and from this I augured ill. Altogether, I felt that there was a trying scene coming; that my opportunities of converse with my soul's idol would be fewer than they had been, and that general discomfort and misery were about to ensue. I was right.

Oho!—I beg your pardon—I will be calm.

The Beast, "He," arrived in the course of that very afternoon, and I believe I am not speaking too strongly in affirming that we—"he" and I—hated each other cordially from the first moment of our exchanging glances. He was an under-hand looking beast, short of stature;

such a creature as any high-souled woman should have abhorred the sight of; but his prospects were good, he having some small situation in the Custom-house, on the strength of which, he gave himself airs, as if he was a member of the government; and when he talked of the country, he spoke of it as "we." 'Alas! how could I compete with him? What could I talk about, except the fur-trade, and the best method of keeping the moths under? So, having nothing to talk about, I remained sulky and glum and silent: a condition in which a man does not usually tell to advantage in society. I felt that I was not telling to advantage, and this made me hate the beast—whose disgusting name was Huffell—more cordially than before. It affords me a gloomy pleasure to think that I never once lost an opportunity of contradicting him—flat—in the course of that first evening. But, somehow or other, he generally got the best of it: possibly because I had contradicted him for the sake of doing so, and without bestowing a thought upon the rights or wrongs of the matter under discussion. But the worst of it was, that it did appear to me, that Mary—my Mary—seemed to be on the side of Huffell. Her eyes would brighten—or I thought so—when he triumphed. And what right had she to go and fig herself out like that, in all her fiery for Huffell? She never did so for me.

"This must be put a stop to, and promptly," I muttered to myself, as I walked back to my inn in a state of the most intense fury. And to leave him there with the field all to himself! What might he not be saying of me at that moment? Turning me into ridicule, perhaps? I resolved to crush him next day, or perish in the attempt.

Next day I lay in wait for him, and presently I thought my opportunity had come:

"We shall have to make some change about that appointment of Sir Cornelius," said Huffell, "or he'll have all his family in the office in a week."

"What do you mean by 'we'?" I asked, with ferocious emphasis.

"I mean government," he answered, coolly.

"Well but *you're* not government," was my dignified reply. "The Custom-house, even as represented by those who hold high positions in it, has as little to do with governing the country as can well be imagined. The higher officials in the Custom-house, are at best rather government servants than government advisers, while the lower—"

"Well, sir, 'the lower'?"

"The less they try to connect themselves with their betters by talking about 'we,' the better for all parties." I said this in a scathing manner, and feeling painfully warm in the forehead.

"You're talking about what you don't understand, sir," said the exciseman, or the tide-waiter, or whatever he was. "*We're* all in the same boat. Pray do you never say 'we' when talking of your master's shop?"

"Master's shop, sir?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said he mockingly, "aren't you a cashier in a fur-shop?"
Shop! Fur-shop! I could have seen him—seen him—moth eaten.

"I'll tell you what I'm not, sir," I burst out, losing self-control, "I am not the man to put up with the con—foun—ded impudence of an obscure tide-waiter."

"Tide-waiter!" repeated the beast, starting to his feet.

"Tide-waiter," I calmly reiterated.

At this, the whole family of the Nuttleburys, who had hitherto appeared to be paralysed, interposed, one screeching out one thing, another yelling another. But they were all—Mary and all—against me, and affirmed that I had purposely picked a quarrel with their relation—which, by-the-by, I rather think I had. The unpleasantness ended in Mr. Nuttlebury's requesting me, in so many words, to withdraw.

"After what has occurred there is nothing left for me, but to do so," I remarked, making towards the door with much majesty; "but if Mr. Huffell thinks he has heard the last of this, he is a good deal mistaken. As for you, Mary," I continued; "—but before I could complete my sentence I experienced a sensation of an elderly hand in my coat-collar, and found myself in the passage, with the room door closed against me. I lost no time in vacating this ignominious position, and seeking the open air. Presently I found myself at my desk writing to Dewsnap."

Dewsnap was then my greatest friend. He was, like me, in the fur business, and was a fine honourable upright noble fellow, as bold as brass, and always especially sensitive about the point of honour. To this friend I wrote a long account of all that had happened; asking his advice. I mentioned at the end of my letter that I was only restrained by the want of a pair of pistols, from inviting this wretched being to a hostile meeting.

The next day I passed in retirement, speculating much on what Dewsnap's answer would be. It was a day of heavy rain, and I had plenty of time to mourn over my exclusion from the cheerful abode of the Nuttleburys, and to reflect how much better off my rival was (sunning himself in my adored one's smiles) than I, a lonely exile, flattening my nose against the window of a country inn, and watching the droppings of the roof-dram as they splashed into the fast-filling water-butt. It is needless to say that I retired to rest early, and that I was unable to sleep.

I could sleep next morning, however, and did so till a late hour. I was aroused from a heavy slumber, by a loud knocking at my door, and the sound of a voice which I seemed to recognise.

"Here, Shrubsole! Hi, Oliver! Let me in. Shrubsole, what a lazy fellow you are!"

Gracious Heaven, was it possible? Was it the voice of Dewsnap? I rose, unlocked the door, and jumped into bed again.

Yes, it was my friend. He entered erect, vigorous, energetic as usual, deposited a small

carpet-bag near the door, and, retaining a curious-looking oblong mahogany box under his arm, advanced to greet me.

"What on earth do you do lying in bed at this time of the day?" said Dewsnap, grasping my hand.

"I couldn't sleep till morning came," I answered, passing my hand athwart my brow. "But how did you get away?"

"Oh, I've got a few days' holiday, and am come down to answer your letter in person. Well? How's this affair going on?"

"Do not ask me," I groaned. "It has made me wretched. I know no more. You don't know how fond I was of that girl."

"Well, and you shall have her yet. I'm going to settle it all for you," said Dewsnap, confidently.

"What do you mean to do?" I asked, with some hesitation.

"Do? Why, there's only one thing to do!" He rattled the queer-looking mahogany box as though it contained metallic pills.

"What have you got in that box?" I asked.

"There's a pair of pistols in this box," said Dewsnap, proudly "with either one of which it would almost be a pleasure to find yourself winged."

"Sir?" I observed, sitting up in bed with marked displeasure.

"You mentioned your difficulty about weapons, so I borrowed them of a friend of mine—a gunmaker—and brought them down with me."

"Hang him!" I thought, "how very prompt he has been about it. Amazingly prompt, to be sure—You think, then," I added, aloud, "that there's no—no other way out of the difficulty?"

"Apology," said Dewsnap, who had now opened the box, and was chiding away with the lock of one of the weapons, with the muzzle directed towards my head—"ample apology on the part of the other side—is the only alternative. Written apology, in fact."

"Ah," I replied, "I don't think the other side will agree to that."

"Then," said my friend, extending his pistol, and aiming at a portrait of the Marquis of Granby hanging over the fireplace: "then we must put a bullet into the exciseman."

(And suppose the exciseman puts a bullet into me, I thought to myself. So erratic is thought!)

"Where does the exciseman live?" inquired my friend, putting on his hat. "There is not a moment to be lost in these cases."

"Wait till I'm dressed," I remonstrated, "and I'll show you. Or you can go after breakfast."

"Not a bit of it. The people down stairs will tell me where to find him. Nuttlebury's, I think you said? I'll be there and back, by the time you're ready for breakfast."

He was out of the room almost before he had done speaking, and I was left to make my toilet and improve my appetite for breakfast with the reflection that the number of such meals in store for me was, perhaps, more limited than I could have wished. Perhaps I a little regretted having

put the affair into the hands of my energetic friend. So erratic (I may again remark) is human thought!

I waited some time for my friend, but was obliged at last to begin breakfast without him. As the meal was approaching its termination, I saw him pass the window of the little parlour in which I took my meals, and immediately afterwards he entered the room.

"Well," he said, sitting down at the table and commencing a vigorous attack on the eatables, "it is as I expected. We are driven to extremities."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean," remarked Dewsnap, chipping away at his egg, "that the other side declines to apologise, and that consequently the other side must be howled down;—shot."

"Oh dear me," I said—reluctant, Major, retreating—"I shouldn't like to do that."

"You wouldn't like to do that?" May I ask, Mr. Shrubsole, what you mean by that remark?"

"I mean that, that—is there no other way out of it?"

"Now look here, Shrubsole," said my companion, with a severe air, and suspending for a moment his attack on the breakfast; "you have put this affair in my hands, and you must allow me to carry it through, according to the laws of honour. It is extremely painful to me to be engaged in such an affair" (I couldn't help thinking that he seemed rather to enjoy it), "but, being engaged in it, I shall go through with it to the end. Come! We'll get these things cleared away, and then you shall sit down and write a formal challenge, which I will undertake to deliver in the proper quarter."

Dewsnap was too much for me. He seemed to have all the right phrases at his tongue's end; he was so tremendously well informed as to what was the right thing to do, and the right thing to say when conducting an affair of this kind, that I could not help asking him whether he had ever been engaged in one before?

"No," he said, "no; but I believe I have a sort of aptitude for the kind of thing. Indeed, I have always felt that I should be in my element in arranging the details of an affair of honour."

"How you would enjoy being a principal, instead of a second!" I said—rather maliciously; for Dewsnap's alacrity aggravated me.

"No, not a bit, my dear fellow. I take such an interest in this affair that I identify myself with you entirely, and quite feel as if I *was* a principal."

(Then you feel a very curious sensation about the pit of the stomach, my boy, I thought to myself. I did not however give the thought expression. I merely mention it as an instance of the erratic nature of thought.)

"By-the-by," remarked Dewsnap, as he pocketed my challenge and prepared to depart, "I forgot to mention that one or two fellows of our acquaintance are coming down."

"One or two fellows?" I repeated, in a highly displeased, nay, crushing tone.

"Yes, Cripps is coming, and Fowler, and perhaps Kershaw, if he can get away. We were talking your affair over, the evening before I left, and they were all so much interested in it—for I predicted from the first, that there must be a meeting—that they're all coming down to see you through it."

How I cursed my own folly in having entrusted the keeping of my honour to this dreadfully zealous friend of mine! I thought, as he marched off erect and fussy with that wretched challenge in his pocket, that there was something positively bloodthirsty about the man. And then those other fellows coming down for the express purpose of seeing somebody shot! For that *was* their purpose, I felt. I fully believed that, if by any fortunate chance there should be no blood shed, those so-called friends of mine would go away disgusted.

The train of reflection into which I had fallen was interrupted at this juncture, by the appearance outside the window, of three human figures. These turned out, on inspection, to be no other than the individuals whose taste for excitement I had been condemning so strongly in my own mind. There they were, Messrs. Cripps, Fowler, and Kershaw, grinning and gesticulating at me through the window, like vulgar unfeeling idiots as they were. And one of them (I think it was Cripps) had the brutality to put himself into the attitude supposed to be the correct one for a duellist, with his left hand behind his back, and his right raised as if to discharge an imaginary pistol.

They were in the room with me directly, large, noisy, and vulgar, laughing and guffawing—making comments on my appearance, asking me if I had made my will, what I had left to each of them, and otherwise conducting themselves in a manner calculated to turn one's milk of human kindness to bitterest gall. How they enjoyed it! When they learned that Dewsnap was actually at that time away on a war mission, and that he might return at any moment with the fatal answer—I say when they heard that, they positively gloated over me. They sat down and stared at me, and every now and then one of them would say, with a low, chuckling giggle, "I say, old fellow! How do you feel about it now?" It was a hideous relief to me when Dewsnap returned with the baleful news that the challenge was accepted, and that the meeting was appointed for the next morning at eight o'clock.

Those ruffians enjoyed themselves that afternoon to the utmost. They had such a pleasure in store for next day, that it gave an added zest to everything they did. It sharpened their appetites, it stimulated their thirst, it imparted to the skittles with which they amused themselves during the afternoon, an additional charm. The evening was devoted to conviviality. Dewsnap, after spending some time in oiling the triggers of the pistols, remarked that now they were in such prime condition, that they would "snap a fellow's head off, almost without his knowing it." This inhuman remark

was made at the moment when we were separating for the night.

I passed the greater part of the dark hours, in writing letters of farewell to my relations, and in composing a stinger for Miss Mary Nuttallbury, which I trusted would embitter the whole of her future life. Then I threw myself on my bed—which was not wholly devoid of knobs—and fanned for a few hours the oblivion I desired.

We were first on the ground. Indeed, it was necessary that we should be, as those three ferocious Anabaptists, Cripps, Fowler, and Kershaw, had to be stowed away in places of concealment whence they could see without being seen; but even when this stowage had been accomplished and the fatal hour had arrived, we were still kept waiting so long that a faint hope—misgiving, I meant to say—began to dawn in my heart that my adversary had been seized with a sudden panic, and had fled at the last moment, leaving me master of the situation, with a bloodless victory.

The sound of voices, and of laughter—laughter!—reached me while I was musing on the prospect of an honourable escape from my perilous position. In another moment my antagonist, still talking and laughing with some one who closely followed him, jumped over a stile at the side of the field in which we awaited him. Grinning in the most impudent manner, my antagonist inquired of his second, who was the village apothecary's assistant, whether he was a good hand at patching up bullet wounds?

It was at this moment that an incident occurred which caused a small delay in our proceedings. One of the Anabaptists—Cripps—had, with a view to concealment, and also perhaps with a view to keeping out of harm's way, perched himself in a tree which commanded a good view of the field of action; but not having used sufficient caution in the choice of his position, he had trusted his weight to a bough which proved unequal to the task of sustaining it. Consequently it happened that just as the seconds were beginning their preliminary arrangements, and during an awful pause, the unlucky Cripps came plunging and crashing to the ground, where he remained seated at the foot of the tree in a state of undignified ruin and prostration.

After this there was a prodigious row and confusion. My opponent having thus discovered that there was one person observing our proceedings from a place of concealment, concluded naturally enough that there might be others. Accordingly a search was promptly instituted, which ended in the unearthing of my two other friends, who were obliged to emerge from their hiding-places in a very humiliated and crestfallen condition. My adversary would not hear of fighting a duel in the presence of so large an audience, and so it ended in the three brutal Anabaptists being—very much to my satisfaction—expelled from the field. The appearance they presented as they retired along the pathway in Indian file, was the most abject thing I have ever beheld.

This little business disposed of, there remained the great affair of the day to settle, and it took a great deal of settlement. There were diversities of opinions about every detail connected with the murderous operations. There were disputes about the number of paces which should separate the combatants, about the length of those paces, about the proper method of loading pistols, about the best way of giving the signal to fire—about everything. But what disgusted me most, was the levity displayed by my opponent, who seemed to think the whole thing a capital joke, sneering and sniggering at everything that was done or said. Does the man bear a charmed life, I asked myself, that he behaves with such sickening flippancy when about to risk it?

At last all these endless preliminaries were settled, and Mr. Huffell and I remained staring defiance at each other with a distance of only twelve paces between us. The beast was grinning even now, and when he was asked for the last time whether he was prepared to make an apology, he absolutely laughed.

It had been arranged that one of the seconds, Huffell's as it happened, should count one, two, three, and that at the word "three" we should both fire (if we could) at the same moment. My heart felt so tight at about this period, that I fancied it must have contracted to half its usual size, and I had a sensation of being light on my legs, and inordinately tall, such as one has after having had a fever.

"One!" said the apothecary, and the monosyllable was followed by quite a long pause.

"Two!"

"Stop!" cried a voice, which I recognised as the voice of my adversary, "I have something to say."

I whisked myself round in a moment, and saw that Mr. Huffell had thrown his weapon down on the ground, and had left the position which had been assigned to him.

"What have you to say, sir?" asked the inexorable Dewsnap, in a severe tone; "whatever it is, you have chosen a most extraordinary moment to say it in."

"I have changed my mind," said Mr. Huffell, in a lachrymose tone; "I think that duelling is sinful, and I consent to apologise."

Astounded as I was at this announcement, I had yet leisure to observe that the apothecary did not look in the least surprised at what had happened.

"You consent to apologise?" asked Dewsnap, "to resign all claim to the lady, to express your deep contrition for the insolent expressions you have made use of towards my friend?"

"I consent," was the reply.

"We must have it all down in writing, mind!" stipulated my uncompromising friend.

"You shall have it all down in writing," said the contrite one.

"Well, this is a most extraordinary and unsatisfactory sort of thing," said Dewsnap, turning to me. "What are we to do?"

"It is unsatisfactory, but I suppose we must

accept his apology," I answered, in a leisurely and nonchalant manner. My heart expanded at about this period.

"Has anybody got writing materials about him by chance?" asked my second, in a not very conciliatory tone.

Yes, the apothecary had, and he whipped them out in a moment—a note-book of unusual size, and an indelible ink-pencil.

An apology of the most humble and abject kind was now dictated by my friend Dewsnap, and written down by the crushed and conquered Huffell. When he had affixed his signature to the document, it exactly filled one leaf of the apothecary's memorandum-book. The leaf was torn out and handed to my representative. At that moment the sound of the village-clock striking nine reached us from the distant church.

Mr. Huffell started as if the day were more advanced than he anticipated.

"I believe that the document is regular?" he asked. "If so, there is nothing to detain us in a spot henceforth replete with painful associations. Gentlemen both, good morning."

"Good morning, sir," said Dewsnap, sharply; "and allow me to add, that you have reason to consider yourself an uncommonly lucky young man."

"I do so consider myself, I assure you," retorted the servile wretch.

With that, he took his leave and disappeared over the stile, closely followed by his companion. Again I thought I heard this precious pair explode into fits of laughter as soon as they were on the other side of the hedge.

Dewsnap looked at me, and I looked at Dewsnap, but we could make nothing of it. It was the most inexplicable thing that the man should have gone so far, should have had his finger on the trigger of his pistol, should have waited till the very signal to fire was on the lips of his second, and should then have broken down in that lamentable manner. It really was, as my friend and I agreed, the most disgraceful piece of cowardice of which we had ever had experience. Another point on which we were agreed, was, that our side had come out of this affair with an amount of honour and glory such as is rarely achieved by the sons of men in this practical and un-romantic age.

And now behold the victor and his friends assembled round the small dining-table at the George and Dragon, and celebrating their triumph by a breakfast! in preparing which all the resources of the establishment were brought into play.

It was a solemn occasion. The moment, I acknowledge, was to me a glorious one. My friends, naturally proud of their associate, and anxious to commemorate in some fitting manner the event of the morning, had invited me to this meal to be provided at their own expense. These dear fellows were no longer my guests. I was theirs. Dewsnap was in the chair—it was of the Windsor pattern—I was placed on his right: while at the other end of the table, which

was not very far off, another Windsor chair supported the person of Mr. Cripps, the vice. The viands set before us were of the most recherché description, and when these had been done full justice to, and the chair had called for a bottle of champagne, our hilarity began almost to verge on the boisterous. My own mirth, indeed, was chastened by one pervading thought, of which I never for a moment lost sight. Had I not a secret joy which champagne could neither increase nor diminish? Had not my rival formally abdicated, and was I not that very day to appear in the presence of Mary Nuttlebury as one who had risked his life for her sake? Yes, I waited impatiently for the hour when these good fellows should take their departure, determining that, the moment they were gone, I would take possession of the field ingloriously vacated by my rival, and would enjoy the fruits of my victory. I was aroused from these reflections by the voice of my friend Dewsnap. It was, however, no longer the familiar acquaintance who spoke, but the official chairman.

Mr. Dewsnap began by remarking that we were met together on an occasion and under circumstances, of a very peculiar—he might almost say of an anomalous—nature. To begin with, here was a social meeting—nay, a convivial meeting, taking place at ten o'clock in the forenoon. That was the first anomaly. And for what was that meeting convened? To commemorate an act belonging to a class of achievement usually associated with a bygone age, rather than with that in which an inexorable Destiny had cast the lots of the present generation. Here was the second anomaly. Yes, these were anomalies, but anomalies of what a delightful kind! Would there were more such! It was—Mr. Dewsnap went on to say—the fashion of the day to decry the practice of duelling, but he, for his part, had always felt that circumstances might occur in the course of any man's career which would render an appeal to arms desirable—nay, to one who was sensitive on the point of honour, inevitable—and he therefore thought it highly important that the practice of duelling should not wholly fall into desuetude, but should be occasionally revived, as it had been on—on—in short, the present occasion.

At this moment, curiously enough, a faint cheer was heard in the distance. It came, doubtless, from the throats of some of the village-boys, and presently subsided. It was enough, however, to deprive our worthy chair of the thread of his eloquence, so that he was compelled to start again on a new tack.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Dewsnap, "I must throw myself on your indulgence if my words fail to flow as freely as I could wish. I am, to begin with, gentlemen, powerfully moved, and that alone is enough to deprive me of any small amount of eloquence of which I may at other times be possessed. Likewise, I must frankly own that I am unaccustomed, to public speaking at ten o'clock in the morning, and that the day-light puts me out. And yet," continued the chair, "I do not know why this

should be so. Do not wedding-breakfasts take place by daylight? And are not speeches made on those occasions? And, after all, why should we not look upon this very meal as, to a certain extent, a wedding-breakfast? You seem surprised, gentlemen, at this inquiry, but I will ask you whether the event we are met together to celebrate—the event of this morning—has not been the first act of a drama which we all hope will terminate in a wedding—the wedding of our noble and courageous friend?”

It was a curious thing that, just when our chairman had got as far as this in his speech, the cheering we had heard before was repeated; though now much more loudly. It was also a curious thing that the bells of the village church, which was not very far off, began to ring a merry peal. There might not be much to concern us, in this, but still it was curious. The attention of Mr. Dewsnap's audience began to wander, and their glances were, from time to time, directed towards the window. Mr. Dewsnap's own attention began also to wander, and the thread of his discourse seemed once more to elude his grasp.

“Gentlemen,” he began again, resolved, like a true orator as he was, to avail himself of accident, “I was remarking that this festive meal was, in some sort and by a figure of speech, a kind of wedding-breakfast, and while the words were yet upon my lips, behold the bells of the village church break out into a joyous peal! Gentlemen, there is something almost supernatural about this. It is a happy augury, and as such I accept it.”

The bells were becoming quite frantic now, and the cheering was louder.

“And as such I accept it!” repeated Mr. Dewsnap. “Gentlemen, I should not be surprised if this were an ovation offered to our noble and courageous friend. The villagers have heard of his noble and courageous conduct, and are approaching the inn to offer their humble congratulations.”

It was quite certain that the villagers were approaching the inn, for the sound of their voices became every moment louder and louder. We all began to be restless under our chairman's eloquence, and when at length the sound of wheels rapidly approaching was added to the cheering and the bell-ringing, I could bear it no longer, and rushed hastily to the window, followed by everybody else in the room, the chair himself included.

A carriage and pair drove swiftly past the window. Major, I sicken while I speak. There was a postilion on the near horse, and on that postilion's jacket was a—Oho!—Excuse me, I beg—a wedding-favour. It was an open carriage, and in it were seated two persons; one, was the gentleman, who had made me that humble apology not much more than an hour ago; the other, was Mary Nuttlebury, now, if I were to believe the evidence of my senses, Mary Huffell. They both laughed when they saw me at the window, and kissed their hands to me as they whirled away.

I became as one frantic. I pushed my friends, who in vain sought to restrain me, on one side. I rushed out into the village street. I yelled after the carriage. I gesticulated at the carriage. I ran after the carriage. But to what purpose? It was over. The thing was done. I had to return to the inn, the laughing-stock of the rude and ignorant populace.

I know no more. I don't know what became of me, how my bill at the inn was defrayed, how I got away. I only know that I am finally, hopelessly, and irretrievably under a cloud; that all my old companions, and my old habits have become odious to me; and that even the very lodgings in which I formerly resided were so unbearable, owing to the furniture being impregnated with painful associations, that I was obliged to remove and take up my quarters elsewhere. This, sir, is how I came to occupy these rooms, and I may here mention—if indeed the testimonial of a blighted wretch is of any value—that I have no cause to regret my change of abode, and that I regard Mrs. Lirriper as a most unexceptionable person, labouring indeed, as far as I can see, under only one defect. She is a woman.

VII.

HOW THE PARLOURS ADDED A FEW WORDS.

I have the honour of presenting myself by the name of Jackman. I esteem it a proud privilege to go down to posterity through the instrumentality of the most remarkable boy that ever lived—by the name of JEMMY JACKMAN LIRRIPER—and of my most worthy and most highly respected friend, Mrs. Emma Lirriper, of Eighty-one, Norfolk-street, Strand, in the County of Middlesex, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

It is not for me to express the rapture with which we received that dear and eminently remarkable boy, on the occurrence of his first Christmas holidays. Suffice it to observe that when he came flying into the house with two splendid prizes (Arithmetic, and Exemplary Conduct), Mrs. Lirriper and myself embraced with emotion, and instantly took him to the Play, where we were all three admirably entertained.

Nor, is it to render homage to the virtues of the best of her good and honoured sex—whom, in deference to her unassuming worth, I will only here designate by the initials E. L.—that I add this record to the bundle of papers with which our, in a most distinguished degree, remarkable boy has expressed himself delighted, before re-consigning the same to the left-hand glass closet of Mrs. Lirriper's little bookcase.

Neither, is it to obtrude the name of the old original superannuated obscure Jemmy Jackman, once (to his degradation) of Wozenham's, and (to his elevation) of Lirriper's. If I could be consciously guilty of that piece of bad taste, it would indeed be a work of supererogation, now that the name is borne by JEMMY JACKMAN LIRRIPER.

No. I take up my humble pen to register a little record of our strikingly remarkable boy, which my poor capacity regards as presenting a pleasant little picture of the dear boy's mind. The picture may be interesting to himself when he is a man.

Our first re-united Christmas-day was the most delightful one we have ever passed together. Jemmy was never silent for five minutes, except in church-time. He talked as we sat by the fire, he talked when we were out walking, he talked as we sat by the fire again, he talked incessantly at dinner, though he made a dinner almost as remarkable as himself. It was the spring of happiness in his fresh young heart flowing and flowing, and it fertilised (if I may be allowed so bold a figure) my much-esteemed friend, and J—J—the present writer.

There were only we three. We dined in my esteemed friend's little room, and our entertainment was perfect. But everything in the establishment is, in neatness, order, and comfort, always perfect. After dinner, our boy slept away to his old stool at my esteemed friend's knee, and there, with his hot chesnuts and his glass of brown sherry (really, a most excellent wine!) on a chair for a table, his face outshone the apples in the dish.

We talked of these jottings of mine, which Jemmy had read through and through by that time; and so it came about that my esteemed friend remarked, as she sat smoothing Jemmy's curls:

"And as you belong to the house too, Jemmy, —and so much more than the Lodgers, having been born in it—why, your story ought to be added to the rest, I think, one of these days."

Jemmy's eyes sparkled at this, and he said, "So I think, Gran."

Then, he sat looking at the fire, and then he began to laugh, in a sort of confidence with the fire, and then he said, folding his arms across my esteemed friend's lap and raising his bright face to hers:

"Would you like to hear a boy's story, Gran?"

"Of all things," replied my esteemed friend.

"Would you, godfather?"

"Of all things," I too replied.

"Well then," said Jemmy, "I'll tell you one."

Here, our indisputably remarkable boy gave himself a hug, and laughed again, musically, at the idea of his coming out in that new line. Then, he once more took the fire into the same sort of confidence as before, and began:

"Once upon a time, When pigs drank wine, And monkeys chewed tobacco, 'Twas neither in your time nor mine, But that's no macker—"

"Bless the child!" cried my esteemed friend, "what's a miss with his brain!"

"It's poetry, Gran," returned Jemmy, shouting with laughter. "We always begin stories that way, at school."

"Gave me quite a turn, Major," said my esteemed friend, fanning herself with a plate. "Thought he was light-headed!"

"In those remarkable times, Gran and Godfather, there was once a boy,—not me, you know."

"No, no," says my respected friend, "not you. Not him, Major, you understand?"

"No, no," says I.

"And he went to school in Rutlandshire—"

"Why not Lincolnshire?" says my respected friend.

"Why not, you dear old Gran? Because I go to school in Lincolnshire, don't I?"

"Ah, to be sure!" says my respected friend.

"And it's not Jemmy, you understand, Major?"

"No, no," says I.

"Well!" our boy proceeded, hugging himself comfortably, and laughing merrily (again in confidence with the fire), before he again looked up in Mrs. Lirriper's face, "and so he was tremendously in love with his schoolmaster's daughter, and she was the most beautiful creature that ever was seen, and she had brown eyes, and she had brown hair all curling beautifully, and she had a delicious voice, and she was delicious altogether, and her name was Seraphina."

"What's the name of *your* schoolmaster's daughter, Jemmy?" asks my respected friend.

"Polly!" replied Jemmy, pointing his forefinger at her. "There now! Caught you! Ha! ha! ha!"

When he and my respected friend had had a laugh and a hug together, our admittedly remarkable boy resumed with a great relish:

"Well! And so he loved her. And so he thought about her, and dreamed about her, and made her presents of oranges and nuts, and would have made her presents of pearls and diamonds if he could have afforded it out of his pocket-money, but he couldn't. And so her father—O, he was a Tartar! Keeping the boys up to the mark, holding examinations once a month, lecturing upon all sorts of subjects at all sorts of times, and knowing everything in the world out of book. And so this boy—"

"Had he any name?" asks my respected friend.

"No he hadn't, Gran. Ha! ha! There now! Caught you again!"

After this, they had another laugh and another hug, and then our boy went on.

"Well! And so this boy he had a friend about as old as himself, at the same school, and his name (for He *had* a name, as it happened) was—let me remember—was Bobbo."

"Not Bob," says my respected friend.

"Of course not," says Jemmy. "What made you think it was, Gran? Well! And so this friend was the cleverest and bravest and best looking and most generous of all the friends that ever were, and so he was in love with Seraphina's sister, and so Seraphina's sister was in love with him, and so they all grew up."

"Bless us!" says my respected friend. "They were very sudden about it."

"So they all grew up," our boy repeated, laughing heartily, "and Bobbo and this boy went away together on horseback to seek their fortunes, and they partly got their horses by favour, and

partly in a bargain; that is to say, they had saved up between them seven-and-fourpence, and the two horses, being Arabs, were worth more, only the man said he would take that, to favour them. Well! And so they made their fortunes and came prancing back to the school, with their pockets full of gold enough to last for ever. And so they rang at the parents' and visitors' bell (not the back gate), and when the bell was answered they proclaimed, 'The same as if it was scarlet fever! Every boy goes home for an indefinite period!' And then there was great hurrahing, and then they kissed Seraphina and her sister—each his own love and not the other's on any account—and then they ordered the Tartar into instant confinement."

"Poor man!" said my respected friend.

"Into instant confinement, Gran," repeated Jemmy, trying to look severe and roaring with laughter, "and he was to have nothing to eat but the boys' dinners, and was to drink half a cask of their beer, every day. And so then the preparations were made for the two weddings, and there were hampers, and potted things, and sweet things, and nuts, and postage-stamps, and all manner of things. And so they were so jolly, that they let the Tartar out, and he was jolly too."

"I am glad they let him out," says my respected friend, "because he had only done his duty."

"Oh but hadn't he overdone it though!" cried Jemmy. "Well! And so then this boy mounted his horse, with his bride in his arms, and cantered away, and cantered on and on till he came to a certain place where he had a certain Gran and a certain godfather—not you two, you know."

"No, no," we both said.

"And there he was received with great re-

joicings, and he filled the cupboard and the bookcase with gold, and he showered it out on his Gran and his godfather because they were the two kindest and dearest people that ever lived in this world. And so while they were sitting up to their knees in gold, a knocking was heard at the street door, and who should it be but Bobbo, also on horseback with his bride in his arms, and what had he come to say but that he would take (at double rent) all the Lodgings for ever, that were not wanted by this boy and this Gran and this godfather, and that they would all live together, and all be happy! And so they were, and so it never ended!"

"And was there no quarrelling?" asked my respected friend, as Jemmy sat upon her lap, and hugged her.

"No! Nobody ever quarrelled."

"And did the money never melt away?"

"No! Nobody could ever spend it all."

"And did none of them ever grow older?"

"No! Nobody ever grew older after that."

"And did none of them ever die?"

"O no, no, no, Gran!" exclaimed our dear boy, laying his cheek upon her breast, and drawing her closer to him. "Nobody ever died."

"Ah Major, Major," says my respected friend, smiling benignly upon me. "This beats our stories. Let us end with the Boy's story, Major, for the Boy's story is the best that is ever told!"

In submission to which request on the part of the best of women, I have here noted it down as faithfully as my best abilities, coupled with my best intentions, would admit, subscribing it with my name,

J. JACKMAN.

THE PARLOURS.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS.

THE END OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1863.

NEW WORK BY MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL have the pleasure to announce that they have made arrangements for the issue of

A NEW STORY, BY MR. CHARLES DICKENS,

TO BE PUBLISHED IN TWENTY MONTHLY PARTS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Uniform with the Original Editions of "Pickwick," "Copperfield," &c.

PART I. TO BE PUBLISHED IN MAY.

On the conclusion of VERY HARD CASH, will be commenced, on the 4th of January, 1864, to be completed in Six Numbers of ALL THE YEAR ROUND, a New Story, called

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

THE NEXT VOLUME OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, VOL. XI.,

Will begin on the 15th of February, 1864, with a New SERIAL STORY, entitled—

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

To be continued from week to week, until completed in about Eight Months.

The right of Translating any portion of MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS is reserved by the Authors.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—*Shakespeare.*

THE FOURTH VOLUME OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Price 5s. 6d., bound in cloth, contains

GREAT EXPECTATIONS, a New Story, by CHARLES DICKENS. To be continued from week to week until completed.

A DAY'S RIDE, A LIFE'S ROMANCE, by CHARLES LEVER, concluded.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA, being the Christmas Number for 1860.

AMERICA.—Mount Vernon Papers. Black Weather from the South. American Sleeping Cars. A Tour in the Mammoth Cave. American Snake Stories. A Scene in the Cotton Country. Secrecy of South Carolina. Charleston City. American Volunteer Firemen.

ANTIQUITY.—Five Hundred Years Ago.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.—Pay for your Places. Volunteers at Hythe. Soldiers and Sailors.

BIOGRAPHY.—A Beautiful Devil (Angélique Inquet). Despised and Forgotten.

CHINA.—Chinamen Afloat. The Man for China. Chinamen's Dinners. Flaws in China.

THE CITY.—The Wolf at the Church Door.

COMMERCE.—On Spec.

COLONIES.—Episcopacy in the Rough (British Columbia). The Jamaica Revivals.

THE DRAMA.—Much Better than Shakespeare.

EDUCATION.—Stomach for Study.

GEOLOGY.—Stone for Building.

HEALTH.—Sanitary Science. Registration of Sickness.

HISTORY.—A Yorkist Tragedy. King Henry the Fifth's Spouse. The King of Yvetot.

INDIA.—The Englishman in Bengal.

ITALY.—A Cardinal Secretary of State. A Roman Reception. City of Flowers and Flower of Cities. A Roman Soldier. Our Roman Inn. Going to the Front. Four Vatican Pictures. The Opera at Rome. Our Roman Day. A Roman Cook's Oracle. Waiting for Capua. Gauls in Rome.

JOURNALISM.—When Greek meets Greek. [A Greek Newspaper.] Unique Publishing. On the Parish [Local Newspapers].

LEGENDS.—A Legend of the Aryan Race. Bouquet from the Baltic.

MANNERS.—Concerning Dining. Real Mysteries of Paris and London. A Fountain in the Village. Pedlar's Congress. Thoroughly English Fashions. A French Looking Glass for England. The Inconvenience of being a Cornish Man. Happy and Unhappy Couples. Christmas Eve in College. My Learned Friends. The Table d'Hôte. Boxing Day. Mr. Singleman on Tea.

MAGIC.—Magic and Science.

MUSIC.—Mr. Hullah's Classes.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Earliest Man. In Praise of Bears' Skin for the Multitude. More about Silkworms. Transmutation of Species. The Great Sower, Oysters.

NATURAL PHENOMENA.—The Moon. Water Everywhere. Wonders of the Sea. Hard Frosts Under the Sea.

POETRY.—My Will. Poor Margaret. The Mansel Longings. Transplanted. The World of Love. Rejoice! Forgiven Snow. Forest Voices. The Watcher. Changes. Northern Lights. The Flight. The Sacred City. Guesses. The Statues.

POETS.—Poets at Fault. Proscribed Poetry.

POOR LAW.—Poor Law Doctors. A New Chamber of Horrors [Administration of the Poor Law]. The Frozen out Poor Law.

PRUSSIA.—Policemen in Prussia.

RAILWAYS.—Some Railway Points.

RUSSIA.—Russian Foundling Hospitals.

SPORT.—Hunting the Stag in Germany.

THE STAGE.—Managers and Music Halls

STORIES.—Uncle's Salvage. Under the Snow. Up a Step Ladder. The Grey Woman. Lady Scamer's Escape. A Public Reception. My Father's Secret. The Family at Fenchouse.

SYRIA.—The French in Lebanon.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.—The big Bottle.

ALSO,

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA,

Being the Double Number for Christmas,

Containing:

Chapter I. The Village. Chapter II. The Money. Chapter III. The Club-Night. Chapter IV. The Seafaring Man. Chapter V. The Restitution.

Published also in Weekly Numbers, Price 2d., and in Monthly Parts, at 26, Wellington Street, London, W.C.; and by Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—*Shakespeare.*

THE FIFTH VOLUME OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Price 5s. 6d., bound in cloth, contains

The conclusion of **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**, by **CHARLES DICKENS.**

A **STRANGE STORY**, by the Author of "My Novel," "Rienzi," &c. To be continued from week to week until completed.

ADVENTURE.—In Peril Underground. Under the Golden Feet. Fire in a Coal Mine. Cattle Farmers in the Pampas. A Night in the Jungle. A Little Dinner with the Captain.

AFRICA.—Life in Africa. Among the Arabs.

AMERICA.—American Street Railroads. Election Time in America. Agricultural Exhibition in Virginia. Two Friends from Texas. American Sensations. Northern Dog and Southern Cat. American Cotton. Naval and Military Traditions of America. American Theatrical Experience. American Sportsmen. The Boundless Bed Chamber Love in Kentucky.

ANTQUITY.—A Tragedy of Old London Bridge. Ancient Quacks.

BIOGRAPHY.—Thomas Turn-of-Back Parlour. The Queen of the Blue Stockings. Wild Oats from Scotland. Iconic Duke's The Last Lewises. The Myrons of Newstead. Boyle's Point of View. Friar Bacon. Laccunure. Happy as a Princess. Dr. Wilkins's Prophetic Dreams.

BOTANY.—Confectioners' Botany.

CENSUS.—Census Curiosities. News of the Census.

CHINA.—Chinese Slaves Adrift.

THE CHURCH.—Pastors and Masters.

COLONIAL.—A Two Year Old Colony.

EDUCATION.—Work for more Volunteers.

FACTORY LIFE.—Children of all Work.

FINANCE.—Phases in the Funds. Adventures of M. Mires.

FIRES.—Great Fires.

GASTRONOMY.—Metamorphoses of Food. Sweets.

GEOGRAPHY.—Arctic and Antarctic Lands. Robinson Crusoe's Island.

GEOLOGY.—The Treasures of the Earth.

IMPOSTURE.—Dictionary Dreams.

INDIA.—India and Cotton. A Fair on the Ganges.

JESUITS.—Secret Instructions of the Jesuits.

LANGUAGE.—Wandering Words.

LAW.—An Unexamined Witness in the Great Marriage Case. A Will of His Own. Story of the Incumbered Estates Court. (In Two Chapters.) On the Grand Jury.

MANNERS.—My Young Remembrance. A Parcel of Preachers. Dolls' Coffins. The Hyde Park Preachings. Easy Boots. Kissing. Something New. The Minister of the Interior. Old Rome in Crystal. A Dialogue Concerning Convicts. Cheating at Cards. Sea-Side Lodgers. On the Civil War now Raging in England. On the Tight Rope. Manners and Manners. Laborious Trifling. The Mountgarret Romance. Farmer Pincher's Rats.

MEDICAL LIFE.—Hospital for Incurables. Medical Nuts to Crack. Growth of a Hospital. Sands of Life.

MILITARY LIFE.—The 101st Regiment. Grand Godard.

MUSIC.—Music among the Japanese. Amina and the Mill Wheel.

NATURAL PHENOMENA.—Marine Meteorology. Recent Discoveries concerning Light. Per-fumes.

NAVAL LIFE.—Privateering. Costly Food for Fishes. Dials for the Sea.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The Birds' Petition. On Tails. A Butterfly Feast. An Ugly Likeness. Next Door Neighbours to the Gorilla. The Land Toad and Musical. Fresh Fish. The Snake's Experience. Salmon. Acclimatization. Salmon Breeding. A Ray of Light.

POETRY.—Adolfus, Duke of Guelders. Christian, the Dol-Hertzog. Mohammed. Guests at the Great Inn. My Holiday. Cross Roads. Count Abel. Old and New. The Old Statue. Day Dreams. The Spirit's Visit. The Starling. Lady Mabel's Lovers. Juv. Misnamed in Vain. Sky Pictures in Sicily. Parting Day. Unrest.

POOR LAW.—The Sick Pauper.

POST OFFICE.—Hear the Postman.

RUSSIA.—Easter in Russia. Russian Travel.

SEWERAGE.—Underground London, in Five Chapters.

SYRIA.—After the Lebanon Massacres.

TALES.—A Very Likely Story. The Caldron of Oil. Awakening Discourses. Adventures of Ali-Mahmud. The King of the Pigeons. Andalusian Tales. Ghostly Quarters. Memoirs of an Adopted Son. Four Stories. Curious Discovery in Whitechapel.

TOPOGRAPHY.—Great Salt Lakes.

VOLUNTEERING.—Grimgibber Position Drill. Rifle Practice in the Country.

Published also in Weekly Numbers, Price 2d., and in Monthly Parts, at 26, Wellington Street, London, W.C.; and by Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—*Shakespeare.*

THE SIXTH VOLUME OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Price 5s. 6d., bound in cloth, contains

The conclusion of A STRANGE STORY, by the Author of "My Novel," "Rienzi," &c.;
•and Articles on the following subjects :

- ADVENTURE.—Lost in the Jungle. An Equinoctial Trip in the Great Eastern. An English-American Sea Duel. Two Nights in the Catacombs.
- AGRICULTURAL LIFE.—Agricultural Encampments. Show Cattle. The Iron Age of Agriculture.
- AMERICA.—American Humour. The Morrill Tariff. American Genetries. American Disunion. The Voice from the Country.
- ANTIQUITY.—Westminster Abbey. Town and Gown. The City in Arms. Our Old Abbey.
- AUSTRALIA.—Footprints Here and There.
- BIOGRAPHY.—The Herbert Memorial.
- CALIFORNIA.—Members of the V. C. (Vigilance Committee).
- CHINA.—Suttee in China.
- THE CHURCH.—A Voice from a Pious Englishman.
- COLLIERIES.—The Cost of Coal.
- CRIME.—Incorrigible Rogues.
- DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.—On the Chimney Piece.
- EDUCATION.—In and out of School.
- GASTRONOMY.—Turkeys. What Wine does for us.
- INDIA.—Cultivation in Bengal. Nil Darpan. The Cotton Mill. Our Old and New Cotton Fields.
- ITALY.—Behind the Pope's Screen. Through a Difficult Country. Judicial Murder.
- LAW.—Portable Property in Land.
- LONDON.—The Gem of the Lamps. London Water. (In Four Chapters.)
- MASTERS.—Professor Bon Ton. (Two Chapters.) At the Court of the King of the Gipsies. Pet Prejudices. Going to the Play with Shakespeare. Bribing Servants. Stories of the Black Man Don't.—A Word about Servants. Blakes of Goshen. Jewish Life Abroad. On Brides. Foreign Affairs. Seventeen Hundred and Sixty-two. Love and Marriage in Persia.
- MANUFACTURES.—Incombustible Muslin. The Good Servant and the Bad Master. Ladies' Lives.
- MEDICAL SCIENCE.—A New Disease. Between the Chalice and the Grave. M.D. and M.A.D. A Mortal Struggle.
- METEOROLOGY.—History of a Young "Ology."
- MILITARY AND NAVAL LIFE.—A Field Day. The Iron War-Ship. The Best House of Correction. Tape at the Horse Guards.
- MUSIC.—Street Music. An Unreported Speech.
- NATURAL HISTORY.—Cotton Fields. Skating Spiders. Tarantula Spiders. Mites.
- NATURAL PHENOMENA.—Fire. The Earthquake of Last Year.
- PASTIMES.—Pursuit of Cricket under Difficulties.
- POETRY.—Eugene. Rabbi Ben Ephraim's Assurance. The Last Watch. How Long Have I Arrived? A Warning for King Charles. Select Comedies of French's. French's Sitings. Fun. Urance. Fallen Leaves. Rosemary from the Camaldoli Monastery at Naples. At the Roadside. The Hermit at Etna. Melancholia. The Mine Spirit. A Great Man. On the Waste. Life's Joiaunes.
- POLITICAL HISTORY.—The Yellow Pamphlet. The Yellow Pamphlet.
- POOR LAW.—Two Cures for a Pinch.
- PRIVILEGING.—Black Flags in the Channel.
- PRODIGES.—Almanacs. A Prodigy Hunter.
- RAILWAYS.—Rather interested in Railways. The Great National Railway in Russia.
- THE ROAD.—Hurray! for the Road. Tolls and no Tolls.
- RUSSIA.—At Home in Russia. Among the Horse-Leopards. In the hands of the Police. Frost and Thaw. Risk by the River. Officially Rescued. Nothing like Russian Leather. Rescued in Russia.
- SOCIAL ECONOMY.—The Bees of Crime. The Best House of Correction. Soldier's Clubs.
- STORIES.—Mr. H's Own Narrative. Operating for a Rise. The Withered Daisy. Judge Launch's Mercy. The Green Light. Ker's Pest. Saving a Patient. A Rather Rescued. Nothing like Russian Leather. Rescued in Russia.
- THEATRICALS.—Town and Country Circus Life.
- TOPOGRAPHY.—New Zealand. The Terrestrial Paradise. A Cotton Eden. On Latest Eden.
- TRAVEL.—From Turkey to Persia. St. George and the Dragonman. The Locomotive and Shippers. Up the Danube.
- TRIALS.—Striking Likenesses.—The Fair Man of Dark Fortune. The Lesurques Romance. Guilty, or Not Guilty? The Black Mill. A Trial at Toulouse.
- And TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND, the Extra Number for Christmas.

Published also in Weekly Numbers, Price 2d., and in Monthly Parts, at 2s. Wellington Street, London, W.C.; and by Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—*Shakespeare.*

THE SEVENTH VOLUME
OF
ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Price 5s. 6d., bound in cloth, contains

THE COMMENCEMENT OF **NO NAME**, A NEW NOVEL, BY WILKIE COLLINS,
and Articles on the following subjects :

ADVENTURE.—Kit Butler from Boonville. Aboard the Constellation. From the Black Rocks on Friday. Wrecked on Island Number Ten. An Escape from Siberia. Under the Leads. A Day's Rabbit Shooting Out in Oregon. Over the Ice.

AGRICULTURAL LIFE.—Pluchback's Cottage. Pluchback's Amusements. The Farm Labourers' Income. Sheep-Washing.

AMERICA.—Diary of a Confederate Boy. A French View of Stars and Stripes.

ART.—Mr. Leech's Gallery.

BIOGRAPHY.—Singing to some Purpose [Memoirs of Farinelli]. A Livery Life [Leah Hunt]. Three Refugees. Pierre Gringuon's Mirror. A Terrible Old Lady [Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria]. Balloon Mad [Cocking].

CHEMISTRY.—Sugar and Milk.

CIVIL SERVICE.—Official Planks.

COMMERCE.—Business in the Black Forest. Light Wines.

CRIME.—A French Wolf. Thuggee in Ireland. Gone to Jail. The Murder of the Sheas.

FASHION.—Paint and No Paint.

FRANCE.—Not a Hundred Years Ago. Infidelity at Toulouse. Peeping Parisians [Cauler's Memoirs]. A Judicial Error.

INDIA.—The Great Shoe Question. Punch in India.

INDUSTRY.—Long-Sea Telegraphs. An Elastic Tide.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—A South Kensington Legend. Ignoramus at the International Exhibition. Our Greatness at the Great Exhibition: Our Littleness at the Great Exhibition [Small-Beer Chronicles].

ITALY.—Italian Nightmares. My Duncous. Italian Sailors. The Country of Masanello.

LAW.—Transfer of Colonial Land. The Statute Book. Inns of Court. Examine the Prisoner. The Royal Marriage Act. English and Irish Juries.

LITERATURE.—Tragic Case of a Comic Writer. Perverted Ingenuity.

MENTAL PHENOMENA.—Fanciful Insanity. Mediums under other Names. Strange and yet True. Spirit-Rapping Imposture [Small Beer Chronicles].

MILITARY AND NAVAL LIFE.—Aboard an Emigrant Ship. A Yarn from a Russian Sailor. Soldiers' Leisure Hours. Committed to the Deep. Court-Martial Findings.

MUSIC.—The Sentiments of Martha Jones.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Larks on the Wing. Gentle Spring. Poison Proof. Summer Cat Stories. Cherries. A Gossip about Flowers.

POETRY.—The Dead Pope. Violets. A Painful Catastrophe. A Scandinavian Legend. April. Ashwell Thorpe. A Roman Tomb. Droppings. Side by Side. Reliques. Impenishable. Castle Clare. Boating. From the Wilds. Song of the Flut. Health and Mountain.

RUSSIA.—The Yeamscheck Hunting. Clubs. Serfs. A Look round the Church. A Card-Playing Priest. The Bath. The Horse that came in with the Dessert. House-keeping. A Cook of the Old Faith. Wolves. The Tragedy of the White Village.

SOCIAL LIFE.—What Might Have Been. The Carte de Visite. Notes of Interrogation. Putting on the Screw. The Public World's Nunnery. Hail Columbia. Square! The Beaconed Past. Buttons. The Small Hours. My Nephew's Collection [The Postage-Stamp Manual]. Dead and (Gone) Shirts. How Professor Gaster Lectured a Ghost. Small-Beer Chronicles. Curiosities of Parish Book-Keeping. Sunday at the Crystal Palace.

SPORTING.—Two Dog Shows. Rabbit Shooting.

TALES.—Out of the House of Bondage. Gigantic Attraction. Pursued by P. W. Wouse. Witches than Macbeth's. The Ohio Oil Well. Red-Cape. Solid Reasons.

THE TURF.—The Training Stable.

TOPOGRAPHY.—The Japanese at Home. The Norfolk Deluge. The Negro Republic [Liberia]. Up and Down in the Great Sun Garden. [St. John's, Borneo.]

TRAVEL.—Russian Travel. How Clubs Treat Ladies in Russia. A Home among the Tamarrack Swamps. A Curious Marriage Ceremony. Mrs. Mohammed Bey "At Home."

VOLUNTEERING.—The Chickobury Silver Cup.

Published also in Weekly Numbers, Price 2d., and in Monthly Parts, at 26, Wellington Street, London, W.C.; and by Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—*Shakespeare.*

THE EIGHTH VOLUME OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Price 5s. 6d., bound in cloth, contains the conclusion of

NO NAME, A NEW NOVEL, BY WILKIE COLLINS, THE COMMENCEMENT OF A DARK NIGHT'S WORK, BY THE AUTHORESS OF "MARY BARTON," THE EXTRA NUMBER FOR CHRISTMAS, ENTITLED SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE, and Articles on the following subjects :

- AMERICA**—Princely Travel [Prince Napoleon in the United States].
- BIOGRAPHY**.—Hereditary Headsmen [Sandson's Autobiography]. John Wilson [Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh] From the Life of Horace Vernet.
- CHEMISTRY**.—Bone Making. The Modern Alchemist [Dr. A. S. Taylor's Analyses].
- CHINA**.—Taken Prisoner by the Taepings.
- COTTON**.—Cotton in Russia. Substitutes for Cotton. State and Prospects of Cotton. An Act of Mercy [Lancashire Distress] Cotton from India.
- CRIME**.—The Irish Convict's Progress [Ticket of Leave System] Duggan and his Gang Story of Major Strangeways Garotters Small-Beer Chronicles. Street Terrors.
- ECONOMY**.—What's the Use of That? Manufacture of the Various Parts of Animals [Man and his Beasts].
- LITIGATION**.—The Forcing System [Uncle Philibert].
- GASTRONOMY**.—What will our Grandsons eat?
- GYMNASTICS**.—The Trick of the Trapeze.
- HISTORY**.—Critical Bulls in Historical China-Shops [Mistakes in History] Thirteen Princes of Wales. Thirteen, Fourteen. Links in the Chain of History.
- INDIA**.—The State of Cotton Housekeeping in India.
- ITALY**.—Our last Attempt with Garibaldi. Some Infalibilities of Rome Our Village on the Mediterranean.
- LANCASHIRE**.—Sense and Patience of the Lancashire Workpeople [An Act of Mercy].
- LANGUAGE**.—Picture Words.
- LAW**.—A Clear Title to Land. The Register of Titles. Home Office Inspiration [Courts of Criminal Appeal]. Transportation [Small-Beer Chronicles]. Poor-Law [The Girl from the Workhouse].
- MANNERS AND CUSTOMS**.—Talismans and Amulets. The Irish in Ireland One Grand Tour Deserves Another [National Prejudices].
- MEDICAL PRACTICE**.—Illiberal Doctors. Sanctorio's Theories.
- MILITARY LIFE**.—How to make Soldiers [The French System of Military Training].
- MUSIC**.—Blind Black Tom. Wood and Straw Music.
- NATURAL HISTORY**.—Flies. Sea-Side Eyes. Owen's Museum. Ballooning Spiders. Scale Insects. Factory Spiders. Man and his Beasts.
- NATURAL PHENOMENA**.—Scientific Prophecies and Scientific Croakers [Small-Beer Chronicles].
- THE NAVY**.—Victoria's Ironsides.
- PARIS**.—Cafés and Cabarets. Domestic Servants [Small-Beer Chronicles].
- PERSIA**.—On the Road to Persia. My Persian Tent. At Home at Tehran. High Life in Persia. Servants in Persia. Persian Stories.
- POETRY**.—Blue Lightning. The Home Wood. Transition Time. Hammermen of Old. Forn. Little Matters. Method. Past and Future. A "Mercenary" Marriage. Steadfast Tower. Before the Trial by Combat.
- RUSSIA**.—Cotton Cultivation. The New Year in Russia.
- THE SABBAHAT**.—The Scotch Pharisees [Small-Beer Chronicles].
- SOCIAL LIFE**.—Small-Beer Chronicles.—On the Death of Old Customs. Professed Talkers. The Ancient Drama. Civilization in 1862 [Garotting]. Small-Talk. Convict Treatment. Bribes to Servants. French Code for Servants. Decay of the Picturesque.—Also, Little Old Men. Snobson's Experiences. White Elephants. Giving Up. Very Free—and Very Easy.
- STORIES**.—Uncle Philibert. Servian Story-Telling. An Interesting Young Person. The Duchess of Veronica. Buried Alive. The Bleeding Diamond. Only One Room. The Bride of Oranienburg. The Professor's Adventure. Coming into a Fortune. Felicia Crompton. Nutcracker. Scraps of Servian Story. Petter, Latch, and Jarman. The Hungarian Officer. A Cheap Passage Home.
- SUPERSTITION**.—Talismans and Amulets.
- THEATRICALS**.—Pantaloons. The Ancient Drama.
- TOPOGRAPHY**.—The Sussex Downs. An Old County Town [Lewes]. Alexandria. Old and New. Our Village on the Mediterranean.
- WEATHER WISDOM**.—Hydrographic Prophecies [Fallen from the Clouds].

Published also in Weekly Numbers, Price 2d., and in Monthly Parts, at 2s. Wellington Street, London, W.C.; and by Messrs CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—*Shakespeare.*

THE NINTH VOLUME OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Price 5s. 6d., bound in cloth, contains the conclusion of

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK, BY THE AUTHORESS OF "MARY BARTON,"

VERY HARD CASH BY CHARLES READE, D.C.L. (to be continued from Week to Week).

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER, A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL PAPERS, BY CHARLES DICKENS. And Articles on the following subjects:

ADVENTURE.—An Escape from Prison. On the Rack [Adventures of William Lithgow].

AMERICA.—Panama as a Home. A Trip in the Unholy Land.

ANTIQUITY.—How Old are We? Latest News from the Dead Buried Cities.

BIOGRAPHY.—The Irish Blunder-Bore [Sir Boyle Roche]. The Story of Governor Wall.

CHEMISTRY.—Some Curious Lights [Phosphorescence].

CRIME.—The Fatal Watch. Murder of Fuxdès Tyburnia of Old [Highwaymen].

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Our Oil Flasks. The Soup Question.

EDUCATION.—Pipeton-cum-Tabor School. The Stepney Painter Union School [Uncommercial Traveller]. Innocent's Day [Charity Children at St. Paul's].

EMIGRATION.—A Cargo of Mormons.

ESSAYS.—Humbugs. Affectation [Small-Beer Chronicles]. Misunderstanding. Undeveloped Impression. The Golden Mean.

FRANCE.—Dress in Paris. An Hotel to "Put Up" at [French Auctions]. Paris under a French Man. Extravagance in France. Literary French Women.

INDIA.—Indian Servants.

ITALY.—Round the Dome of St. Peter. An Article of Pope Clement against Turin. An Italian Lesson, like a norrist's. Garibaldi's Glass. From Etna to Behind the Scenes at Vesuvius. A Poodle at the Prow [Venetian Gondoliers].

LAW.—Flowers of the Witness-Box. Consolidate the Statutes! Patched Law.

LITERARY HISTORY.—Voltaire's Heart. Molière and the Doctors. Bewick's Birds.

LOCOMOTION.—Omnibuses, Cabs, Job Carriages, Private Carriages, Parcels' Delivery Carts, Pickford's Cabs [Riding London].

MEDICAL.—An Old Foe with a New Name [Catarrh] Wounded Soldiers.

MUSIC.—Shakespeare Music. Regimental Bands. Dr. Faustus set to Music.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The Roarh Side of Mr. Bad Garrotter. Arab Horses [Commentaries of Abd-el-Kader]. The Pitcher-Plant. Madame de Cornelian [The Silk-worm].

NATURAL PHENOMENA.—Struck by Lightning. Marvellous Lightning. Thunder. Lightning Pictures. A Great Thunder-Storm.

PERSIA.—My Country House in Persia. In the Streets of Tehran. Persian Politics. Persian Manners. Persian Prejudices.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The Philosophy of Yourself.

POETRY.—Old Alexandria. Brought to Light. Old Friends. Spring. Berlingaccio. The Sunken City. To Gioriana in the South. Hylas. The Judge and the Bishop. On the Brink. Night. Two Sonnets on a Church. Under the Cypress. Twilight Dozing.

POLAND.—The Polish Revolution. The Polish Struggle for Life.

ROYALTY.—The Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales [Out of the Crowd. The Tenth of March]. A Jackdaw upon a Wedding.

RUSSIA.—Two Villages.

SOCIAL LIFE AND MANNERS.—Small-Beer Chronicles. Politeness. A Room full of People. The Legitimate Novel. The Spy System. Change of Manners. Mob Law and Order. French Dead (and Gone) Shots. Temperate Temperance. Clock Past Five Hundred Years. Eccentricities of Costume. Parish Charities. Gloves. A Provincial Post-Office. Pinch in Australia.

SPOOKING.—The Dirty Deity.

SUPERNATURAL DELUSION.—Rather a Strong Dose [Spiritualism]. The Martyr Medium [Mr. Home]. An Old Medium [Schrepper]. Virgilus the Enchanter. Boys run Wild. An Obliging Dragon.

STORIES.—The Roll of Music. The Renowned Dog Caesar. The Sub-Survivor. Last of the Alchemists. Major Monsoon's Tiger story. Sophie's Ribbon.

THEATRICALS.—Behind the Curtain. Haunted Boston. A New Year's Eve.

TRAVELS.—Cairo Donkey Boys.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.—From Dover to Calais. The Morgue. A Coroner's Inquest. Birthdays. The Stepney Painter-Union Schools. A Mormon Emigrant Ship. City Churchyards. An Old Coaching Town. Self-Supporting Cook-Shops.

VOLUNTEERING.—Warlike Wimbledon.

WARFARE.—The Iron Storm at Shochburness. A Souvenir of Solferino.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—At Your Fingers' Ends [Decimal Weights and Measures].

Published also in Weekly Numbers, Price 2d., and in Monthly Parts, at 26, Wellington Street, London, W.C.; and by Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, London, W.

